

A
Complete Edition
of the
Poets
of
GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Tenth.

— *Containing* —

Young, Gray, B. West, Lyttleton, Moore, Boyce, Thompson,
Cawthorne, Churchill, Falconer, Lloyd, Cunningham, Green, Cooper,
Goldsmith, P. Whitehead, Brown, Grainger, Smollet & Armstrong.



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD YOUNG, L. L. D.

Containing

NIGHT THOUGHTS,
EAST DAY,
VANQUISHED LOVE;

UNIVERSAL PASSION,
RESIGNATION,
ODES,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed,
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Beneath an awful gloom, a night of shade,
By silent darkness more majestic made,
I place thy volume, YOUNG, with reverence placed;
Thy volume, worthy of a faint's embrace!
What gospel-truths thy heavenly lines convey,
And steal us from mortality away!
Full on the soul thy raptures flow,
Kindling we hear, and, while we read, we glow!
Exalted by thy theme, we mount on high,
We spurn at earth, we claim our native sky.
Now let the unletter'd, or the letter'd man,
Deny the soul immortal, if he can:
A soul immortal in thy works we see;
Can dust and ashes think and write like thee?

THOMPSON'S GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1794.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.

Containing
MIST THOUGHTS,
LAST DAY,
AND
UNRECORDED YEARS.
IN THREE VOLUMES.
LONDON:
Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR
To which is prefixed,

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Beneath no vault, but a night of beds,
By these dark clouds more many made,
I place thy spirit, Young, with reverence placed;
Thy volume, now, in this embrace;
What spirit, now, in this embrace;
And thou, with this way, I
Fall on the tomb, of repose flow,
Hush, now, while we rest, we rest;
Laid by the side, we rest on light,
We rest at night, we claim our night;
Now let the minister, of the latter, I mean,
Bring the full measure, if he can;
A full measure, in thy work we find;
Can dost not think and write like thee?



THOMSON'S GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY WINDGATE AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
1794.

THE LIFE OF YOUNG.

FOR the life of YOUNG, the world is obliged to Mr. Herbert Croft, the English lexicographer, formerly a barrister of Lincoln's-Inn, now a clergyman, who was the friend of his son, and wished to vindicate him from some very mistaken remarks to his prejudice. Mr. Croft's narrative, which exhibits a successful imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, was subjected to the revision of our great poetical biographer, who adopted it as an introduction to his critical examination of the genius and writings of Young.

The facts stated in the present account are chiefly taken from Mr. Croft's narrative, with the addition of such particulars as subsequent researches, or casual information, have supplied.

Edward Young was born at Upham, near Winchester, in June 1681. He was the son of Dr. Edward Young, at that time Fellow of Winchester College, and Rector of Upham. In 1682, he was collated to the prebend of Gillingham-Minor, in the church of Salisbury, by Bishop Ward. He was afterwards, in consequence of his merit and reputation, or of the interest of Lord Bradford, to whom, in 1702, he dedicated two volumes of sermons, appointed Chaplain to King William and Queen Mary, and preferred to the deanery of Salisbury. Jacob, who wrote in 1720, says, "he was Chaplain and Clerk of the Closet to the late Queen, who honoured him, by standing godmother to the poet." He died at Salisbury, in 1705. Burnet preached his funeral sermon, and bestowed upon him a handsome eulogium.

He was placed on the foundation at Winchester College, where he remained till the election after his eighteenth birth-day, the period at which those upon the foundation are superannuated; when, not being chosen to New College, Oxford, he, on the 13th of October 1703, was entered an independent member of that society, that he might live at little expence at the lodgings of the Warden, who was a particular friend of his father. In a few months, the Warden of New College died. He then removed to Corpus College. The president of this society, from a regard also to his father, invited him thither, in order to lessen his academical expences. In 1708, he was nominated to a law-fellowship at All Souls, by Archbishop Tenison; into whose hands it came by devolution. Such repeated patronages, while it justifies Burnet's praise of the father, reflects credit on the conduct of the son. The manner in which it was exerted, seems to prove, that the father did not leave behind him much wealth.

It is reported, that when he first found himself independent, and his own master, at All Souls, he was not the ornament to religion and morality which he afterwards became.

Pope is said, by Ruffhead, to have told Warburton, that "Young had passed a *foolish youth*, the *sport of peers*; but his having a very good heart, enabled him to support the clerical character, when he assumed it, with decency, and afterwards with honour."

The authority of his father, indeed, had ceased some time before by his death; and he was certainly not ashamed to be patronized by the Duke of Wharton, "the scorn and wonder of his days."

His father had been well acquainted with Mrs. Anne Wharton, the first wife of Thomas Wharton, Esq. afterwards Marquis of Wharton, a lady celebrated for her poetical talents, by Burnet and by Waller. The father of the Duke of Wharton, had been the friend of his father; and, after he became ennobled, did not drop the son of his old friend: In him, during the short time he lived, Young found a patron, and in his eccentric and dissolute descendant, a friend and a companion. But the duke, it is to be supposed, did not at once sink into the depths of profligacy. That he had great and shining abilities, was acknowledged by his contemporaries, who entertained the greatest hopes of his becoming an honour to his country. It is not unreasonable to imagine, that the bare acquaintance with such a man as Wharton proved to be, might give rise to the report of his having relaxed, in early youth, from the strict and rigid rules of virtue; of the truth of which, there is not sufficient evidence.

The testimony of Tindal, who spent much of his time at All Souls, is an unquestionable authority in favour of Young's warmth and ability in the cause of religion, in the early part of his life.

"The other boys," said he, "I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their

arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow Young, is continually pestering me with something of his own."

In 1712, when Queen Anne called up to the House of Lords the sons of the Earls of Northampton and Aylesbury, and added, in one day, ten others to the number of peers, he published *An Epistle to the Right Honourable George Lord Lansdown*; in order to reconcile the people to one, at least, of the new lords. It seems intended also to reconcile the public to the late peace.

The affectionate mention of the death of his friend Harrison, of New College, at the close of the poem, is an instance of his art, which displayed itself so wonderfully afterwards in the *Night Thoughts*, of making the public a party in his private sorrow.

Of this poem, there is no appearance in his own edition of his works, in 4 vols, 8vo; and prefixed to an edition by Curll and Tonson, in 1741, is a letter from Young to Curll, in which he advises its omission. "I think," says he, in the preface to the *Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts*, "the following pieces, in four volumes, to be the most excusable of all that I have written; and I wish *less* apology was needful for these. As there is no recalling what is got abroad, the pieces here republished I have revised and corrected, and rendered them as pardonable as it was in my power to do." It is but justice to distinguish what the author of the *Night Thoughts* deliberately rejected.

When Addison published "Cato," in 1713, Young prefixed to it a commendatory copy of verses. This is one of the pieces which he did not republish.

The *Last Day* was published the same year. The Vice-Chancellor's *Imprimatur*: for it was first printed at Oxford, is dated May 19. 1713. From the exordium, he appears to have spent some time in the composition of it. While other bards with Britain's hero set their souls on fire, he draws, he says, a deeper scene. This serious poem was finished by him as early as 1710; for part of it is printed in the "Tatler." The "Englishman" of October 29. 1713, which was probably written by Addison, speaks handsomely of it. It was inscribed to the queen in a dedication; which, for some reason, he did not admit into his works. It tells her, that the only title to the great honour he now does himself, is the obligation which he formerly received from her royal indulgence.

Of this obligation nothing is now known, unless he alluded to her being his godmother. He is said, indeed, to have been engaged at a settled stipend, as a writer for the court. In Swift's "Rhapsody on Poetry," are these lines, speaking of the court:

Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
Where Pope will never show his face,
Where Y—— must torture his invention,
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

That Y—— means Young, seems clear from four other lines in the same poem:

Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strew your bays;
Your panegyrics here provide:
You cannot err on flattery's side.

Of the dedication, the complexion is clearly political. It speaks in the highest terms of the peace of Utrecht. Mr. Croft doubts whether he had a right to withdraw the praise he had once given, and asks, "Was he conscious of the exaggeration of party? Then he should not have written it. If it contained only the praise of truth, he should not have omitted it in his works." Surely this is denying a man the privilege of becoming wiser by his own experience! Young, in the warmth of party zeal, might very honestly and sincerely write a panegyric, which time, and a clearer knowledge of characters, might convince him was undeserved; all he could then do, was silently to suppress, as far as he was able, those errors into which an upright heart had betrayed his judgment.

The poem itself, is not without a glance towards politics, notwithstanding the subject. The cry, that the church was in danger, had not yet subsided. The *Last Day*, written by a layman, was much approved by the Tory ministry, and their friends.

The *Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love*, was published before the queen's death. This poem is founded on the execution of Lady Jane Gray, and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, 1554; a story chosen for the subject of an epistle by Cawthorne, a tragedy by Smith, and wrought into a

THE LIFE OF YOUNG.

tragedy by Rowe. The flattering dedication of it to the Countess of Salisbury, does not appear in his own edition.

On the 23d of April 1714, he took his degree of Bachelor of Civil Law; and, the same year, he published a poem on the Queen's death, and his Majesty's accession to the throne. It is inscribed to Addison, then Secretary to the Lords Justices. This poem he did not admit into his works.

In 1716, when the foundation of the Codrington Library was laid, he was appointed to speak the Latin *Oration*. In his letter to Curll, he says, "If you will take my advice, I would have you omit the *Oration* on Codrington. I think the collection will sell better without it." This oration he did not admit into his works.

In 1717, when Wharton, after his return from his travels, went to Ireland, it is not unlikely that Young accompanied his avowed friend and patron. From a passage relating to Swift, in his letter to Richardson, *on original composition*, it is clear he was, at some period of his life, in that country.

In 1719, he was received into the Earl of Exeter's family, as tutor to Lord Burleigh; which he soon quitted, upon the pressing solicitations of Wharton, and his promises of serving and advancing him in the world.

The same year, his *Buſiris, King of Egypt*, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and met with success. The plot is of his own contrivance. The haughty message sent by *Buſiris* to the *Perſian Ambassador*, is copied from that returned by the Ethiopian Prince to Cambyſes, in the third book of Herodotus. The dialogue contains many striking beauties of sentiment and description, but it is written in a glaring ambitious style; the pride of *Buſiris* is such as no other man can have; and the whole is too remote from human life, to raise either grief, horror, or indignation. It was inscribed to the Duke of Newcastle, "because the late instances he had received of his Grace's undeserved and uncommon favour, in an affair of some consequence, foreign to the theatre, had taken from him the privilege of choosing a patron." The dedication he afterwards suppressed.

He took the degree of Doctor of Laws on the 10th of June 1719. The same year, he lamented the death of Addison, in a letter addressed to their common friend, Tickell. According to Spence's MSS, they used to "communicate to each other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things."

The same year appeared *A Paraphrase on part of the Book of Job*, which he dedicated, in no common strain of flattery, to Lord Chancellor Parker. Of this work, his opinion may be known from his letter to Curll:—"You seem, in the collection you propose, to have omitted what I think may claim the first place in it; I mean, 'A Translation from part of Job, printed by Mr. Tonson.'" The dedication was only suffered to appear in Tonson's edition.

In 1721, *The Revenge*, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and met with very great success. This is his best dramatic performance. It approaches much nearer to human practices and manners than *Buſiris*, and therefore keeps possession of the stage. The first design seems suggested by "Othello" and "Abdelazar;" but he has, in some respects, greatly improved on both. The reflections, the incidents, and the diction, are original. The moral observations are so introduced and so expressed, as to have all the novelty that can be required.

He dedicated this famous tragedy to Wharton. "Your Grace," says the dedication, "has been pleased to make yourself accessory to the following scenes, not only by suggesting the most beautiful incident in them, but by making all possible provision for the success of the whole." That Wharton should have suggested the incident to which he alludes, is not unlikely, as his last mental exertion, in his quarters at Lerida in Spain, was some scenes of a tragedy, on the story of "Mary Queen of Scots;" to which Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote an epilogue, which is preserved in Dodgley's "Collection."

He concludes his address to Wharton, whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but as the promoter of his fortune, thus: "My present fortune is his bounty, and my future his care; which, I will venture to say, will be always remembered to his honour; since he, I know, intended his generosity as an encouragement to merit; though, through his very pardonable partiality to one who bears him so sincere a duty and respect, I happen to receive the benefit of it." He excluded this dedication from his own edition of his works.

To the patronage of this unhappy character, he was certainly, however, indebted for something material. Wharton's regard for Young, added to his "lust of praise," procured to All Souls College a donation, which was not forgotten when he dedicated *The Revenge*.

Two annuities were also granted by the Duke to Young; one of which was dated March 24. 1719, and accounted for his Grace's bounty in a style princely and commendable, if not legal:—

"Considering that the public good is advanced by the encouragement of learning, and the polite arts, and being pleased therein with the attempts of Dr. Young; in consideration thereof, and of the love I bear him, &c." The other was dated July 10. 1722.

When Lord Chancellor Hardwicke was to determine, March 14. 1740, whether these annuities were for legal considerations, Young, on his examination, swore, that he quitted the Exeter family, and refused an annuity of 100*l.*, which had been offered him for life, if he would continue tutor to Lord Burleigh, upon the solicitations of the Duke of Wharton, and his Grace's assurances of providing for him in a much more ample manner.

It also appeared, that the Duke had given him a bond for 600*l.*, dated March 15. 1721, in consideration of his taking several journeys, and being at great expences, in order to be chosen Member of Parliament, at the Duke's desire; and in consideration of his not taking two livings of 200*l.* and 400*l.*, in the gift of All Souls College, on his Grace's promises of serving and advancing him in the world. The attempt to get into Parliament was at Cirencester, where Young stood a contested election, about 1721, in which he was unsuccessful.

His *Satires* were originally published separately, under the title of *The Love of Fame, or The Universal Passion*. The first appeared in 1723. The fifth was not published till 1727, and the sixth not till 1728; when he gathered them into one publication, "corrected and enlarged," and prefixed a preface, decisive in favour of laughing at the world; which he preserved, without any palliation, in the collection of his works. They were inscribed to the Duke of Dorset, Mr. Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, Mr. Spencer Compton, afterwards Lord Wilmington, Lady Elizabeth Germain, Sir Robert Walpole, &c.

By the *Universal Passion*, according to Mr. Croft, he acquired more than three thousand pounds. His son informed Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell, in 1781, "that his father had received several thousand pounds of subscription-money for his *Universal Passion*, but had lost it in the South Sea. Dr. Johnson thought this must be a mistake; for he had never seen a subscription-book."

It is related by Spence, in his MSS., on the authority of Mr. Rawlinson, that Young, upon the publication of his *Universal Passion*, received from the Duke of Grafton two thousand pounds; and that, when one of his friends exclaimed "two thousand pounds for a poem," he said it was the best bargain he ever made in his life; for the poem was worth four thousand. This story may be true; but it seems to have been raised from the two answers of Sidney and Lord Burleigh, respecting the "Faery Queen."

In 1726, he addressed a poem, called *The Installment*, to Sir Robert Walpole, of which the title sufficiently explains the intention. It is among the pieces he did not admit into the number of his pardonable writings.

At the accession of George II., he published *Ocean, An Ode, concluding with a Wish*. The hint of it was taken from the Royal Speech; which recommended the increase and the encouragement of the seamen; that they might be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country; a plan which humanity must lament that policy has not even yet been able or willing to carry into execution. Prefixed to the original publication, were *An Ode to the King*, *Pater Patriæ*, and an *Essay on Lyric Poetry*. He preserved neither of them in his own edition. The *Ode* itself, which in the first edition, and in the last, consists of seventy-three stanzas, in his own edition is reduced to fifty-nine. Among the omitted passages, is the *Wish*. The *Essay on Lyric Poetry* is so just and impartial, as to condemn himself.

Soon after the appearance of *Ocean*, when he was almost fifty, he entered into orders; and, in April 1728, not long after he put on the gown, he was appointed Chaplain to the King.

The tragedy of *The Brothers*, which was already in rehearsal, he immediately withdrew from the stage, as unbecoming his new profession.

It is related by Ruff head, that, when he determined on the church, he addressed himself to Pope, for instructions in theology; who, in a frolic, advised the diligent perusal of Thomas Aquinas. With this treasure, he retired from interruption, to an obscure place in the suburbs. Pope hearing nothing of him during half a year, and apprehending he might have carried the jest too far, sought after him, and found him just in time to prevent what Ruff head calls "an irretrievable derangement."

Not long after he took orders, he published, in prose, *A True Estimate of Human Life*, 1718, dedicated to the Queen; and a *Sermon*, preached before the House of Commons, January 30. 1729, intitled, *An Apology for Princes, or the Reverence due to Government*. The *True Estimate of Human Life*, exhibits only the dark side. Being asked, why he did not give, as he promised, the bright representation; he is said to have replied, that he could not. By others it has been said, that this was justified; but that, before there existed any copy, it was torn in pieces by a lady's monkey.

In 1730, he relapsed to poetry, and published *Imperium Pelagi, a Naval Lyric; written in imitation of Pindar's Spirit, occasioned by his Majesty's return from Hanover, September 1729, and the succeeding Peace*. It is inscribed to the Duke of Chandos. In the preface he observes, that the ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and that the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of ode. "This I speak," he adds, with sufficient candour, "at my own very great peril. But truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it." It was one of the pieces which he deliberately refused to own. It was ridiculed in Fielding's "Tom Thumb."

Not long after this Pindaric attempt, he published *Two Epistles to Mr. Pope, concerning the Authors of the Age*, 1730. In July the same year, he was presented, by his college, to the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, worth above 500l. a year.

In May 1731, he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and widow of Colonel Lee, who left a son and two daughters. His connection with this lady, arose from his father's acquaintance with Mrs. Anne Wharton, who was the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, and sister of the Countess of Abingdon, celebrated by Dryden in a funeral panegyric, intitled, "Eleanora."

His next publication was *The Sea-Piece*, in two odes, with a poetical dedication to Voltaire, whom he had seen when he was in England, at Eastbury, the seat of Mr. Bodington, in Dorsetshire; which Thomson, in his "Autumn," calls the "Seat of the Muses."

Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.

He enjoys the credit of an extempore *Epigram* on the French poet, who ridiculed, in the company of the jealous English poet, Milton's "Allegory of Sin and Death."

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.

From the following passage in the poetical dedication of *The Sea-Piece*, it seems that this extemporaneous reproof was something more gentle than the dislich now quoted.

No stranger, Sir, though born in foreign climes;
In Dorset downs, when Milton's page
With Sin and Death provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle rhymes.

In 1734, he published *The Foreign Address, or the best Argument for Peace, occasioned by the British Fleet, and the Posture of Affairs, written in the character of a sailor*. It is not to be found in his own edition of his works.

In 1741, he was deprived of his wife. She brought him one child, Frederick, now living, to whom the Prince of Wales was godfather. The *Night Thoughts*, a species of poetry altogether his own, were begun immediately after the mournful event of 1741. The first *Night* appears in the books of the Company of Stationers, as the property of Doddsley, in 1742. The preface to *Night* seventh, is dated July 7. 1744.

In the short preface to the *Complaint*, he tells us, "that the occasion of the poem was real, not fictitious; and that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these reflections on the thought of the writer."

Whatever names belong to these facts, or if the names be those generally supposed; whatever heightening a poet's sorrow may have given the facts, it is generally understood, that he had really

felt domestic grief; and that disappointed prospects afforded him an offensive and sufficient cause of complaint.

The passages respecting *Philander*, *Narcissa*, *Lucia*, and *Lorenzo*, have been applied to his son-in-law, his daughter-in-law, his wife, and his son. It is probable, that he had his wife and daughter-in-law in view for the characters of *Lucia* and *Narcissa*; but all the circumstances relating to *Philander*, do not appear to suit his son-in-law. He thus deplores his loss in an apostrophe to death.

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.

It is probable, from the following circumstances, that, in these three contradictory lines, the poet complains more than the father-in-law, the friend, or the widower.

When Young married Lady Elizabeth Lee, she had a son and two daughters living by her former husband. The son was an officer; he married, and died soon after, leaving no child. The eldest daughter was married to Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston. She fell into a declining state of health, and was accompanied by her mother, &c. to the south of France, and died at Lyons, on her way to Nice, in 1736, within a year after her marriage, and only seventeen years old. It is more than poetically true, that Young accompanied her to the Continent.

I flew, I snatched her from the rigid north,
And bore her nearer to the sun.

Her funeral was attended with the difficulties painted in such animated colours in *Night Third*. She was secretly buried in the King's Garden at Montpellier. "The spot, a little gloomy grove, is known—I saw it," says Lord Gardenstone; "it is indeed a *doleful shade*." After her death, the remainder of the party passed the ensuing winter at Nice. Mr. Temple married again, and left a son by his second wife, a daughter of Sir John Barnard's, who, in 1757, succeeded to his grandfather's title. He died in 1740, and the poet's wife seven months after, in 1741. How could the *insatiate archer* thrice slay his peace in these three persons, "ere thrice the moon had fill'd her horn!"

From the great friendship which constantly subsisted between Mr. Temple and Young, as well as from other circumstances, Mr. Croft seems to be of opinion, that Mr. Temple was the person whom he lamented under the name of *Philander*. It is not, however, very probable, that so young a man as Mr. Temple must have been, should have been the friend of *twenty years*, whom the poet mourned. Besides, *Philander* died before Mrs. Temple.

Narcissa follows ere his tomb is clos'd, &c.

Perhaps those passages respecting *Philander*, which do not appear to suit Mr. Temple, may be found applicable to Mrs. Temple's brother, the officer, who died before her; and may, with more probability be reckoned the third victim over whom Young has hitherto been pitted, for having to pour the midnight sorrows of his religious poetry.

Lady Elizabeth left her youngest daughter under the care of Young, with whom she lived till her marriage with Major Haviland, whom she accompanied to Ireland, and lived but a short time after.

Mr. Croft has taken much pains to prove, that the character of *Lorenzo*, applied to the poet's son in the "Biographia," could not be meant for him; nor, indeed, does it seem possible. Mr. Frederick Young was not born till June, 1733. In 1741, this *Lorenzo*, this finished infidel, this father, to whose education vice had, for some years, put the last hand, was only eight years old. *Lorenzo* is evidently a feigned character; and the readers of the *Night Thoughts* are much indebted to Mr. Croft, "for discovering that no such character ever yet disgraced human nature, or broke a father's heart."

This report, so open to contradiction, and so impossible to be true, seems to have arisen from an unhappy misunderstanding between Young and his son; whose boyish follies, it is said, "cast a gloom over the evening of his father's days," and, at last, brought "his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

On this accusation, and on the charge advanced in the "Biographia," of his having been forbidden his college at Oxford for misbehaviour, Mr. Croft observes, "From juvenile follies who is free? But whatever the "Biographia" choose to relate, the son of Young experienced no dismission from his college, either lasting or temporary. Yet, were nature to indulge him with a se-

cond youth, and to leave him, at the same time, the experience of that which is past, he would probably spend it differently—who would not? He would certainly be the occasion of less uneasiness to his father. But, from the same experience, he would certainly, in the same case, be treated differently by his father.

“Young was a poet: poets, with reverence be it spoken, do not make the best parents. Fancy and imagination seldom deign to stoop from their heights; always stoop unwillingly to the low level of common duties.

“But the son of Young would sooner, I know, pass for a *Lorenzo*, than see himself vindicated at the expence of his father's memory; from follies which, if it may be thought blameable in a boy to have committed them, it is surely praiseworthy in a man to lament, and certainly not only unnecessary, but cruel in a biographer to record.

“The famous *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, always appeared to me to favour more of female weakness than of manly reason. He that has too much feeling to speak ill of the dead (who, if they cannot defend themselves, are at least ignorant of his abuse), will not hesitate, by the most wanton calumny, to destroy the quiet, the reputation, and the fortune of the living. Yet censure is not heard beneath the tomb, any more than praise. *De mortuis nil nisi verum—De vivis nil nisi bonum*, would be nearer to the truth.”

The elaborate zeal Mr. Croft exhibits in defence of his injured friend, does equal credit to his genius and humanity: but the traits and resemblances in the picture of *Lorenzo*, were not sufficiently strong to render so much industry and effort necessary to prevent our mistaking it for a family likeness.

Of the *Night Thoughts*, all, except the *seventh* and *eighth*, are inscribed to great, or to growing names—Mr. Onslow, Lord Wilmington, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Litchfield, Mr. Pelham, and the Duke of Newcastle.

The fourth *Night* was addressed, by “a much-indebted muse,” to the Honourable Mr. Yorke, the late Lord Hardwicke, who meant to have laid the muse under still greater obligations, by the living of Shenfield in Essex, if it had become vacant.

The five first *Nights* have been perused, perhaps, more eagerly and more frequently than the rest. *Philander* and *Narcissa*, are often mentioned and often lamented. He seems, perhaps, to dwell with more melancholy on the death of *Philander* and *Narcissa*, than of his wife. When he got as far as the sixth or seventh, his original motive for taking up the pen was answered; his grief was naturally either diminished or exhausted. We still find the same pious poet; but we hear less of *Philander* and *Narcissa*, and less of the mourner whom he loved to pity.

By these extraordinary poems, written after he was sixty, it was the desire of Young to be principally known. He intitled the four volumes which he published himself, *The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts*. From these he excluded many of his writings; but the rejected pieces contained nothing prejudicial to the cause of virtue, or of religion.

In them he would only appear, perhaps, in a less respectable light as a poet; and though despicable as a dedicatory, he would not pass for a worse Christian, or for a worse man. This enviable praise, which cannot be claimed by every writer, is due to the author of the *Night Thoughts*.

Notwithstanding the farewell which he seemed to have taken in the *Night Thoughts*, of ambition, he relapsed into politics. In 1745, he wrote *Some Thoughts, occasioned by the Present Juncture, inscribed to the Duke of Newcastle*. This political poem might be called a *Night Thought*. Indeed it was originally printed as the conclusion of the *Night Thoughts*, though he omitted it in his works.

Prefixed to the second edition of “Rowe's Devout Meditations,” is a letter from Young, addressed to Archibald Macaulay, Esq., thanking him for the books; which, he says, “he shall never lay far out of his reach; for a greater demonstration of a sound head, and a sincere heart, he never saw.”

In 1753, his tragedy of *The Brothers*, when it had lain by him above thirty years, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane. The plot is taken from the history of Macedonia, in the reign of the last Philip. The two characters of *Demetrius* and *Perseus*, are well drawn, and the contest before their father, in the third act, is a fine piece of oratory; but their speeches are, in a great measure, translations from Livy. The play itself, though the profits were generously bestowed on the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was but coldly received, being undrammatical in its conduct, and imperfect in its

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catastrophe. This latter defect is acknowledged in his own epilogue, which was never used; the place of it being supplied by one furnished by Mallet, at the instigation of Garrick. Some indelicate allusions in it to the author's charity, gave just offence. Young was much offended by it; nor would he suffer it to be printed at the end of his piece.

The profits of *The Brothers*, he hoped, would amount to a thousand pounds. In his calculation he was deceived; but, by the bad success of his play, the society was not a loser. He made up the sum he originally intended, from his own pocket. While it failed to increase his reputation for genius, it added to the character of his humanity.

His next publication was, *The Centaur not fabulous, in six Letters to a Friend, on the Life in Vogue*. In the third letter, is described the death-bed of the "gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Allamont." His last words were: "My principles have poisoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy, and my unkindness has murdered my wife." The character of Allamont bears no little resemblance, in the perfection of wickedness, to the Lorenzo of the *Night Thoughts*. Report has been accustomed to call Allamont Lord Euston.

In 1756, Dr. Warton dedicated the first volume of his admirable "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope," to Young; who "appears," says Mr. Croft, "in his old age, to have bartered for a dedication an opinion entertained of his friend, through all that part of life, when he must have been best able to form opinions."

"I know not," says an intelligent writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. LII. p. 71., "why it should be supposed, because Dr. Warton dedicated his 'Essay' to Young, that, therefore, he must either have changed his opinion of Pope, or have bartered his opinion for a dedication. He was neither greedy of praise, nor was he reduced to the necessity of bartering any thing to procure it. The compliment paid him, I have no doubt, was a voluntary compliment."

In 1758, he again became a dedicator, and published *A Sermon, preached before their Majesties at Kensington*, addressed to the King. If he composed many sermons, he did not oblige the public with many.

The following letter, from Secker to Young, dated July 8. 1758., given by Mr. Croft, serves to show at what a late period of life the author of the *Night Thoughts* solicited preferment.

"I have long wondered, that more suitable notice of your great merit hath not been taken by persons in power. But how to remedy the omission, I see not. No encouragement hath ever been given me to mention things of this nature to his Majesty; and, therefore, in all likelihood, the only consequence of doing it, would be weakening the little influence, which else I may possibly have on some other occasions. Your fortune and your reputation, set you above the need of advancement; and your sentiments above that concern for it, on your own account, which, on that of the public, is sincerely felt by your, &c."

The neglect of Young is, by some, ascribed to his having attached himself to the Prince of Wales, and to his having preached an offensive sermon at St. James's. It is said, however, that he had two hundred a-year in the late reign, by the patronage of Walpole; and that whenever any one reminded the King of Young, his only answer was, "he has a pension."

One obstacle must have stood not a little in the way of that preferment, after which his whole life seems to have panted. Though he took orders, he never entirely shook off politics. By this conduct, if he gained some friends, he made many enemies. Besides, in the latter part of his life, he was fond of holding himself out for a man retired from the world. He who retires from the world, will find himself in reality deserted as fast, if not faster, by the world. Young seems to have been taken at his word. Notwithstanding his frequent complaints of being neglected, no hand was reached out to pull him from that retirement, of which he declared himself enamoured.

In 1759, he employed his pious pen for almost the last time, in doing justice to the death-bed of Addison, in a *Letter, on Original Composition*, addressed to Richardson, the author of "Clarissa." His chief inducement to write it, was, as he confesses, that he might "erect a monumental marble to the memory of an old friend." In this lively letter, Pope is severely censured for his "fall from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and harmonious as the spheres, into childish shackles and tinkling sounds; for putting Achilles into petticoats a second time." But we are told, that our English Homer talked over an epic plan with Young a few weeks before his death. In the

postscript, he writes to Richardson, that he will see, in his next, how far Addison is an original. But no other letter appears.

In 1761, his friend Lord Melcombe, not long before his death, sent him an "Ode," which he called "The Muse's Latest Spark," accompanied by a letter; in which he says, "if you are willing that our friendship should be known when we are gone, you will be pleased to leave this among those of your papers that may possibly see the light by a posthumous publication."

At the accession of his present Majesty, his name was struck out from the list of Court Chaplains; but he was almost immediately after, upon the death of Dr. Hales, appointed Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales.

In 1762, he published *Resignation, in two parts, and A Postscript to Mrs. B——*, &c. It was written at the request of Mrs. Montague, the famous champion of Shakspeare, and is addressed to the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, the Admiral's widow, to teach her resignation under the affliction caused by the death of her husband. Notwithstanding he administered consolation to his own grief in blank verse—"verse unfallen, uncurs'd; verse reclaimed, re-inthroned in the true language of the gods;" he comforted Mrs. Boscawen in rhyme.

While the poet and the Christian were applying this comfort, Young had himself occasion for comfort, in consequence of the sudden death of Richardson, who was engaged in printing the first edition of the poem. He laments him as a friend, and has given some sketches of his genius.

To touch our passions' secret springs,

Was his peculiar care;

And deep his happy genius div'd

In bosoms of the fair.

Nature, which favours to the few,

All art beyond imparts,

To him presented, at his birth,

The key of human hearts.

To *Resignation* was prefixed an apology for its appearance; to which more credit is due, than to the generality of such apologies, from Young's unusual anxiety, that no more productions of his old age should disgrace his former fame.

"This was not intended for the public: there were many and strong reasons against it, and are so still; but some extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away (a few copies were printed, and given to the author's friends), being got into the printed papers; it was thought necessary to publish something, lest a copy still more imperfect than this should fall into the press; and, it is hoped, that this unwelcome occasion of publication may be some excuse for it."

It must be owned, that the reasons were sufficient for reprinting the poem; but then it may be asked, why did he ever suffer so imperfect a performance to pass through the press? He should have considered that true observation of Horace:

Semel emissum, volat irrevocabile verbum.

With great propriety, too, he might have answered the importunity of his friends, in the language of the same poet, who had not then seen many more than half the years of Young:

Spectatum fatis, et donatum jam rude, quæris

Mæcenas iterum antiquo me includere ludo?

Non eadem est ætas, non mens—

The *Resignation* was the last publication which Young gave to the world. From this time, the infirmities of age rendered him incapable of performing any duty; and he suffered himself to be in pupillage to his housekeeper Mrs. Hallows, whose ascendancy in his family is ridiculed with more ill-nature than wit, in a novel published by Kidgell, in 1755, called "The Card," under the name of *Mrs. Fussy*. Young is characterised under the name of *Dr. Elver*.

Of Mrs. Hallows, the writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," above quoted, tells us, that she was the daughter of a Rector of All-Hallows, Hertford; and that, upon the marriage of Miss Caroline Lee, she was invited by Young, who knew her family, to his house; that she had some fortune of her own, perhaps very small, as her father left many children; that she was advanced in years, and was a woman of piety, improved by reading; and that she was always treated by him and by his guests, even those of the highest rank, with the politeness and respect due to a gentleman.

"Of the domestic manners, and petty habits of the author of the *Night Thoughts*," Mr. Croft writes Dr. Johnson, September 1780: "I hoped to have given you an account from the best authority; but who shall dare to say, to-morrow I will be wise or virtuous; or, to-morrow I will do a particular thing? Upon inquiring for his housekeeper, I learned that she was buried two days before I reached the town of her abode."

It appears from the epistolary correspondence of Mr. Jones, his curate, and executor, printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. lli. p. 283, that the last years of his life were embittered by the unhappy economy of his family. The letters are well authenticated, and not incurious. If they discover the foibles of a great man, they illustrate a part of his personal history; and Mr. Croft has well remarked that we ought to say *De mortuis nil nisi verum—De vivis nil nisi bonum*.

"The old gentleman here," says Mr. Jones, in a letter to his friend in London, dated Welwyn, July 25. 1762., "seems to me to be in a pretty odd way of late, moping, dejected, self-willed, and as if surrounded with some perplexing circumstances. There is much mystery in almost all his temporal affairs, as well as in many other of his speculative opinions. There is thought to be an irremovable obstruction to his happiness within his walls, as well as another without them; but the former is the more powerful, and likely to continue so. He has this day been trying anew to engage me to stay with him. No lucrative views can tempt me to sacrifice my liberty or my health to such measures as are proposed here."

"You remember," he writes his friend, St. Neots, Hunts, August 28. 1762., "what I suggested to you about my resolution of leaving Welwyn, of which I had given very early notice to the worthy Doctor, that he might have sufficient time to provide. After repeated trials, and repeated disappointments, though seven or eight offered, he thought proper to apply to me anew; and though lucrative motives could not, earnest importunities did prevail with me at last to cheer up his dejected heart, by promising to continue with him for some time longer at least. By the way, I privately intimated to you, the Doctor is, in various respects, a very unhappy man. Few know so much of him as I do in these respects, and have often observed with concern. If he would be advised by some who wish him well, he might be happy, though his state of health is lately much altered for the worse."

"The mismanagement too well known," he writes his friend, Welwyn, January 1. 1763., "unhappily continues, and, still more unhappily, seems to be increasing, to the grief of friends, and, I need not say, to the ridicule of others, who are not a few. Penuriousness and obstinacy are two bad things; and a disregard to the general judgment and friendly wishes of the wiser part of mankind, another. There seems to be no hope, so long as the ascendancy is so great."

"My ancient gentleman here," he writes his friend, Welwyn, September 4. 1764., "is still full of troubles, which moves my concern, though it moves only the secret laughter of many, and some untoward surmises in disfavour of him and his household. The loss of a very large sum of money, 200 l., is talked of, whereof this vill and neighbourhood are full. Some disbelieve, others say it is no wonder, where about eighteen, or more servants, are sometimes taken and dismissed in the course of a year. The gentleman himself, is allowed by all to be far more harmless and easy in his family than some one else, who hath too much the lead in it."

Of his last illness, the following account is given by Mr. Jones, in a letter to his friend, dated Welwyn, April 2. 1765.: "As soon as I got home, I inquired after Dr. Young, and found that he had gone through very great pains since I left him; and the pains return pretty frequently. Dr. Cotton of St. Albans, and Dr. Yates of Hertford, meet at his house every day, on consultation. I find that opiates are frequently administered to him, I suppose to render him less sensible of his pain. His intellects, I am told, are still clear; though what effect the frequent use of opiates may by degrees have upon him, I know not. I am pretty much of his son's sentiments as to this, viz. that those ingredients, if for some time longer continued, may have an ill effect upon the brain. Having mentioned this young gentleman, I would acquaint you next, that he came hither this morning, having been sent for, as I am told, by the direction of Mrs. Hallows. Indeed, she intimated to me as much herself. And, if this be so, I must say it is one of the most prudent acts she ever did, or could have done, in such a case as this, as it may prove a means of preventing much confusion. I

have had some little discourse with the son. He seems much affected, and, I believe, really is so. He earnestly wishes his father may be pleased to ask after him. For, you must know, he has not yet done this, nor is, in my opinion, likely to do it. And it has been said farther, upon a very late application made to him on the behalf of his son, he desired that no more might be said to him about it. Mrs. H. has fitted up a suitable apartment in the house for Mr. Young, where, I suppose, he will continue till some farther event. I heartily wish the ancient man's heart may grow tender towards his son; though, knowing him so well, I can scarce hope to hear such desirable news. He took to his bed yesterday, about eleven in the forenoon, and has not been up since. I called soon after my coming home, but did not see him: he was then in a dose."

Of his death, which happened April 5. 1765., in the eighty-fourth year of his age, the following account is given by Mr. Jones, in a letter to his friend, dated Welwyn, April 13. 1765.: "I have now the pleasure to acquaint you, that the late Dr. Young, though he had for many years kept his son at a distance, yet has now, at last, left him all his possessions, after the payment of certain legacies. So that the young gentleman, who bears a fair character, and behaves well, as far as I can hear or see, will, I hope, soon enjoy, and make a prudent use of a very handsome fortune. The father, on his death-bed, and since my return from London, was applied to, in the tenderest manner, by one of his physicians, and by another person, to admit the son into his presence, to make submission, entreat forgiveness, and obtain his blessing. As to an interview with his son, he intimated, he chose to decline it, as his spirits were then low, and his nerves weak: with regard to the next particular, he said, "I heartily forgive him;" and, upon mention of the last, he gently lifted up his hand, and gently letting it fall, pronounced these words—"God bless him!" After about a fortnight's illness, and bearing excessive pains, he expired a little before eleven of the clock, in the night of Good Friday last, the 5th instant, and was decently buried yesterday, about six in the afternoon, in the chancel of this church, close by the remains of his lady, under the communion-table. The clergy, who are the trustees for his charity-school, and one or two more, attending the funeral, the last office at interment being performed by me.

"I know it will give you pleasure to be farther informed, that he was pleased to make respectful mention of me in his will, expressing his satisfaction in my care of his parish, bequeathing to me a handsome legacy, and appointing me one of his executors, next after his sister's son [Mr. Harris], a clergyman of Hampshire, who this morning set out for London, in order to prove the will in Doctor's Commons. So that, much according to my wishes, I shall have little or nothing to do, in respect of executorship."

In his will, dated February 1760., he desires of his executors, in a particular manner, that all his manuscript-books, and writings whatever, might be burned, except his book of accounts. In a codicil, dated September 1764., he made it his dying entreaty to his housekeeper, to whom he left 1000*l.*, "that all his manuscripts might be destroyed as soon as he was dead, which would greatly oblige her deceased friend." The legacy was not more than might be due to one whom he had never degraded by paying her wages. She did not, however, strictly comply with his last injunctions, in destroying his manuscripts. He left also a legacy to his "friend Henry Stephens, a hatter at the Temple-Gate," who went before him.

The same humility which had marked a hatter and a housekeeper for his friends, had before bestowed the same title on his footman, in an *Epitaph* in Welwyn Church-yard, upon James Barker, dated 1749.

The author of that *Epitaph* is not without a stone to mark the place of his dust. Though he inscribed no monument to the memory of his lamented wife, yet the piety of his son has erected a monument, in Welwyn church, to the memory of his parents, with the following inscription; which "contains," says Mr. Croft, "none of that praise, which no marble can make the bad or the foolish merit; which, without the direction of a stone or a turf, will find its way, sooner or later, to the deserving:"

M. S.

Optimi parentes,

EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.

Hujus ecclesię rect.

Et Elizabethæ
Fam. prænob.
Conjugis ejus amantissimæ.
Pio et gratissimo animo
Hoc marmor posuit
F. Y.
Filius superstes.

In the edition of Young's works, published during his life, in 4 vols, 12mo, several pieces, which he judged to be of a temporary nature, or of inferior merit, were omitted. After his death, a fifth volume was published, with the design of completing his works. But several pieces, and some of considerable length, were omitted. These were collected in an additional volume, making the sixth, in 1778. The contents are—*Epistle to Lord Lansdowne*, 1712; *Imperium Pelagi, a Naval Lyric*, 1730; *The Foreign Address*, 1734; *Reflections on the Public Situation of the Kingdom*, 1745; *Miscellanies* [in verse], viz. on Michael Angelo's famous piece of the Crucifixion; To Mr. Addison, on the Tragedy of *Cato*; A Letter to Mr. Tickell, on the Death of Mr. Addison, 1719; *Epitaph on Lord Aubrey Beauclerc, killed at Carthage*, 1740; *Miscellanies in Prose*, viz. *Epitaph on Mr. James Barker*, 1749; *Oratio de Bibliotheca Codringtoniana, habita in Sacello Coll. Omn. Ann.* 1716; *A Discourse on Lyric Poetry*; *A Sermon preached before the King at Kensington, June 1758*; *Preface to "Mrs. Rowe's Friendship on Death;"* *Dedications to the Last Day*, to *Panquished Love*, to the *Paraphrase on Job*, to *Byziris*, and the *Revenge of the Merchant*, an *Ode on the British Trade and Navigation*, is mentioned also in the contents as a separate poem, though it seems only a second title to the *Lyric*, or, perhaps, only a part of it; and that more was intended, seems probable from its being styled *Ode the First*. The *Epitaph on Lord Aubrey Beauclerc*, is improperly dated 1740. Lord Aubrey was killed at Carthage, March 24. 1740-1. The epitaph, therefore, could not be written, at soonest, till the year after. The second line of the second couplet is, on the monument, expressed thus—*O'er dawnless loyal*, &c. The volume concludes with "some thoughts on reading Mr. Young's *Last Day*," in a letter to Mrs. Rowe, by Dr. Bowden, a worthy physician and ingenious poet of Frome, the friend of Mrs. Rowe, Lord Orrery, &c.

His *Poetical Works* have been frequently reprinted in 4 vols 12mo, and in 3 vols 8vo, 1792. Of the *Night Thoughts*, the editions are too numerous to be specified. The edition in 8vo 1794, is ornamented with engravings, and illustrated with notes by Mr. de Coetlogon. A French translation of the *Night Thoughts*, by M. le Tourneur, was published in 2 vols 8vo, 1769. "Observations on the *Night Thoughts*," by Mr. Pratt, appeared in 8vo, 1776.

Of the private habits, and domestic manners of Young, whose great genius, abilities, and piety, placed him in the foremost rank of literature for almost half a century, curiosity will require more ample information than is to be found in the few scattered notices which the diligence of his biographers has collected, or the zeal and veneration of his friends have supplied.

Singularity is said to have predominated in his most juvenile practices. The late Dr. Ridley remembered a report current at Oxford, that, when he was composing, he would shut up his windows, and sit by a lamp, even at mid-day; and that skulls, bones, and instruments of death, were among the ornaments of his study. Thus encouraging the habitual gloom that hung over his imagination, it soon became peopled with the phantoms of discontent. He indulged an early luxury in describing the miseries of a world, that did not immediately forward his designs and gratify his expectations. It has been said, that if he had been a bishop, he would never have written the *Night Thoughts*. But he was far advanced in the pathetic strains of complaint, at a time when hope is warm in the bosom of other men; and had he attained the mitre, a disappointment in the primacy might have produced the same effects on a mind which seems to have been endued with much sensibility, and to have been depressed with temporary obstructions of his prospects, which every man struggling through life naturally expects to meet with; and, if he cannot surmount them, does not think himself justified in retiring to the cloister, or the hermitage. It cannot be supposed, that his disposition brightened up when he had suffered from real disappointments, and the weight of years sat heavier upon him. His discourse, even to the last, it is said, was rather expressive of a restless than a settled mind. In the character of Young, much of that melancholy cast of mind may be observed which is ever attendant upon genius; but at the same time so tempered by the sober tints of science and philosophy, that it seldom breaks in upon the province of judgment and right ratioci-

nation. The melancholy of Young was so repressed by the chastening hand of reason and education, as never to infringe upon the duties of life. The spirit, the energy of his soul, his rational and sublime piety, powerfully withheld the accession of a state of mind so inimical to the rights of society.

It is generally known that Young, after his first sleep, spent the greatest part of the night in meditation, and in the composition of his works; and that he had only to *transcribe* them when he rose, which was at an early hour. Every night he read prayers to his family, and every morning when there was no public service.

While his health permitted him to walk abroad, he preferred a solitary ramble in his churchyard, to exercise with a companion on a more cheerful spot. He was moderate in his meals, and rarely drank wine, except when he was ill; being (as he said) unwilling to waste the succours of sickness on the stability of health.

After a slight refreshment, he retired to bed at eight in the evening, although he might have guests in his house, who wished to prolong his stay among them to a later hour. He lived at a moderate expence, rather inclining to parsimony than profusion, and yet continued anxious for increase of preferment, after it could have added nothing to his enjoyments; for he expended annually little more than half of his income.

"He appeared," says the writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," above quoted, Vol. LII, p. 72, "neither as a man of sorrow," nor yet as "a fellow of infinite jest." The dignity of a great and a good man appeared in all his actions and in all his words. He conversed on religious subjects with the cheerfulness of virtue. His piety was undebased by gloom or enthusiasm; he was regular in the performance of all its duties, both in public and in private. I have been told that, before his time, divine service was performed only on Sunday morning, but he likewise read prayers in the afternoon, and on Wednesdays, Fridays, and all holidays."

"In his domestic character, he was as amiable as he was venerable in the Christian. His politeness was such as I never saw equalled; it was invariable; to his superiors in rank, to his equals, and to his inferiors, it differed only in the degrees of elegance. I never heard him speak with roughness to his meanest servant; yet he well knew how to keep up his dignity, and, with all the majesty of superior worth, to repress the bold and the forward. In conversation upon lively subjects, he had a brilliancy of wit which was peculiar to himself. I know not how to describe it, but by saying, that it was both heightened and softened by the great and the amiable qualities of his soul. I have seen him ill, and in pain, yet the serenity of his mind remained unruffled: I never heard a peevish expression fall from his lips; nor was he, at such times, less kindly and politely attentive to those around him, than when in the company of strangers, who came only to visit him for the first time."

"Dr. Young," says Dr. Warton, who knew him well, "was one of the most amiable and benevolent of men; most exemplary in his life, and sincere in his religion: nobody ever said more brilliant things in conversation. The late Lord Melcombe informed me, that when he and Voltaire were on a visit to his Lordship at Eastbury, the English poet was far superior to the French, in the variety and novelty of his *bon-mots* and repartees: and Lord Melcombe was himself a good judge of wit and humour, of which he had a large portion."

Tschärner, a noble foreigner, in a letter to Count Haller, says, he has lately spent four days with Young at Welwyn, where he tastes all the ease and pleasure man can desire. "Every thing about him shows the man; each individual being placed by rule. All is neat without art. He is very pleasant in conversation, and extremely polite."

"That domestic grief," says Mr. Croft, "is, in the first instance, to be thanked for these ornaments to our language [*The Night Thoughts*], it is impossible to deny. Nor would it be common hardness to contend, that worldly discontent had no hand in these joint productions of poetry and piety. Yet I am by no means sure that, at any rate, we should not have had something of the same colour from Young's pencil, notwithstanding the liveliness of his satires. In so long a life, causes for discontent, and occasions for grief, must have occurred. It is not clear to me that his muse was not sitting upon the watch for the first which happened. *Night Thoughts* were not uncommon to her, even when first she visited the poet; and, at a time when he himself was remarkable,

neither for gravity nor gloominess. In his *Last Day*, almost his earliest poem, he calls her *the melancholy maid*;

whom dismal scenes delight
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night.

"When Young was writing a tragedy, Grafton is said by Spence to have sent him a human skull with a candle in it as a lamp; and the poet is reported to have used it.

"Still, is it altogether fair to dress up the poet for the man, and to bring the gloominess of the *Night Thoughts* to prove the gloominess of Young; and, to show that his genius, like the genius of Swift, was, in some measure, the fullen inspiration of discontent?

"From them who answer in the affirmative, it should not be concealed, that, though *Invisibilia non decipiunt* appeared upon a deception in Young's grounds, and *ambulantes in hortis audierunt vocem Dei*, in a building in his garden, his parish was indebted to the good humour of the author of the *Night Thoughts*, for an assembly and a bowling-green.

"Of Young, an anecdote which wanders among readers, it is not true, that he was Fielding's Parson Adams. The original of that famous painting was William Young, who was a clergyman, [author of the Latin and English Dictionary.] Yet, the facility with which this report has gained belief in the world, argues, were it not sufficiently known, that the author of the *Night Thoughts*, bore some resemblance to Adams. It is known, that, during some part of his life, Young was abroad; and, that he once wandered into the camp, with a classic in his hand, which he was reading intensely, and had some difficulty to prove that he was only an absent poet, and not a spy.

"The attention which Young bestowed upon the perusal of books, is not unworthy imitation. When any passage pleased him, he appears to have folded down the leaf. On those passages he bestowed a second reading. But the labours of man are too frequently vain. Before he returned to much of what he once approved, he died. Many of his books which I have seen, are, by those notes of approbation, so swelled beyond their real bulk, that they would hardly shut."

His extemporaneous wit and colloquial talents, have been much extolled; but, from the few specimens of his unpremeditated acuteness, and successful pleasantries which are preserved, it would seem, that his powers of delighting were, in great measure, confined to his pen. The following anecdotes are distinguished by their novelty and importance.

Young, walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies (one of whom was Lady Elisabeth Lee), a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him, "Tell him," says Young, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted upon it that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and, as persuasion had no effect; one took him by the right arm, and the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate, when, finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven:
Like him I go, and yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

Young, in the early part of his life, was fond of music, and touched the German flute with much taste. Being once on the Thames with some ladies, he played them several tunes, and then put the flute in his pocket. Some officers rowing by just as he ceased playing, one of them rudely asked why he left off, "For the same reason that I began;" replied Young, "to please myself." One of them immediately told him, that if he did not continue playing, he would directly throw him into the river. His female friends began to be much alarmed; and Young, on their account, played till they reached Vauxhall, where both parties spent the evening. Young had marked his man, and took an opportunity, in one of the dark walks, to tell the officer, that he expected him to meet him at such a place in the morning, to give him a gentleman's satisfaction; and, that he chose swords for the weapons. The officer was surprised on their meeting, to see Young advance towards him with a large horse pistol, with which he told him he would instantly shoot him through the head if he did not dance a minuet.

After some difficulties, he complied; the officer felt how impertinent he had been, and acknowledged the justice of the treatment he had met with.

One Sunday, preaching in office at St. James's, he found, that though he strove to make his audience attentive, he could not prevail; upon which his pity for their folly got the better of all decorum, and he sat back in the pulpit, and burst into a flood of tears.

The writings of Young may be distinctly considered, as comprising essays, plays, and poems. As an essayist, his *Centaur not Fabulous* and his *Conjectures on Original Composition*, are his most considerable productions. Of the one, it must be confessed, that though its general tendency is favourable to religion and morality, the pictures it exhibits of *the life in vogue*, are often overcharged, and the diction, though sometimes animated and energetic, is commonly inflated and affected, or harsh and severe. Of the other, though the style is vitiated by affectation, and the expression is sometimes hyperbolical, the sentiments are frequently bold, original, penetrating, brilliant, and sublime. Though he despair "of breaking through the frozen ocean of age and care's incumbent cloud, into that flow of thought and brightness of expression, which subjects so polite require;" yet it shows no marks of exhausted genius. It is more like the production of untamed, unbridled youth, than of jaded fourscore.

As a dramatist, he has not been successful in imitating the beauties of art, with the energies of natural fire and spirit. He is, without doubt, superior to his contemporaries, Rowe and Congreve, in strength and warmth of conception; but he is inferior to them in elegance and neatness of diction, beauty of cadence, correctness, chastity, and regularity. None of his dramas, except *The Revenge*, are in possession of the stage. Though they are animated, brilliant, and classical; though they paint, in glowing language, the fury of rage and revenge, and the agonies of jealousy, love, and despair; yet, it must be confessed, their beauties are disgraced by puerile rant and conceit, and, occasionally, by fustian and bombast. In Carey's "Chrononhotontologos," his dramatical eccentricities are portrayed in caricature, particularly the violent speech on the blow, which furnished a plot to *The Revenge*. Bombardinian, the general, on receiving a box on the ear from his royal master, breaks out into the most furious hyperbole; calls on the sun and moon to put themselves into eclipse; bids hills, dales, seas, and cities, run together, and into chaos pulverize the world, because Bombardinian hath received a blow.

As a poet, his compositions discover more fancy than judgment, more originality and invention, than correctness of taste and variety and extent of knowledge. He possessed, as Addison says of Lee, true poetic fire, though clouded and obscured by thick volumes of smoke. But he has merit of the highest kind. He is an original, though an unequal writer. It would be difficult to point out a single line or expression that he has borrowed from any other English writer. His defects and beauties are alike his own. Of the epigrammatic tenor of his *Satires*, there is no example; nor was he indebted to any poet, ancient or modern, for the plan of his *Night Thoughts*. The lyric muse has always been peculiarly unfavourable to him. He has some of the greatest beauties, and some of the greatest absurdities which English poetry affords. The general character of his versification is that of harshness and ruggedness, though many passages may be produced as exceptions.

Of his earlier poetical productions, his *Last Day*, *Vanquished Love*, and *Paraphrase on Job*, have deservedly obtained the greatest popularity. They have all their brighter passages. In the *Last Day*, and the *Paraphrase* in particular, there are some admirable lines. But they are in general stiff, unpleasing, and incorrect. Instead of endeavouring to support the glow of imagery, he seems rather sedulous to gather the ornaments of wit; and thus, while he aims at the fancy, he misses the heart.

His *Universal Passion* was published before Pope's Satirical Epistles made their appearance; and has therefore the merit of giving the lead to that kind of writing. It contains much just satire, good verse, and laughable humour. The country squire, who welcomes his friend with a thump upon the back; the coffee-house beau, who values himself upon the learning of his heels; and the lady on horseback, who whistles sweet her diuretic strains, are justly conceived, and happily expressed. But its character is debility—it wants point and terseness. The satirist, as Swift has justly said, should have either been more angry or more merry. He has the fault of Seneca, of Ovid, of Cowley; a profusion and an unseasonable application of wit. A lover of originality, he did not regard models. Had he endeavoured to imitate Juvenal and Persius, he would have avoided this fault.

Those great masters were too much engrossed by the importance of their subjects, to fall into the puerility of witticism. There is something in the versification, which a good ear does not approve.

For his *Night Thoughts*, that species of composition which he may be said to have created; that mass of the grandest and richest poetry which human genius has ever produced, the applause which he has received is unbounded. "The unhappy bard, whose griefs in melting numbers flow, and melancholy joys diffuse around," has been sung by the profane, as well as the pious. It is to this work, begun when

He long had buried what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought,

that he deserves, and will continue to deserve his reputation. He appears to have been conscious of its merit, when he called his collected compositions *The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts*. It may not improperly be considered as a good poetical contrast to Thomson's "Seasons." One delighted as much to exhibit the gloomy, as the other the cheerful face of things. In the article of sublimity, it may vie with "Paradise Lost itself," though in every other respect it would be absurd to attempt a comparison between them. The beauties of the *Night Thoughts* are numerous, and its blemishes are not few. Among its distinguishing excellencies, are the spirit of sublime piety and strict morality, which breathes through the whole; dignity of thought and language, bold and lively descriptions, proper and well supported similes, and striking repetitions, or breaks in the expression. Among its principal faults, are the unnecessary repetition of the same ideas and images, redundancy of metaphor, bombast, and extravagant ideas and expressions; crowded and ill-chosen epithets, allusions drawn out beyond their proper bounds; a puerile play on words, the use of gross and inelegant images or terms, and negligence in the harmony of versification. Its principal excellence, the present writer apprehends to be—elevation and dignity of thought and expression; its capital defect—elevation and dignity pursued into extravagance or bombast. It abounds in unnatural flights of fancy, is often obscure, and sometimes unintelligible; and the poet, occasionally, perplexes both himself and the reader, in a playfome pursuit of trifling figures, allegories, and allusions, not always apt. Yet, with all its faults, it irresistibly seizes the mind of the reader, arrests his attention, and powerfully interests him in the midnight sorrows of the plaintive bard; it has a merit which no production, but those of real genius, ever possesses; with scarce any facts or incidents to awaken curiosity, it speaks to the heart through the medium of the imagination; it instructs, but does not fatigue us; it amuses, but never is languid.

The pathetic and sublime passages in the *Night Thoughts*, are familiar to the general readers of poetry. Amidst the profusion of beauties which may be produced, his description of *Death* from his secret stand, noting down the follies of a Bacchanalian society, the epitaph upon the departed world; the issuing of *Satan* from his dungeon on the day of judgment, are distinguished by great strength and boldness of invention, and rise, in many parts, to the terrible and sublime. The simile of the *traveller*, with which *The Consolation* opens, is highly pleasing, striking, and beautiful. His view of the nature and faculties of an immortal soul, of different natures, marvellously mixed, clogged by the finite and perishable materials of its house of clay, is profound, striking, comprehensive, and, what in him is rare, closely comprehensive. His arguments in favour of infinite duration in a future state, though not logically conclusive, are beautifully poetic.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight,—
Could ye so rich in rapture fear an end;
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.

Who does not regret, that such a powerful though gloomy advocate for religion and morality, should degrade himself by prostituting his poetry to the servile purposes of adulation; or that his addiction to licentious flattery should have induced him to dress up his patron in the attributes of a Being, whose greatness and whose goodness admit of no approximation!

Wits spare not heaven, O Wilmington! nor thee.

His *Resignation* was represented on its first appearance, as a striking instance of the senescence of genius. It has never obtained much popularity; though the sentiments are strongly characteristic of their author, and many of them are beautiful and new. The style also is like that of the author of the *Night Thoughts*, but the resemblance is rather in its blemishes than its beauties. Here is the same fondness for antitheses, the same hunting down of figures, and lowness of metaphors, that are to be found in his other poems, but little of their strength or harmony remains. His ex-

changing the solemn plaintive species of verse, peculiar to himself, for the easy measure of lyric poetry, was an unfortunate determination. Of his smaller poems, the *Epistles to Pope*, and the *Epitaph on Lord Aubrey Beauclerc*, are entitled to particular commendation. Of those puerile trifles, his *Ode, Sea-Piece*, &c. in which words over-power ideas, and loyalty triumphs at the expence of imagination, the present writer is no admirer.

Yet, excepting his licentious flattery, which appears in the body of his works, as well as in his fulsome dedications, a few of his tragical rants, his poetical flights into the obscure, and the imbecillities of his age, which his friends ought to have suppressed, Young is entitled to the rare but important praise of not having left a line, which, for moral or religious reasons, on his death-bed, he could wish to have erased.

"If the friendship, with which Dr. Young honoured me," says Dr. Warton, "does not mislead me, I think I may affirm, that many high strokes of character in his *Zanga*, many sentiments and images in his *Night Thoughts*, and many strong and forcible descriptions in his *Paraphrase on Job*, mark him for a sublime and original genius. Though, at the same time, I am ready to confess, that he is not a correct and equal writer, and was too often turgid and hyperbolic."

"Among moral and didactic poets, Dr. Young is of too great eminence," says Dr. Blair, "to be passed over without notice. In all his works, the marks of strong genius appear. His *Universal Passion* possesses the full merit of that animated conciseness of style, and lively description of characters, which I mentioned, as particularly requisite in satirical and didactic compositions. Though his wit may often be thought too sparkling, and his sentences too pointed, yet the vivacity of his fancy is so great as to entertain every reader. In his *Night Thoughts*, there is much energy of expression; in the three first there are several pathetic passages, and scattered through them, all happy images and allusions, as well as pious reflections occur; but the sentiments are frequently overstrained and turgid, and the style is too harsh and obscure to be pleasing."

"There is in the *Night Thoughts*," says Mr. Boswell, "a power of the *pathetic* beyond almost any example that I have seen. He who does not feel his nerves shaken, and his heart moved by many passages in this extraordinary work, particularly by that most affecting one, which describes the gradual torment suffered by the contemplation of an object of affectionate attachment, visibly and certainly decaying into dissolution, must be of a hard and obstinate frame."

"To all the other excellencies of the *Night Thoughts*, let me add the great and peculiar one, that they contain not only the noblest sentiments of virtue and the immortality of the soul; but the *Christian sacrifice*, the *divine propitiation*, with all its interesting circumstances and consolations to "a wounded spirit," solemnly and poetically displayed in such imagery and language, as cannot fail to exalt, animate, and sooth the truly pious. No book whatever can be recommended to young persons, with better hopes of seasoning their minds with vital religion, than Young's *Night Thoughts*."

His poetical character is delineated by Dr. Johnson with impartiality and precision.

"Of Young's poems it is difficult to give any general character; for he has no uniformity of manner: one of his pieces has no great resemblance to another. He began to write early, and continued long; and at different times had different modes of poetical excellence in view. His numbers are sometimes smooth, and sometimes rugged; his style is sometimes concatenated, and sometimes abrupt; sometimes diffuse, and sometimes concise. His plan seems to have started in his mind at the present moment, and his thoughts appear the effect of chance, sometimes adverse, and sometimes lucky, with very little operation of judgment."

"He was not one of the writers whom experience improves, and who observing their own faults become gradually correct. His poem on the *Last Day*, his first great performance, has an equability and propriety, which he afterwards either never endeavoured or never attained. Many paragraphs are noble, and few are mean, yet the whole is languid; the plan is too much extended, and a succession of images divides and weakens the general conception; but the great reason why the reader is disappointed, is, that the *Last Day* makes every man more than poetical, by spreading over his mind a general obscurity of sacred horror, that oppresses distinction, and disdains expression."

"His story of *Jane Gray* was never popular. It is written with elegance enough, but *Jane* is too heroic to be pitied."

"The *Universal Passion* is indeed a very great performance. It is said to be a series of epigrams: but if it be, it is what the author intended: his endeavour was at the production of striking distichs and pointed sentences; and his distichs have the weight of solid sentiment, and his points the sharpness of resolute truth.

"His characters are often selected with discernment, and drawn with nicety; his illustrations are often happy, and his reflections often just. His species of satire is between those of Horace and Juvenal; and he has the gaiety of Horace without his laxity of numbers, and the morality of Juvenal with greater variation of images. He plays, indeed, only on the surface of life; he never penetrates the recesses of the mind; and therefore the whole power of his poetry is exhausted by a single perusal; his conceits please only when they surprise.

"To translate he never condescended, unless his *Paraphrase on Job* may be considered as a version; in which he has not, I think, been unsuccessful; he indeed favoured himself, by choosing those parts which most easily admit the ornaments of English poetry.

"He had least success in his lyric attempts, in which he seems to have been under some malignant influence: he is always labouring to be great, and at last is only turgid.

"In his *Night Thoughts* he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions; a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments, and the digressive fallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactness, but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole, and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity.

"His last poem was the *Resignation*; in which he made, as he was accustomed, an experiment of a new mode of writing, and succeeded better than in his *Ocean* or his *Merchant*. It was very falsely represented as a proof of decaying faculties. There is Young in every stanza, such as he often was in his highest vigour.

"It must be allowed of Young's poetry, that it abounds in thought, but without much accuracy or selection. When he lays hold of an illustration, he pursues it beyond expectation, sometimes happily, as in his parallel of *Quicksilver* with *Pleasure*, which is very ingenious, very subtle, and almost exact; but sometimes he is less lucky, as when, in his *Night Thoughts*, having dropped it into his mind, that the orbs, floating in space, might be called the cluster of creation, he thinks on a cluster of grapes, and says, that they all hang on the great vine, drinking the "nectareous juice of immortal life."

"His conceits are sometimes yet less valuable. In the *Last Day*, he hopes to illustrate the re-assembly of the atoms that compose the human body at the "Trump of Doom," by the collection of bees into a swarm at the tinkling of a pan.

"The Prophet says of Tyre, that "her Merchants are Princes." Young says in his *Merchant*

Her Merchants Princes, and each deck a Throne.

Let burlesque try to go beyond him.

"He has the trick of joining the turgid and familiar: to buy the alliance of Britain, "Climes were paid down." Antithesis is his favourite. "They for kindness hate;" and "because she's right she's ever in the wrong."

"His versification is his own; neither his blank nor his rhyming lines have any resemblance to those of former writers; he picks up no hemistichs, he copies no favourite expressions; he seems to have laid up no stores of thought or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous suggestions of the present moment. Yet I have reason to believe that, when once he had formed a new design, he then laboured it with very patient industry, and that he composed with great labour, and frequent revisions.

"His verses are formed by no certain model: for he is no more like himself in his different productions than he is like others. He seems never to have studied prosody, nor to have had any direction but from his own ear. But with all his defects, he was a man of genius and a poet."

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

Now let the Atheist tremble; thou alone
Can bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen,
How God descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never must return.

Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.

When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The patriarch thus, the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heavenly pleasure tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!
How wast thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high?
Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all eternity to view?

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verse:
O thou hast power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the soul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human kind;
By stricter rules well-govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

*Magd. Coll.
Oxon.*

T. WARTON.

TO A LADY,

WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,
HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.

VOL. X.

Full of her glorious theme, his towering muse,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame pursues:
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of mortality,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
Where only Milton gain'd renown before;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the muses sing in early times,
Ere skill'd to flatter vice and varnish crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous songs alone,
And the chaste poet, and the priest, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They soothe the wanton pleasures of the great:
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age;
Deceitful charms attract our wondering eyes
And specious ruin unsuspected lies.
So the rich soil of India's blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish nature's choicest stores, [light,
Where serpents lurk, by flowers conceal'd from
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

These purer thoughts from gross alloys refin'd,
With heavenly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please destroy;
But bliss resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty love:
Firm, solid bliss, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten every grace.
By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
"Of future judgment, and the rising dead; [thrown
"Of time's grand period, heaven and earth o'er-
"And gasping nature's last tremendous groan."
These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore,
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

T. TRISTRAM.

A

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS LAST DAY AND UNIVERSAL PASSION.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, must they decay?
On nature's self destruction prey?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou canst hope, is on the wing.
Shall Newton's system be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?

Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or thee?
Through life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And sure, thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind;
First, beyond time our thoughts to raise;
Then lash our love of transient praise.
In both, we own thy doctrine just;
And fame's a breath, and men are dust.

1746.

J. BANCKS.

THE LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

"Venit summa dies." — VIRG.

BOOK I.

"Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
"Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
"Terra tremit : fugere feræ ! et mortalia corda
"Per gentes humilis stravit pavor." VIRG.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great ;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state ;
With Britain's hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire ;
I draw a deeper scene : a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields ;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'er-
thrown,

And gasping nature's last tremendous groan ;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring : I look down
On all the splendours of the British crown.
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around !
O ! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays ;
'Tis our Eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly Thou, great Ruler ! Lord of all !
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall ;
If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me ; all inward tumults quell ;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel ;
To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.

* *The Duke of Marlborough.*

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face :
See spring's gay bloom ; see golden autumn's
store ;

See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumberous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies sail.
Here forests rise, the mountain's awful pride ;
Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide ;
There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent
seeds,

Hold kings, and kingdom's fortunes, in their beds :
There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landskip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise ;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west ? The labouring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry :
Wide theatre ! where tempests play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul :
They shine through time, with an unalter'd ray :
See this grand period rise, and that decay :
So *vest*, this world's a grain ; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space ;
So *bright*, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears !
How worthy an immortal round of years !
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be fought in vain :
The track forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne ;
Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

A ij

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate !)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose,
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth ;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sins forbid not) other Annes ;
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun ;
(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake !
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and shrike)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day ;
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay ;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend ;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars bend ;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore ;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'er-spread ;
Darkness the circle of the sun invade ;
From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo, a mighty tramp, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note ; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball ;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh powerful blast ! to which no equal found
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Though God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd ? and shall not man beware ?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind :
None are supinely good : through care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best ;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her
 charms,

The conscious soul would this great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet found, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm resolve could shake ;
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land ;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And death might shake his threatening lance in vain !
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flows the terrors of that day I sing ;

More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, cur'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake :
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise,
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes ;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night ;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair ;
Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn ! the blissful earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state ;
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest ;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring :
Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those watery worlds to sink, or swell ;
Around her some their splendours to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day :
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high ;
No light, but from the terrors of the sky :
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos tost :
One universal ruin spreads abroad ;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate : what then canst thou
 afford

To comfort and support thy guilty lord ?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down ?
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow ?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his filial worm ?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade !
Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made ?
Who can sustain thy anger ? Who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand ?
It flies the reach of thought : oh save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour !
Thou who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood ;
Thou, who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain ;
Whom death led captive through the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe ;
Defend me, O my God ! Oh save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour !

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploping shelter from the wrath divine ;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming sea to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep :
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death sits threatening in his prince's frown,
His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a distant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less;
Heavens! how the good man trembles!—

And is there a Last Day? and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom!
Ambition swell, and, thy proud fails to show,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow:
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting vine,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright beauty, shine;
Shine all; in all your charms together rise,
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals this? And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

For ever then my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit their end;
The mounting flames their burning power suspend;
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm; their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges, tost on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast
Look back with terror on their actions past;
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt
away;

Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempest can appease;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
Unload their shatter'd barque, though richly
fraught,

And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought

With gems and gold; but oh, the storm so high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave:
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows close; he's number'd with the dead,
(Hear, O ye just! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety pursue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempestuous nature silent stand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:

He bridles in the monsters of the deep:
The bridled monsters awful distance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his state;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound, sound,
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth re-
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous size;
The prophet views the cavern with surprise;
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descri'd,
And rolls his wondering eyes from side to side:
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below;
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides serenely through the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights through coral
groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and sands he roves;
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays:
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore:
A type of that great blessing, which the muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

BOOK II.

— *Ex γαίνε, ἀποχρῆμας ἵσθαι, ἵσθαι*
ἀνθρώπων ἀποχρῆμας ἵσθαι, ἵσθαι
Παύλι.

— We hope, that the departed will rise
again from the dust: after which, like
the gods, they will be immortal.

Now man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;

Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
In wide eternity I dare be lost.
The muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To track the swain, or celebrate the king.
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to *human kind*:
I sing to men and angels; angels join, [mine.
While such the theme, their sacred songs with
Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long-committed dust.
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head, the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty
sword,

Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a rusian's blade.
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell.
Obscure his fall! all weltering in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This fever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Though realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings and wild meanders play, [end,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wanderings
And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole,
Or 'midst the burning planets wondering fray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid:
Or rather casted on her final state,
And fear'd, or wish'd for, her appointed fate;
This soul, returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,

Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And hear the lofty palace to the skies:
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious * dome,
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, though great, or wise, or
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust; [just,
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarch's tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space:
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pompous ease,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.

No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and, at this dreadful turn,
The swarms shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
An earth dissolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
A yawning gulf, and fiends on every side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here greatness prostrate falls, there strength
gives place,

Here lazars smile, where beauty hides her face.
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm
With juster confidence, enjoy the flame,
Than those whose pious bonities unconfin'd
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful muse, that homage show
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chicheley! hail, illustrious * names,
Who to far distant times dispense your beams;

* Westminster Abbey.

† Founders of New College, Corpus Christi, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the author was a member.

THE LAST DAY.

7

Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great re-
To bless a people, and oblige a crown. (down
And now you rise, eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! Oh, how shall mortal raise
His soul, to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to human kind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who some few years ago was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow, can express,
Was nothing; shall I live, when every fire
And every star shall languish and expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought;
All that has being in full concert join;
And celebrate the depths of *love divine*.

But oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known successful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Descending here, no fabled God, be seen;
Behold the God of *Gods* indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

Lo! the wide theatre, whole ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bosphon mingle in the throng:
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
Spent,

To fix a hero's birth-day or descent!
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days;
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands.
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above:
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, *fall*, another, *stand*;
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking
dawn

Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,

(Another blow had broke the fate's decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

Th' echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare!
Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest power of earth,
Blest with mast'ering planets at thy birth:
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, said, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my muse,
How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou choose?
A sudden bluish inflames the waving sky;
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sovereign reigns in world's
of light,

Whence nature, He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! Where *time* and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmetts crawl
At random on this air suspended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlasting Son:
Crown'd with that majesty that form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:

But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, Knowledge shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of Justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious through the courts of heaven, the
source

Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders found him roll, and lightning play;
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array: (hail,
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of Bliss;
What a stupendous turn of fate is this!

O! whither art thou rais'd above the *scourge*
And indigence of *him* in Beth'leh born;

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

A needful, helpless, unaccounted, guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd,
and dy'd;

Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe, [low?
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd be-
And was't enough to bid the sun retire?

Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blasphemy'd;
Thou, or thy prisoner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well ex-
claim;

Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n he
Thou gav'st to death, flame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight,
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise,
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows found.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the co-
lumn fly.

Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' Eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh, formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn! unwary muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say, (not to make the sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.

But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of prayer?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

O thou! whose balance does the mountains
weigh,
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,

" Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to
flame,

" That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
" Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
" And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

" Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
" To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:

" Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
" And wholly dedicate my soul to thee:

" Reign'd o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!

" If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
" And sin the graceful indignation raise.

" My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
" And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

" Oh, may my understanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!

" Who decks the maiden spring with flowery pride?
" Who calls forth summer, like a sparkling bride?

" Who joys the mother autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old winter lay her honours down!

" Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
" Not Europe's abettors of peace and war,

" May sea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,
" To bring th' Eternal Author to my mind!

" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my
soul!

" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
" Adore, my heart, the Majesty Divine!

" Through every scene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!

" Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:

" Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:

" 'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
" And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the north.

" Grant I may ever, at the morning-ray,
" Open with prayer the consecrated day;

" Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
" And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:

" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of consummate love;

" Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
" My endless worship shall be still begun.

And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
" To sacred thought may forcibly invite:

" When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
" Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;

" Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
" And show all nature in a milder light;

" How every boisterous thought in calms subsides!
" How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!

" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of Day;

" His court admire, or for his favour sue,
" Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;

" Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
" While I long vigils to its founder keep!

" Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh! controul
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul:

" Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
" Refrain the various tumults of my blood;

" Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
" Alluring pleasure, and assailing pain.

THE LAST DAY.

"O may I pant for thee in each desire!
 "And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
 "Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
 "Which in eternity's deep bosom lies!
 "At the great day of recompence behold,
 "Devoid of fear, the *fatal boat* unfold!
 "Then waded upward to the blissful feat,
 "From age to age, my grateful song repeat;
 "My light, my life, my God, my Saviour see,
 "And rival angels in the praise of thee."

BOOK III.

"Esse quoque in fasia reminiscitur, affore tempus,
 "Quo mare, quo tellus, correatque regia cæli
 "Ardeat; et mundi moles operosa laboret."
 OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the resplendent seat
 Of saints and angels; the tremendous fate
 Of guilty souls; the gloomy realms of woe;
 And all the horrors of the world below;
 I next presume to sing: What yet remains
 Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
 And let the muse or now affect the sky,
 Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
 She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
 She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
 The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
 And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
 Heaven opening, all its sacred pomp displays,
 And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
 The triumph rings! archangels shout around!
 And echoing nature lengthens out the sound!
 Ten thousand trumpets *new* at once advance;
 New deepest silence lulls the vast expanse:
 So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
 As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.
 Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
 Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:
 Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
 Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;
 In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
 The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
 And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden prayer,
 And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be
 there?

See on the left (for by the great command
 The throng divided falls on either hand;
 How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
 What more than death in every face and mien?
 With what distress, and glarings of affright,
 They shock the heart, and turn away the sight?
 In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
 And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
 Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
 And every groan is laden with despair.
 Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
 A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
 Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
 And all the soft companions of thy life,
 Whose blended interests levell'd at one aim,
 Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
 Divided far; thy wretched self alone
 Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;

How would it wound? What millions would
 thou give

For one more trial, one more day to live?
 Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
 To grasp with eagerness the means of grace;
 Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
 And in that moment to redeem an age?
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
 Arrest the sun; but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
 Their Maker's image fresh in every face!
 What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
 Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
 This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
 To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn;
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
 Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
 Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
 Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
 Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest
 draws nigh,

Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
 Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
 And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
 Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
 Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize;
 Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,
 And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
 Now into one distinct survey is cast;
 Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you whoe'er
 Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair;
 Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
 Whose shining acts time's brightest annals grace;
 Who founded states; crowns conquer'd, or resign'd;
 Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
 Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
 And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
 Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
 Could bind the madness of the roaring main:
 All lost? all undistinguish'd? no-where found?
 How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?

That hour, on which th' Almighty King ord
 high

From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
 Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
 Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd:
 Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
 Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
 The point of time, for which the world was built,
 For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
 That dreadful moment is arriv'd—

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display
 Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day;
 Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
 From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
 Through heaven's high gates, when he triumph-
 aut rode,
 And shouting angels hail'd the victor God.
 Horrors, beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
 Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;

A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
The fons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene; and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation swims before my sight:
I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis distant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty
breast,

In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

"Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?"

"Ah! cruel death, that would no longer spare,

"But grudge'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,

"And cast me out into the wrath of God;

"Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling
chain,

"And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,

"Our only song; black sin's malignant light,

"The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

"Must all those powers, heaven gave me to supply

"My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,

"Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,

"Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe?"

"And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,

"Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?"

"Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,

"And with *existence* only measure pain?"

"What! no reprieve, no least indulgence given,

"No beam of hope, from any point of heaven!"

"Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?"

"Is love extinguish'd in the source of love?"

"Bold that I am, did heaven stoop down to
hell?"

"Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?"

"Have I not been industrious to provoke?"

"From his embraces obstinately broke?"

"Pursued, and panted for his mortal hate,

"Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?"

"And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim?"

"Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slackening
flame;

"Just is my lot—but oh! must it transcend

"The reach of time, despair a distant end?"

"With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,

"Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy
[sound?]

"NEVER! where falls the soul at that dread

"Down an abyss how dark, and how profound?"

"Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)"

"Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;

"My plunge but still begun—And this for sin!"

"Could I offend, if I had never been,

"But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,

"Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass?"

"Father of mercies! why from silent earth

"Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth,

"Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,

"And make a thankless present of thy light?"

"Push into being a reverse of thee,

"And animate a clod with misery!"

"The beasts are happy; they come forth, and

"Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.

"Pain is for man; and oh! how vast a pain

"For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in
vain?"

"Appall'd his groans, as far as in them lay,

"And sung his agonies, and death, away!"

"As our dire punishment for ever strong,

"Our constitution too for ever young,

"Cur'd with returns of vigour, still the same

"Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame!"

"Still to be caught, and still to be pursued!

"To perish still, and still to be renew'd!"

"And this, my *Help! my God!* at thy decree!"

"Nature is chang'd, and *hell* should *succour* me.

"And canst thou then look down from perfect
bliss,

"And see me plunging in the dark abyss?"

"Calling thee Father, in a sea of fire?"

"Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire?"

"With mortals anguish wilt thou raise thy name,

"And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?"

"Thou, who canst rattle the planets to and fro,

"Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe;

"Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels
lay;

"On me Almighty wrath is cast away.

"Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,

"Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:

"Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame;

"But lose me in the greatness of thy name.

"Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,

"And shall I make those glories cease to shine?"

"Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,

"And from its course turn back Omnipotence?"

"Forbid it! and oh! grant, great God, at least

"This one, this slender, almost no request;

"When I have wept a thousand lives away,

"When torment is grown weary of its prey,

"When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,

"Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire."

Deep anguish! but too late: the hopeless soul

Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,

Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns

He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;

Enclous'd with horrors, and transfus'd with pain,

Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain:

To talk to fiery tempests; to implore

The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;

To toise, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,

And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move,

To take possession of their thrones above;

Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply.

And fill the vacant stations of the sky;

Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,

And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;

To crop the roses of immortal youth,

And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;

To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,

And lift the voice to their Almighty King;

To lose eternity in grateful lays,

And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain:

What boldly I begin, let others end;
My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
And choose a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds, in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire
And, darted downward, set the world on fire;
Black rising clouds thicken'd ether choke,
And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
To enrage the flame: It spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky:
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and desarts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm;
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vast destruction fills.
Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound
which broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
What wonders must that groan of nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A towering monument of God's right hand;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Show me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which heaven seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd Britannia: Can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas!
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel, say where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Libya? Where did India's
store

Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or
flies,

Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conquering flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their
prey;

The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blas'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing, such a vast expanse.
Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprises through all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for man?
For him, Omnipotence new measures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou
art:

Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *minor*, canst not guess thy vast estate,
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait;
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous
God,

Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one eternal day.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION; OR, VANQUISHED LOVE.

IN TWO BOOKS.

"Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus."

VIRG.

BOOK I.

"—Ad cælum ardentia lumina tellens,
"Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula pal-
"mas."

VIRG.

From lofty themes, from thoughts that fear'd on
high,

And open'd wondrous scenes above the sky,
My muse descend: indulge my fond desire;
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise:
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
Unrivall'd in the glorious lists of fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whole radiant eyes the vanquish'd world com-
mand,

Virtue is beauty: but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes such bright objects still more
bright,

And *fortune* sets them in the strongest light:
'Tis all of heaven that we below may view,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere Ormond, or her glorious queen was born:
When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd,
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart?

At once she longs, and is afraid to know:

Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,

To find her lord; and finding passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye;
Lest that unmask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus after sickness doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin thuns the glass.

At length with troubled thought, but look
serene,

And sorrow soften'd by her heavenly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily or the blooming rose.

"Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is
lost;

"What far outshines a crown, we still may boast;
"A mind compos'd; a mind that can disdain

"A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.

"Nothing is loss that virtue can improve

"To wealth eternal; and return above;

"Above, where no distinction shall be known

"Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a
"throne,

"And him who basking in the smiles of fate,

"Shone forth in all the splendor of the great:

"Nor can I find the difference here below;

"I lately was a queen; I still am so,

"While Guilford's wife: thee rather I obey,

"Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.

"When we lie down in some obscure retreat,

"Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;

"And I to death my duty will improve,

"And what you miss in empire, add in love—

"Your god-like soul is open'd in your look,

"And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.

"For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,

"To find with what content we lay it down.

"Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race

"Can quit a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whose boding bosom fear'd

THE FORCE OF RELIGION: OR, VANQUISHED LOVE.

A darker cloud of ills would burst; and shed
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head:
Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—forgive him, if he melt—
How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In space confin'd, the muse forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue less;
He thought in grief there could be no excess.
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;
Now silent wander'd through his rooms of state,
And sickn'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast,
And anguish'd on his enjoyments past;
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And every transport stabb'd him to the heart.

That happy moon, which summon'd to delight,
That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and love! the vision of a day.

Thus, in the British clime, a summer-storm
Will oft the smiling face of heaven deform;
The winds with violence at once descend, [bend;
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the forest
A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
O'ercomes the season and inverts the year.

But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the cheerful day?
The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise:
For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts each morn invade the lover's
breast,

Each night, a ruffian locks the queen to rest.

Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds,
Religion's force divine is best display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid:
To succour in extremes, is her delight,
And cheer the heart, when terror strikes the sight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph o'er misfortune's, smile in grief,
And comfort those who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,
And with an ardent heart, but most relign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom with pious heat,
Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
Address'd her God—"Almighty power divine!

"'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine;
"With honour to light up the name unknown,
"Or to put out the lustre of a throne.
"In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,
"And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
"I'll bear it well: (O strengthen me to bear!)"
"And if my piety may claim thy care;

"If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
"And tumult of a court, a future state;
"O favour, when thy mercy I implore
"For one who never guilty sceptre bore!
"'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free!
"If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
"Let him survive, his country's name to raise,
"And in a guilty land to speak thy praise!
"O may th' indulgence of a father's love,
"Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
"If these are safe, I'll think my prayers succeed,
"And bless thy tender mercies, whilst I bleed."
'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Through rigid justice, rush'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:
The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to
mourn

The sad necessity of his return;
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to complain:
The tapers cast an inauspicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night,
Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest;
Soft slumber gently creeping through her breast,
She sinks; and in her sleep is re-enthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
And stretches wide her shadow of command:
With royal purple is her vision hung;
By phantom hosts are shouts of conquests rung;
Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies;
Our prisoner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade;
The busy trades in cities had begun
To found, and speak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouse,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife awakes;
Awakes, and smiles; nor night's imposture blames;
Her real pomps were little more than dreams;
A short-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that shone, and was no more:
She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
Of mind, well suited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though serious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her instant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams: in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltless of the sight;
Or haste more swiftly to the western main;
Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain!

Oh! how severe! to fall so new a bride,
Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride;
When time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obdurate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view;
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,
No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights;
Pleasures that blossom ev'n from doubts and fears;
And bliss and rapture rising out of cares;

No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face;
Who, when her *dearest father* shall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where fruits fall, quick-rising blossoms smile,
And the blest Indian of his care beguile.

In vain these various reasons jointly press,
To blacken death, and heighten her distress;
She, through th' encircling terrors, darts her sight
To the blest regions of eternal light,
And fills her soul with peace: to weeping friends
Her *father*, and her *lord*, she recommends;
Unmov'd herself: her foes her air survey,
And rage to see their malice thrown away.
She fears; now nought on earth detains her care—
But Guilford; who still struggles for his share.
Still will his form importunately rise,
Clog and retard her transport to the skies;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her soul onward from the seats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love:
At length she conquers in the doubtful field;
That heaven she seeks will be her Guilford's shield.
Now death is welcome; his approach is slow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is
near:

Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last,
Ere the dire sentence on her father past!

A fonder parent nature never knew;
And as his age increas'd, his fondness grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can she from all weakness still refrain?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain?
Impossible! a sigh will force its way;
One patient tear her mortal birth betray;
She sighs and weeps! but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial patience! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While passion takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace;
By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.
Now she revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn: The queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.

What mercy can the zealot's heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage?
She thought, and sigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas! should Guilford too—when now she's brought
To that dire view, that precipice of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look
down,

Nor can recede, till heaven's decrees are known;
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
But not to cheer her heart and dry her tears!
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows and the damps away:
But, like a gloomy storm at once to sweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair:
Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.

Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

BOOK II.

"Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptris reponis?"
VIRG.

HER Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath,
To taper thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire:
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And Guilford too, or she had loath'd the sight:
Her *father's* death she bore, despis'd her *own*,
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan:
Ah! Guilford, she began, and would have spok'd;
But sobs rush'd in, and every accent broke:
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell:
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight bestow;
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This Guilford prov'd; and, with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair: sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himself away; and, standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,

With ill-dissembled grief; " My life, forbear!
 " You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear;
 " Did you not chide my grief? Repress your own:
 " Nor want compassion for *yourself* alone;
 " Have you beheld, how, from the distant main,
 " The thronging waves roll on, a numerous train,
 " And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore;
 " There burst their noisy pride, and are no more;
 " Thus the successive flows of human race,
 " Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase;
 " They found, and swell, their haughty heads they rear;

" Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
 " Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay;
 " And where's the mighty lure of a day?
 " Why should you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis most unkind;
 " Your *own* you bore with an unshaken mind:
 " And which, can you imagine, was the dart
 " That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?
 " I cannot live without you; and my doom
 " I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—
 " And are again your tears profusely spilt!
 " Oh! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt;
 " It soils itself, if it recall your pain;
 " Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
 " The load which fate imposes, you increase;
 " And help Maria to destroy my peace."

But, oh! against himself his labour turn'd;
 The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd:
 Compassion swells our grief; words soft and kind
 But soothe out weakness, and dissolve the mind:
 Her sorrow flow'd in streams; nor her's alone,
 While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
 Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,
 Hail'd him great partner of the regal state;
 When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
 And bending nations on the glory gaz'd? [treat,
 'Tis now the queen's command, they both re-
 so weep with dignity, and mourn in state:
 The forms the *decent* misery with joy,
 And loads with pomp the wretch the would destroy.
 A spacious hall is hung with black; all light
 Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
 From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
 Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky:
 It sheds a quivering melancholy gloom,
 Which only shows the darkness of the room,
 A shining ax is on the table laid;
 A dreadful sight! and glitters through the shade.

In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd;
 A scene of terrors, to a guilty mind!
 A scene that would have damp'd with rising cares,
 And quite extinguish'd every love but theirs.
 What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes—
 Then Guilford, thus abruptly; " I despise
 " An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
 " Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;
 " But where's the Charles, or Dioclesian where,
 " Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
 " Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
 " In full possession of thy snowy hand!
 " And, through th' unclouded crystal of thine eye,
 " The heavenly treasures of the mind to spy:
 " Till rapture reason happily destroys,
 " And my soul wanders through immortal joys!

" Give me the world, and ask me, Where's my
 " bliss?

" I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, *This*.

" And shall the grave"—He groans, and can no
 more;

But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
 Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
 And, wondering, sees, in sad *presaging* thought,
 From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
 And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball!

Oh! let those *tremble*, who are greatly blest'd!
 For who, but Guilford, could be thus distress'd?
 Come hither, all you happy, all you great,
 From flowery meadows, and from rooms of state;
 Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy,
 But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
 Weep not; but, smiling, fix your ardent care
 On nobler titles than the brave or fair.

Was ever such a mournful, moving sight?
 See, if you can, by that dull, trembling light:
 Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
 Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow:
 Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
 They stiffen into statues of despair:
 Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
 They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
 And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
 And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
 A short delusion! for the raging pain
 Returns; and their poor hearts must bleed again."

Meantime, the queen new cruelty decreed;
 But, ill content that they should *only* bleed,
 A priest is sent; who, with insidious art,
 Infills his poison into Suffolk's heart;
 And Guilford drank it: Hanging on the breast,
 He from his childhood was with Rome possest.
 When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
 And in her dearest lord, the first must die,
 The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
 The most unguarded passes of her mind,
 Bespoke her thus: " Grieve not; 'tis in your
 " power

" Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."
 Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
 A sudden horror thrills through every vein;
 Life seems suspended, on his words intent;
 And her soul trembles for the great event.

The priest proceeds: " Embrace the faith of
 " Rome,
 " And ward your own, your lord's, and father's
 doom.

Ye blessed spirits! now your charge sustain;
 The past was ease; now *first* the suffers pain.
 Must she pronounce her father's death? must she
 Bid Guilford bleed?—It must not, cannot, be.
 It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Christian's praise,
 Above impossibilities to raise
 The weakness of our nature; and deride
 Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
 What though our feeble sinews scarce impart
 A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
 Though tainted air our vigorous youth can break,
 And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake,
 Yet are we strong: Hear the loud tempest roar,
 From east to west, and call us weak no more;

The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might; and thunders raise our humble names;
'Tis our Jehovah fills the heavens; as long
As he shall reign Almighty, we are strong:
We, by devotion, borrow from his throne;
And almost make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heaven, by fervent prayer;
And call forth triumph out of *man's* despair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
Devoutly sad—Then, brightening, like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majesty, till now unknown;
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms——"

Here, Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barbarous
man!

Is this thy love?) as swift as lightning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
'Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Pierce, resolute, delicious with his fears;
His fears for her *alone*: he beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul express:

"Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse
"rove,

"And show one moment uninflam'd with love!

"Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,

"In pity to thyself, forget the past!

"Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,

"Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so
"dear:

"Thou who hast took me to thy arms, and swore

"Empires were vile, and fate could give no more;

"That to *continue*, was its utmost power,

"And make the future like the present hour,

"Now call a *russian*; bid his cruel sword

"Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;

"Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim),

"And stain his honour with a *traitor's* name.

"*This* might perhaps be borne without remorse;

"But sure a *father's* pangs will have their force!

"Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,

"Through cruel torment to the grave descend?

"His shallow blood all issue at a wound,

"Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground?

"But he to you has ever been severe;

"Then take your vengeance"—Suffolk now drew
near;

Bending beneath the burden of his care;

His robes neglected, and his head was bare;

Decrepit winter, in the yearly ring,

Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming spring:

Downward he cast a melancholy look;

Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; then faintly spoke,

"Now deep in years, and forward in decay,

"That ax can only rob *me* of a day;

"For *thee*, my soul's desire! I can't refrain;

"And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in
"vain?

"When you shall know a mother's tender name,

"My heart's distress no longer will you blame."

At this, afar his bursting groans were heard;

The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:

He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.

Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?

Has the queen brib'd you to distress her foe?

O weak deserters to misfortune's part,

By false affection thus to pierce her heart!

When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly,

And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky!

And can her virtue, springing from the ground,

Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,

When cleaving love and human interest bind

The broken force of her aspiring mind;

As round the generous eagle, which in vain

Exerts her strength, the serpent wreathes his
train,

Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies

His poisonous tail, and stings her as she flies!

While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she
feels,

And with its force her resolution reels;

Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,

To view discover, weltering on the ground,

Three headless trunks, of those whose arms main-
tain'd,

And in her wars immortal glory gain'd;

The lifted ax assur'd her ready doom,

And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.

Shall I proceed; or here break off my tale?

Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal.

She met this utmost malice of her fate

With Christian dignity, and pious state:

The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,

And all the martyr triumph'd in her breast:

Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's space,

She strictly folded in her soft embrace!

Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky:

"Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;

"I am well pleas'd you make my death so great;

"I joy I cannot save you; and have given

"Two lives, much *dearer* than my own to heaven,

"If so the queen decrees":—But I have cause

"To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;

"And there is mercy still, for you, in store:

"With me the bitterness of death is o'er.

"He shot his sling in *that* farewell embrace;

"And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.

"Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,

"Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."

Then, turning to the ministers of fate,

She, smiling, says, "My victory's complete:

"And tell your queen, I thank her for the blow,

"And grieve my gratitude I cannot show:

"A poor return I leave in England's crown,

"For everlasting pleasure and renown:

"Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;

"Her guilt—the *only* vengeance in her power."

Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her
fate;

And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

• Here she embraces them.

LOVE OF FAME, THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

" — Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
" Non minus ignotos generosis." — HOR.

PREFACE.

THESE satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation; the private amusement he finds in his compositions; the good influence they have on his severer studies; that admission they give him to his superiors; and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible, that satire may not do much good: men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others: It is much to be feared, that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by satire; all therefore that is to be said for it is, that misconduct will *certainly* be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written: nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions. Ethics, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are in a great measure a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that I hope these satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. If they like not the fashion, let them take them by the weight; for some weight they have, or the author has failed in his aim. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for *this* rea-

son; because what men aim at by them, is generally public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: an unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will in a great measure ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach: For to reason we owe our passions: had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss: and the *cause* seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success: the world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when the author is in a passion, the laugh generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy, Horace is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion: He has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: The last of which I have had in my eye; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal in part of the sixth satire (where the occasion most required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success; but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own, commends Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, *pressness*, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself; which are

bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit*, of Cervantes and Rabelais! The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it; and he that succeeds in spite of it, is * "aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutor."

Such wits, like false oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), should set up for reputation among the *æolæ*, in some *Bœotia*, which was the land of oracles; for the *wife* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal success: for though ambiguities are the *first* excellence of an impostor, they are the *last* of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect

* *Val. Max.*

their own parts should escape? Some *French* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence; and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the Birth of Love: one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern *poetry*. Love, says he, is the son of the Goddess of Poverty, and the God of Riches: he has sent from his father his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and distinction: from his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made, *viz.* That poetry, like love, is a little subject to *blindness*, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical *quiver*; and lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations.

However, this is not *necessity*, but *choice*: were wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shows a due passion for her charms.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

"Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
"Virtutis."—Juv. Sat. x.

MY verse is satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
And *patronise* a muse you cannot fear.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name:
Their wonted passport through the gates of fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to Blackmore, or to me.
But you decline the *mistress* we pursue;
Others are fond of fame, but fame of you.

Instructive satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When *flatter'd* crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd* follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skillful hand;
When the *law* shows her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When *churchmen* Scripture for the classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their *revenue spent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;

When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *score*;
To chase our spleen, when themes like these in-
crease,

Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?
Shall poetry, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a post?
Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise*?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in Addison, is fled;
Congreve, who crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still)
Ye gods! he will not write, and *Mævius* will.

Doubly distress, what author shall we find,
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly * Roman's shining path to tread,
And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead?

* *Horace.*

Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for *flatter'd praise*?
The *love of praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.

O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
Here, to Steele's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's *eloquence*.
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountain's of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in *fable plumes*,
Adorns our *berse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuck*, like crown'd victims borne
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
'They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* tow'rs a book:
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,

Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T—— had drop'd his quill,
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still.
But T—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)

Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's *depos'd*, and B with *pomp* *restor'd*.

Some, for *renown*, on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

On *glass* how witty is a noble peer!

Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?

Polite diseases make some ideots *vain*;

Which, if unfortunately well, they *seign*.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we *see*;

And (stranger still!) of blockheads' *flattery*;

Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,

By spitting on your face, to make it *clean*.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swollen with *pride*,

Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.

What can she not perform? The love of fame

Made bold Alphonfus his Creator blame:

Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep:

And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.

Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,

Though her lov'd lord has four half-months been

bed.

This passion with a *pimple* have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen,

By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)

Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knit*.

It makes Globose a speaker in the house;

He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.

It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail;

And *I the little hero* of each tale.

Sick with the *love of fame*, what throngs pour in,

Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin?

My growing subject seems but just begun,

And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,

To take a catalogue of British fools.

Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,

A knave or fool should perish in each line;

Though for the first all Westminster should plead,

And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?

To quality belongs the highest place.

My lord comes forward: forward let him come!

Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:

He stands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,

By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.

With what a decent pride he throws his eyes

Above the man by *three descents* less wife!

If virtues at his noble hands you crave,

You bid him raise his father's from the grave.

Men should press forward in fame's glorious chase;

Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more

great?

Nothing—but merit in a low estate.

To virtue's humblest son let none prefer

Vice, though descended from the conqueror.

Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,

Slight, or important, only by their place?

Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wisdom*;

The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *liars*.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,

Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.

Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,

Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own

We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.

Mean sons of earth, who, on a South-sea tide

Of full success, swim into *wealth* and *pride*,

Knock with a purse of gold at *Asthis*' gates,

And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,

They light a torch to show their *shame* the more.

Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause*;

And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

Beset with solid *glory* will be crown'd;

He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;

But *builds* himself a name; and, to be great,

Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!

In cost and grandeur, Chandos he'll out-do;

And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.

The pile is finish'd; every toil is past;

And full perfection is arriv'd at last;

When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,

And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *dues*.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to

Provides a home from which to run away. [pay,

In Britain, what is many a lordly feat,

But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:
Not Fontaine's self more Parian charms has
known;

Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, sirs, he cries; I'll sooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such heads might make their very *husb's* laugh:
His daughter starves; but * Cleopatra's safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:
The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're *surious*, when we swear you're *mad*.
By your revenue measure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.
No man is blest'd by accident or guess;
True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness*:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme: The court affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one as lately in.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids *reign*; and turns their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,
The boast of merely being out, or in.

What numbers *here*, through odd ambition,
strive
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by joy, desert was understood:
And all the fortunate were *wife* and *good*.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by † Monteuil and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* suit and *public* face;
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care they labour to be glad.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's dance;
The tavern, park, assembly, mask, and play,
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops: that saunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the pill goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *foie-like* support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.

* A famous statue,

† A famous taylor,

Courts can give nothing, to the *wife* and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations *in*mult, but not *bliss*, create:
None think the great unhappy, but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there*:
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest;
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still:
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.

The *squire* is proud to see his courtiers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolytus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

Here breathe, my muse! and then thy task re-
new!

Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scrope discreetly bend;
And fewer *stocks* a statesman gives his friend.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
At Bath, in *summer*, chants the reigning lads,
And sweetly *whistles* as the *waters* pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth* *epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad*?

SATIRE II.

My muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and Gods make other poems fine;
Plain satire calls for *sense* in every line:
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage;

And if these strains some nobler muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are human-kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd.
Almighty vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
* Hippolytus demands the *Sylvan* crown;
But Florio's fame the product of a shower,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? To make Paul † Diack rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
What shape! What hue! Was ever nymph so fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is rooted there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble fame;
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came and moan'd it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What demon cropt my
flower?"

Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy
knee."

But all men want amusement; and what crime
In such a paradise to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they soar;
We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who fights for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another Florio doating on a flower!
A short-liv'd flower; and which has often sprang
From fordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flower of learning, and the bloom of wit.
The gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.

How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to sit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;

Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.

If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thickest where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on;
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his *list*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants wherewith to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
When tennis were drawn; and brought him by the
clerk,

Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his mark.

Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As cuuch's are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And to this cost another must succeed;
To pay a sage, who says that he can read;
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen;
But leaves to Chesterfield what lies between;
Of pompous books who shines the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O Stanhope, whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long-illustrious blood,
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honour! and the finest taste!
Accept this verse; if satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.

By your example would Hilario mend;
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his servent perulence may cool;
For though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste, his sense;
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like doom's-day, all the faults of all mankind.

What though wit tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Farts may be prais'd, good-nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword;
And never on the weak; or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

The same men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place so fit?
His most facetious letters came to hand,
Which my first satire sweetly reprimand:
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a fool, or knave?

* This refers to the first satire.

† The name of a tulip.

* Letters sent to the author, signed Marcus.

For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou was either, I ne'er knew before:
I knew thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No mask so good, but Marcus must shine through:
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing *well*:
But thou a brave neglect of *same* hast shown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *panders*, *disappoints* his foe.

In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
Their *peevish* reason; vain of being dull;
When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
In vengeance they determine—to be *fools*;
Through spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *leaving*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take;
And disinherit sons that are *awake*.

These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"He's a *wit*."
Poor *negroes*, thus, to show their burning spite
To cadodemons, say, they're *devilish* *white*.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the rest.
How just his *grief*! one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The *dunghill*-breed of men a *diamond* scorn,
And feel a passion for a *grain* of corn;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from
white,

Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son;
And by heaven's *blessing* thinks himself *undane*,
Wants of all kinds are made to *same* a plea;
One learns to *less*; another, *not* to see:
Miss D—, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was *ever* thing so pretty born to stand? [pride,
Whilst these, what nature gave, disown, through
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd, fools will pursue:
As *asses* are ever walking upon *two*.

Craesus, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms; for forms the sage support.
He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite, to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something *new*."
Is't not enough the blackhead scarce can read,
But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Though satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off *nonsense* with a better grace:
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be fold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can *artifice* disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;

And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *fool*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *screen*;
For 'tis the wife man's interest to be seen.

Hence, Chesterfield, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of court and town the noontide masquerade;
Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a *naked* face?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother*, is undone?

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth a fame; for fame alone, the *beau*.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen!
How blank his look! how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *silver* lace.
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous *watch case*, though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures, brought from France, he
wheels,

And triumphs, conscious of his learned *heels*.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnaire and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellows* in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublimary chance his vestments fear;
Valued, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
A fam'd furtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And i. foot swims in a capacious shoe;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Level'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling *rent*;
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
"And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out."

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*:
Thus in each other both these fools despise.
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *hoben* and the *simpler* are the same.

• *Milton*.

Ye whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide,
You vent your spleen as monks when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass;
While both are *one*: and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

"But who art thou?" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy species art thou only wife?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shalt be;
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.
O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wife means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in *this* verse than the *last*:
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour?

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODDINGTON.

LONG, Doddington, in debt, I long have fought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see;
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three*:
For whose the present glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred fame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays;
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on *alms* of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who *run in debt* for their disgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse;
And from four critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry. "Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you to view!"
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For, grow but wife, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as *booming*, cries,
"Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors sage, who through Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the *weather* dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gauge,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage*:
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.

Another judges by the writer's *look*:
Another judges, for he *bought* the book:
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best *ambitiously* advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can
crown

Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on *looks* their criticism waste:
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame; with anxious thought
The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May:
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to dine.
Half of their precious day they give the *feast*:
And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare*:
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences great,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.
Cottis is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;

And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd sops, by whom the ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels; wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
Bathylus, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.

Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So moit grow infamous through love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can even Satire blame them; for 'tis true,
They have most ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doublest thou wast meant
A nurse of fools, to stock the continent.

Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill;
A Welsh descent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.

When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See, Tityrus, with merriment posselt,
Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest:
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of these, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?

Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire;
Of houses some; nay, houses that they hire:
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife;
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their
airs;

My lord has vapours, and my lady swears;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.

To show the strength, and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.

What numbers are there, which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too?
Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
To win applause; and takes it by surprise.

"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."
You know your answer, "he's exact in great."

"My style," says he, "is rude and full of faults."
But oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!"

That he wants algebra, he must confess;
But not a soul to give our arms success."

"Ah! That's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
But who in heat of blood was ever wise? [back,

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me
To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack;

"All say, 'twas madness; nor dare I deny;
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in thee;
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on one sleeve wilt thy revenues wear;
And haunt the court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedients for renown? Confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wife, Vincenna, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there, nor thou, nor I, shall make.
Even men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at last, some little place by storm;
Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly, in Sheer-Lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford;
Then starve without the favour of my lord.

'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer:
But often, even in doing right, they err:
From caprice, not from choice, their favours come:
They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, yawning, they advance:
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.
If merit sues, and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court, Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue she's posselt:
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest;
The public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be justly proud:
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste!
Ambition feeds on trash, and lothes a feast;
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high:
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear:
Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,
And Shakspeare's wretched stuff do quite as
well;

Away the disenchant'd fair would throng,
And own, that English is their mother tongue.

To show how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peerless outshine;
While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather give than pay.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-Lane!

When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done.

"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.

Worth of politeness is the useful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.

Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways!
Well, Heydegger, dost thou thy master serve;
Well has he seen his servant should not starve,

Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd;
In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles, cards, and dice*;
Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids*!
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may suffice.
Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.
And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprise is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *vobres* and *fiddle-strings*!

Though bold thesetruths, thou, muse, with truths
like these,

Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow,
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a *Satire* which gave none offence!
And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me!
The fool and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence:
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face;
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
For men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my prelagings thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd!
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine
grows,

And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs:
So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious verse should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;

Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms fates without ambition weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the muse;
Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.
Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone;
Chremes, for airy pensions of *renown*,
Devotes his service to the state and crown;
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all im-
proves,

Though Britain's thankless, still *this patriot* loves:
But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms, or sun-shine, providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate;
A Quidnunc is an *almanack* of state.

You smile, and think *this statesman* void of use;
Why may not time his secret worth produce;
Since *apes* can roast the choice Castalian *Nut*,
Since *seeds* of genius are expert at *Pus*;
Since half the senate "Not content" can say,
Gesse nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *bim* model realms, and counsel
kings?

An incapacity for smaller things:
Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own estate*,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.
Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still:
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible, and a *shoulder-knot*;
Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul*;
To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous
force;

But thunder mars *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.
Such useful *instruments* the weather show,
Just as their *mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark:
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logic in his *pulse* decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.

C——, who makes merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest *scandal* of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;
 Nay, a free-mason, with some terror, names;
 Omits no duty; nor can *envy* say,
 He mis'd, these many years, the church, or play:
 He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true;
 But pays his *debts*, and *wisit*, when 'tis due;
 His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
 And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
 A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
 Which equally the wife and worthless shares.
 In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
 Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,
 Most charitably lends the town his *face*,
 For ornament, in every public place;
 As sure as *cards*, he to th' *assembly* comes,
 And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
 When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
 And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
 Narcissus is the glory of his race;
 For who does *nothing* with a better grace?

To deck my list, by nature were design'd
 Such shining *expletives* of human kind,
 Who want, while through blank life they dream
 along,

Sense to be right, and *passion* to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,
 Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;
 What other men dislike, is sure to please,
 Of all mankind, these dear *antipodes*;
 Through pride, not malice, they run counter still,
 And *birth-days* are their days of dressing ill.
 Arbutnot is a fool, and F—— a sage,
 S——ly will fright you, E—— engage;
 By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
 Stones mount, and *Suffex* is the worst of friends;
 They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
 And blush, if you surprise them in the *right*;
 If they by change blurt out, ere well aware,
 A swan is white, or *Queensberry* is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
 A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out.
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,
 He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;
 Though wrong the *mode*, comply; more sense is
 shown

In wearing *others'* follies, than your own.
 If what is out of fashion most you prize,
 Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
 But what in oddness can be more sublime
 Than Sloane the foremost *toyman* of his time?
 His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
 His daughter's portion a rich *shell* enhances,
 And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,
 Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
 How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat, which Joseph never wore!
 He shows, on *hol days*, a sacred pin,
 That touch'd the *ruff*, that touch'd Queen Bess's
 chin.

"Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
 "Since that great *plague* that swept as many more,
 "Was ever year unblest as *this*? he'll cry,
 "It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!"
 In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,
 Unhappy I——y! how came you to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
 But, in effect, his chase is much the same:
 Warm in pursuit, he *leaves* all the great,
 Staunch to the foot of title and *estate*:
 Where'er their *lordships* go, they never find
 Or Lico, or their *shadowers*, lag behind;
 He *sets* them sure, where'er their *lordships* run,
 Close at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*;
 As if their grandeur, by contagion wrought,
 And *fame* was like a *fever*, to be caught:
 But after seven years dance, from place to place,
 The "Dane is more familiar with his grace."

Who'd be a *cruteb* to prop a rotten peer;
 Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
 For ever whispering secrets, which were blown
 For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
 Who'd be a *glafs*, with flattering grimace,
 Still to reflect the temper of his face;
 Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;
 Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please
 To *loll*, or *thump* it, for his better ease;
 Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, bespoke,
 When the peer *raggly* swears he'll club his joke?
 Who'd shake with laughter, though he could not
 find

His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
 That can cry, "Chimney sweep," or drive a *plough*?
 With terms like these, how mean the tribe that *close*!
 Scarce meaner they, who terms like these *impose*.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
 The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
 The writing tribe, who shameless *actions* hold
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold:
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
 For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
 As her old constant spark, the bard profess.
 "Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
 "Pelham's magnificent; but I can write,
 "And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
 Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
 That *fame's* unwholesome taken without *ment*,
 And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat*:
 Grown *lean*, and *wisfe*, he curses what he writ,
 And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner's* lost;
 That his triumphant name adorns a *post*?
 Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
 Defends *filrloins*, which sons of dulness eat?
 What foe to verse without compassion hears,
 What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears,
 When the poor muse, for less than half a crown,
 A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,
 With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
 Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the Mint?

Ye bards! why will you sing, though uninspir'd?
 Ye bards! why will you *flarve*, to be admir'd?
 Defunct by Phœbus' laws beyond redress,
 Why will your *spectres* haunt the frightened press?
 Bad metre, that excrecence of the head,
 Like *bair*, will sprout, although the poet's dead.

* A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyll.

LOVE OF FAME.

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg;
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren Labeo, the true *mump*'s fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move *compassion*.
Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my friend.
"Is 't then a crime to *write*?"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*:
For some, though few, there are, large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;
Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
Argyll true wit is studious to restore;
And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

But, ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp, what no man can possess *alive*!
Fame's *reversion*, in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He *flavours* his authors, that their works may *sell*.

That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags*;
And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags*.
Not only the low born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*;
The first young lord, which in the Mall you
meet,

Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
From rescued candles' ends, who rais'd a sum,
And flaves, to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
A *beardless* miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail—but *half a crown*.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.

"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right—
Just is his title—for he will not *fight*:
All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
As maids of honour *beauty*—by their *place*:
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
Eis lofty terms climb o'er the hills of *slain*;
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet *revenge*, and *half* *absolves* his sword.

Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a *maid*:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, *destroy*:

'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth, of whom I speak;
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

"O fairest of creation! last and best! [cell'd,
"Of all God's works! Creature in whom ex-
"Whatever can to fight, or thought, be form'd
"Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet:
"How art thou lost!"— MILTON.

Nox reigns *ambition* in bold *than* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you discern it in the fair—
Conduct a *singer*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *figh*. [blame;
The sex we honour, though their faults we
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair——! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing *those* is praising *thee*;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more *fair*, than *nix*,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the faded sight:
As unreserv'd, and beauteous as the sun,
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city halls,
Lectures, and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers caves, and lions dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Installments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, (and, still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame;
And love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *offensation*, hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain:
Then, she starts up, all ecstacy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this:
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight*!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than *wife*,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

Zara resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In — Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *bides* behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in *renown* is she,
Who through good-breeding is ill company;
Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *new*, who racks her subtle head,
And vows — “that her great-grandfather is dead.”

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn — *to bear*;
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That *shows*, or *makes* you both polite and wife.

Xantippe cries, “Let nymphs who nought can
“say

“Be lost in silence and resign the day;
“And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
“By tame behaviour, and a soft address.”
Through *virtus*, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and *rares* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain:
But if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen Xantippe, scorn'ning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*:
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
She *flakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly like echo, *found* is her delight,
And the *last word* is her eternal right.

Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise*?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*!
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;

We *make* misfortune; *suicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight* bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On *folly's* errands as we vainly roam, [home?
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.

Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chase,
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toy*, we seek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *satiety* and *fi. rce desire*.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm.
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;

Victorious tenderness! it all o'creame,
Husbands look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.

The *fyloan* race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Master* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miss* Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous fun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *bunters* to the *manag'l'd* steed;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And *Fobert* has the forming of the *fair*.

More than *one* steed must *Delia's* empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as the guides it through th' admiring throng;
With what an air she smacks the *filken* thong!
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains:

Sesostris like, such charioteers as *these*
May drive fix harness'd *monarchs*, if they please:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory smit,
Leap, *swim*, *shoot* flying, and pronounce on *wit*.

O'er the belle-lettres lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs tofs'd high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, the prophecies the rest;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town — *she's fair*.

Had lovely Daphne *Hecate's* face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease:
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* sparkles from their *eyes*.

But hold, she cries, lamponer! have a care;
Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?
O no: see *Stella*: her *eyes* shine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,
Nor is 't a sanction for *impertinence*.

Sempronia lik'd her man; and well she might
The youth in person, and in parts, was bright;
Possess'd of every of virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd;
And, in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd:
Large his possessions, and beyond her own;
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In slepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, *three*
score.

The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear:
Of *pride* and *avarice* who can cure the fair?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites:
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to *reason*, nor to *sense*.
When *surfeit*, or *unthantfulness*, destroys,
In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,

In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.
Lemira's sick; make haste; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curtsies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always so:
"Diversions put her maladies to flight;
"True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night:
"I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
"For *fevers* take an opera in June:
"And, though perhaps you'll think the practice
"bold,

"A midnight park is sovereign for a cold;
"With *colics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
"With *indigestions*, supper just at three."
A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?
Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*:
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.

Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has "Venny chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting-up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? "Because 'twas *night*."
Did she then dance, or play? "Nor this, nor
"that."

Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone, her *prayers* she rather chose;
"Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the *fashionable* owls, to bed:
'His *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brave* one comes at night:
Next day she shines in glossy *black*, and then
Revolves into her native *red* again:
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass:
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.
To deck the female cheek, he only knows,
Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*.

How gay they smile! such blessings *nature*
pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And *waste* their music on the savage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?

* *Lap dog.*

But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements choose.
Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, de-
light;

And to be press'd to death, transports her quite;
Where silver rivelets play through flowery meads,
And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their
shades,

Black kennels' absent *odours* she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life prefer'd to the serene?

Or is the public to the private scene?

Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way; [*stray*;
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we
Stiff opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And thorny care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,
Which choke our passage, our career controul,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choices of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with business unper-
plex'd,

This life we relish, and insure the *next*;
There too the muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the muses; but not there alone:
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.

Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are said to cease.
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in
peace;

With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On Dursley's poetry, and Bunyan's prose:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness:
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
"Well, sure, we were so happy *yesterday*!"
"And then that charming party for *to-morrow*!"
Though, well she knows, 'twill languish into sor-
row:

But she dares never boast the *present* hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For such is our weakness, or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And he'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright* and *gay*;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still;

If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whippers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears:
She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
"What miracle (says Strephon) makes thee weep?
"Ah, barbarous man! (she cries) how could you
"—sleep?"

Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *guest*:
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste*!
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We with our mistress and our meat away:
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
Eternal love let man then never swear;
Let women never triumph, nor despair:
Nor praise, nor blame too much the warm or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

There is indeed a passion more resist'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind:

But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phyllis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies:
But say, my *all*, my *mistress*, and my *friend*!
What day next week th' eternity shall end?

Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to love;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a *box* the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance:
Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air;
And Whiston has *engagement* with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To — turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the *wife* are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glittering scenes o'er her own heart severe;
In crowds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The modes she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal;
In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;

And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their *dress*?

But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,
And *gratis* clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *fine-cure*:

The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would those be, who thus excel
In theologies, could they *sew* as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
O! how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious *bee*;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower*!

The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the *wife*:
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impudently prefers the *world* to love.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord it *promises*—and *pays*.
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold!
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us now; anon we cast anew:
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make *worth* their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair:
The fair, 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
As *flowers* unfold their beauties to the sun;
And yet in female scales a sop out-weighs,
And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy:
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;

She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid—
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, *journies* round the room.
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconic* style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather *sees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sounding shell.
And help, oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she flinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*:
But chew she must herself! ah cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by *proxy* eat.

An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) against the poison of their eyes.
Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
This *bonest fellow* is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a *naked mind*.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the the Christian system, is profane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *deaf*, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deposes a lady in his stead.
A lady? pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the work of *men*.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind.
With outward grace, the *body's* virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With Chinese painters modern *toufts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*.
They *throw* their persons with a hoyden air,
Across the room, and *tefl* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchange'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and flow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pay'd,
Are indecorous with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,

Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration! give me something more,
Cries Lycé, on the borders of *threescore*.
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time*;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow* old.
Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O! how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and *defrands* the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow filks her mellow charms in fold,
And nought of Lycé but *herself* is old.

Her grizzled locks assume a *stirking* grace,
And art has level'd her deep furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at *ninety-nine*.

O! how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! Her gray hairs engage;
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline;
Virtue's the pain that can with wrinkles shine.
That, and that *only*, can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly some are falling of the *few*.
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *apace*; by nature some decay,
And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away;
Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.
Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.

What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *passion* tols it to and fro;
A while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust
Your best example lies, my *precepts* trust.
Life swarms with ills; the *boldest* are afraid;
Where then is safety for a *tender maid*?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate;
And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, through malice of your *own*.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise:

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

Then please the *Boss*; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.

In *simple* manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wife.
Vain *show* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not empty fame, and idle praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis, to shine unknown;
Of all applause, be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind! that thirst
With which the age is eminently curst:
To drink of *pleasure*, but inflames desire;
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and terror from the tomb;
Give peace in hand; and promise bliss to come.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

"Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem."

HOR.

I sought a patroness, but sought in vain.
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—"Germain."—
I know her not.—"Your reason's somewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
"Men write, to me, and to the world, unknown;
"Then steal great names, to shield them from the
"town:

"Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
"To covert flies, of praise itself afraid:
"Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
"In vengeance write a volume in her praise.
"Nor think it hard to great a length to run;
"When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You, *here*, in miniature your picture see;
Nor hope from Zinck more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench, your pride:
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; choose my *cheaper* lay;
And be your reformation all my pay.

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *propane*;
To church as constant as to Drury lane.
She decently, in form, pays heaven its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a prayer:
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace, succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed,
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to *speak*;
Through dreadful silence the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray.
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker—and mankind:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Ere long himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well bred
Drufa receives her visitants in bed;
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny.
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you *just* would turn you, while she *lifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,

That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman, where there's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers *starve*.
But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh,
"Or if you take a lion by the beard,"
"Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian bard,"
"Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear;"
First make your will, and then converse with her.
This lady glories in profuse expence;
And thinks *dissipation* is *magnificence*.
To beggar her gallant, is some delight;
To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*.
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?

In duel fell two lovers; one run mad.
Her foes their honest execrations pour;
Her lovers only should *despise* her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of bastards she maintains.
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the marriage-bed.

Amassa hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whatever she is, she'll not appear a saint:
Her soul superior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not over-good—
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cushion's threadbare with her constant pray.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in prayer and charity.
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
"Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threefold.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.
The goods of fortune, which her soul possesseth,
Are but the ground of *unmade* happiness;
The rude material: wisdom add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold, 'tis better still.

* *Shakespeare.*

If Julia had been blest with *half* her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But since she can make *error* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the right.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most *divinely* in the wrong.

Naked in nothing should a woman be;
But veil her very *virt* with *no* *effy*:
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charm* of *mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.
Lestia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the sop she laughs at, is ador'd,
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design, but on her husband's peace:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.

"How charming this!"—The pleasure lasted
long;

Now every day the fits come thick and strong:
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store!
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more!
She tries a thousand arts; but none succeed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*;
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As uncoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false: "Not go! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the same.
Her lover must be *bad*, to please her spleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpressible sin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? And yet the case is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace: [bear;
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can
Some, none *resist* though not exceeding fair.

Arpasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *tear'd* by her own excellence.

VOL. X.

"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes;
Each creature's *imperfections* are her woes.
Heaven by its favour has the fair distressed,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy
spring?

Thou *shining*, *frail*, *ador'd*, and *wretched* thing;
Old age *will* come; disease *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.

Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay:
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes;
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine;
The ground eternal, as the *work* divine.

Julia's a manager; she's born for rule;
And knows her *wiser* husband is a fool;
Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle* thread
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed:
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters *dilate*, or *convey*.

But, if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she'll *project* a *scene*,
Nor take her tea without a *stratagem*;
Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign;
By nature born to *soothe*, and *entertain*.
Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wife*?

Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And *with* a *vengeance* she commends, or blames,
Conscious of her discernment, which is good;
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wife in actions, great, and rare;
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree:

Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is untied,
And what she has of head-dress, is aside.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besmudg'd her face.

A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by queen Bess's maidens might be mist;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fit*.

Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can the fail
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For Harvey, the first *vill* she cannot be,
Nor, cruel Richmond, the first *foaf*, for thee.

Since full each other station of *renown*,
Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female *floven* is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of *fame*,
That her *dead self* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to day!"
When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a *bleffing* than a *snare*.
Distrust mankind; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raises our renown;
Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Left soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it *should* procure. [wise?
Whom praise we *most*? the virtuous, brave, and
No; wretches whom in secret we despise.
And who so blind, as not to see the cause?
No rivals rais'd by such *discreet* applause;
And yet, of credit it lays in a store, [more.
By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*:
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim
Of *injur'd* modesty the sacred name.

But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more generous to com-
mend!"

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.
"Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye:
"What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!
"Aspasia's shape indeed—But then her air—
"The man has parts who finds destruction there.
"Almeria's wit has something that's divine;
"And wit's enough—how few in all things shine!
"Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor—
"Who was it said Selina's near threescore?
"At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice;
"The world congratulates so wise a choice;
"His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
"But mortgages will sap the best estate.
"In Shirley's form might cherubims appear;
"But then—she has a *freckle* on her ear."
Without a *but*, Hortensia she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends;
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright;
But how comes this to pass?—She dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
Indeed *that's* needless, if *such* praise prevail.
And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
On *other's* fame, through fondness for our *own*.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
For are not *coronets* a-kin to *crowns*?
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, seek for her perfections at the bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit*;
And quite as much detested as a *wit*.

Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom*, from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our *fortune*, than our *happinefs*.
That happiness which great ones often see.
With rage and wonder, in a low degree:
Themselves unblest. The poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of *state*;
The *bappy* only are the truly *great*.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could *bob* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languish! oh support them with a *lie*!
A *decent* competence we fully taste;
It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*.
To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;
To *see* their treasures, *bear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold. [divine,
But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
All *boarded* treasures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.
Grand *referspirs* of public happiness,
Through *secret* streams diffusively they blest;
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from
view,

Relieve our *wants*, and spare our *blisses* too.
But satire is my task; and these destroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, German:
But our *invectives* must despair success;
For, next to *praise*, she values nothing less.
What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Asturia, that affected dame?

The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is seen
What you, who *labour* at perfection mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine:
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau:
While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conspire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the *love* of *fame*.
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
An *hecatomb* of characters supplies
Thy painted altars daily sacrifice,
H—, P—, B—, aspers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,

And recommend the more to mortal taste;
Scandal's the sweet'ner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting maids call for wine;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee;
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie!

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal! for thy severer rage,
To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to smile?
There are. Vice, once by modest nature chain'd
And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none but for their wives;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.

What foul eruptions, from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their reason is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a spouse to them?

What swarms of amorous grandmothers! I see!
And misses, ancient in iniquity!
What blaspheming whispers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawling, swearing, gam-
ing!

Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence;
Such griping avarice, such profuse expence;
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times;
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause;
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;
Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sunday's have no balls, the well-dress'd belle
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
Who listen less to Collins than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare; since nature's birth,
Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
This daring character, in tinorous things?
Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
A march for nothing—but the Duty.
But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own;
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep
them down,

In complaisance to all the fools in town;
O, how they tremble at the name of pride!
And die with shame at thought of being good!
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave;
Through cowardice, most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply;
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise;
They dread a satire, who defy the skies.

Atheists are few: most nymphs a godhead own;
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.
From Atheists far, they steadfastly believe
God is, and is Almighty—to forgive.
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great author us poor worms destroy;
For now and then a sip of transient joy?
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves; or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes sup-
pose—

Devoutly thus Jehovah they depose,
The pure! the just! and set up in his stead
A deity that's perfectly well bred.

"Dear Tillotson! be sure the best of men;
"Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen;
"Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;
"Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd;
"Let priests do something for their one in ten;
"It is their trade; so far they're honest men;
"Let them cant on, since they have got the knack;
"And dress their notions, like themselves, in black;
"Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
"From joys of this, to keep them all their own;
"Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
"But then they leave our untill'd virtue free;
"Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show;
"Did ever mortal write like a Rochefoucault?
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the beautiful and profane;
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's face?
Virtue made visible in outward grace?
She then that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she charms, the more she shocks mankind.
But charms decline: the fair long vigils keep;
They sleep no more! Quadrille has murder'd
sleep.

"Poor K—p! cries Livia! I have not been there
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
"I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
"And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run;
Now set a daughter, and now flake a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—through charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
 I less should blame this criminal delight:
 But since the gay assembly's gayest room
 Is but an upper story to some tomb,
 Methinks, we need not our short being shun,
 And, *thought* to fly, contend to be undone.
 We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
 And give eternity to murder time.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
 With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
 Inveighs at Heaven, neglects the ties of blood;
 Destroys the power and will of doing good;
 Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
 And what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
 The scandal and the ruin of our isle!
 And see (strange sight!), amid that ruffian band,
 A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
 That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
 Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.
 And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation
 Hook,

From Æolus's cave impetuous broke,
 From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
 Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
 For men, I mean—the fair discharges none;
 She (guileless creature!) swears to Heaven alone.

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles
 Swell!

Like the mad maid in the Cumæan cell:
 Thus that divine one her soft nights employs!
 Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
 And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
 And on her pillow lays her aching head,
 With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
 The die spins lovely, or the cards go round;
 Imaginary ruin charms her still;
 Her happy lord is cuckold'd by *spadille*;
 And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
 He marks the forehead of her darling son.

Q! scene of horror, and of wild despair,
 Why is the rich Atreides' splendid heir
 Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
 And hide his glories in a mean retreat?

Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?

Why pale distraction through the family?
 See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
 And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
 Why that gay son to distant regions sent?
 What fiends that daughter's destin'd match prevent?
 Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
 O nothing, but last night—my lady play'd.

But wanders not my satire from her theme!
 Is this too owing to the love of fame?
 Though now your hearts on *lucra* are bestow'd,
 'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode;
 Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong;
 The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
 This may be said, in honour of our times,
 That none now stand *disguis'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide;
 Love has some soft excuse to soothe your pride:
 Ye fair apostates from love's ancient power!
 Can nothing ravish, but a golden flower?

Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize;
 Must Cupid learn to punt, e'er he can please?
 When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *cast*,
 What can the preacher more, to make us chaste?
 Why must strong youths unmarried pine away?
 They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
 Why pine the *marry'd*?—O severer fate!
 They find from play no disengag'd estate.
 Flavia, at lovers false, *untouch'd*, and *bard*,
 Turns pale, and trembles at a cruel card.
 Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
 Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.
 While death stands by, but till the game is done,
 To sweep that *slake*, in justice, long his own;
 Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;
 Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
 Ye gods! with new delights inspire the fair;
 Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*, close
 In my complaint, at brand your sins in *prose*:
 Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
 In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed:
 Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
 Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
 I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."
 When you chaff, who would not kiss the rod?
 But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
 And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.

The charm begins! to yonder flood of light,
 That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
 What guardian-power o'erwhelms your souls with
 awe?

Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
 'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
 Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*!
 Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
 Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
 When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
 Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
 She smil'd, *indulgent* to be pleas'd, nor knew
 From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

Thus * the majestic mother of mankind,
 To her own charms most amiably blind,
 On the green margin innocently flood,
 And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
 And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

"Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, casemus."
 VIRG.

On this last labour, this my closing strain,
 Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain:
 To thee, 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
 Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design?
 That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
 That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
 Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known;
 To give, and take, a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
 The fountain is not foreign to the stream.

* Milton.

How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee?
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For caprice is the daughter of success,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.
While Larvey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
And shows the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murdering
sword,

And burn to give mankind a single lord.
The follies past are of a private kind;
Their sphere is small; their mischief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (awake, my muse,
And raise thy verse!) who bolder phrenzy choose;
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The world their field, and *humanity* their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
With rage and terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
What walled countries! and what crimson seas!
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
Or *famine*, or *volcano*? They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero like, can slay,
And spread their ample desarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *pestilence*, to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When, after battle, I the field have seen [men;
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were
A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This *human chaos*, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph*, made!

How guilty these! yet not less guilty they,
Who reach false glory by a smoother way:
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
Who stifle nature, and subvert on art;
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the heart;

All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Christians do through grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine:
"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind:
Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my muse! the catalogue is writ;
Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
Though disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
The justice yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the cause shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.
How commentators each dark passage thum,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer;
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.
How Versus is less qualify'd to deal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.
How lawyers fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport;
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.
How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design; for Tonson's at the gate.
The love of fame in its *effluvia* survey'd,
The muse has sung! be now the cause display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence, came
This generous ardour, this unconquer'd flame;
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wife laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were
found;

Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest;
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyll in fields and senate shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?

But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source;
Hence Eldon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;

And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a pattern *Poëta* might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into *coxcombs* burnishes our souls;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whose wit the clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul?
(For, though in all not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in duldest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

Ambition in the *truly noble mind*,
With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt* and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled:
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her *love of fame* obey'd.

In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The God and mortal in the comic scene.
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in *hast* minds ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears:
All I have sung are instances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye *vain*! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the *false* sublime of life.

The *true* ambition there alone resides,
Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state;
Our *purpose* good, as our *achievement* great;
Where public *blessings* public *praise* attend;
Where *glory* is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Would'st thou be *fam'd*? Have those high deeds in
view

Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue.

Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
flame;

No pride of thrones, no *sever* after *fame*;

But when the welfare of mankind inspires,

And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,

Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
flame;

Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
flame;

Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
flame;

Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
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Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
flame;

Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
flame;

Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
flame;

Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
flame;

Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
flame;

Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and *noise* are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king:
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendor and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.

O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be vain.
From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po; there shine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brantwick such a source the muse adores,
Which public blessings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the same;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

Nor human rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves.
Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.

Thus, *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,
Styles Britain's sovereign, sovereign of the sea.

While *sea* and *air*, great Brunswick! shook our
state,

And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what the lov'd, and prest'd by fear,
Of ever losing what he held most dear,
How did Britanna, like Achilles, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep?
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for thee, with the surge, and fight the
storm!

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm!
Our Palinurus slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And out-watch every star for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions tof'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart despell,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the *civil* storm.

* The king in danger by sea.

Behold a prince! whom no *sworn* thoughts in-
flame;

OCEAN; AN ODE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING; AND A DISCOURSE ON ODE.

I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance; and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as oft as occasion shall require it: A consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country.

[SPEECH, Jan. 27, 1727-8.]

TO THE KING.

Old Ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly-British theme I sing;
A theme so great,
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's king.
To gods and kings,
The poet sings;
To kings and gods the muse is dear;
The muse inspires
With all her fires;
Begin, my soul! thy bold career.
From awful state,
From high debate,
From morning-splendors of a crown,
From homage pay'd,
From empires weigh'd
From plans of blessings and renown;
Great monarch! bow
Thy beaming brow;
O'er I strike the sounding lyre,
With proud design
In verse to shine;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.
The Roman ode
Majestic flow'd;
Its stream divinely clear and strong;
In fence, and found,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along,

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle;
Late time shall know
The north can glow,
If dread Augustus deign to smile.

The work is done!
The distant sun
His smile supplies! exalts my voice!
Through earth's wide bound
Shall George resound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

The naval crown
Is all his own!
Our fleet, if war or commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

Since then the main
Sublimes my strain,
To whom should I address my song?
To wisdom but thee?
The boundless sea,
And grateful muse to George belong.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail subject new!
As Britain's due
Reserv'd by the Pierian maid.

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

Durst Homer's muse,
Or Pindar's, choofe
To pour the billows on his firing?
No, both defraud
The tuneful god;
Scarce more sublime, when Jove they sing.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire;
With virgin charms
My soul is warm,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pause, and now fresh music spring;
Now dance, now creep,
Now dive, now sweep,
And fetch the sound from every string.

Now numbers rise,
Like virgin's sighs;
The soft Favonians melt away;
As from the north
Now rushes forth
A blast, that thunders in my lay.

My lays I file
With curious toil;
Ye graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat;
At every stroke the work refines!

How music charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit scorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life lasts,
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning fate, and sickle chance;

Nor life is long;
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore;
We make, at least,
Of bad the best,
If in life's phantom, fame, we soar.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride;
With those we lift to life, we live;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun?

"Justice sincere,
"And courage clear,
"Rise the two columns of his throne.
"How form'd for sway!
"Who look, obey;
"They read the monarch in his port.
"Their love and awe
"Supply the law;
"And his own lustre makes the court;

"But shines supreme,
"Where heroes flame;
"In war's high-hearted pomp he prides!
"By godlike arts
"Enthron'd in hearts,
"Our bosom-lord o'er wills presides."

Our factions end!
The nations bend!
For when Britannia's sons, combin'd
In fair array,
All march one way;
They march the terror of mankind.

If equal all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded prospect, *here*, would end;
But heroes prove
As steps to Jove,
By which our thoughts, with ease, ascend.

From what we view
We take the clue,
Which leads from great, to greater things;
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When such resemblance shines in kings.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant shines, and shines *alone*;
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the sun, 'tis Britain's throne.

Our monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While interest wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

At his proud foot
The sea pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies;
Thence wealth and state,
And power, and—Fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

How imperfect soever my own composition may be, yet am I willing to speak a word or two of the nature of Lyric Poetry; to show that I have, at least, some idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myself poet enough entirely to rely on inspiration for my success in it.

To our having, or not having this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as also the modesty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in speaking of it I shall show how it unavoidably comes to pass, that *bad* poets, that is, poets in general, are esteemed, and really are, the most vain, the most irritable, and most ridiculous set of men upon earth. But poetry in its own nature is certainly

—Non hoc quæsitum munus in usus.

VIRG.

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes may fail in it; he that has not, *must*; and yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of beauty, how short or improper soever, will be looked on fondly by him; because it is all pure gains, and more than he promised to himself; and because he has no test, or standard in his judgment, with which to chastise his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is, in poetry, more refined than in other kinds of writing; and because more refined, therefore more difficult, and because more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is, as I have said, the source of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity consequentially flows that great sensibility of disrespect, that quick resentment, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every spark, and justly marks them out for the "genus irritabile" among mankind. And from this combustible temper, this serious asper for no very serious things, things looked on by most as foreign to the important points of life, as consequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule, which devolves on them, from generation to generation. As soon as they become authors, they become like Ben Jonson's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

"—Concordes animæ—dum nocte præmentur;
"Heu! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
"Attigerint, quantas acies, itragincque ciebunt!
"Qui juvenes! quantas ostentant, apice, vires.
"Ne, pueri! ne tanta animis affuescite bella.
"Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
"Syderio flagrans clypeo, et cælestibus armis,
"Proijce tela manu, sanguis meus!
"Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipse Typhæus
"Ardus, arma tenens; non te Messapus et Ufens,
"Contemptorque Deum Mezentius." VIRG.

But to return. He that has this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however successful he is, will yet be *modest*; because to rise up

to that idea, which he proposed for his model, is almost, if not absolutely, impossible.

These two observations account for what may seem as strange, as it is infallibly true; I mean, they show us why good writers have the *lowest*, and bad writers the *highest*, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their proportionable degrees of modesty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good understanding makes a tolerably just judgment in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worse, for forming to himself a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his perusal of it.

The ode, as it is the eldest kind of poetry, so it is more spirituous, and more remote from prose than any other, in sense, sound, expression, and conduct. Its thoughts should be uncommon, sublime, and moral; its numbers full, easy, and most harmonious; its expression pure, strong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious* felicity beyond other poems; its conduct should be rapturous, somewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order, and connection, which gives form and life to *some* compositions, takes away the very soul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and select thought, are indispensable; an humble, tame, and vulgar ode is the most pitiful error a pen can commit.

"Musa dedit Fidibus divos, puerosque Deorum."

And as its subjects are sublime, its writer's genius should be so too; otherwise it becomes the meanest thing in writing, viz. an involuntary burlesque.

It is the genuine character, and true merit of the ode, a little to startle some apprehensions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to mistake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taste in their judgments; and, like persons of a tender sight, they look on bright objects, in their natural lustre, as too glaring; what is most delightful to a stronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Aristotle or Euclid, to some critics has appeared as mad; and must appear so to all who enjoy no portion of his own divine spirit. Dwarf-understandings, measuring others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a monster, when they see a man.

And indeed it seems to be the amends which nature makes to those whom she has not blessed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehensions and relish.

Judgment, indeed, that masculine power of the mind, in ode, as in all compositions, should bear the supreme sway; and a beautiful imagination, as its mistress, should be subdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only, can proceed the fairest offspring of the human mind.

But then in ode, there is this difference from other kinds of poetry; that, there, the imagination, like a very beautiful mistress, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; though the judg-

ment, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the less it is suspected of it, it shows the more masterly conduct, and deserves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, "The more danger, the more honour." It must be very enterprising; it must, in Shakspeare's style, have hair-breadth scapes; and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deserve the applause of the *real* judge, unless it renders itself obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the *contrary*.

Such is Casimire's strain among the moderns, whose lively wit, and happy fire, is an honour to them. And Buchanan might justly be much admired, if any thing more than the sweetness of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, were his own; his original, from which I have taken my motto, through all the disadvantages of a northern prose translation, is still admirable; and, Cowley says, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judea is to Scotland.

Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great masters of Lyric poetry among Heathen writers. Pindar's muse, like Saccarissa, is a stately, imperious, and accomplished beauty; equally disdaining the use of art, and the fear of any rival; so intoxicating that it was the highest commendation that could be given an ancient, that he was not afraid to taste of her charms;

"Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit austus;"

a danger which Horace declares he durst not run.

Anacreon's muse is like Amoret, most sweet, natural, and delicate; all over flowers, graces, and charms; inspiring complacency, not awe; and she seems to have good-nature enough to *admit* a rival, which she cannot *find*.

Sappho's muse, like Lady —, is passionately tender, and glowing; like oil set on fire, she is *soft*, and *warm*, in excess. Sappho has left us a few fragments only; time has swallowed the rest; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was dissolved at her banquet, may be esteemed (as was that jewel) a sufficient ornament for the goddess of beauty herself.

Horace's muse (like one I shall not presume to name) is correct, solid, and moral; she joins all the *former*, in the justest proportions and degrees; superadding a felicity of dress entirely her own. She moreover is distinguishable by this particularity, That she abounds in *bidden* graces, and *secret* charms, which none but the discerning can discover; nor are any capable of doing full justice, in their opinion, to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the same time, an incontestable proof of refinement in their own understandings.

But, after all, to the honour of our own country I must add, that I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day inferior to no composition of this kind. Its chief beauty consists in adapting the numbers most happily to the variety of the occasion. Those by which he has chosen to express Majesty, (viz.)

Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres,

are chosen in the following Ode, because the subject of it is great.

For the more harmony likewise, I chose the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome give grace and pleasure. Nor can I account for the pleasure of rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the writer must take care that the difficulty is overcome. That is, he must make rhyme consistent with as perfect sense, and expression, as could be expected if he was free from that shackle. Otherwise, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleasure to the reader, nor, consequently, reputation to the poet.

To sum the whole: Ode should be peculiar, but not strained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obscure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which should be most harmonious, without the least sacrifice of expression, or of sense. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, somewhat of an original spirit should be, at least, attempted; otherwise the poet, whose character disclaims mediocrity, makes a secondary praise his ultimate ambition; which has something of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the best Imitations, as men from the most animated pictures of them. Nor is what I say at all inconsistent with a due deference for the great standards of antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it; for doubtless their example is on my side in this matter. And we should rather imitate their example in the general motives and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themselves. This is a distinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a distinction of consequence. For the first may make us their equals; the second must pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmost success. But the first of these prizes is not so readily taken by the moderns; as valuables too massy for easy carriage are not so liable to the thief.

The ancients had a particular regard to the choice of their subjects; which were generally national and great. My subject is, in its own nature, noble; most proper for an Englishman; never more proper than on this occasion; and (what is strange) hitherto unused.

If I stand not absolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the spirit of ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, that "Music alone, sometimes, makes an excellent ode."

"Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;"

if there is any thought, enthusiasm, and picture, which are as the body, soul, and robe of poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits; I hope smaller faults will meet indulgence for the sake of the de-

OCEAN; AN ODE.

sign, which is the glory of my country and my king.

And indeed, this may be said, in general, that great subjects are above being nice; that dignity and spirit ever suffer from scrupulous exactness; and that the minutest cares effeminate a composition. Great masters of poetry, painting, and statuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary: and justly; for a truly masculine air partakes more of the negligent, than of the neat, both in writings, and in life—

"Grandis oratio haberet majestatis fuz pondus." PETRON.

A poem, like a criminal, under too severe correction, may lose all its spirit, and expire: We know it was Faber imus, that was such an artist at a hair or a nail. And we know the cause was

"Quia ponere totum
"Nescius." HOR.

To close; If a piece of this nature wants an apology, I must own, that those who have strength of mind sufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the *severer* studies, I despair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and strengthened by variety; and he that sometimes is sporting with his pen, is only taking the most effectual means of giving a general importance to it. This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature, and of history; from which I could cite very celebrated instances, did I not fear that, by citing them, I should condemn myself, who am so little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

"Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their
"hands." PSAL. xcvi.

SWEET rural scene!

Of flocks and green!

At careless ease my limbs are spread;

All nature still;

But yonder rill;

And listening pines nod o'er my head:

In prospect wide,

The boundless tide!

Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;

Without a breeze,

The curling seas

Dance on, in measure, to the shore.

Who sings the source

Of wealth and force?

Vast field of commerce and big war:

Where wonders dwell

Where terrors well!

And Neptune thunders from his car?

Where? where are they,

Whom Pagan's ray

Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?

What, none aspire?

I snatch the lyre,

And plunge into the foaming wave.

The wave rebounds!

The rock rebounds!

The Nereids to my song reply!

I lead the choir,

And they conspire

With voice and shell to lift it high;

They spread in air

Their bosoms fair;

Their verdant tresses pour behind.

The billows beat

With nimble feet,

With notes triumphant swell the wind.

Who love the shore,

Let those adore

The god Apollo, and his Nine;

Parnassus' hill,

And Orpheus' skill;

But let Axion's harp be mute,

The main! the main!

Is Britain's reign;

Her strength, her glory, is her fleet;

The main! the main!

Be Britons' strain

As Tritons' strong, as Sycen's sweet.

Through nature wide,

Is nought defery'd

So rich in pleasure, or surprise;

When all serene,

How sweet the scene!

How dreadful, when the billows rise.

And storms desecrate

The fluid glass,

In which ere-while Britannia fair

Look'd down with pride,

Like Ocean's bride,

Adjusting her majestic air.

When tempests cease,

And hush'd in peace

The flatten'd furies smoothly spread,

Deep silence keep,

And seem to sleep

Recumbent on their oozy bed;

With what a trance

The level glance,

Unbroken, shoots along the seas!

Which tempt from shore

The painted oar;

And every canvas courts the breeze;

When rufhes forth

The frowning North

On blackening billows, with what dread

My shuddering soul

Beholds their foul

And hears their roarings o'er my head!

With terror mark

You flying bark

Now, centre-deep descend the brave;

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

Now, tofs'd on high
It takes the sky.
A feather on the towering wave!

Now, spins around
In whirls profound;
Now, whelm'd; now, pendant near the clouds;
Now, stunn'd, it reels
Midst thunder's peals;
And, now, fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

All ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends once more the seas and skies;
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O deep! and the blue concave, lies.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling freight, the monsters flock.

Let others fear;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Those terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chafe of honest gain or fame.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night;
And shed, through shadows temper'd fire;
And Phœbus flames
With burnish'd beams,
Which some adore, and all admire.

Are then the seas
Outshone by thee?
Bright Thetis! thou art not outshone;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

There, set in green,
Gold-stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

Those clouds, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain;
Has Phœbus stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

The gaudy bow,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the watery world was lent.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!

The pearl in rows
Pale lustre throws;
The wealth immense, which storms devour.

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore.
The tempests rise,
And seize the prize,
And tofs him breathless on the shore.

His son complains
In pious strains
"Ah! cruel thirst of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

Thou watery vast
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings-o'er?
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

Gold pleasure buys;
But pleasure dies,
Too soon the gross fruition cloy;
Though raptures court,
The sense is short;
But virtue kindles living joys;

Joys felt alone!
Joys ask'd of none!
Which time and fortune's arrows miss;
Joys that subsist,
Though fates resist,
And unprecious endless bliss!

The soul refin'd
Is most inclin'd
To every moral excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool;
And virtue is the child of sense.

The virtuous mind
Nor wave, nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planets fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous passions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

What end so great,
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the main,
Which towering rose
With George to close
And rival great Eliza's reign?

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To rekindle a grand design;

OCEAN; AN ODE.

That voice shall rear
Yon * fabric fair,
As nature's rose at the divine.

When nature sprung,
Blest angels fung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball;
For strains as high
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call:

From boisterous seas,
The lap of ease
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes ascend
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns swell! wide gates unfold!

So sleeps the grain,
In fostering rain,
And vital beams, till Jove descend;
Then bursts the root!
The verdur's shoot!
And earth enrich, adorn, defend!

Here, soft-reclin'd
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempest safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er:

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of age!
And, o'er the bowl,
They fire the soul
Of listening youth to martial rage.

The story done,
Theit' setting sun,
Serenely smiling down the west,
In soft decay,
They drop away:
And honour leads them to their rest.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask for ever in success;
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

What charms us most,
Our joy, our boast,
Familiar, loses all its glori;
And gold refin'd
The fated mind
Fastidious turns to perfect dross.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The painting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose!
We reap our pleasure from our pains:

Ye warlike slain!
Beneath the main,

* Greenwich.

Wrapt in a watery winding sheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

What powerful charm
Can death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break!
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

Our joy so proud,
Our shout so loud,
Without a charm the dead might hear:
And see, they rouse!
Their awful brows,
Deep-scar'd, from oozy pillows rear:

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted, tell
That all your watery realms should ring;
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves,
Should echo theirs and Britain's king.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

Peculiar both!
Our soil's strong growth,
And our bold natives hardy mind;
Sure Heaven bespoke
Our hearts, and oak,
To give a master to mankind.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,
Of forests fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud.

Now big with war
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now sumptuous spoils
Of foreign soils
Pours in the bosom of our land:

Hence Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as the frowns
Or smiles, on crowns
A night or day of glory springs.

Thus Ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

How mix'd, how frail,
How sure to fail,

Is every pleasure of mankind!

A damp destroys
My blooming joys,
While Britain's glory fires my mind

For who can gaze
On restless seas,

Unstruck with life's more restless state?

Where all are toss'd,
And most are lost,

By tides of passion, blasts of fate?

The world's the main,
How vex'd! how vain!

Ambition swells, and anger foams;

May good men find,
Beneath the wind,

A noiseless shore, unruddied homes!

The public scene
Of harden'd men

Teach me, O teach me to despise!

The world few know,
But to their woe,

Our crimes with our experience rise.

All tender sense

Is banish'd thence,

All maiden nature's first alarms

What shock'd before

Disgusts no more,

And what disgusted has its charms.

In landscapes green

True bliss is seen,

With innocence, in shades, the sports;

In wealthy towns

Proud labour frowns,

And painted sorrow smiles in courts.

These scenes untry'd

Seduc'd my pride,

"To fortune's arrows bar'd my breath,

Till wisdom came,

A hoary dame!

And told me pleasure was in rest.

"O may I steal

Along the vale

"Of humble life, secure from foes!

"My friend sincere,

"My judgment clear,

"And gentle business my repose.

"My mind be strong

"To combat wrong!

"Grateful, O King! for favours shown!

"Soft to complain

"For others' pain,

"And bold to triumph o'er my own!

"(When Fortune's kind)

"Acute to find,

"And warm to relish every boon,

"And wife to still

"Fantastic ill,

"Whose frightful spectres stalk at noon.

"No fruitless toils,

"No brainless bores,

"Each moment level'd at the mark!

"Our day so short

"Invites no sport;

"Be sad and solemn when 'tis dark.

"Yet prudence still

"Rein thou my will!

"What's most important make most dear!

"For 'tis in this

"Resides true bliss;

"True bliss, a deity severe!

"When temper leans

"To gayer scenes,

"And serious life void moments spares,

"The sylvan chace

"My sinews brace!

"Or song unbend my mind from cares!

"Nor shun, my soul!

"The genial bowl,

"Where mirth, good-nature, spirit, flow!

"Ingredients these

"Above to please

"The laughing gods, the wise below.

"Though rich the vine,

"More wit than wine,

"More sense than wit, good-will than art,

"May I provide!

"Fair truth, my pride!

"My joy, the converse of the heart!

"The gloomy brow

"The broken vow,

"To distant climes, ye gods, remove!

"The nobly-soul'd

"Their commerce hold

"With words of truth, and looks of love!

"O glorious sin!

"O wealth supreme!

"Divine benevolence of soul!

"That greatly flows,

"And freely flows,

"And in one blessing grasps the whole!

"Prophetic schemes,

"And golden dreams,

"May I unsanguine cast away!

"Have what I have,

"And live, not leave,

"Enamour'd of the present day!

"My hours my own,

"My faults unknown,

"My chief revenue in content!

"Then leave one beam

"Of honest fame,

"And scorn the labour'd monument!

"Unhurt my urn,

"Till that great turn

"When mighty nature's self shall die;

"Time cease to glide,

"With human pride,

"Sunk in the ocean of eternity."

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PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

To the Right Honourable

THOMAS LORD PARKER, BARON OF MACCLESFIELD,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN, &c. &c.

My Lord,

THOUGH I have not the honour of being known to your Lordship, I presume to take a privilege which men of retirement are apt to think themselves in possession of, as being the only method they have of making their way to persons of your Lordship's high station, without struggling through multitudes for access. I may possibly fail in my respect to your Lordship, even while I endeavour to show it most; but if I err, it is because I imagined I ought not to make my first approach to one of your Lordship's exalted character with less ceremony than that of a dedication. It is annexed to the condition of eminent merit, not to suffer more from the malice of its enemies than from the importunity of its admirers; and perhaps it would be unjust that your Lordship should hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you possess all the talents, of a patron.

I have here a fair occasion to celebrate those sublime qualities, of which a whole nation is sensible, were it not inconsistent with the design of my present application. By the just discharge of your great employments, your Lordship may well deserve the prayers of the distressed, the thanks of your country, and the approbation of your Royal Master. This indeed is a reason why every good Briton should applaud your Lordship; but it is equally a reason why none should disturb you in the execution of your important affairs by works

of fancy and amusement. I was therefore induced to make this address to your Lordship, by considering you rather in the amiable light of a person distinguished for a refined taste of the polite arts, and the candour that usually attends it, than in the dignity of your public character.

The greatness and solemnity of the subjects treated of in the following work, cannot fail in some measure to recommend it to a person who holds in the utmost veneration those sacred books from which it is taken; and would at the same time justify to the world my choice of the great name prefixed to it, could I be assured that the undertaking had not suffered in my hands. Thus much I think myself obliged to say, that if this little performance had not been very indulgently spoken of by some, whose judgment is universally allowed in writings of this nature, I had not dared to gratify my ambition in offering it to your Lordship. I am sensible that I am endeavouring to excuse one vanity by another; but I hope I shall meet with pardon for it, since it is visibly intended to show the great submission and respect with which I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

and most humble servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

THRICE happy Job long liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous east a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ill on ill succeed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,

And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more!
A change so sad what mortal here could bear?
Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
A debt of reverence to distress so great!
Then Job contain'd no more; but curs'd his
fate.

His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
And blotted from the year: nor fears to crave
Death, instant death; impatient for the grave,
That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes:
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his
friends;

His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
A pause ensued.—When, lo! heaven interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies:
(They saw, and trembled!) from the darkness
broke

A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke:

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproveth my reign;
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
And tells the world's Creator what is just?
Of late so brave, now list a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where didst thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious earth?
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air;
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heaven's high arch with loud hosannahs
rung,

When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
Earth's numerous kingdoms, hast thou view'd them
all?

And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who heav'd the mountain, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side,
And did a basin for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
"Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
"And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd."

Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whose worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the light? In what refulgent dome?
And where has darkness made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is
fraught

With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought;
Since nature was call'd forth when thou was by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!

Are mists begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?
Whose powerful breath, from northern regions
blown,

Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms desec'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? Canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow;
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with
night?

Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who, in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er
shone,

And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.
To check the shower, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains;
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields:
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heaven are fill'd with rich perfume?

Hast thou e'er seal'd my wintery skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine-anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms at my com-
mand

Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes through nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nation, and denounce, from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the stars along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force? 140
Canst thou the skies benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain;
Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year;
Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the night, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,

And draw the purple curtain of the morn; 150
Awake the sun, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?
Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

Who did the soul with her rich powers invest,
And light up reason in the human breast?
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night? 160
To these my various questions make reply.
Th' Almighty spake; and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, Chaldean fire, was thy surprise!
Thus thou, with trembling heart and down-cast eyes:

"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd; but shall presume no more.
"My voice is in eternal silence bound,
"And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: when, lo! again th' Almighty spake;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke. 170

Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine;
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy power display'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake; 180
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand,
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream: and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures
fram'd;

What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd? 190
When pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food:
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse
request,

And stills the clamour of the craving nest?
Who in the stupid ostrich has subdued
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?

Vol. X.

While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky: 200
Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed.
What time she skirts along the field with speed,
She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

How rich the peacock! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day; 210
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
The sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Though strong the hawk, though practis'd well
to fly,

An eagle drops her in a lower sky; 220
An eagle, when, deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift,
So high in air, and set her on the cliff,
Where far above thy world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own?
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey? [o'er
She feasts her young with blood; and, hovering
Th' unlaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore. 230

Know'st thou how many moons, by nie assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain goat, and forest hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live, at once; forsake the dam's warm side;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade;
And find a home in each delightful shade. 240

Will th' tall reem, which knows no lord but me,
Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the wild-af's discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large, 250
Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng;
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threatening driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike horse! didst thou invest
With thunder his robust distended chest? 260

D

No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
 'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze;
 To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
 And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
 High-raised he snuffs the battle from afar,
 And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
 And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
 And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
 How does his firm, his rising heart, advance 269
 Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance;
 While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
 Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
 He sinks the sense of pain in generous pride,
 Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
 But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
 Till death; and when he groans, he groans his
 But, fiercer still, the lordly lion stalks, [last.
 Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
 When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
 He clears the desert with his rolling eye. 280
 Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
 And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
 Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
 And to his gloomy den the morfel throw.
 Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
 And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
 Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
 By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
 Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill; 291
 They rage, they rend; their ravenous jaws distil
 With crimson foam; and, when the banquet's
 o'er,

They stride away, and paint their steps with gore;
 In sight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my Behemoth, though large his frame;
 Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
 While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food; 300
 Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
 To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
 See with what strength his harden'd loins are
 bound,

All over proof and shut against a wound.
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
 His port majestic and his armed jaw
 Give the wide forest, and the mountain, law. 310
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire,
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
 The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
 His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
 Their sedge bosoms his wide couch are made;
 And groves of willows give him all his shade.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with
 drought,
 He trusts to turn its current down his throat; 320
 In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain:
 He sinks a river, and he thirsts again,

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side;
 Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide:
 With slender hair Leviathan command,
 And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
 Will he become thy servant? Will he own
 Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
 Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day, 329
 And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play?

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize?
 And the bowl journey round his ample size?
 Or the debating merchants share the prey,
 And various limbs to various marts convey?
 Through his firm skull what steel its way can win?
 What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
 Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might:
 The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;
 The rashest dare not rouse him up: Who then
 Shall turn on me, among the sons of men? 340

Am I a debtor? Hast thou ever heard
 Whence come the gifts that are on me conferr'd?
 My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fill,
 And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills:
 Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own;
 And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne.
 And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,
 Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

At full my large Leviathan shall rise, 349
 Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size.
 Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale!
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold,
 Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
 And, marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on
 rows:

What hideous fangs on either side arise!
 And what a deep abyss between them lies!
 Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet sound,
 The one how long, the other how profound. 360
 His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
 That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
 As from a furnace; and when rous'd his ire,
 Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
 The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
 Thy terror, this thy great superior please;
 Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
 His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart. 370

When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
 And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
 Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
 And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
 Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
 The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

Large is his front; and when his burnish'd eyes
 Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
 His naked breast their impotence defies; 381
 The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies.
 Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
 The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow;
 His sport, the rage and labour of the foe,

His patinies like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way; 389
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea; [green,
The foam high-wrought with white divides the
And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face;
Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Of have I heard of thine almighty power;
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the Chaldean eas'd his labouring breast,
With full conviction of his crime oppress'd. 400

"Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of
Might:

"And every thought is naked to thy sight.
"But, oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
"Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
"Of have I heard of thine almighty power;
"But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
"O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of Life I see,
"Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee.
"Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
"Man is not made to *question*, but *adore*." 410

NOTES ON THE PARAPHRASE.

Book of Job.] It is disputed amongst the critics who was the author of the Book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of those opinions; and because I do not find them mentioned by any one else, I have slung them into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

Ver. 1.] The Almighty's speech, chapter xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguish'd part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of epitome of the whole Book of Job.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The *mountain*, the *comet*, the *sun*, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulg'd myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shows that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogations seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does

from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

Ver. 41.] The Book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek stage, when there happened "dignus vindice nodus"), is fictitious; but is fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any since. Frequent before the Law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod. chap. xix. Ezek. chap. i. &c. Hence is he said to "dwell in thick darkness: and have his way in the whirlwind."

Ver. 69.] There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of "Let there be light," &c. so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moses is author of the Book of Job.

Ver. 191.] Another argument that Moses was the author is, that most of the creatures here are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *νοσφίζου*, à *νόσφι*, *Ælian*, l. ii. c. 48, is "to ask earnestly." And since there were ravens on the bank of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

Ver. 195.] There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: let two suffice. *First*, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight:

"Stat lumine clauso

"Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere

"Quæ non ipsa videt." *CLAVS.*

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that Heliogabalus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious, as well as sublime author, just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; not *withdraw*, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A *likeness* is lost in too much description, as a *meaning* often in too much illustration.

Ver. 205.] Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

"Vasta velut Libyæ venantùm vocibus ales
 "Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
 "Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
 "Pulverulenta volat." CLAUD. in Eutr.

Ver. 206.] Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

Ver. 207.] Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) in half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun, is true: "Expandit colores ad-
 "verso maximè sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant."

PLIN. l. x. c. 20.

Ver. 219.] Thuanus (de Re Accip.) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above-mentioned, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Ver. 227.] The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creature he describes, and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

Ver. 231.] The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the time and circumstances of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called fescalis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect. Pl. xxix. In so early an age to observe these things, may style our author a naturalist.

Ver. 239.] The description of the horse is the most celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent critic on it in the *Guardian*. I shall therefore only observe, that in this description, as in other parts of this speech, our vulgar translation has much more spirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the original in the most poetic and exalted sense, so that most commentators, even on the Hebrew itself, fall beneath it.

Ver. 289.] Pursuing their prey by night, is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion. Pl. cvi. 20. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies "the hunter by moon-shine."

Ver. 322.]

"Cephefi glaciale caput quo fuetos anhelam

"Ferre sitim Python, amnemque avertere pon-
 "to." STAT. Theb. v. 349.

"Qui spiris tegetet montes, hauriret hiatu

"Flumina," &c. CLAUD. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

Ver. 323.] The taking of the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, "Nemo antea religavit."

Ver. 339.] This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when fated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

Ver. 353.] The crocodile's mouth is exceedingly wide. When he gapes, says Pliny, "sit totum os." Martial says to his old woman,

"Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora

"Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta."

so that the expression here is barely just.

Ver. 364.] This too is nearer truth than that at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repressed is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets venture to use the same metaphor concerning him:

"Colledumque premens volvit sub naribus ig-
 "nem."

By this and the foregoing note, I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

Ver. 377.] "His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning." I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already, that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian; the two last are notoriously so; they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, viz. the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan, the elephant and the whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it: but Moses being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the hippopotamus and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him; it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

AN
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truth,
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ON DR. YOUNG'S TRANSLATION OF PART OF JOB.

73

ON DR. YOUNG'S TRANSLATION OF PART OF JOB.

By Dr. Cadden.

THE poem, which originally great,
Had long sustain'd poor Job's unhappy fate,

Fallen from its grandeur, clad in mean array,
And in the dust of prose inglorious lay;
Like him now shines, with former greatness blest,
And in its native majesty confess'd.

MICELLANIES.

ON MICHAEL ANGELO'S FAMOUS PIECE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

*Who is said to have stabbed a Person that he might draw
it more naturally*.*

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:
The daring artist cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and deaf to cries,
Examines every spirit as it flies:
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up every pang repeats his blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught:
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we see is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign."
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you,
All Soul's Coll. Oxon.

HISTORICAL EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY.

AN Epilogue, through custom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was needful till this night:

* Though the report was propagated without the least
truth, it may be sufficient ground to justify a poetical
fancy's enlarging on it.

To night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade;
Vengeance so great, that when his tale is told,
With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.
Perseus surviv'd indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome swift thunder
flew,

And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For this night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled:
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart, [hung,
When, robb'd in black, his children round him
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung;
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
So sad the scene! what then must Perseus feel,
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel:
To see the slaves of his worst foes increase,
From such a source!—An emperor's embrace!
He sickn'd soon to death; and, what is worse,
He well *deserv'd* and *felt*, the coward's curse;
Unpitied, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's power:
His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign;
No suit retards, no comfort soothes his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling shares his fate:
His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd!
And nations ask—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crime pursue,
So public blessings are his virtue's due.
Shout, Britons, shout—auspicious fortune blest!
And cry, Long live—*Our title to success!*

EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK*.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1740.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep:

* Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the eighth son of the
Duke of St. Alban's, who was one of the sons of King

As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn;
 'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
 Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great;
 And ripe his worth, though immature his fate;
 Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
 Living, he mingled with his martial fires:
 Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar;
 And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

If fond of what is rare, attend!

Here lies an *bonny* man,

Of perfect piety,

Of lamblike patience,

My friend, James Barker;

To whom I pay this mean memorial,

For what deserves the greatest.

An example

Which shone through all the clouds of fortune,

Industrious in low estate,

The lesson and reproach of those above him,

To lay this little stone

Is my ambition;

While others rear

The polish'd marbles of the great!

Vain pomp!

A turf o'er virtue charms us more.

E. Y. 1749.

A LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

Occasioned by the Death of the Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq. 1719.

" — Tu nunc eris alter ab illo." VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
 In social arts and sacred friendship join'd;
 Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
 Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;
 Thy wonted aid, my dear companion! bring,
 And teach me thy departed friend to sing:
 A darling theme! once powerful to inspire,
 And now to melt, the muses' mournful choir:
 Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
 His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
 And raviſh'd Isis listen'd to his strain.
 See, see, the cry'd, old Maro's muse appears,
 Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years:

Charles the Second. He was born in the year 1711; and, being regularly bred to the sea service, in 1731 he was appointed to the command of his majesty's ship the Ludlow Castle; and he commanded the Prince Frederick at the attack of the harbour of Carthagena, March 24, 1741. This young nobleman was one of the most promising commanders in the king's service. When on a desperate attack of the castle of Bocca Chica, at the entrance of the said harbour, he lost his life, both his legs being first shot off. The prose part of the Inscription on his monument, was the production of Mrs. Mary Jones of Oxford; who also wrote a poem on his death, printed in her Miscellanies, 8vo, 1752.

Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
 Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings
 All read transported his pure classic page;
 Read, and forget their climate and their age.

The state, when now his rising fame was known,
 Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own,
 Nor would that one, for scenes of action strong,
 Should let a life evaporate in song.

As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,

Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense:

Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,

With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,

In conscious pride their own importance find,

Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!

Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,

The slight amusement of a leisure hour;

Unminded that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,

Majestic wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,

Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;

Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,

And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,

In action, too, have been distinguish'd most:

This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth

From the malignant regions of the north,

I'o be matur'd in more indulgent skies,

Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;

Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits

run,

And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.

With secret pain the prudent patriot gave,

The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,

Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,

And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Ausonia soon receiv'd her wondering guest,

And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,

To see her fervours rivall'd by the pole,

Her lustre beaming from a northern soul:

In like surprise was her Æneas lost,

To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,

Compares her kings, her thrones and empires

weighs,

In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought;

Great work! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a support,

Wife in her senate, graceful in her court;

And, when the public welfare would permit,

The source of learning, and the soul of wit.

O Warwick! (whom the muse is fond to name,

And kindles, conscious of her future theme)

O Warwick! by divine contagion bright!

How early didst thou catch his radiant light!

By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,

And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,

A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,

Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,

And shows th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;

We now, surpris'd, her fruitful branches see;

Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time

It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime;

He first the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.

No fuller proof of power th' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end;
To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliss above.
Where had'st thou room, great Author! where
to roll

The mighty theme of an immortal soul? [brought
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?

One let me join, all other may excel,
"How could a mortal essence think so well?"

But why so large in the great writer's praise?

More lofty subjects should my numbers raise;

In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend

The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend!

His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due;
Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue;
And, as thy strain describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy muse began.
Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care,
* The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a-while
In generous anguish o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike
friend,

Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend?
Think not, O patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown;
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison.

* *The publication of his works.*

REFLECTIONS

ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM.

ADDRESSED TO THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1745.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illustrious in far more than power.
Great things are small when greater rise to view.
Though station'd high, and press'd with public
cares,

Diffdain not to peruse my serious song,
Which peradventure may push by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counsels less mature.
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.

Nor shall our Europe or Britannia blame
Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.

Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of use to those, so this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatness prove its title to be great.
'Tis power's supreme prerogative to stamp
On other's minds an image of its own.
Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem
The stream that sweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou may'st give life to virtue's cause;

D iiij

Let not the ties of personal regard
Betray the nation's trust to feeble hands;
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach:
Let not best laws, the wisdom of our fires,
Turn satires on their sunk degenerate sons,
The bastards of their blood! and serve no point
But, with more emphasis to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine support.

Such deeds the minister, the prince, adorn;
No power is shown but in such deeds as these:
All, all is impotence but acting right; [power?
And where's the statesman but would show his
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy second care
To grace thy country, and support the throne:
Though this supported, that adorn'd so well,
A throne superior our first homage claims;
To Caesar's Caesar our first tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
And splendid sacrilege of all beside:
Illustrious followers; we must first be just;
And what so just as awe for the Supreme?
Lest fear we rugged ruffians of the north,
Than virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Lest Loyola's disguis'd, all aping sons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Lest all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace:
Yon savage mountaineers are tame to these.
Against those rioters send forth the laws,
And break to reason's yoke their wild careers.

Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Though some seem more importunate and great.
Though Britain's generous views and interests
spread

Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
And their grand entries make on distant lands;
Though Britain's genius the wide wave bestrides,
And, like a vast Colossus, towering stands
With one foot planted on the continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Though such high cares should call as call'd of late;
The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjust
The rival interests and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for ever;
Sublimest theme; and needful as sublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Wallingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts!)
Thus every statesman thought that ever—*dy'd*.
There's inspiration in a sabbath hour,
And death's approach makes politicians wise.

When, thunderstruck, that eagle Wolfey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His grasping grandeur! naked on the strand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Assistance; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of insolence no more,
On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,

And sunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the sum of things!
The point of the first magnitude! that point
Tubes mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud still intercepts their sight.
First right to judge; then choose; then persevere,
Stedfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.—
These, these are politics will stand the test,
When finer politics their masters fling,
And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
These, these are politics will answer now,
(When common men would fain to statesmen swell)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme,
All safety rests on honest counsels: these
Immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
Make the prince triumph, and the people smile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
Close-leagu'd with an invincible ally,
Which honest counsels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land;
A land—that starts at such a land as this,
A parliament, so principled, will sink
All ancient schools of empire in disgrace,
And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud fame's superior song.

Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins;
Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field,
Enamour'd of the glorious face of death.
Britain!—there's noble magic in the sound.
O what illustrious images arise!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our father's brows!
Ye radiant trophies! and imperial spoils!
Ye scenes!—astonishing to modern sight!
Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike strangers! stay.
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulse: the noble pulse of war
Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march
Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,
And every battle paid for heroes slain.
No more our great forefathers stain our cheeks
With blushes; their renown our shame no more.
In military garb, and sudden arms,
Up starts Old Britain; crossiers are laid by;
Trade wields the sword, and agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvests fire
A nobler avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.
In distant courts is our commotion felt;
And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or sinews or success,
Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends,
With all the weight of British wrath, to cleave
The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every stroke, and save a sinking land?
Or death or victory must be resolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds the crucifix display'd
Fools think heaven purchas'd by the blood they
shed;
By giving, not supporting, pains and death!
Nor simple death! where they the greatest saints

Who most subdue all tenderness of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whose darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes;
To save us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themselves with earth content:
What modesty!—such virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
Whose name from Jesus, and whose hearts from
hell!

And shall a Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting, [scrap'd
And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that
Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British throne?
One that has suck'd in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, liberty, and truth?
Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
The howling nurse of plundering Romulus,
Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbour'd there.

Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain still:
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent heaven!
Nature's anointed empress of the deep!
The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exuberant source
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To set high bloom on the fair face of peace!
This once so celebrated seat of power,
From which escap'd the mighty Cæsar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast!
This terror of armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
Salmonæan thunders from the papal chair! [awe!
This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with
Which says to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, not farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
To be transmitted to their latest sons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
Their cancell'd will is impiously profan'd,
Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.

Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This sacred isle,
Cut from the continent, that world of slaves;
This temple built by heaven's peculiar care,
In a recess from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard;
And dedicated, long, to liberty, [life!
That health, that strength, that bloom, of civil
This temple of still more divine; of faith
Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew truth's heavenly stamp,
And (rising both in lustre and in weight)
With her bless'd master's unnam'd image shine;
Why should she longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,
And give him leave, among his dastard troops,
To muster that strong succour, Albion's crimes?
Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes?
Where are her foes most fatal? Blushing truth,
In her friends' vices,"—with a sigh replies.

Empire on virtue's rock unshaken stands;
Flux as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.
If heaven reclaims us by the scourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim,
But be the revolution—in our hearts! [bark,

Would'st thou (whose hand is at the helm) the
The shaken bark of Britain, should out-ride
The present blast, and every future storm?
Give it that balast which alone has weight
With him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Persist. Are others subtle? thou be wise:
Above the Florentine's court-science raise;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the just:
Thus strengthen Britain's military strength;
Give its own terror to the sword she draws.
Ask you, "What mean I?"—The most obvious
truth;

Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once disarm'd, disarm'd
Of aid from him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from him by whom the feeble stand;
Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
Or gives the sword commission to destroy;
Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom—
Emafcuated, then, most manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd weakness soils the finewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travell'd banners fanning southern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,
By such bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While heaven commands her executioner,
Some less abandon'd nation, to discharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength;
"And that the proudest empire holds of heaven."

O Britain! often rescued, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit and most sanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or sweet in peace!
Know from what source thy signal blessings flow,
Though bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the
main,

Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard;
In him, who thee, though naked, could defend;
Though weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could
restore.

How oft, to tell what arm defends thine isle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds snatch'd the victory from war?
Or, rather, won the day, when war despair'd?
How oft has providential succour aw'd,
Aw'd while it bless'd us, conscious of our guilt;
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!

Well may we tremble now; what manners
reign?

But wherefore ask we, when a true reply [events
Would shock too much? Kind heaven! avert
Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heaven's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been
wav'd

In northern skies, and pointed to the south.
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the suspended storm.

"That public vice portends a public fall!"--

Is this conjecture of adventurous thought!
Or pious coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream;
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What says experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals spread
Around her? What says reason eagle-eyed?
Nay, what says common sense, with common care
Weighing events, and causes, in her scale?
All give one verdict, one decision sign;
And this the sentence Delphos could not mend:
"Whatever secondary props may rise
"From politics, to build the public peace,
"The basis is the manners of the land.
"When rotten these, the politician's wiles
"But struggle with destruction, as a child
"With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
"The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
"Or military phantoms void of force,
"But scare away the vultures for an hour;
"The scent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
"The stench of profligates!) soon lures them
"back;

"On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
"Soon they return; soon make their full descent;
"Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
"Their idols grac'd and gorgeous with our spoils,
"Of universal empire sure preface!
"Till now repell'd by seas of British blood."

And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of state Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pupil presses, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong
To duty, double duty, are the great!
And are there Samsons that can burst them all?
Yes; and great minds that stand in need of none,
Whose pulse beats virtues, and whose generous
blood

Aids mental motives to push on renown,
In emulation of their glorious fires,
From whom rolls down the consecrated stream.

Some sow good seeds in the glad people's hearts,
Some cursed tares, like Satan in the text;
This makes a foe most fatal to the state;
A foe who (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes,
Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boasted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by second-sighted Scots,

French Magi, relics riding post from Rome;
A Gothic hero * rising from the dead,
And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
With succour suitable from lower still)
A foe who, these concurring to the charm,
Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with sumless wealth
And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hogues,
Her Creffleys, and her Blenheims) in the dust.
How must this strike a horror through the
breast,

Through every generous breast where honour
reigns,

Through every breast where honour claims a share!
Yes, and through every breast of honour void!
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into spirit; give them fire
To fight the cause, the black opprobrious cause,
Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the stream of time
Swept, with her vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind,
To dark oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant infamy's eternal brand!
Those names, at which surrounding nations shook,
Those names ador'd, a nuisance! or forget!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye,
But nature's course; no single chance against it.

For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fixt, as is the basis of the world,
Whose kingdoms stand or fall by the decree.
What saw these eyes, surpris'd?—Yet why sur-
pris'd?—

For aid divine the crisis seem'd to call,
And how divine was the monition given!
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace disturb'd by rumours from the north,
While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As giving signal of some strange event,
And ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the fair! so long his empire's queen,
Whose reign is, now, contested by her foes,
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

"Ye states! and empires! nor of empires least,
"Though least in size; hear, Britain! thou whose
"Whose final lot is in the balance laid, [lot,
"Irresolutely play the doubtful scales,
"Nor know'st thou which will win.—Know then
"from me,
"As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise;
"State-ministers, as upright or corrupt,
"Are balm or poison in a nation's veins;
"Health or distemper; hasten or retard
"The period of her pride, her day of doom:
"And though, for reasons obvious to the wise,

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII,
of Sweden.

"Just Providence deals otherwise with men,
 "Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
 "'Tis fix'd! by fate irrevocably fix'd!
 "Virtue and vice are empire's life and death."

Thus it is written—Heard you not a groan?
 Is Britain on her death-bed?—No, that groan
 Was utter'd by her foes—But soon the scale,
 If this divine monition is despis'd,
 May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule!
 With reverence read; with steadfastness believe;
 With courage act as such belief inspires;
 Then shall your glory stand like fate's decree;
 Then shall your name in adamant be writ,
 In records that defy the tooth of time,
 By nations fav'd, refounding your applause. [base,

While deep beyond your monument's proud
 In black oblivion's kennel, shall be trod
 Their execrable names, who, high in power,
 And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
 (The meteors of the state!) give vice her head,
 To license lewd let loose the public rein;
 Quench every spark of conscience in the land,
 And triumph in the profligate's applause:
 Or who to the first bidder sell their souls,
 Their country sell, sell all their fashers bought
 With funds exhausted and exhausted veins,
 To demons, by his Holiness ordain'd
 To propagate the gospel—penn'd at Rome;
 Hawk'd through the world by consecrated bulls;
 And how illustrated?—by Smithfield flames:
 Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
 Down narrow-minded self's voracious gulf,
 Which gapes, and swallows all they swore to save:
 Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
 And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
 Of bodies politic that destin'd hell,
 Inflicted here, since here their beings end;
 And fall from foes detested and despis'd,
 On disbelievers—of the statesman's creed.

Note, here, my Lord (unnoted yet it lies
 By most, or all) these truths political
 Serve more than public ends: this creed of states
 Seconds, and irresistibly supports,
 'The Christian creed. Are you surpris'd?—Attend;
 And on the statesmen's build a nobler name.

This punctual justice exercis'd on states,
 With which authentic chronicle abounds,
 As all men know, and therefore must believe;
 This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
 Pour'd on them here, where only they exist,
 What is it but an argument of sense,
 Or rather demonstration, to support
 Our feeble faith—"That they who states compose,
 "That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
 "Shall meet like measure at their proper hour?"
 For God is equal, similarly deals
 With states and persons, or he were not God;
 What means a rectitude immutable?
 A pattern here of universal right.
 What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man?
 Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
 Reply'd by politicians well as priests:
 Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
 The whole world's annals; these pronounce his
 doom,

Thus (what might seem a daring paradox)
 Ev'n politics advance divinity:
 True masters there are better scholars here,
 Who travel history in quest of schemes
 To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
 May there start truths that other aims inspire,
 And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
 By Providence turn Christians on their road:
 Digging for silver, they may strike on gold;
 May be surpris'd with better than they sought,
 And entertain an angel unawares.

Nor is divinity ungrateful found.
 As politics advance divinity,
 Thus, in return, divinity promotes
 True politics, and crowns the statesman's praise.
 All wisdoms are but branches of the chief,
 And statesmen found but shoots of honest men.
 Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse
 For deviations in our moral line?

This, and the next world, view'd with such an eye
 As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view
 His own exalted science, both conspire
 To recommend and fix us in the right.
 If we reward the politics of heaven,
 The grand administration of the whole,
 What's the next world? A supplement of this:
 Without it, justice is defective here;
 Just as to states, defective as to men:
 If so, what is this world? as sure as Right
 Sits in heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
 Prize you the prophet? then believe him too.
 His prophecy more precious than his smile.
 How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,
 That this should charm us, that should discompose?
 Long as the statesman finds this case his own,
 So long his politics are uncomplete;
 In danger he; nor is the nation safe,
 But soon must rue his inauspicious power.

What hence results? a truth that should resound
 For ever awful in Britannia's ear:

"Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
 "Sole source of public and of private peace."
 This truth all men must own: and therefore will,
 And praise and preach it too:—and when that's
 done,

Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
 What highland pole-axe half so deep can wound?

But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?
 Assume my seat in the dictator's chair?
 Pronounce, predict (as if indeed inspir'd),
 Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
 Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes?
 Two mighty columns rise in my support;
 In their more awful and authentic voice,
 Record profane and sacred, drown the muse,
 Though loud, and far out-threat her threatening
 song.

Still farther, Holles! suffer me to plead
 That I speak freely, as I speak to thee.
 Guilt only startles at the name of guilt:
 And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wife.

Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.
 Praise, and immortal praise, is virtue's claim;
 And virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant
 Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

Whose clangour kindles cowards into men.
Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In every British breast, true glory rise,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To close, my Lord! with that which all should
close
And all begin, and strike us every hour,
Though no war wak'd us, no black tempest
frown'd.—
The morning rises gay; yet gayest morn
Less glorious after night's incumbent shades;

Less glorious far bright nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the first feeble dawn of moral day?
Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend
Though the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns)
Sole day worth his regard whom heaven ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the sun's death, and every planet's fall,
His all-illustrious and eternal year; [awe
Where statesmen and their monarchs, (names of
And distance here) shall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

THE COMPLAINT: OR, NIGHT THOUGHTS.

PREFACE.

As the occasion of this poem was *real*, not *fictitious*; so the method pursued in it, was rather *imposed*, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind on that occasion, than *meditated* or *designed*. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the poem. The reason of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

NIGHT I.

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR ONSLOW,

Speaker of the House of Commons.

THIR'D nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfulfilled with a tear
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought
From wave to wave of *fantied* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and *night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, fable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and *darkness*! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient *night*, who nurse the tender thought!

To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave; [fall
The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame shall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—

Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval *silence*, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O thou, whose word from solid *darkness* struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of *nature* and of *soul*,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of *life* and *death*;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my *conduct* than my *sang*;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood,
It is the *signal* that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyſs;
A dread eternity! how surely *mine*!

And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
 How passing wonder he who made him such!
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes:
 From different natures marvellously mix'd,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!

A beam ethereal, fully'd, and absorb'd!
 Though fully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect *infinite*!
 A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 And wondering at her *own*: How reason reels!
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
 Alternately transported and alarm'd!
 What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
 While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread,
 What thought my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled
 pool;

Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her
 nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
 Active, aerial, towering, unconfin'd,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companions fall.
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *immortal*;
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
 For human weal heaven husbands all events;
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then *their* less deplore that are not lost?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs a-
 round

In infidel distress? Are *angels* there?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on earth
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
 Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
 How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades!
 All, all on earth, is *shadow*, all beyond
 Is *substance*; the reverse is folly's *creed*:
 How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
 Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,

And make us *embryos* of existence free
 From *real* life; but little more remote
 Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
 The *future* embryo, slumbering in his fire.
 Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
 Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
 The life of gods, O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! *here* barries all his thoughts;
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
 Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heaven
 To fly at infinite; and reach it there
 Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
 On life's fair tree, salt by the throne of God.
 What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
 In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
 Where momentary ages are no more! [pire]
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death, ex-
 And is it in the flight of threescore years
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
 At ought this scene can threaten or indulge,
 Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself:
 How was my heart incrust'd by the world!
 O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul,
 How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
 In silken thought, which reptile *fancy* spun,
 Till darken'd *reason* lay quite clouded o'er
 With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
 Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
 Night-visions may befriend: (as sung above)
 Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dream'd
 Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
 How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
 'Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
 Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
 The *cobwebb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
 Of mouldering mud, is *royalty* to me!
 The *spider's* most attenuated thread
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
 On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
 Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
 A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.
 Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
 That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
 And quite unparadise the realms of light.
 Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;
 The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
 Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
 And rarely for the better; or the *best*,
 More mortal than the common births of fate,

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

Each *moment* has its sickle, emulous
Of *Time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had mis'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all: 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And one day thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Infatiate archer! could not *one* suffice? [slain!
Thy shaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my peace was
And *thrice*, ere *thrice* yon moon had fill'd her
horn.

O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss! from *fortune's* smile,
Precarious courtesy! not *virtue's* sure,
Self-given, *solar* ray of sound delight.

In every vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing *past*;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays,
And finds all desert *now*, and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;
In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children than sure heirs of *pain*.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lop'd away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,
If to the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable *disease*, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once, and make a refuge of the grave.

How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in *fortune's* lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish vilitis, visit *here*,
And breathe from your debauch: *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion over you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
Happy! did sorrow seize on *such* alone.

Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance,
And punishment the guiltless, and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns;
And his guard falling crushes him to death.
Not *happiness* itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.

How distant oft the thing we doat on most
From that for which we doat, *felicity*!
The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains;
And *truest* friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.

But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.
A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a *waste*,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands:
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad! this earth is a true map of *man*.
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *two*'s wide empire; where deep *troubles* *toler*
Loud *farrows* howl, in venom'd *passions* bite,
Ravenous *calamities* our vitals seize,
And threatening *fate* wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for *myself*!
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be *kind*.
That, nature's *first*, *last* lesson to mankind;
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
Swoln thought a *second* channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O *world*! thy much indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults:
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from
me.

Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch*! by blindness thou art blest;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, *smiler*! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of *past* prosperity,

To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the *Syren* sings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;
And in its favours formidable too:

Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their *cause* and *consequence*;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Left, while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worse than *simple* misery, their charms.

Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment four'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanting earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! thou poor, pale piece
Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. *Death's* subtle seed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
Lorenzo! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *present* moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the *next*;
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal filters could out-spin;
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud:
Nor had he cause; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!

As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.

Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a *slow sudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, *this* is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drive! and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;

At least, their own; their *future* selves applaud;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vail;
That lodg'd in *fates*, to *wisdom* they consign;
The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *possess*;
'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human *wisdom*, to do more.

All promise is poor distory man, [dead]
And that through every stage: when young, in-
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for *ourselves*; and only wish,
As dutious sons, our *fathers* were more wise.

At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
dread;

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing*, no fear the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death,
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange!
O my full heart!—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.

The sprightly *lark's* shrill matin wakes the morn;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like thee,
And call the stars to listen: every star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who chime excel,
And charm through distant ages: wrapt in shade,
Prisoner of darkness! to the silent *hours*,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To hush my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.

Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
 Or, Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your strain!
 Or *he*, who made Mæonides our *own*.
Man too he sung: *immortal* man I sing;
 Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
 What, *now*, but immortality can please?
 O had he pres'd his theme, pursued the track,
 Which opens out of darkness into day!
 O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
 Soar'd where I sink, and sung *immortal* man!
 How had it blest mankind, and rescued me!

NIGHT II.

ON TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

"WHEN the cock crew, he wept"—smote by that
 eye

Which looks on me, on all: That power, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,
 Emblem of that which shall awake the dead;
 Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of *heaven*.
 Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
 And fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
 I know the terms on which he sees the light;
 He that is born, is lifted; life is war;
 Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best,
 Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I'll dwell.
 Lorenzo! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
 And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
 Where most they need. Themes too, the genuine
 growth

Of dear Philander's dust. He *thus*, though dead,
 May still befriend—what themes? *time's* wondrous
 price,

Death, friendship, and Philander's *final scene*.
 So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
 Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
 The good deed would delight me; half impress
 On my dark cloud an Iris; and from grief
 Call glory—dost thou mourn Philander's fate?
 I know thou say'st it: Says thy *life* the same?
 He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
 Where is that thirst, that avarice of time,
 (O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,
 As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
 O *time*! than gold more sacred; more a load
 Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wise.
 What *moment* granted man without account?
 What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom's* debt unpaid!
 Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
 Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
 Insidious *death*! should his strong hand arrest,
 No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
 Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrears.

How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
 Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
 That *time* is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe;
 Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*.
 But ill my genius answers my desire;
 My sickly song is mortal, pass thy cure.
 Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my strain.

For what calls *thy* disease, Lorenzo? not
 For *Esculapian*, but for *moral* aid.

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too *soon*.
Youth is not rich in *time*, it may be poor;
 Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
 And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
 Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
 With holy hope of nobler time to come;
 Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great mark
 Of men and angels; virtue more divine.

Is this our *duty, wisdom, glory, gain*?
 (*These* heaven benign in vital union binds)
 And sport we like the natives of the bough,
 When vernal fops inspire? *Amusement* reigns
 Man's great demand: To trifle, is to live:
 And is it then a trifle, too, to die?

Thou say'st I *preach*, Lorenzo, 'tis confess.
 What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
 Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle?
 Is it not treason, in the soul *immortal*,
 Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
 Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?
 When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
 Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
 As lands and cities with their glittering spires,
 To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
 Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there?
 Will toys amuse? No: Thrones will then be toys,
 And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time?—its loss we dearly buy.
 What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?
 He pleads *time's* numerous blanks; he loudly pleads
 The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.
 From whom those blanks and trifles, but from *thee*?
 No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant.
 Virtue, or *propos'd* virtue, still be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once. *This* leaves
 In *act* no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the blest art of turning all to gold;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
 A royal tribute from the poorest hours;
 Immense revenue! every moment *pays*,
 If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power;
 Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more,
 Our *outward* act indeed admits restraint;
 'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
 Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard
 in heaven.

On all important *time* through every age,
 Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd;
 the man

Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd

Had been an emperor without his crown;
 Of Rome, say rather, lord of human race:
 He spoke, as if deputed by mankind,
 So should all speak: So *reason* speaks in all:
 From the soft whispers of that God in man,
 Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
 For rescue from the *blissing* we possess?
Time the supreme!—*Time* is eternity;
 Pregnant with all eternity can give;
 Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile.
 Who murders time, he crushes in the birth

THE COMPLAINT: OR, NIGHT THOUGHTS.

A power ethereal, only *not* ador'd.

Ah! how unjust to nature and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer
(For *nature's* voice unlist'ed would recal),
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful
made:

O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around,
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful *time* if prisons fet us free.
Yet when *death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by: what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills;
To nature just, their *cause* and *cure* explore.
Not short heaven's bounty, boundless our expence;
No niggard nature; men are prodigals.
We *waste*, not *use* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is existence, *us'd* is life,
And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since *time* was given for use, not waste,
Enjoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure: waste, a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unseen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blundering, split on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven design'd;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of *rest*,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

Here then the riddle mark'd above unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle, with *great nature's* plan;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil;
We push *time* from us, and we wish him back:
Lavish of lustre, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and short; *death* seek, and shun:

VOL. X.

Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us
still;

The spirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If *time past*,
And *time posses'd*, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He *walks with nature*; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen: See next
Time's nature, origin, importance, speed;
And thy great gain from urging his career.—
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on *time* as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's: 'tis fortune's—*time's* a god.
Hast thou ne'er heard of *time's* omnipotence;
For, or again! what wonders he can do!
And *will*: To stand blank *neuter* he disdain.
Not oh *those terms* was *time* (heaven's stranger!)
sent

On his important embassy to man.
Lorenzo! ho: On the long-destin'd hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth;
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then *time* was born),
By godhead streaming through a thousand worlds;
Not on *those terms*, from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's mysterious orb
Was *time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres;
That horologe machinery divine. [play,
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children,
Like numerous wings around him, as he flies:
Or rather as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew *eternity* his fire;
In his *immutability* to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unthine'd
(Fate the loud signal founding), headlong rush
To *timeless* night and chaos, whence they rose:

Why spur the speedy? why with levities
New wing thy short; short day's too rapid flight?
Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done?
Man flies from *time*, and *time* from man; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end;
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo, then
Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* shroud,
Thy Parian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *death* his fopperies? Then well may *life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.
Ye *well-array'd*! ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male*! who neither toil nor spin
(As sister lilies *might*), if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!

E

Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
Yourself most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; silky soft
Favonius breathe the still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamused a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bawble drivell'd o'er by sense;
For rattles, and conceits of every cast,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day—say, sages, say,
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where such expedients fail?

O treacherous *conscience*! while she seems to sleep
On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with *lyren* song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *appetite* the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The fly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *fancy's* airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable *time*;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history; which *death* shall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And *judgment* publish; publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans refund.
Lorenzo, such that sleeper in thy breast!
Such is her slumber; and her vengeance such
For slighted counsel; such thy future peace!
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?
But why oft *time* so lavish is my song?
On this great *theme* kind *nature* keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day? If *trifling* kills;
Sure *vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
Is *suicide*, where more than *blood* is spilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call; heaven invites,
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours!—labours *more*?
And is there in creation what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?
Man sleeps; and *man* alone; and *man*, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf
A moment trembles; drops! and *man*, for whom
All else is in alarm! *man*, the sole cause

A

Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *years* away!
Throw *empires*, and be blameless. Moments seize;
Heaven's on their wing: A mement we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *day* stand
still,

Bid him drive back his car, and reimpost
The period past, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo, more than miracles we want;
Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come!

Such is the language of the man *awake*;
His ardour such, for what *oppresses* thee.
And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *yesterday* return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.

Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?

Where shall I find *him*? Angels! tell me where.
You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?

Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings, *now* hovering o'er him, shed
Protection: now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on *to-morrow*!

Whose *work* is done; who triumphs in the *past*;
Whose *yesterdays* look backwards with a smile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot! past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;

All god-like passion for eternals quench;
All relish of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies:
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingleless our desire;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;
Dismounted every great and glorious aim;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters
chang'd;

Though we from *earth*; *ethereal*, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man,
Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this *glutted* world,
Which hangs out death in one eternal night;
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud?
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

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Is death at distance? No: he has been on thee,
And given sure earnest of his final blow.

Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly: drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome
news.

Their answers form what men *experience* call;
If *wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe. —
O reconcile them! Kind *experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
"And by success are tutor'd to despair."

Nor is it only thus, but *must* be so.
Who knows not this, though gray, is still a chi d.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire!
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?
Since by *life's* passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more;
Since *then* (as emmets, their small world o'er-
thrown)

We, sore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the skies!)
As man's despotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead!
Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,
Ere-while high-flush'd with insolence and wine?
Like *that*, the dial speaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up:

"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
Its silent language such: nor need'st thou call
Thy *magi*, to decypher what it means,
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Dost ask, *How? Whence?* Belshazzar-like, amaz'd?
Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer; ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.

But here, Lorenzo, the delusion lies;
That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,
It life resembles too: life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomoons, time:
As *these* are useless when the sun is set:

So *those*, but when more glorious *reason* shines,
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard.

But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wife than he's aware:

A Wilmington goes slower than the sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sow'd
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.

We take fair days in winter, for the spring;
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On *this*, or similar, Philander! thou
Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And strong, to wield all science, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the summer's sun!
And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream!

How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
Best found, so fought; to the *recluse* more coy!
Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip;
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song.

Song, fashionably fruitless; such as stains
The *fancy*, and unhallow'd *passion* fires;
Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane.

Know'st thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees mix *nectar* draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, *wisdom* and *delight*;
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad?

Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been
deny'd;

[too!]
Speech, thought's canal! Speech, thought's criterion
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or
dross;

When coin'd in word, we know its *real* worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown.

Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess;
Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.

Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use.

What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;

If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate
push

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.

In *contemplation* is his proud resource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *converse* unsustain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *contemplation's* field;

Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due restraint; and *emulation*'s spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;
As exercise, for salutary rest.

By that untutor'd, *contemplation* raves;
And *nature*'s fool, by *wisdom* is undone.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of *happiness*?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.

Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for *two*;
Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pluckt by *one*.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial *happiness*, where'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine,
Beware the counterfeit; in *passion*'s flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in *reason*; passion's foe:
Virtue alone endenters us for life:

I wrong her much—Endenters us for ever:
Of *friendship*'s fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is *virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity. [themes,

From *friendship*, which outlives my former
Glorious survivor of old time and death;
From friendship, thus, that flower of heavenly seed;
The wife extracts earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this Elysian flower?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at home.

Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies fasten on the great,
None clings more obdurate than fancy fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafure of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-borne smile.
Their smiles, the great, and the coquet, throw out
For others' arts, tenacious of their own;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.

All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I show thee friendship delicate as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reserve will wound it; and *distrust*, destroy.
Deliberate in all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on every bough
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poer is the friendless master of a world:
"A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

So sung he (angels hear that angels sing!
Angels from friendship gather half their joy)
So sung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich *icbor*, in the generous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more in-
spir'd.

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship *new*
(Not such was his) is neither strong nor pure.
O for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side,
All seculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul,
As crystal clear, and smiling as they rise!
Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart,
High-flavour'd blis for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how lost!—Philander is no more.

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?
Am I too warm? Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much, but now I love him more.
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold:
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; his upward flight,

If ever soul ascended. Had he dropp'd,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew, I then had wrote
What friends might flatter, prudent foes forbear,
Rivals scarce damn, and Zoilus reprove.
Yet what I can, I must; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Christian*; to the blush of wit
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The death-bed of the just, is yet undrawn
By mortal hand! it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever there,
There, on a post of honour and of joy.

Dare I presume then?—but Philander bids,

And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
Yet am I struck, as struck the soul beneath
Aërial grooves impenetrable gloom;
Or in some mighty ruin's solemn shade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on high-born dust,
In vaults, thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
Or at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame.
Is it religion to proceed? I pause—
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed? No; it is his shrine:
Behold him there just rising to a god. [fate

The chamber where the good man meets his
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
For here resistless demonstration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.

Here tir'd dissimulation drops her masque:
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here real and apparent are the same.
You see the man: you see his hold on heaven,
If sound his virtue, as Philander's sound. [friends
Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her
On this side death, and points them out to men,
A lecture silent, but of sovereign power!
To vice confusion, and to virtue peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death!
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.

"No warning given! Unceremonious fate!
"A sudden rush from life's meridian joy!
"A wretch from all we love! from all we are!
"A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! feeble nature's dread!
"Strong reason's shudder at the dark unknown!
"A sun extinguish'd! a just-opening grave!
"And, Oh! the last, last, what? (can words ex-
press?)

"Thought reach it?) the last—*silence* of a friend!"
Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which singly shock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till now.

Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd
agonies, [gloom]
(Like the stars struggling through this midnight
What gleams of joy! what more than human
peace!

Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all;
Richer than Mammon's for his single heir.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields,
His soul sublime, and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burn'd within us at the scene;
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep; mix'd tears of grief, of joy!
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!

Christians adore! and Infidels believe!
As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the sun, illustrious, from its height;
While rising vapours, and descending shades,
With damps and darkness drown the spacious
vale;

Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
Philander thus augustly rears his head
At that black hour, which general horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre bright.

NIGHT III.

N A R C I S S A.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

"Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere
"manes." VIRG.

FROM dreams, where thought in fancy's maze runs
mad,

To reason, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble fallacies of the soul!

Who think it solitude to be alone,
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God!

Then nearest these when others most remote;
And all ere long shall be remote *but* these.

How dreadful then to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd, unapprov'd!
Now woo them, wed them, bind them to thy
breast;

To win thy wish, creation has no more.
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend—
But friends, how mortal, dangerous the desire!

Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking bards!
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head,
And reeling through the wilderness of joy;

Where sense runs savage, broke from reason's chain,
And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.

My fortune is unlike; unlike my song;
Unlike the deity my song invokes.

I to day's soft-eyed sister pay my court,
(Endymion's rival!) and her aid implore;
Now first I implore in succour to the muse.

Thou, who didst lately borrow Cynthia's form
And modestly forego thine own! O thou,
Who didst thyself at midnight hours inspire!

Say, why not Cynthia patroness of song?
As thou her crescent, so thy character
Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits who dare dispute
This revolution in the world inspir'd?

Ye train Pierian! to the lunar sphere,
In silent hour, address your ardent call
For aid immortal; lest her brother's right.

* At the Duke of Norfolk's masquerade.

She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain;
A strain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear:
Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heaven!
What title, or what name, endears the moit?
Cynthia! Cyllené! Phebe! or dost hear
With higher gust fair Portland of the skies!
Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
More powerful than of old Circean charm?
Come; but from heavenly banquets with thee
bring

The soul of song, and whisper in my ear
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are thine) transmute it through the
breast

Of thy first votary, but not thy last,
If, like thy *namesake*, thou art ever kind.

And kind thou wilt be; kind on such a theme;

A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!

A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul

'Twas *night*; on her fond hopes perpetual night;

A night which struck a damp; a deadlier damp

Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.

Narcissa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.

Woes cluster; rare are *solitary* woes;

They love a train, they tread each others heel;

Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims

The grief that started from my lids for him:

Seizes the faithless alienated tear,

Or shares it ere it falls. So frequent death,

Sorrow he *more* than causes, he confounds;

For human sighs his rival strokes contend,

And make distress, distraction. Oh Philander!

What was thy fate? A double fate to me;

Portent and pain, a menace and a blow,

Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,

Not less a bird of omen than of prey.

It call'd Narcissa long before her hour:

It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,

From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;

Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves

In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!

And young as beautiful! and soft as young!

And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!

And happy (if aught happy *here*) as good!

For fortune fond had built her nest on high.

Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,

Transfix'd by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark.)

How from the summit of the grove she fell,

And left it unharmonious. All its charms

Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!

Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,

Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain

(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!

Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy; this

group

Of bright ideas, flowers of paradise,

As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,

Kneel and present it to the skies, as all

We guess of heaven: and *these* were all her own.

And she was mine; and I was—*was*!—most

blest—

Gay time of the deepest misery!

As bodies grow more ponderous robb'd of life.

Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy,

Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;

And if in death still lovely, lovelier there,

Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.

And will not the severe excuse a sigh?

Scorn the proud man that is aham'd to weep;

Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.

Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity me!

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,

Dawning a dimmer day on human sight,

And on her cheek, the residence of spring,

Pale omen far, and scatter'd fears around

On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze

That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,

I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,

Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,

And bore her nearer to the sun: the sun

(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,

Deny'd his wonted sueour; nor with more

Regret beheld her drooping than the bells

Of lilies; fairest lilies not so fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!

Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives,

In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,

And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to

glow,

And out-blush (*mine* excepted) every fair;

You gladlier grew ambitious of her hand,

Which often cropt your odours, incense meet

To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!

Coeval race with man! for man you smile;

Why not smile at him too? You share indeed

His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.

So man is made; nought ministers delight

By what his glowing passions can engage;

And glowing passions, bent on aught below,

Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;

And anguish, after rapture, how severe! [divine,

Rapture! Bold man! who tempt'st the wrath

By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,

While *here*, presuming on the rights of heaven.

For transport dost thou call on every hour,

Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence be wife;

Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;

A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;

On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—

Thought repell'd

Repenting rallies, and wakes every woe.

Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!

And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!

And when high flavour'd thy fresh opening joys!

And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss com-

plete!

And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept!

Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,

Strangers to kindness, wept: their eyes let fall

Inhuman tears! strange tears! that trickled down

From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!

A tenderness that call'd them more severe;

In spite of nature's soft persuasion steel'd;

While nature melted, *superstition* rav'd;

That mourn'd the dead, and *this* denied a grave.

Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will:
 Their will the *tiger* suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
 For, oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
 While *sinful flesh* relented, *spirit* nurs'd
 In blind *infallibility's* embrace,
 The *fainted spirit* petrify'd the breast;
 Deny'd the charity of dust, to spread
 O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
 What could I do? What succour? What resource?
 With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
 With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
 Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
 With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.
 I *whisper'd* what should echo through their realms;
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the
 skies.

Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade! of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
 Half execration mingled with my prayer;
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
 Sore grudge'd the savage land her sacred dust;
 Stamp'd the curs'd soil; and with humanity
 (Denied *Narcissa*) wish'd them all a grave.

Glow's my repentment into guilt? What guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead?
 The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
 Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!
 This heaven-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.
 When every passion sleeps that can offend;
 When strikes us every motive that can melt;
 When man can wreak his rancour *uncontrol'd*,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
Then, spleen to *dust*? the dust of innocence?
 An angel's dust?—This *Lucifer* transcends;
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

For less than this is shocking in a race
 Most *wretched*, but from streams of mutual love;
 And *uncreated*, but for love divine;
 And, but for love divine, this moment *lost*,
 By fate rebor'd, and sunk in endless night.
 Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
 Most horrid! 'mid stupendous, highly strange!
 Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
 Pride brandishes the favours he confers,
 And contemptuous his humanity:
 What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye
 stars!

And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound;
 Man is to man the forest, forest ill.
 A previous blast foretells the rising storm;
 O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
 Volcanos bellow ere they disembody;
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
 And smoke betrays the wide consuming fire:
 Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
 Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
 That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart.

Fir'd is the muse? And let the muse be fir'd;
 Who not enflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
 And in the nerve most tender, in his friends?
 Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes:
 He felt the truths I sing, and I in him.
 But he, nor I, feel more: past ills, *Narcissa*!
 Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!
 Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
 Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that swarm'd
 O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clustering there
 Thick as the locusts on the land of Nile,
 Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
 Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
 How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd?
 An aspice, each! and all, an *Hydra* woe:
 What strong Herculean virtue could suffice?—
 Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?
 This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
 And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress;
 And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
 Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
 A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:
 Not friends alone such obsequies deplore;
 They make mankind the mourner; carry sighs
 Far as the fatal *fame* can wing her way;
 And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
 Down their right channel, through the vale of
 death.

The vale of death! that hush'd Cimmerian vale,
 Where *darkness*, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
 With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
 (Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
 That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
 Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought!
 There let my thought expatiate, and explore
 Balsamic truths and healing sentiments,
 Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *here*.
 For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,
 My soul! "The fruits of dying friends survey;
 "Expose the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
 "Give death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
 "And labour that first palm of noble minds,
 "A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy *Narcissa's* grave,
 As poet's feign'd from Ajax' streaming blood
 Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flower;
 Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
 And *first*, of dying friends; what fruit from these?
 It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
 To chase our *thoughtlessness*, *fear*, *pride*, and *guilt*.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
 To damp our brainless ardors; and abate
 That glare of life which often blinds the wile.
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
 Our rugged path to death; to break those bars
 Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
 Crosses our obstructed way; and, thus to make
 Welcome, as *safe*, our port from every storm.
 Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
 Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
 And, damp't with omen of our own deceal,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd.

Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under foot their agonies and groans;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And fill the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
Auspicious era! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of every thought? and wish of every hour?
And song of every joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten Spanish's fondness not so strange.
To wave the numerous *ills* that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights;
On cold serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless *present* chews the *past*;
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,
Which starve on *orts*, and glean their former field.

Live ever here, Lorenzo!—shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?
For what live ever here?—With labouring step
To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To surfeit on the *same*,
And yawn our joys? Or thank a misery [seen?
For change, though sad? To see what we have
Hear, till unheard, the same old flabber'd tale?
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a fatter year,
Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
Ill-ground, and worse connected! load, not life!
The *rational* soul kennels of excess!
Still-streaming thorough-fares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the
bowl.

Such of our *fine-ones* is the wish refin'd!
So would they have it: elegant desire!
Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?
But such examples might their riot awe.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Though on *bright thought* they father all their
flights)

To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,
The same vain world; to censure, and espouse,
This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Through dread of worse? to cling to this rude
rock,

Barren to them of good, and sharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
Scar'd at the gloomy gulf, that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!

'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
This *bugg'd*, this *hideous* state, what art can cure?
One only; but that one, what all may reach;
Virtue—the, wonder-working goddess! charms
That rock to bloom; and tames the *painted forew*;
And, what will more surprise, Lorenzo! gives
To life's sick, nauseous iteration, change;
And straightens nature's circle to a line.
Believ'st thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
A patient ear; thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste: the cuckoo-seasons sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
To doating *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *sun*,
Make their days various: various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays,
On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,
On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each rising morning fees still higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth maturing, *new* strength, lustre, fame;
While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliss*;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire!
And *bliss*, which Christian schemes alone ensure?
And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
Apostates; and turn infidels for joy?

A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
“He sins against *this* life, who slights the *next*.”
What is this life? How few their favourite know?
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to time eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much;
Like some fair humourists, life is most enjoy'd,
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In prospect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

Where now the barren rock? the painted forew?
 Where now, Lorenzo! life's eternal round?
 Have I not made my triple promise good?
 Vain is the world; but only to the vain.
 To what compare we then this varying scene,
 Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines?
 Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, night
 Assists me here) compare it to the moon;
 Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich
 In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere.
 When gross guilt interposes, labouring earth,
 O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy;
 Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
 Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.

Nor is that glory distant: oh Lorenzo!
 A good man, and an angel! these between
 How thin the barrier! what divides their fate!
 Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
 Or, if an age, it is a moment still;
 A moment, or eternity's forgot.
 Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
 Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.
 Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass?
 The soft transition call it; and be cheer'd;
 Such it is often, and why not to thee?
 To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise;
 And may itself procure, what it presumes.
 Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd;
 Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
 "Strange competition!"—True, Lorenzo, strange!
 So little life can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
 Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
 Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim life peeps at
 light;

Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
 All eye, all ear, the disembod'd power.
 Death has feign'd evils, nature shall not feel;
 Life, ill substantial, wisdom cannot shun.
 Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven!
 By tyrant life dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
 By death enlarg'd, enobled, deify'd?
 Death but entombs the body; life the soul.

"Is death then guiltless! How he marks his way
 "With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
 "Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
 "With various lustres these light up the world,
 "Which death puts out, and darkens human race."
 I grant, Lorenzo! this indictment just:
 The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
 Death humbles these; more barbarous life the man.
 Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
 Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!
 Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts;
 Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves.
 No bliss has life to boast, till death can give
 Far greater; life's a debtor to the grave,
 Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.

Lorenzo! blush at fondness for a life
 Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
 To cater for the sense; and serve at boards,
 Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
 Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
 Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
 In all the dainties of a brute benir'd!
 Lorenzo! blush at terror for a death,

Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
 Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
 And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
 And eternise, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
 What need I more? O death, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
 Age, and disease; disease, though long my guest;
 That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;
 Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
 That call my few friends to my funeral;
 Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
 While reason and religion, better taught,
 Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
 With wreaths triumphant. Death is victory;
 It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
 Lust and ambition, wrath and avarice,
 Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
 That ills corrosive, cures importunate,
 Are not immortal too, O death! is thine.
 Our day of dissolution!—name it right;
 'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest rich
 And ripe: what though the sickle, sometimes
 keen,

Just scars us as we reap the golden grain?
 More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
 Birth's feeble cry, and death's deep dismal groan,
 Are slender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
 For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!
 But O! the last the former so transcends,
 Life dies compar'd: Life lives beyond the grave!

And feel I, death! no joy from thought of thee?
 Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
 With every nobler thought, and fairer deed!
 Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!
 Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns!
 Death, that absolves my birth: a curse without it!
 Rich death, that realizes all my cares,
 Toils, virtues, hopes; without a chimera!
 Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
 Joy's source, and subsist, still subsist unhurt;
 One, in my soul; and one, in her great Sire;
 Though the four winds were warring for my dust,
 Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
 Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
 To dust when drop proud nature's proudest
 spheres)

And live entire. Death is the crown of life:
 Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
 Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
 Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
 Death wounds to cure: we fall, we rise, we reign;
 Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies;
 Where blooming Eden withers in our fight:
 Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity: pain, death?
 When shall I die?—when shall I live for ever?

NIGHT IV.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

Containing our only Cure for the Fear of Death,
 and proper Sentiments of that Inestimable Blessing.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. YORKE.

A MUCH-INDEBTED MUSE, O Yorke! intrudes,
 Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,

Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death ! I sing its sovereign cure.

Why start at death ? Where is he ? Death arriv'd,

Is past ; not come or gone, he's never *here*.
Ere *hope*, *sensation* fails ; black-boding man
Receives, not *suffers*, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave ;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm ;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.

Imagination's fool, and *error's* wretch,
Map makes a death, which nature never made ;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls ;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear ?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.

I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger ; every date cries—“ Come away.”
And what recalls me ? Look the world around,
And tell me what : the wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of women give his thought
Full range on just *dislike's* unbounded field ;
Of things, the vanity ; of men, the flaws ;
Flaws in the *best* ; the many, flaw all o'er ;
As *leopards* spotted, or as Ethiops dark ;
Vivacious ill ; good dying immature ;
(How immature, Narcissa's marble tells !)
And at his death bequeathing endless pain ;
His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs for future scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant
To *lucky* life) some perquisites of joy ;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
But from our comment on the comedy,
Pleading *reflections* on parts well sustain'd,
Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
When on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
Toss *fortune* back her tinsel, and her plume,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

With me, that time is come ; my world is dead ;
A new world rises, and new manners reign ;
Foreign comedians, a spruce band ! arrive,
To push me from the scene, or hiss me there,
What a pert race starts up ! the strangers gaze,
And I at them ; my neighbour is unknown ;
Nor that the worst : Ah me ! the dire effect
Of loitering here, of death defrauded long ;
Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),
My very master knows me not.—

Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate ?
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever pressing dims the sight,
And hides behind its ardour to be seen.
When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great ;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.
Refusal ! canst thou wear a smoother form ?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme :
Who cheapens life, abates the *fear of death* :
Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy,

Court favour, yet untaken, I beseege ;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas ! ambition makes my little less ;
Embittering the posselt : Why wish for more ?
Wifing, of all employments, is the worst ;
Philosophy's reverie ; and health's decay !
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wifing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-sea dream,
Wifing is an expedient to be poor.
Wifing, that constant *besiege* of a fool ;
Caught at a court ; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet ; gifts of rural life !

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms :
And meditate on scenes, more silent still ;
Pursue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager *ambition's* a fiery chace I see ;
I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing, and pursued, each other's prey ;
As wolves, for rapine ; as the fox, for wiles ;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?
Earth's highest station ends in, “ Here he lies,”
And “ dust to dust,” concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late ;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state ;
Some avocation deeming it—to die,
Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich* ;
Guilt's blunder ! and the loudest laugh of hell.

O my coevals ! remnants of yourselves !
Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave !
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil ?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
Trembling at once with eagerness and age ?
With avarice and convulsions grasping hard ?
Grasping at air ! for what has earth beside ?
Man wants but little ; nor that little long ;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour !
Years *unexperienc'd* rush on numerous ill ;
And soon as man, *expert* from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opens the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firm in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and sifter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive : and am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible I live ?
Alive by miracle ! or what is next,

Alive by Mead! if I am still alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more shallow than impure
And *oasis*; *sense* and *reason* show the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial fun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could know
No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing, with the patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land *unknown*;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

Though nature's terrors *thou* may be repress'd;
Still frowns grim death; guilt points the tyrant's
spear.

And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
Ah me! too long I set at nought the swarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And smil'd unsmitten: small my cause to smile!
Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.
O think how deep, Lorenzo! here it stings:
Who can appease its anguish? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can
draw?

What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?

With joy—with grief that *healing hand* I see;
Ah, too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high,
On high?—What means my phrenzy? I blaspheme;
Alas, how low! how far beneath the skies!
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds;
Draw the dire steel—ah no! the dreadful blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
The falling universe: that gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
Darkness is his curtain, and his bed the dust;
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! a groan *not his*.
He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds so bought, were bought too
dear;

Sensations *new* in angels bosoms rise;
Suspend their song; and make a pause in bliss.

O for their song, to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me, *night*! with all thy tuneful spheres;
Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes,
And show to men the dignity of man;
Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
Shall *Pagan* pages glow celestial flame,
And *Christian* languish? on our hearts, not heads,

Falls the foul infamy: my heart, awake!
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
"Expended deity on human weal?"
Feel the great truths, which burst the tenfold night
Of heathen error, with a golden flood
Of endless day: to feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, Lorenzo! is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous power!
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!
That arms, which awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night!
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just!
Thou, rather than thy justice should be stain'd,
Didst stain the *cross*; and work of wonders far
The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.

Bold thought! shall I dare speak it, or repress?
Should man more execrate, or boast, the guilt
Which rous'd such vengeance! which such love
inflam'd?

O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with out-stretch'd
Stern justice and soft-smiling love embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably lost;
What, but the *fathomless* of thought divine,
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue both? both rescue! both exalt:
O how are both exalted by the deed!
The wondrous deed! or shall I call it *more*?
A wonder in omnipotence itself!
A mystery no less to gods than men!

Not *thou*, our infidels' eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself,
Undeifi'd by their opprobrious praise:
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worse for mending! wath'd to fouler stains!
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven—
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.

And was the ransom paid? it was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot: midnight veil'd his face;
Not such as *this*; not such as nature makes;
A *midnight* nature shudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his
cross;

Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and heaven that hour let fall a tear;

Heaven wept, that men might smile! heaven bled,
that man

Might never die! —

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*.

What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like
these?

Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd. — Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise;
And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught:
Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the
cross,

Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze! — in his best *life*
I see the *path*, and in his *death* the *price*,
And in his great *ascend* the *proof* supreme
Of immortality. — And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!

He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!

And give the king of glory to come in.

Who is the king of glory? he who left

His throne of glory, for the pang of death!

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!

And give the king of glory to come in.

Who is the king of glory? he who flew

The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!

The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd

Heaven with amazement at his love to man;

And with divine complacency beheld

Powers most illum'd, wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain?

Oh the burst gates! crush'd sling! demolish'd
throne! [heaven!]

Last gasp of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and

This *sum* of good to man. *Whose* nature, then,

Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!

Then, then, I rose; then first *humanity*

Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,

(Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,

Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous

To call man mortal. Man's mortality [ration

Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heaven's du-

Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,

This child of dust — Man, all-immortal! hail;

Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!

Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,

On Christian joy's exulting wing, above

Th' Aonian mount! — Alas! small cause for joy!

What if to pain immortal? if extent

Of being, to preclude a close of woe?

Where, then, my boast of immortality?

I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;

For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd,

'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;

Nor that, unless his death can justify

Relenting guilt in Heaven's indulgent sight.

If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes

My name in heaven, with that inverted spear

(A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his

And open'd there a font for all mankind, [side,

Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:

This, only *this*, subdues the fear of death.

And what is *this*? — Survey the wondrous cure?
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!

"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon

"Through means that speak its value infinite!

"A pardon bought with blood! with blood di-

"vine!

"With blood divine of him I made my foe!

"Persisted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,

"Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!

"A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne:

"Nor I alone! a rebel universe!

"My species up in arms! not one exempt!

"Yet for the feeblest of the soul, he dies,

"Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!

"As if our race were held of highest rank;

"And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"

Bound, every heart! and every bosom burn!

O what a scale of miracles is here!

Its lowest round, high planted on the skies;

Its towering summit lost beyond the thought

Of man or angel! O that I could climb

The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!

Praise! flow for ever (if astonishment

Will give thee leave): my praise! for ever flow;

Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven

More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd,

And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to heaven, shall *praise* descend,

With her soft plume (from *plausive* angels wing

First pluck'd my man) to tickle mortal ears,

Thus diving in the pockets of the great?

Is *praise* the perquisite of every paw,

Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold?

Oh, love of gold! thou meanest of amours!

Shall *praise* her odours waste on virtue's dead,

Embaln the base, perfume the stench of guilt,

Earn dirty bread by washing *Aethiops* fair,

Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,

A scavenger in *scenes*, where *vacant* polls

Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect

Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,

Return, apostate *praise!* thou vagabond!

Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,

Thy first, thy greatest, once univ'ral'd theme.

There flow redundant! like *Meander* flow,

Back to thy fountain; to that parent Power,

Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,

The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,

Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow

In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,

Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,

Great Sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing:

To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!

O the presumption of man's awe for man!

Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!

Thine, all! day thine, and thine this gloom of

night,

With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:

What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?

What, heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile?

And shall not praise be thine, not human praise?

While heaven's high host on *hallelujahs* tive?

O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe

My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,

And all her infinite of prospect fair,

Cut through the shades of hell, *great love!* by thee
O most adorable! most unador'd! [end]
Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
How is *night's* sable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What *wisdom* shines! what *love!* this midnight
pomp,

This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profusion: Thou, apart,
Above! beyond! O tell me, mighty mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the deep?
Call to the *sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*,
For their Creator? Shall I question loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds he furious *storms* in streighten'd reins,
And bids fierce *wobirwinds* wheel his rapid car?

What mean these questions?—Trembling I re-
tract;

My prostrate soul adores the *present* God:
Praise I a distant Deity? He tunes [tains:
My voice (if tun'd): the nerve, that writes, suf-
Wrapt in his being, I resound his praise:
But though past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
His essence: *local* is his throne (as meet),
To gather the dispers'd (as standards call
The lifted from afar): to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since *finite* every nature but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature's* birth;
And *nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
The great *First-Last!* pavilion'd high he sits,
In darkness from excessive splendour borne,
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors; he looks down
On all that soars; and spans immensity. [view,

Though *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to
Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,
A mere effluvia of his majesty:
And shall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of Heaven?
Down to the centre should I send my thought
Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
Goes out in darkness: if, on towering wing,
I send it through the boundless vault of stars!
The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to
thee,

Great, good, wise, wonderful, eternal King!
If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss;
And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.

Still more—This theme is man's, and man's
alone;

Their vast appointments reach it not: they see
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for heaven's superior praise!
First-born of *Ether*! high in fields of light!

View man, to see the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;
And some *did* envy; and the rest, though gods,
Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
They less would *feel*, though more adorn, my
theme,

They sung *creation* (for in that they *shar'd*):
How rose in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
Thine is *redemption*; they just gave the key:
'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song;
Though human, yet divine; for should not *this*
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here*?
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
Far more than labour—It was *death* in heaven.
A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder still to disbelieve! [heaven?

Here pause, and ponder: was there death in
What then on earth? On earth, which struck the
blow?

Who struck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd
Seen through this medium! how the pigmy
towers!

How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
How voided his vast distance from the skies!
How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
Which is the seraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heaven!
The double son; the made, and the re-made!
And shall heaven's double property be lost?
Man's double madness only can destroy.

To man the bleeding cross has promis'd *all*;
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace;
Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?
O ye! who, from this rock of *ages*, leap,
Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
Our interest in the master of the storm!
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd nature's ruins *smile*;
While vile apostates *tremble* in a calm.

Man! know thyself. All wisdom centres there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'er-look, admire:
How long shall human nature be *their* book,
Degenerate mortal! and *unread* by thee?
The beam dim *reason* sheds shows wonders there;
What high contents! illustrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the *cross*.

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, eternity! at thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,

Or, what a world, and Eden : heighten'd all !
 It is another scene ! another self !
 And still another, as time rolls along ;
 And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
 Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
 Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
 What evolutions of surprising fate !
 How nature opens, and receives my soul
 In boundless walks of raptur'd thought ! where
 gods

Encounter and embrace me ! What new births
 Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun ;
 Where what now charms, perhaps, what'er exists,
 Old time, and fair creation, are forgot !

Is this extravagant ? Of man we form
 Extravagant conception, to be just :
 Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him :
 Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father ! kindled at one flame
 The world of rationals ; one spirit pour'd
 From spirit's awful fountain : pour'd himself
 Through all their souls ; but not in equal stream,
 Profuse, or frugal, of th' aspiring God,
 As his wife plan demanded ; and when past
 Their various trials in their various spheres,
 If they continue rational, as made,
 Reforbs them all into himself again ;
 His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,
 Though yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold ?
 Angels are men of a superior kind ;
 Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
 High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight ;
 And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
 Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
 And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
 Angels their failings, mortals have their praise ;
 While *Here*, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,
 And summon'd to the glorious Standard soon,
 Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
 Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
 Yet absent ; but not absent from their love.
 Michael has fought our battles ; Raphael sung
 Our triumphs ; Gabriel on our errands flown,
 Sent by the Sovereign : and are these, O man !
 Thy friends, thy warm allies ? and thou (shame
 burn

The cheek to cinder !) rival to the brute ?

Religion's All. Descending from the skies
 To wretched man, the goddess in her left,
 Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next* ;

Religion ! the sole voucher man is man ;
 Supporter sole of man above himself ;
 Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
 She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion ! Providence ! an After-state !
Here is firm footing ; *here* is solid rock !
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
 Sinks under us ; beforms, and then devours.
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
 Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
 And dungeon horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd,
 Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure

Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
 His heart exults, his spirits cast their load ;
 As if new-born, he triumphs in the change ;
 So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims,
 And fordid sweets, from feculence and froth
 Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
 To *Reason's* region, her own element,
 Breathes hope immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion ! thou the soul of happiness ;
 And, groaning Calvary, of thee ! *There* shine
 The noblest truths ; *there* strongest motives sting ;
 There sacred violence assaults the soul ;
 There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborn.
 Can love allure us ; or can terror awe ?
He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the sun ;
He sighs !—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes !
 If in his love so terrible, what then
 His wrath inflam'd ? his tenderness on fire ?
 Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires ?
 Can prayer, can praise, avert it ?—Thou, my *All* !
 My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
 My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth :—my world !
 My light in darkness ! and my life in death !
 My boast through time ! bliss through eternity !
 Eternity, too short to speak thy praise !
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man !
 To man of men the meanest, ev'n a to me ;
 My sacrifice ! my God ! what things are these !
 What then art thou ? by what name shall I call
 thee ?

Knew I the name devout archangels use,
 Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
 By me unrival'd ; thousands more sublime,
 None half so dear as that which though unspoke,
 Still glows at heart : O how omnipotence
 Is lost in love ! Thou great Philanthropist
 Father of angels ! but the friend of man !
 Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born !
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking
 brand

From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood !
 How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress !
 To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
 Too big for birth ! to favour, and confound ;
 To challenge, and to distance all return !
 Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale !
 Thy right, too great, defrauds thee of thy due ;
 And sacrilegious our sublimest song.
 But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile,
 Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
 And future life symphonious to my strain,
 ('That noblest hymn to heaven !') for ever lie
 Entomb'd my *fear of death* ! and every fear,
 The dread of every evil, but thy frown.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile ?
 Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
 Ye quietists, in homage to the skies !
 Serene ! of soft address ! who mildly make
 An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
 Abhorring violence ! who halt indeed ;
 But, for the blessing, *wrestle* not with heaven !
 Think you my song too turbulent ? too warm ?
 Are *passions*, then, the pagans of the soul !

Reason alone baptiz'd? alone ordain'd
To touch things sacred? Oh for warmer still!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers;
Oh for an humbler heart! and prouder song!
Thou, my much injur'd theme! with that soft
eye

Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
And pardon to the winter in my strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists!
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*.
Shall heaven, which gave us ardour, and has shown
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors, preach;
That prove of piety, a lukewarm praise?
Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd*?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung:
High heaven's *orchestra* chaunts *amen* to man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and rasting strong of heaven,
Soft-wafted on celestial *piety's* plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh when will *death* (now stings like), like a friend;
Admit me of their choir? O when will *death*
This mouldering, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!
Great *future*! glorious patron of the *past*,
And *present*! when shall I thy shrine adore?
From nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
This dark, incarcerated *colony*,
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, through the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and, through his wounds
Beholding man, allows that tender name.
'Tis this makes *Christian* triumph a command:
'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wife;
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

See thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
Touch'd by the *Cross*, we live; or, *more* than die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory; partial *touch*!
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!

Sacred to man, and sovereign through the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heaven through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *nature*? and thy God's renown.
That *touch*, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones trans-
forms

The ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb.

Dost ask me when? When he who dy'd returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of
woe?

In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train,
Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven;
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the tomb.

Is this my fancy thrown remote; and rise
Dark doubts between the promise and event?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read nature! nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is *Christian*; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations; from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; ev'n *adversaries* hear;
But turn, and dart into the night again.
Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind *nature* cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* disarms destruction; and absolves
From every clamorous charge, the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve? Lorenzo!—"Reason bids,
"All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-sacred *reason*? source, and soul, of all
Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life; life dearer of the two.
Wear I the blessed Cross, by fortune stamp'd
On passive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with local zeal!
No; *reason* re-baptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale;
My heart became the convert of my head,
And made that choice, which once was but my
fate.

"On argument alone my faith is built:"
Reason pursu'd is *faith*; and, unpursued
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more:
And such our *proof*, that, or our *faith* is right,
Or *reason* lies, and heaven design'd it *wrong*:
Absolve we this? What, then, is blasphemy?
Fond as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die; but reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian; think not reason *yours*;
'Tis *reason* our great *Master* holds so dear;
'Tis *reason's* injur'd rights his wrath repents;

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

'Tis *reason's* voice obey'd his glories crown;
To give lost *reason* life, he pour'd his own:
Believe, and show the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Through *reason's* wounds alone thy faith can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting. [due

Learn hence what honours, what loud *paans*,
To those, who push our *antidote* aside;
Those boasted friends to *reason*, and to *man*,
Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd
And vilified at once; of *reason* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While *love of truth* through all their camp refounds,
They draw *pride's* curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd Argument;
And, then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the sun:" and, Indian-like, adore.

Talk they of *morals*? O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of thee.
As wise as Socrates, if such they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown)
As wise as Socrates, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.

A Christian is the highest style of man:
And is there, who the blessed Cross wipes off,
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, depending of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?

Ye flock to sense! ye citizens of earth!
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your
gain?

Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
"And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;
"Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
"But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
"A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy
shroud!

Where is the fable of thy former years!
Thrown down the gulf of time; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possessest, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd.
By strides as swift: eternity is all;
And whose eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!
For ever basking in the Deity!
Lorenzo! who?—Thy conscience shall reply.

O give it leave to speak; 'twill speak ere long,
Thy leave unask'd: Lorenzo! hear it now,
While useful its advice, its accent mild,
By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is depose'd with man's *last hour*;
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust:
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his counsel when he made the worlds;
Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made;
Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys,
That heaven-commission'd hour no sooner calls,
But, from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,
The goddess, bursts in thunder, and in flame;
Loudly convinces, and severely pains.
Dark *demons* I discharge, and Hydra stings;
The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is hell:
Just definition! though by schools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth! peruse this parson'd page,
And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest;
"Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*."

NIGHT V. THE RELAPSE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

LORENZO! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.

As just thy *second charge*. I grant the *use*
Has often blush'd at her degenerate sons,
Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given to make a *civet* of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of *pleasure*, and of *pride*.
These share the man; and these distract him too;
In draw different ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But *pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride* resents;
Pleasure embraces: man would both enjoy,
And both at once: a point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when stung by strong desire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *reason's* taste;
In subtle *sophistry's* laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason *new*, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose;
Nor less than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which flock'd the judgment, shocks no
more;

That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends
Pleasure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
 At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
 By *wit*'s address, patch up a fatal peace,
 And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
 From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, curst art! wipes off th' indebred blush
 From nature's cheek, and bronzes every shame.
 *Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
 And infamy stands candidate for praise.

All writ by man in favour of the soul,
 These *sensual ethics* far, in bulk, transcend
 The flowers of eloquence, profusely pour'd
 O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
 Can powers of genius exercise their page,
 And consecrate enormities with song?

But let not these inexpiable strains
 Condemn the muse that knows her dignity;
 Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world
 As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
 A point in her esteem; from whence to start,
 And run the round of universal space,
 To visit being universal there,
 And being's source, that utmost flight of mind!
 Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
 Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
 Sing *syrens* only? Do not angels sing?
 There is in *poesy* a decent pride,
 Which well becomes her when she speaks to *praise*,
 Her younger sister; haply, not more wise.

Think'st thou, Lorenzo! to find passions here?
 No guilty passion blown into a flame,
 No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
 No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
 No rainbow colours, *here*, or silken tale:
 But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
 With double weight, through these revolving
 spheres,

This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade:
 Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;
 Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
 And thy dark pencil, *midnight*! darker still
 In melancholy dip'd, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, even *this*, my laughter-loving friends!
 Lorenzo! and thy brothers of the smile!

If, what imports you most, can most engage,
 Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
 Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
 The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel;
 And, feeling, give assent; and their assent
 Is ample recompense; is more than praise.
 But chiefly thine, O Litchfield! nor mistake;
 Think not unintruduc'd I force my way;
 Narcissa, not unknown, not unally'd,
 By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth!
 To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bowers,
 Where all the language *harmony*, descends
 Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse:
 A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise;
 Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.

O thou! blest Spirit! *whether* the supreme,
 Great antemundane Father! in whose breast
 Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
 And all its various revolutions roll'd

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Present, though future; prior to themselves;
 Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
 Or, from his throne some delegated power,
 Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
 From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!
 Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
 Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
 And fuller of the god, than that which burst
 From fam'd Castalia: nor is yet allay'd
 My sacred thirst; though long my soul has ring'd
 Through pleasing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
 By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.

By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought*;
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.

By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
 Strunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
 Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.

By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
 Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.

By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
 Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpres'd, the births
 Of pure election; arbitrary range,
 Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;

But from *ethereal* travels, light on *earth*,
 As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.

Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
 Of feather'd popperies, the sun adore:

Darkness has more divinity for me;
 It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul

To settle on herself, our point supreme!
 There lies our theatre! there sits our judge.

Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
 'Tis the kind hand of providence stretch'd out

'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reason*'s reign,
 And *virtue*'s too; these tutelary shades

Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too;

It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,

Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
 Nor touches on the world, without a stain:

The world's infectious; few bring back at eve
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.

Something *we thought*, is blotted; *we resolve*,
 Is shaken; *we renounce*, returns again.

Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.

Nor is it strange: *light*, *motion*, *consciousness*, *noise*,
 All, scatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,

Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,

And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
Present example gets within our guard,

And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*

Strikes like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe;

And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
 From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,

And shot at random, often has brought home
 A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,

Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure desire*.
 We see, we hear, with peril; *society* dwells

Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
 Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!

F

We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.
This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone,
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,
On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from heaven
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His labouring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In *private* audience: all the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands;
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
(Rude-drunkard rising rosy from the main!)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black
waste

Of murder'd time! Auspicious *midnight*! hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heaven,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm;
All her lies answers, and *thinks* down her charms.

What awful joy! what mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkness; rather say,
(If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the clustering thoughts around
Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade;
But droop by day, and sicken in the sun.
Thoughts borrows light elsewhere; from that *first*
fire,

Fountain of animation! whence descends
Urania, my celestial guest! who deigns
Nightly to visit me, so mean; and *now*,
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wandering thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart! Narcissa's tomb!
Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again?
Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood!
A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
And now we sink: to be the *same*, transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
The noblest spirit, fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusty region, charg'd with storms,

But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying short her flight, and sure her fall.
Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
And not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praise.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where *grief* detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off, in ether pure,
And thruck the stars; *now* feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In sorrow drown'd, but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in *sorrow's* stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves:
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Inestimable gain) and gives heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficient in thy school are made
Than *genius* or *proud learning* e'er could boast.
Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This *book-caste*, with dark booty almost burst,
This *forager* on others' wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd.
With mix'd manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not dress'd, and rich to beggary.
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
Her *servant's* wealth encumber'd *wisdom* mourns.

And what says *genius*? "Let the dull be wise."
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;
And loves to boast where blush men less inspir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense*;
Considers *reason* as a leveller;
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
To *glory*, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.
Craesus but sleeps, Ardelio is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool than wit.

But *wisdom* smiles when humbled mortals weep.
When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as ploughs the
glebe,

And hearts obdurate feel her softening shower,
Her seed celestial then glad *wisdom* sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
If so, Narcissa, welcome my *relapse*;
I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compensation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,
And gather every thought of sovereign power
To chase the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts which may bear transplanting to the skies,
Though natives of this coarse penurious soil:
Nor wholly wither *there*, where *scraps* sing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heaven.
Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
In either clime, though more illustrious *there*.
These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb;

THE COMPLAINT; OR, NIGHT THOUGHTS.

And, peradventure, of no fading flowers. [scend?

Say on what themes shall puzzled choice de-

"Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;

"*Why* men decline it; *suicide's* foul birth;

"The various *kind of grief*; the *faults of age*;

"And *death's dread character*—invite my song."

And first th' importance of our end survey'd.

Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief:

Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal *too soon*:

Are *they* more kind than *he* who struck the blow?

Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,

And banish peace, till *nobler guests* arrive,

And bring it back, a true and endless peace?

Calamities are *friends*: as glaring *day*

Of these unnumber'd lustres rob our sight,

Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts

Of import high, and light divine, to man.

The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,

(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)

Is led by choice to take his favourite walk

Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent, cypress shades,

Unpiere'd by vanity's fantastic ray

To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,

Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!

Lorenzo! read with me Narcissa's stone;

(Narcissa was thy favourite) let us read

Her *moral* stone! few doctors preach so well;

Few orators so tenderly can touch

The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date*!

Apt words can strike; and yet in *them* we see

Faint images of what *we here* enjoy.

What cause have *we* to build on length of life?

Temptations seize when *fear* is laid asleep;

And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humbler shrine,

Truth, radiant goddess! sallies on my soul,

And puts *delusion's* dusky train to flight;

Dispels the mists our sultry *passions* raise

From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene;

And shows the *real* estimate of things;

Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;

Pulls off the veil from *virtue's* rising charms;

Detects *temptation* in a thousand lies.

Truth bids me look on men as *autumn* leaves,

And all they bleed for as the summer's dust,

Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,

I widen my horizon, gain new powers,

See things invisible, feel things remote,

Am present with futurities; think nought

To man so foreign as the joys *possess'd*,

Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.

No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* sight;

Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms;

In pompous promise, from her schemes profound,

If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,

Like Sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!

At the first blast it vanishes in air.

Not so *celestial*: wouldst thou know, Lorenzo;

How differ *worldly wisdom* and *divine*?

Just as the waning and the waxing moon.

More empty *worldly wisdom* every day;

And every day more fair her *riotal* shines.

When *later*, there's less time to play the fool.

Soon our old term for wisdom is expir'd,

(Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave:)

And everlasting fool is writ in fire;

Or *real* wisdom waits us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resembles Sibyl's leaves,

The good man's days to Sibyl's books compare,

(In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale,)

In price still rising, as in number less,

Inestimable quite his final hour.

For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones;

Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.

"Oh let me die his death!" all nature cries:

"Then live his life."—All nature faulters there;

Our great physician daily to consult,

To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.

What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's;

and yet

From a friend's grave how soon we disengage!

Even to the dearest, as his marble, cold.

Why are friends ravisht from us? 'Tis to bind,

By soft *affection's* ties, on human hearts,

The thought of death, which *reason*, too supine,

Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.

Nor reason, nor *affection*, no, nor both

Comb'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.

Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!

Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!

And to forget it the chief *aim* of life,

Though well to ponder it is life's chief end.

Is death, that ever-threatening, ne'er remote,

That all-important, and that only sure,

(Come when he will) an unexpected guest?

Nay, though invited by the loudest calls

Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected still?

Though numerous messengers are sent before

To warn his great arrival. What the cause,

The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill?

All heaven looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it that life has sown her *joys* so thick,

We can't thrust in a single care between?

Is it that life has such a swarm of *cares*,

The thought of death can't enter for the throng?

Is it that *time* steals on with downy feet,

Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?

To-day is so like *yesterday*, it cheats;

We take the lying sister for the same.

Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook;

For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.

In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice;

To the same life none ever twice awoke.

We call the brook the same; the same we think

Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;

Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably laps'd,

And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say

(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)

That life is like a vessel on the stream?

In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide

Of *time* descend, but not on *time* intent;

Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave,

Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;

We start, awake, look out; what see we there?

Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought?

Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* struck blind,

That domineering mistress of the soul!

Like *him* so strong, by Dalilah the fair?

Or is it *fear* turns startled *reason* back

From looking down a precipice so steep?
 'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd
 By nature, conscious of the make of man.
 A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
 A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
 By that unaw'd in life's most smiling hour,
 The good man would repine, would suffer joys,
 And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
 The bad, on each punctilious pique of pride,
 Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein;
 Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
 And mar the schemes of Providence below.

What groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies! rise,
 And drown in your less execrable yell
 Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
 On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
 Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
 Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
 So call'd, so thought—And then he sied the field.
 Less base the fear of death than fear of life.
 O Britain, infamous for suicide!
 An island in thy manners, far disjoin'd
 From the whole world of *rational*s beside!
 In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
 Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
 Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
 And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world.
 Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
 The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd:
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
 The cause I sing in Eden might prevail,
 And proves it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man, (let man in homage bow,
 Who names his *soul*) a native of the skies!
 High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
 Unfold, unmortgag'd for *earth's* little bribes.
 Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
 Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
 Studious of home, and ardent to return,
 Of *earth* suspicious, *earth's* enchanted cup
 With cool reserve light touching, should indulge
 On *immortality* her godlike taste, [there.
 There take large draughts, make her chief banquet.

But some reject this sustenance divine;
 To beggarly vile appetites descend;
 Ask alms of *earth* for guests that came from *heaven*;
 Sink into slaves; and sell, for *present* hire,
 Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
 Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways
 This nether world. And when his payments fail,
 When his foul basket gorges them no more,
 Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full,
 Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
 For breaking all the chains of Providence,
 And bursting their confinement, though fast barr'd
 By laws divine and human, guarded strong
 With horrors doubled to defend the pass,
 The blackest *nature* or *dire guilt* can raise,
 And moted round with fathomless *destruction*,
 Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.

Such, Britons! is the *cause*, to you unknown,
 Or worse o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
 Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
 Is madness, but the madness of the heart.

And what is that? Our utmost bound of guilt.
 A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
 With monstrous births, and *suicide*, to crown
 The black infernal brood. The bold to break
 Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
 Through sacred *nature's* murder on their own,
 Because they never *think of death*, they die.
 'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
 At once to shun, and meditate his end.
 When by the bed of languishment we sit,
 (The seat of *wisdom*! if our choice, not fate)
 Or o'er our dying friends in anguish hang,
 Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
 Number their moments, and in every clock
 Start at the voice of an eternity;
 See the dim lamp of life just feebly list
 An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
 Then sink again, and quiver into death,
 That most pathetic herald of our own:
 How read we such sad scenes? As sent to man
 In perfect vengeance? No; in pity sent,
 To melt him down like wax, and then impress,
 Idelible, *death's* image on his heart;
 Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
 We bleed; we tremble, we forget, we smile.
 The mind turns fool before the cheek is dry.
 Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all,
 As the tide rushing rases what is writ
 In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.
 Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a *sigh*?
 Or study'd the philosophy of *tears*?
 (A science yet unlearn'd in our schools!)
 Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
 And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
 And trace these briny rivulets to their springs.

Our funeral tears from different causes rise,
 As if from separate cisterns in the soul,
 Of various *kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
 By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,
 And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
 Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
 Some hearts, in secret heard, unapt to melt,
 Struck by the magic of the public eye,
 Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain.
 Some weep to share the fate of the deceased,
 So high in merit, and to them so dear.
 They dwell on praises, which they think they share;
 And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
 Some mourn, in proof, that something they could
 love:

They weep not to relieve their grief, but *show*.
 Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
 As conscious all their love is in arrears.
 Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,
 Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
 With what address the soft Ephesians draw
 Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
 As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
 While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek!
 Of her's not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,
 Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
 Some weep at *death*, abstracted from the dead,
 And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease.
 By kind construction some are *deem'd* to weep,
 Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indifferetion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while *reason* sleeps;
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;
Knows not it speaks to *her*, and *her alone*.
Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,
That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *sorrow's* pang, the birth of endless joy.
But *these* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stingle's tale;
Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.

Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by
death

Are spent in watering vanities of life;
In making *folly* flourish still more fair,
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
Instead of learning, *there*, her *true support*,
Though *there* thrown down her true support to
learn.

Without heaven's aid, impatient to be blest,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell;
With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life:
Presents her *weed*, well fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's* head on the ring.

So wept Aurelia, till the destin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching fables into bridal bloom.
So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not such, Narcissa, my distress for thee.
I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
To sacrifice to wisdom. What wast thou?
"Young, gay, and fortunate!" Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe;
(Heaven knows I labour with feverer still!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.
A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And, first, thy youth. What says it to gray hairs!
Narcissa, I'm become thy pupil now—
Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on another's grave.
Cover'd with shame I speak it, age severe
Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair;
With graceless gravity, chastising youth,
That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulness of death:
As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead prescription from the grave;
Deathless, from repetition of reprieve,

Deathless? far from it! *such* are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.

Tell me, some god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus insatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand
quivers

Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death entrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: he *must*,
And *soon*; we *may*, within an *age*, expire.
Though gray our heads, our thoughts and aims
are green;

Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent;
Folly sings six, while *nature* points at twelve.

Aburd *longevity*! More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when *relish* fails?
Objects, and *appetite*, must club for joy;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
While *nature* is relaxing every string?
Ask *thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed?
Contract the taste immortal; learn ev'n now
To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die,
That wish is *praise*, and *promise*; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their fires?
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Gray-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How shocking: it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our first childhood might our last despise.
Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first*; the *last*,
Nothing, but the *repute* of being *wise*.
Folly bars both; our age is quite undone.

What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment; and the *will* subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must fail so soon;
And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene!

All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaste;
This art would waste the bitterness of death

The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.

A disaffection to that precious thought
Is more than *midnight* darkens on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask, Lorenzo, why so warmly prest,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear, [chine,
The thought of death? That thought is the ma-
chine The grand machine: that heaves us from the dust,
And rears us into men. That thought, ply'd home,
Will soon reduce the ghastly *precipice*
O'er-hanging hell, will soften the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave;
How warmly to be wish'd! What heart of flesh
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
(To speak a language *too well* known to thee)
Would at a moment give its *all* to chance,
And *stamp* the die for an eternity?

Aid me, Narcissa! aid me to keep pace
With *destiny*; and ere her scissars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my *slumbering reason* to send forth
A thought of observation on the foe;
To rally; and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man;
Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all.
All *accident* apart, by *nature* sign'd,
My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
Man is a self-survivor every year.
Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, his; my *yesterday*;
The bold invader shares the *present* hour.
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?
If fear we must, let that death turn us pale,
Which murders *strength* and *ardour*; what remains
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's
knell

(Rude visitant!) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme, in every place and hour;
Nor longer want, ye monumental fires!
A brother tomb to tell you ye shall die.
That death you *dread* (so great is nature's skill)
Know, you shall *court* before you shall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you sit;
In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance!
Would you be still more learn'd than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be
known,

And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *sense*.

Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indispensable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods;
And dive in *science* for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride!
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's character*, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *sarcastic*, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countless multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *disappoint* us, by their deaths!
Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.

Like other tyrants, *death* delights to smite,
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their childrens tomb:
Me thine, Narcissa!—What though short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methuselems may die;
O how misdated on their flattering tombs!

Narcissa's youth has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counsel too?
That, like the Jews fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles infraction; such as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill-known to thee, Lorenzo! *This* thy vaunt:
"Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;
"Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave;
"Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
"But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'st him; *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, "That farthest from the fear,
"Are often nearest to the *stroke of fate*?"

All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers should emit a flame,
Glad spirits sparkled from Narcissa's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live,
As nature's opposites wage endless war,
For *this* offence, as treason to the deep
Inviolable stupor of his reign,
Where *lust*, and turbulent *ambition*, sleep,
Death took swift vengeance. As he life detest'd,
More life is still more odious; and, reduc'd
By conquest, aggrandizes more his power.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By heaven's decree,

To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end. [6
Thus runs death's dread commission: "Strike, but
"As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprise*,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim; [most.
And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs
This proves my bold assertion not too bold.

What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* assumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all shapes that serve his black designs:
Though master of a wider empire far
Than that o'er which the Roman eagle flew.
Like Nero, he's a sidler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guise;
Quite unsuspected, till the wheel beneath,
His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the forms least like himself,
His slender self. Hence burly corpulence
In his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Such, on Narcissa's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, still was seen
To *smile*; such peace has innocence in death!
Most happy they! whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy,
I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the tyrant *dress*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.
Say, muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
And show Lorenzo the surprising scene;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.

'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I stood.
Death would have enter'd; *nature* push'd him back;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *dismist*
The sage; for *death* design'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *usurer*
His meagre aspect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamp'ring *spendthrift*; whose fantastic air,
Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
His crooked bow he straiten'd to a cane;
And hid his deadly shafts in Myra's eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equip'd,
Out-fallies on adventures. Ask you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* suffice; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleasure's* footsteps round the world;
When *pleasure* treads the path, which *reason* shuns.
When, against *reason*, riot shuts the door;
And *gaiety* supplies the place of *sense*,
Then, foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dace, or stamps the deadly die;

Nor ever fails the midnight howl to crown.
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Only he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: and when the revel burns,
When *fear* is banish'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against him turns the key; and bids him sup
With their progenitors—He drops his mask;
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than *simple conquest*, in the fiend?

And now, Lorenzo, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore thou be fit;
Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear;
Left slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And *fate* surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from most)
Hide too from thee the precious *use* of life.

Early, not sudden, was Narcissa's fate.
Soon, not surprising, *death* his visit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Though *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And every glittering gewgaw, on her sight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And every thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conspir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happiness
(If happiness on earth) to crown her brow.
And could *death* charge through such a shining
shield?

That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of *death's* ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with every bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our evening's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal given,
The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call *death's* arrows on the destin'd prey.

High fortune seems in cruel league with *fate*.
Ask you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;

Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
 And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime
 Of life? To hang his airy nest on high,
 On the flight timber of the topmost bough,
 Rockt at each beeeze, and menacing a fall?
 Granting grim death at equal distance there;
 Yet peace begins just where ambition ends.
 What makes man wretched? Happiness deny'd?
 Lorenzo! no: 'Tis happiness disdain'd.
 She comes too meanly drest to win our smile;
 And calls herself content, a homely name!
 Our flame is transport, and content our scorn.
 Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
 And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead;
 A tempest to warm transport near of kin.
 Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
 Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;
 And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace;
 Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
 Of fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!
 As late I drew death's picture, to stir up
 Thy wholesome fears; now, drawn in contrast, see
 Gay fortune's, thy vain hope's to reprimand.
 See, high in air the sportive goddess hangs,
 Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
 And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
 Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
 All ruff rapacious: friends o'er trodden friends;
 Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
 Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
 (Still more ador'd) to snatch the golden shower.

Gold glitters most, where virtue shines no more;
 As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
 O what a precious pack of votaries
 Unkennel'd from the prisons, and the stews,
 Pour in, all opening in their idol's praise;
 All, ardent, eye each wasture of her hand,
 And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
 Morfel on morfel swallow down unchew'd,
 Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
 Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and ravenous still.
 Sagacious all, to trace the smallest game,
 And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
 Court zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,

O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
 Drunk with the burning scent of place or power,
 Staunth to the foot of lucre, till they die.

Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
 Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
 With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
 Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
 'Through fury to possess it: Some succeed,
 But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.
 From some, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
 And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.
 To some it sticks so close, that, when torn off,
 Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
 Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
 Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
 Together some (unhappy rivals!) seize,
 And rend abundance into poverty;
 Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles:
 Smiles too the goddess; but smiles most at thofe,

(Just victims of exorbitant desire!)
 Who perish at their own request, and whelm'd
 Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
 Fortune is famous for her numbers slain,
 The number small, which happiness can bear.
 Though various for a while their fates; at last
 One curse involves them all: at death's approach,
 All read their riches backward into loss,
 And mourn, in just proportion to their store.

And death's approach (if orthodox my song)
 Is hasten'd by the lure of fortune's smiles.
 And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?
 And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin? 1010
 Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
 A blow, which while it executes, alarms;
 And startles thousands with a single fall.
 As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
 The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
 By the strong strokes of labouring hinds subdued,
 Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
 In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
 The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
 And hill, and stream, and distant dale resound.

These high-aim'd darts of death, and these alone,
 Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
 A quiver, which, suspended in mid air,
 Or near heaven's archer, in the zodiac hung,
 (So could it be) should draw the public eye,
 The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
 A constellation awful, yet benign,
 To guide the gay through life's tempestuous wave;
 Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,
 "From greater danger, to grow more secure,
 "And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."

Lyfander, happy past the common lot,
 Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.
 He woo'd the fair Aspalio: she was kind:
 In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were
 blest:

All who knew envy'd: yet in envy lov'd:
 Can fancy form more finisht happiness?
 Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
 Rose on the founding beach. The glittering spires
 Float in the wave, and break against the shore:
 So break those glittering shadows, human joys.
 The faithless morning smil'd: he takes his leave,
 To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
 The rising storm forbids. The news arrives:
 Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
 She felt it keen (her heart was apt to feel);
 And, drown'd without the furious ocean's aid,
 In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
 Now, round the sumptuous bridal monument,
 The guilty billows innocently roar;
 And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
 A tear?—Can tears suffice?—But not for me.
 How vain our efforts! and our arts how vain!
 The distant train of thought I took to shun,
 Has thrown me on my fate—These died together;
 Happy in ruin! undiscover'd by death!
 Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
 Narcissa! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
 Yet thou wast only near me; not myself.
 Survive myself?—That cures all other woe.

Narcissa lives; Philander is forgot.
O the soft commerce! O the tender ties,
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the soul
Of human joy; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When such friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT VI.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

*Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance of
Immortality.*

PART I.

*Where, among other things, Glory, and Riches, are
particularly considered.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY PELHAM,
FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY,
AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

Few ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, *truth, reason, religion*, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shown) mere empty sound, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the *real* source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than *abstract reasonings*; and we daily see *bodies* drop around us, but the *soul* is invisible. The power which *inclination* has over the *judgment*, is greater than can be conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they *rather* hoped, than *firmly believed* immortality! And how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the gospel: but by how many is the gospel rejected, or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt

of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered: arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irrefragable; and such as I am satisfied will have great weight with all who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, *here*, occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the *most* important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is indisputed for this reason *only*; viz. because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by *vanity*; which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

Suz * (for I know not yet her name in heaven)

Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;

Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?

This seeming mitigation but inflames;

This fancy'd medicine heightens the disease.

The longer known, the closer still she grew;

And gradual parting is a gradual death.

'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,

By tardy pressure's still increasing weight,

From hardest hearts, confession of distress.

O the long, dark approach through years of pain,

Death's gallery! (might I dare to call it so)

With dismal doubt, and sable terror, hung:

Sick hopes, pale lamp its only glimmering ray:

There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,

Forbid self-love itself to flatter, there,

How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!

How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles!

In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine.

She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.

Like powerful armies trenching at a town,

By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,

In his pale progress gently gaining ground,

Death urg'd his deadly siege; in spite of art,

Of all the balmy blessings nature lends

To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!

(Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)

And thou, O moon! bear witness, many a night;

He tore the pillow from beneath my head,

Ty'd down by fore attention to the shock,

* Referring to Night V.

By ceaseless depredations on a life
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
 Of observation! darker every hour!
 Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below;
 When my soul shudder'd at futurity;
 When, a moment's point, th' important die,
 Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
 And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.

But why more woe? More comfort let it be.
 Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
 Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain;
 Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.
 Where dwells *that* wish most ardent of the wife?
 Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars
 Too low to reach it; *death*, great *death* alone,
 O'er stars and sun, triumphant lead us there.

Nor dreadful our *transition*; though the mind,
 An artist at creating self-alarms,
 Rich in expedients for inquietude,
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never *sut*.
 Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all;
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death, and his image rising in the brain,
 Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil; *fancy* loves excess;
Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades;
 And *these* the formidable picture draw. [rise;

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects
 And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
 Far other views our contemplation claim,
 Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
 Views that suspend our agonies in death.
 Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
 Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!
 Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
 And find the soul unsated with her theme.
 Its *nature*, *proof*, *importance*, fire my song.
 O that my song could emulate my soul!
 Like her immortal. No!—the soul disdains
 A mark so mean; far nobler hope inflames;
 If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
 Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm* inspire.

Thy *nature*, immortality! who knows?
 And yet who knows it not? It is but life
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
 And spun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
 In Stygian dye, how *black*, how *brittle here*!
 How short our correspondence with the sun!
 And while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds,
 How wanting in their weight! Our highest joys
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,
 And give us strength to suffer. But how *great*
 To mingle interests, converse amities,
 With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide
 Through habitable space, wherever born,
 Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
 Of universal nature! To lay hold
 By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme*!
 To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
 (Mines, which support archangels in their state)
 Our own! to rise in science, as in bliss,
 Initiate in the secrets of the *Aeons*!

To read creation; read its mighty plan
 In the bare bosom of the Deity!
 The plan, and execution, to collate!
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow, blown remote; and leave
 No mystery—but that of love divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to *sub* a scene!
 Love's element! true joy's illustrious home;
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more
 fair!

What exquisite vicissitude of fate!
 Bleit absolution of our blackest hour!

Lorenzo, these are thoughts that make man Man,
 The wise illumine, aggrandize the great,
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And every moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons)
 How great, in the wild whirl of *time's* pursuits,
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
 Through the long vista of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
 To prophecy our own futures;
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
 To talk with fellow-candidates, of joys
 As far beyond conception as desert,
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers and the tale!

Lorenzo, swells thy bosom at the thought?
 The swell becomes thee: 'Tis an honest pride.
 Reverse thyself;—and yet thyself despise.
 His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
 Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
 Nor be thou modest, where thou should'st be
 proud;

That almost universal error shun.
 How *just* our pride, when we behold *these* heights!
 Not those *ambition* paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
 And angels emulate; our pride how *just*!
 When mount we? When these shackles cast!

When quit

This cell of the creation? This small nest,
 Stuck in a corner of the universe,
 Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?
 Fine-spun to sense; but gross and seculent
 To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
 Ambrosial gales and drink a purer sky;
 Greatly triumphant on *time's* farther shore,
 Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
 While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.
 In empire high, or in proud science deep,
 Ye born of earth! on what you can confer,
 With half the dignity, with half the gain,
 The gulf, the glow of rational delight,
 As on *this* theme, which angels praise and share?
 Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.

What wretched repetition cloy us *here*!
 What periodic potions for the sick!
 Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds!
 In an *eternity*, what scenes shall strike!
 Adventures thicken! novelties surprise!

What webs of wonder shall unravel, *there*
 What full day pour on all the paths of heaven!
 And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep,
 How shall the blessed day of our discharge
 Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
 And straiten its inextricable maze!

If inextinguishable thirst in man
 To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there*,
There, not the moral world alone unfolds;
 The world *material*, lately seen in shades,
 And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,
 And seen those fragments by the *labouring eye*,
 Unbroken, then, illustrious and entire,
 Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
 In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
 And enters at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
 From some superior point (where, who can tell?
 Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)
 How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
 In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
 Behold an infinite of floating worlds
 Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
 In endless voyage, without port! The *least*
 Of these disseminated orbs, how great!
 Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,
 Huge, as leviathan, to that small race,
 Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
 He swallows unperceiv'd? *stupendous* these!
 Yet what are these stupendous to the *whole*!
 As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
 As circulating globules in our veins;
 So vast the plan. Fecundity divine!
 Exuberant source! perhaps, I wrong thee still.

If admiration is a source of joy,
 What transport hence; yet this the least in heaven.
 What *this* to that illustrious robe *he* wears,
 Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand,
 A specimen, an earnest of his power?
 'Tis to that *glory*, whence all glory flows,
 As the mead's meanest floweret to the sun,
 Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of heav'n?
 This bliss supreme of the supremely blest?
 Death, only death, the question can resolve.
 By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
 The *bare* ideas! solid happiness
 So distant from its shadow chas'd below.

And chafe we still the phantom through the
 fire,

O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
 And toil we still for sublunary pay?
 Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
 Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
 Our *more* than vitals spin (if no regard
 To great futurity) in curious webs
 Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
 (Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
 The momentary buzz of vain renown!

A name; a mortal immortality!
 Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air
 For fordid *lucre*, plunge we in the mire? [gain,
 Drudge, sweat, through every shame, for every
 For vile contaminating trash; throw up
 Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man?
 And deify the dirt matur'd to gold?
Ambition, avarice; the two demons these,

Which goad through every slough our human herd,
 Hard travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
 How low the wretches sloop! How steep they
 climb!

These *demons* burn mankind; but most possess
 Lorenzo's bosom, and turn out the skies.

Is it in time to hide *eternity*!
 And why not in an atom on the shore
 To cover ocean? or a mote, the sun?
Glory and wealth! have they this blinding power!
 What if to *them* I prove Lorenzo blind?
 Would it surprise thee? Be thou then surpris'd;
 Thou *neither* know'st: their *nature* learn from *man*.

Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
 What close connection ties them to my theme.
 First, what is *true* ambition? The pursuit
 Of glory, nothing *less* than man can share.
 Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
 As statulent with fumes of self-applause,
 Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast,
 And claim their *laurel* crowns as well as we;
 But not *celestial*. *Here* we stand alone;
 As in our form distinct, pre-eminent;
 If *prone* in thought, our stature is our shame:
 And man should blush, his forehead meets the *skies*,
 The *visible* and *present* are for brutes,
 A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
 These *reason*, with an energy divine,
 O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unseen*;
 The vast unseen! the future fathomless!
 When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
 Leaving gross *nature's* sediments below,
 Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
 The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
 Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition: this is *human* fire.

Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
 Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng?

Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
 Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
 Dedalian engineering! If these alone
 Assist our flight, *fame's* flight is *glory's* fall.
 Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
 A celebrated wretch, when I behold;
 When I behold a genius bright and base,
 Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
 With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust,
 Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
 At once *compassion* soft, and *envy* rise—
 But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
 If wanting worth, are shipping instruments
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great *ill* is an atchievement of great *powers*.
 Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, *affections* cause our end;
 Means have not merit, if our end amiss.
 If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
 What is a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart?
 Hearts are proprietors of all applause. [wise
 Right ends, and means, make wisdom: Worldly
 Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

Let *genius* then despair to make thee great;
 Nor flatter *station*: What is station high?
 'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
 And oft the throng denies its charity.
 Monarchs and ministers are awful names;
 Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
 Religion, public order, both exact
 External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up, to serve
 The meanest slave; *all more* is merit's due,
 He sacred and inviolable right
 Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
 Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
 And vote the mantle into majesty.
 Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur;
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His *even*, descending fairly from his fires.
 Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
 And souls in *ermin* scorn a soul without?
 Can *place* or lessen us, 'or aggrandize?
 Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on Alps;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
 Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:
 Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
 Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
 The cause is lodg'd in immortality.
 Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power;
 What station charms thee? I'll install thee there;
 'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
 Then thou before wast something less than man.
 Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
 That treacherous pride betrays the dignity;
 That pride defames humanity, and calls
 The being mean, which *stuffs* or *strings* can raise.
 That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
 From blindness bold, and towering to the skies.
 'Tis born of ignorance, which knows not man;
 An angel's second; nor his second, long.
 A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
 And courting glory from the tinkling string,
 But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
 With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
 If nobler motives minister no cure,
 Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.
 High worth is elevated place: 'Tis more;
 It makes the post stand candidate for thee;
 Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man;
 Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
 And though it wears no *ribbands*, 'tis renown;
 Renown, that would not quit thee, though dis-
 grac'd,
 Nor leave thee pendant on a master's smile.
 Other ambition nature interdicts;
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
 By pointing at his origin, and end;
 Milk, and a swathe, at *first*, his whole demand;
 His whole domain, at *last*, a turf, or stone;
 To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.
 Souls truly great dart forward on the wing
 Of just ambition, to the grand result,
 The curtains fall; there, see the buskin'd chief

Unshod behind this momentary scene;
 Reduc'd to his own stature, low of high,
 As vice or virtue, sinks him, or sublines;
 And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
 This antic prelude of grotesque events,
 Where dwarfs are often stilked, and betray
 A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
 And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
 To *Christian* pride! which had with horror shock'd
 The darkest *pagans* offer'd to their gods.

O thou *most Christian* enemy to peace;
 Again in arms? Again provoking fate?
 That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
 Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes;
 On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
 And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why *this* so rare? Because forgot of all
 The day of death; that venerable day, [nounce
 Which fits as judge; that day, which shall pro-
 On all our days, absolve them, 'or condemn.
 Lorenzo, never shut thy thought against it;
 Be *leaves* ne'er so full, afford it room,
 And give it audience in the cabinet.
 That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
 Will tell the fair, if thou art great, or mean.

To doat on ought may leave us, or be left,
 Is that *ambition*? Then let flames descend,
 Point to the centre their inverted spires,
 And learn humiliation from a soul,
 Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
 Yet *these* are they the world pronounces wise;
 The world which cancels nature's right and wrong,
 And casts *new* wisdom: ev'n the grave man lends
 His solemn face, to countenance the coin.
 Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
 This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
 To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
 The most ambitious, unambitious, mean;
 In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
 Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
 To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
 And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
 But reaching *him*, who gave her wings to fly.
 When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
 And downwards pores, for that which shines above,
 Substantial happiness, and true renown;
 Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,
 We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
 At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition! powerful source of good and ill!
 Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
 When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease,
 And swifter flight transports us to the skies;
 By toys entangled, or in guilt hem'd,
 It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,
 In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie.
 Close-grated by the fordid bars of *sense*;
 All prospect of eternity shut out;
 And, but for execution, ne'er set free.

With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,
 Find we Lorenzo wiser in his *wealth*?
 What if thy rental I reform? and draw
 An inventory *new* to set thee right?
 Where thy *true treasure*? Gold says, "Not in me."
 And, "Not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;

India's insolvent; seek it in thyself,
 Seek in thy naked self, and find it there;
 In being so descended, form'd, endow'd;
 Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
 Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
 In *senses*, which inherit earth, and heavens;
 Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;
 Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy;
 Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;
 Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright
 fire;

Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
 At a small inlet which a grain might close,
 And half create the wondrous world they see.
 Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine.

But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
 Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, still.

Objects are but th' occasion; ours th' *exploit*;

Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
 Which nature's admirable picture draws;
 And beautifies creation's ample dome.

Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake
 Man makes the matchless image man admires.
 Say, then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
 Superior wonders in himself forgot,
 His admiration waste on objects round,
 When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?
 Absurd! not rare so great, so mean is man.

What wealth in *senses* such as these! What wealth
 In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene

Than *sense* surveys! In *memory's* firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recal

From the dark shadows of o'erwhelm'd
 In colours fresh, originally bright,

Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
 What wealth in *intellect*, that sovereign power!

Which *sense* and *fancy* summons to the bar;
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;

And from the mass those *underlings* import,
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,

And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
 Forms art, and *science*, government, and law;

The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
 The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!

And *manners* (sad exception!) set aside,
 Strikes out, with master hand, a copy fair

Of his idea, whose indulgent thought
 Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd human bliss.

What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time;

And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 Th' Almighty fiat, and the trumpet's sound!

Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;

Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
 Creations new in *fancy's* field to rise!

Souls that can grasp what'er th' Almighty made,
 And wander wild through things impossible!

What *wealth*, in faculties of endless growth,
 In quenchless passions violent to crave,

In liberty to choose, in power to reach,
 And in duration (how thy riches rise!)

Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss!
 Ask you what power resides in feeble man?

That bliss to gain? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown?

Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.

Man's unprecious, natural estate,
 Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
 Its tenure sure; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap, for what?
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;

Then make a richer scramble for the throng?
 Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long

Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
 Like rubbish from dislodging engines thrown,

Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
 Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;

New masters court, and call the former fool
 (How justly!) for dependence on their stay.

Wide scatter, first, our playthings; then our dust.
 Dost court abundance for the sake of peace?

Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme;
 Riches enable to be richer still;

And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist?
 Thus wealth (a cruel task-master!) enjoins

New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train!
 And murders peace, which taught it first to shine;

The poor are half as wretched as the rich;
 Whose proud and painful privilege it is,

At once, to bear a double load of woe;
 To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*;

Outrageous want! both *Indies* cannot cure.
 A competence is vital to content,

Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
 Sick, or encumber'd, is our happiness.

A competence is all we can enjoy.
 O be content, where heaven can give no more!

More, like a flash of water from a lock,
 Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour;

But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
 Above our native temper's common stream.

Hence disappointment lurks in every prize,
 As bees in flowers; and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
 Nor knows the wife are privy to the lie.

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
 Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy;

At best, it babies us with endless toys,
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust.

As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
 They fail to find what they so plainly see;

Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
 Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;

But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want!
 Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;

Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
 Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,

In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her power.
 The man of *reason* smiles at her, and death.

O what a patrimony this! A being
 Of such inherent strength and majesty,

Not worlds possess can raise it; worlds destroy'd
 Can't injure: which holds on its glorious course,

When thine, O *nature*! ends; too blest to mourn
 Creation's obsequies. What treasure, this!

The *Manarch* is a beggar to the Man.
 Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!

Morn without eve! a race without a goal!

Unshorten'd by progression infinite!

Futurity for ever future! Life

Beginning still where computation ends!

'Tis the description of a *Deity*!

'Tis the description of the *meanest slave*:

The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn?

The meanest slave thy *sovereign* glory shares.

Proud youth! fastidious of the *lower* world!

Man's *lawful* pride includes humility;

Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find

Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!

Proprietors *eternal* of thy love,

Immortal! What can strike the *sense* so strong,

As this the *soul*? It thunders to the thought;

Reason amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;

No more we slumber on the brink of fate;

Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,

And breathes her native air; an air that feeds

Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;

Quick kindles all that is divine within us;

Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.

Has not Lorenzo's bosom caught the flame?

Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how

Would others envy! How would thrones adore!

Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?

How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!

O vain, vain, vain, all else! *Eternity*!

A glorious and a *needful* refuge, *that*

From vile imprisonment, in abject view.

'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,

Amid life's pains, *abusement*, *emptiness*,

The soul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.

That only, and that amply this performs;

Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;

Their terror *tho'st*, and *tho'st* their lustre lose;

Eternity depending covers all;

Eternity depending all achieves;

Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;

Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers;

The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,

Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,

Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,

The man beneath; if I may call him man,

Whom *immortality*'s full force inspires.

Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;

Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,

By minds quite conscious of their high descent,

Their present province, and their future prize;

Divinely darting upward every wish,

Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost!

Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?

If earth's whole orb by some due distant eye

Were seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,

And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.

Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,

Is swallow'd in *eternity*'s vast round.

To that stupendous view when souls awake,

So large of late, so mountainous to man,

Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.

Enthusiastic this? Then all are weak,

But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height

Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.

And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.

Who beaten by these sublunary storms,

Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,

Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?

What slave *unblest*, who from to-morrow's dawn

Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,

And thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.

And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!

Her own immense appointments to compute,

Or comprehend her high prerogatives,

In this her dark minority, how toils,

How vainly pants, the human soul divine!

Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;

What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss?

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,

Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!

Are there who wrap the world so close about them,

They see no farther than the clouds; and dance

On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,

Till stumbling at a straw in their career, [song]

Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and

Are there, Lorenzo? Is it possible?

Are there on earth (let me not call them men)

Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;

Unconscious as the mountain of its ore;

Or rock of its inestimable gem?

When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *tho'st*

Shall know their treasure; treasure *then* no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist

The rising thought? who smother in its birth

The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?

Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,

And with revers'd ambition strive to sink?

Who labour downwards through th' opposing powers

Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,

To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock

Of endless night; darker than the grave's?

Who fight the proofs of immortality?

With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,

Work all their engines, level their black fires,

To blot from man this attribute divine,

(Than vital blood far dearer to the wife)

Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves*?

To contradict them, see all nature rise!

What object, what event, the moon beneath

But argues or endears an after-scene?

To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire*?

All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance

One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.

A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,

From *heaven*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few

By nature, as her *common* habit worn;

So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,

Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.

Thou, whose all-providential eye surveys,

Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms

Creation, and holds empire far beyond!

Eternity's inhabitant august!

Of two eternities amazing Lord!

One past, ere man's or angel's had begun;

Aid; while I rescue from the foe's assault

Thy glorious immortality in *man*;

A theme for ever, and for all, of weight;

Of moment infinite! but relish'd most

By those who love thee most, who most adore.

Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth

Of thee the Great *Immutable*, to man

THE COMPLAINT; OR, NIGHT THOUGHTS.

25

Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
Lorenzo, to his heavenly Delphos haste;
And come back all-immortal, all-divine:
Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and
night

The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See, the summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away:
Then melts into the spring: Soft spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south
Recalls the *first*. All, to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel all sinks, to re-ascend.
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man *advances*; both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent and tremulous, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and *humility* her wings, to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom once in being, lost,
With change of counsel chargest the Most High.

What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be!
Matter immortal? And shall *spirit* die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial mar' be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd death's single unredeem'd?
If nature's *revolution* speaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder still.
Look nature through, 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degr-*es* her scale ascends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
Here dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here life and sense;
There sense from reason steals a glimmering ray;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss,
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthly part,
And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
Eternal; or in man the series ends,
Wide yawns the gap; connection is no more;
Check'd *reason* halts; her next step wants support;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme;
A scheme *analogy* pronounc'd so true;
Analogy, man's surest guide below.

Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief.
And will Lorenzo, careless of the call,

False attestation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust belov'd, and run the *risk* of heaven?
O what indignity to deathless souls!
What treason to the majesty of man!
Of man *immortal*! Here the lofty style:
"If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
"Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
"And grind us into dust. The *soul* is safe;
"The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
"As towering flame from *nature's* funeral pyre;
"O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
"His charter, his inviolable rights,
"Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
"Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated
"forms."

But these chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo!
The glories of the world thy sevenfold shield.
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
And turn those glories that inchant against thee,
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the next.
If wife, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.
Come, my *ambitious*! let us mount together
(To mount, Lorenzo, never can refuse);
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth.—What seest thou? Wan-
drous things!

Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies.
What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!
Loaded by man for pleasure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand;
What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glittering spires,
Some mid the wondering waves majestic rise;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or southward turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the sun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch
Shows us half heaven beneath its ample bend.
Hid through mid air, *hazy* streams are taught to
flow;
Whole rivers *there*, laid by in basins, sleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vast oceans join
Through kingdoms channell'd deep from shore to
shore;

And chang'd creation takes his face from man.
Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the sword?
See fields in blood; here navel thunders rise;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace,
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-sea, furious waves! Their roar amidst,
Out-speaks the Deity, and says, "O main!
"Thus far, nor farther; *new* restraints obey."
Earth's disembowell'd! measur'd are the skies!

Stars are detested in their deep recess!
Creation widens! vanquish'd nature yields!

Her secrets are extorted! art prevails!
What monument of genius, spirit, power!

And now, Lorenzo! raptur'd at this scene,
Whose glories render heaven superfluous! say,
Whose footsteps these?—*Immortals* have been here.
Could less than souls immortal this have done?
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal;
And proofs of immortality forgot.

To flatter thy grand foible, I confess
These are *ambition's* works: and these are great:
But *this*, the least immortal souls can do;
Transcend them all—but what can these transcend?
Dost ask me what?—one sigh for the *distress*.
What then for *infidels*? A deeper sigh.

'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man:
How little they, who think ought great below!
All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
All that it crowns. Here cease we: but ere long,
More powerful proof shall take the field against
thee,

Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

NIGHT VII.

BRING THE SECOND PART OF THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance of
Immortality.

PREFACE.

As we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners of France. A land of *levity* is a land of *guilt*. A *serious mind* is the native soil of every virtue; and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The *soul*; *immortality* has been the favourite theme with the *serious* of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting and important that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of *increase* at this day; a sort of *occasional* importance is superadded to the *natural* weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding *Night*, be just. It is there supposed, that all our *infidels*, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by some doubts of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the distrust of a *futurity* is a strange error; yet it is an error into which *bad men* may *naturally* be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are—That either God *will* not, or *can* not punish. Considering the divine attributes, the *first* is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And since *omnipotence* is as much a divine attribute as *holiness*, that God *can*

not punish, is as absurd a supposition, as the former. God certainly can punish as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner, almost, incredible. And since on *this* member of their *alternative*, there are some very small *appearances* in their *favour*, and none at all on the *other*, they catch at this seed, they lay hold on this chimæra, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an *immediate* and *absolute* despair.

On reviewing my subject, by the light which *this* argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of *annihilation* in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by *those* whom they so much admire! What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: yet this great master of temper was angry; and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry at for what deserved acknowledgement; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for *immortality*: for his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposit his remains?" it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have a regard for any thing, even in himself, that was *not immortal*.

This fact well considered would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality: which is all I desire; and that, for *their* sakes: for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7. 1744.

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In the sixth Night arguments were drawn, from

Nature, in proof of immortality; here, others are drawn from *Man*: from his *Discontent*, Ver. 29; from his *Passions* and *Powers*, 64; from the gradual growth of *Reason*, 81; from his fear of *Death*, 86; from the nature of *Hope*, 104; and of *Virtue*, 159, &c. from *Knowledge* and *Love*, 253; from the *Order of Creation*, 290, &c. from the nature of *Ambition*, 337, &c. *Advice*, 460; *Pleasure*, 477; a digression on the grandeur of the *Passions*, 521: *Immortality* alone renders our present state intelligible, 545. An objection from the Stoics disbelief of immortality answered, 583. Endless questions unresolvable, but on supposition of our immortality, 606. The natural, most melancholy, and pathetic complaint of a worthy man, under the persuasion of no futurity, 653, &c. The gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation urged home on Lorenzo, 842, &c. The soul's vast importance, 990, &c. from whence it arises, 1078. The Difficulty of being an infidel, 1131; the *Infamy*, 1148; the *Cause*, 1183; and the *Character*, 1203, of an infidel states. What true free-thinking is, 1217. The necessary punishment of the false, 1271. Man's ruin is from himself, 1303. An infidel accuses himself of *guilt*, and *hypocrisy*; and that of the worst sort, 1319. His obligation to *Christians*, 1337. What danger he incurs by *Virtue*, 1345. *Vice* recommended to him, 1364. His high pretences to *Virtue* and *Benevolence*, exploded, 1373. The conclusion, on the nature of *Faith*, 1427. *Reason*, 1439; and *Hope*, 1443; with an apology for this attempt, 1470.

HEAVEN gives the needful, but neglected, call; What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts; To wake the soul to sense of future scenes; Deaths stand, like Mercuries, in every way; And kindly point us to our journey's end. Pope, who couldst make immortals! art thou dead? I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave; So soon to follow. Man but dives in death; Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise; The grave, his subterranean road to bliss; Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so; Through various parts our glorious story runs; Time gives the preface, endless age unrolls; The volume (ne'er unroll'd) of human fate.

This earth and skies already have proclaim'd. The world's a prophecy of worlds to come; And who, what God foretels (who speaks in things, Still louder than in words) shall dare deny? If nature's arguments appear too weak, Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in man. If man sleeps on, untaught by what he sees, Can he prove infidel to what he feels? He, whose blind thought futurity denies, Unconscious bears, Bellerophon! like thee, His own indictment; he condemns himself; Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life; Or, nature, there, imposing on her sons, Has written fables; man was made a lie.

Why discontent for ever harbour'd there? Incurable consumption of our peace? Resolve me, why the cottager and king, He whom sea, fever'd realms obey, and he Who steals his whole dominion from the waste, Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw, Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh, In fate so distant, in complaint so near? Is it, that things terrible can't content? Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain? Not so; but to their master is deny'd To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease, In this, not his own place, this foreign field, Where nature ladders him with other food, Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice, Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast, Sighs on for something more, when most enjoy'd.

Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks than thee? Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote; In part, remote; for thou remoter part, Man bleats from *injustice*, though perhaps, Debauch'd By *sense*, his reason sleeps; nor dreams the cause: The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes! His grief is but his grandeur in disguise; And discontent in immortality.

Shall sons of ether, shall the blood of heaven, Set up their hopes on earth, and Rable bands With brutal acquiescence in the mire, Lorenzo! no! they shall be nobly pain'd; The glorious foreigners, distress'd, shall fight On thrones; and thou congratulate the sign. Man's misery declares him born for bliss; His anxious heart affords the truth; And gives the sceptic in his head the truth.

Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our powers, Speak the same language; call us to the skies; Of Unripen'd *these* in this inclement clime, Scarce rise above conjecture and mistake; And for this land of trifles *these* too strong Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life; What prize on earth can pay us for the storm? Meet objects for our passions; heaven ordain'd, Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave No fault, but in defect: Bless Heaven! a bounded ardour for unbounded bliss; O for a bliss unbounded! far beneath A soul immortal, is a mortal joy; Nor are our powers to perish immature; But, after feeble effort here, beneath A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil, Transplanted from this sublunary bed, Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

Reason progressive, instinct is complete; Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs; If Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all Flows in at once; in ages they no more Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy, Were man to live coeval with the sun, The patriarch-pupil would be learning still; Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearn'd. Men perish in advance, as if the sun Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd; If fit, with dim, illusory to compare, The sun's meridian with the soul of man.

To man, why, sleep-dame *nature*! so severe?
 Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought;
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?
 Or, if abortively poor man must die,
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread?
 Why curst with foresight? Wife to misery?
 Why of his proud prerogative under the prey?
 Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pain? 100
 His *immortality* alone can tell;
 Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
 And turn the scale in favour of the just!

His *immortality* alone can solve
 The darkest of enigmas, human *hope*;
 Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
Hope, eager *hope*, th' assassin of our joy,
 All present blessings treading under foot,
 Is scarce a milder tyrant than *despair*. 109
 With no past toils content, still planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for cure.
Possession, why more tasteless than *pursuit*?
 Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
 That wish accomplish'd, why, the grave of bliss?
 Because, in the great future bury'd deep,
 Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
 Lies all that man with ardour should pursue;
 And he who made him, bent him to the right.

Man's heart th' Almighty to the future sets,
 By secret and inviolable springs; 120
 And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
 Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
 "More, more!" the glutton cries: for something

new
 So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
 He will descend. He starves on the *possession*.
 Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
 In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
 In that rank fly why wallow'd empire's son
 Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
 His riot was ambition in despair. 130

Old Rome consulted birds; Lorenzo! thou,
 With more success, the flight of *hope* survey;
 Of restless *hope*, for ever on the wing.
 High-perch'd o'er every thought that falcon sits,
 To fly at all that rises in her sight;
 And, never stooping, but to mount again
 Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
 And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
 If being fails) more mournful riddles rise, 140
 And *virtue* vies with *hope* in mystery.
 Why *virtue*? Where its praise, its being, fled?
 Virtue is true self-interest pursued:
 What true self-interest of *quite-mortal* man?
 To close with all that makes him happy *here*.
 If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
 Then vice is virtue; 'tis our sovereign good.
 In self-applause is virtue's golden prize;
 No self-applause attends it on thy scheme: [right.
 Whence self-applause? From conscience of the
 And what is right, but means of happiness? 151
 No means of happiness when *virtue* yields;
 That basis failing, falls the building too,
 And lays in ruin every *virtuous* joy.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
 So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,

Is weak; with rank knight-errandies o'er-run.
 Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
 Of self-exposure, laudable, and great?
 Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death? 166
 Die for thy country?—Thou romantic fool!
 Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:
 Thy country! what to thee?—The Godhead, what?
 (I speak with awe!) though he should bid thee
 bleed?

If, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt,
 Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
 Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.
 Nor is it disobedience: know, Lorenzo!
 What'er th' Almighty's subsequent command,
 His first command is this:—"Man, love thyself."
 In this alone, free-agents are not free. 171
 Existence is the basis, bliss the prize;
 If *virtue* costs existence, 'tis a crime;
 Bold violation of our law *supreme*.
 Black suicide; though nations, which consult
 Their gain, at thy expence, refound applause.
 Since *virtue's* recompence is doubtful *here*,
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand
 Why is man *justified* to be good in vain?
 Why to be good in vain is man *enjoin'd*? 180
 Why to be good is vain is man *betray'd*?
 Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
 By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
 Why whispers *nature* lies on *virtue's* part?
 Or if blind *instinct* (which assumes the name
 Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
 Why *reason* made accomplice in the cheat?
 Why are the *wisest* loudest in her praise?
 Can man by *reason's* beam be led astray?
 Or, at his peril, imitate his God? 190

Since *virtue* sometimes ruins us on earth,
 Or both are true, or man survives the grave,
 Or man survives the grave; or own, Lorenzo,
 Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
 Dauntless thy spirit; onwards are thy scornful
 Grant man *immortal*, and thy scorn is just.
 The man *immortal*, rationally brave,
 Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.
 But if man loses all when life is lost,
 He lives a coward, or a fool expires. 200
 A daring infidel (and such there are,
 From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
 Or pure *heroical* defect of thought,
 Of all earth's madmen most deserves a chain.

When to the grave we follow the renown'd
 For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
 And all we praise; for *worth*, whose noon-tide
 beam,
 Enabling us to think in higher style,
 Mends our ideas of ethereal powers, 210
 Dream we that lustre of the moral world
 Goes out in stench, and rottenness the clofe?
 Why was he wise to *know*, and warm to *praise*,
 And strenuous to *transcribe*, in human life,
 The Mind Almighty? Could it be that fate,
 Just when the lineaments began to shine,
 And down the Deity, should snatch the draught,
 With night eternal blot it out, and give
 The skies alarm, lest angels too might die?
 If human souls, why not angelic too,

Extinguish'd? and a solitary God
 O'er ghastly ruin frowning from his throne!
 Shall we this moment gaze on God in man?
 The next lose man for ever in the dust?
 From dust we disengage, or man mistakes;
 And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw,
 Wisdom and worth how boldly he commends!
 Wisdom and worth are sacred names; rever'd
 Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
 Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
 Both are calamities, inflicted both
 To make us but more wretched: Wisdom's eye
 Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
 And worth, so recompens'd, new-points their stings,
 Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
 And worth exalted humbles us the more.
 Thou wilt not patronise a scheme that makes
 Weakness and vice the refuge of mankind.
 "Has virtue then no joys?"—Yes, joys dear bought,
 Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
 Virtue and vice are at eternal war:
 Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
 Or for precarious, or for small reward?
 Who virtue's self-reward so loud resound,
 Would take degrees angelic here below,
 And virtue, while they compliment, betray,
 By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
 The crown, th' *unsfading* crown, her soul inspires;
 'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
 The body's treacheries, and the world's assaults:
 On earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies.
 Truth incontestable! in spite of all
 A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd.
 In man the more we dive, the more we see
 Heaven's signet stamping an immortal make.
 Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
 Sustaining all; what find we? Knowledge, love.
 As light and heat essential to the sun,
 These to the soul. And why, if souls expire?
 How little lovely here? How little known?
 Small knowledge we dig up with endless toil;
 And love unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
 Why starv'd on earth our angel appetites,
 While brutal are indulg'd their lustful fill?
 Were then capacities divine confert'd,
 As a mock diadem, in savage sport,
 Rank insult of our pompous poverty,
 Which reaps but pain from seeming claims so fair?
 In future age lies no redress? And shuts
 Eternity the door on our complaint?
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made?
 The worst to *reallow*, and the best to *weep*?
 The man who merits most must most complain:
 Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,
 What the worst *perpetrate*, or best *endure*?
 This cannot be. To love, and know, in man
 Is boundless appetite, and boundless power;
 And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
 Objects, powers, appetites, heaven suits in all;
 Nor, nature through, e'er violates this sweet,
 Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
 Is man the sole exception from her laws?
 Eternity struck off from human hope,
 (I speak with truth, but veneration too).
 Man is a monster, the reproach of heaven,

A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
 On nature's beautiful aspect, and deform'd
 (Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *dark*
 If such is man's allotment, what is heaven?
 Or own the soul immortal, or invert
 All order. Go, mock majesty! go, man
 And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
 Through every scene of *base* superior far;
 They graze the turf until'd; they drink the stream
 Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd;
 With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despair;
 Mankind's peculiar? *reason's* precious dower?
 No foreign clime they rankack for their robes;
 Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
 Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
 They find a paradise in every field,
 On boughs forbidden where no curses hang;
 Their ill no more than strikes the sense; unstretch'd
 By previous dread, or murmur in the rear;
 When the worst comes, it comes unfeign'd;
 Stroke
 Begins and ends their woe; they die but *once*.
 Blest, incommunicable privilege! for which
 Proud man, who rules the globe, and *rears* the
 stars,
 Philosopher, or hero, fights in vain.
 Account for this prerogative in brutes
 No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,
 But what beams on it from *eternity*.
 O sole, and sweet solution! that unties
 The difficult, and softens the severe;
 The cloud on nature's beautiful face dispels,
 Restores bright order, casts the brute beneath,
 And re-enthrones us in supremacy
 Of joy ev'n here: admit immortal life,
 And virtue is *light-errantry* no more;
 Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower,
 Far richer in reversion: Hope exalts;
 And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
 Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.
 O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
 Astonishing beyond astonishment!
 Heaven our reward—for heaven enjoy'd *delivers*.
 Still unsubmit'd thy stubborn heart?—For *these*
 The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.
 Reason is guileless; will alone rebels.
 What in that stubborn heart if I should find
 New unexpected witnesses against thee?
 Ambition, pleasure, and the love of gain;
 Canst thou suspect that *these*, which make the soul
 The slave of earth, should own her *lord* of heaven?
 Canst thou suspect what makes us *disilluse*
 Our immortality, should prove it *false*?
 First then ambition summon to the bar,
 Ambition's *shame*, *extraneous*, *disgust*,
 And *inextinguishable* nature, speak.
 Each much *deposes*; hear them in their turn.
 Thy soul, how passionately fond of fame!
 How anxious that fond passion to conceal!
 We blush, detected in designs on praise,
 Though for best deeds, and from the best of men;
 And why? Because *immortal*. Art divine
 Has made the body tutor to the soul;
 Heaven kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;

Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there set A
 Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim;
 Which stoops to court a character from man; 350
 While 'er us in tremendous judgment sit down
 Far more than man, with endless praise, and blame.
 Ambition's boundless appetite out speaks
 The verdict of its shame: When souls take fire
 At high presumptions of their own desert;
 One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
 The thunder by the living *fact* begun,
 Late time must echo, worlds unborn refund,
 We with our names *eternally* to live:
 Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human
 thought, had not our natures been *eternal* too.
 Infinit points out an interest in hereafter;
 But our blind *reason* sees not where it lies;
 Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
 But the shade of immortality, on which
 And in itself a shadow: Soon as caught,
 Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
 Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.

"And is this all?" cry'd Cæsar at his height,
 Disgust'd. This third proof ambition brings
 Of immortality. The first in fame,
 Observe him near, your envy will abate:
 Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
 The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
 At such success, and blush at his renown.
 And why? Because far richer prize invites
 His heart; far more illustrious glory calls;
 It calls in whispers, yet the dearest hear.
 And can ambition a fourth proof supply?
 It can, and stronger than the former three;
 Yet quite o'erlook'd by some reputed wife.
 Though disappointments in ambition pain,
 And though success *disgusts*, yet still, Lorenzo,
 In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;
 By nature planted for the noblest ends.
 Absurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus given;
 More prais'd than ponder'd; specious, but unsound;
 Sooner that hero's sword the world had quell'd
 Than *reason* his ambition: Man must soar.
 An obstinate activity within,
 An insuppressible spring, will toss him up
 In spite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
 Each villager has his ambition too;
 No Sultan prouder than his setter'd slave;
 Slaves build their little Babels of straw,
 Echo the proud Assyrian in their hearts,
 And cry, "Behold the wonders of my night!"
 And why? Because immortal as their lord;
 And souls immortal must for ever live
 At something great, the glitter or the gold,
 The praise of mortals, or the praise of heaven.

Nor absolutely vain is human praise,
 When human is supported by divine.
 I'll introduce Lorenzo to himself;
 Pleasure and pride (bad masters!) share our hearts,
 As love of pleasure is ordain'd to guard
 And feed our bodies; and extend our race,
 The love of praise is planted to protect
 And propagate the glories of the mind.
 What is it but the love of praise inspires,
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,

Earth's happiness? From *that* the delicate,
 The grand, the marvellous, of civil life;
 Want and convenience, under-workers, lay
 The basis on which love of glory builds.
 Nor is thy life, O virtue! less in debt
 To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
 Were men not proud, what merit should we miss!
 Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
 Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
 And whets his appetite for moral good.

Thirst of applause is virtue's second guard;
 Reason her first; but reason wants an aid;
 Our private reason is a flatterer;
 Thirst of applause calls public judgment in,
 To pique our own, to keep an even scale,
 And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

Here a fifth proof arises, stronger still:
 Why this so nice construction of our hearts?

These delicate moralities of sense,
 This constitutional reserve of aid
 To succour virtue when our reason fails,
 If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
 And oft the mark of injuries on earth,
 When labour'd to maturity (its bill
 Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must die?
 Why freighted-rich to dash against a rock?
 Were man to perish when most fit to live,
 O how mis-spent were all these stratagems,
 By skill divine enwoven in our frame!
 Where are heaven's holiness and mercy fled?

Laughs heaven at once at virtue and at man;
 If not, why *that* discourag'd, *this* destroy'd?
 Thus far ambition. What says avarice?
 This her chief maxim, which has long been thine:
 "The wife and wealthy are the same,"—I grant it.
 To store up treasure with incessant toil,
 This is man's province, *this* his highest praise.
 To this great end keen instinct stings him on.
 To guide that instinct, reason, is thy charge;
 'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies:
 But, reason failing to discharge her trust,
 Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
 A blunder follows; and blind industry,
 Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course,
 (The course where stakes of more than gold are
 won)

O'erloading with the cares of distant age,
 The jaded spirits of the present hour,
 Provides for an eternity below.

"Thou shalt not covet," is a wife command; 460
 But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys:
 Look farther, the command stands quite revers'd,
 And avarice is a virtue most divine.

Is *that* a refuge for our happiness?
 Most sure; and is it not for reason too?
 Nothing *this* world unriddles but the next.
 Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
 From inextinguishable life in man:
 Man, if not meant by worth to reach the skies,
 Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt. 470
 Sour grapes, I grant, ambition, avarice,
 Yet still their root is immortality:
 These its wild growths, so bitter and so base,
 (Pain and reproach!) religion can reclaim,
 Refine, exalt, throw down their poisonous seed;

And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

See, the third witness laughs at bliss remote,
And falsely promises an Eden here:
Truth she shall speak for once, though prone to lie,
A common cheat, and pleasure is her name. 480
To pleasure never was Lorenzo deaf;
Then hear her now, now first thy real friend.

Since nature made us not more fond than proud
Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers of smiles!)
Why should the joy most poignant sense affords
Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride?—
Those heaven-born blushes tell us man descends,
Ev'n in the zenith of his earthly bliss:
Should reason take her infidel repose, 490
This honest instinct speaks our lineage high;
This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the stalls.
Our glory covers us with noble shame,
And he that's unconfounded, is unmann'd.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
Thus far with thee, Lorenzo! will I close,
Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made;
But pleasure full of glory, as of joy;
Pleasure, which neither blushes, nor expires. 500

The witnesses are heard; the cause is o'er;
Let conscience file the sentence in her court,
Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey:
Thus seal'd by truth, th' authentic record runs.

"Know, all; know, infidels,—unapt to know!

" 'Tis immortality your nature solves;

" 'Tis immortality decyphers man,

" And opens all the mysteries of his make.

" Without it half his instincts are a riddle;

" Without it all his virtues are a dream, 510

" His very crimes attest his dignity;

" His fateless thirst of pleasure, gold, and fame,

" Declares him born for blessings infinite:

" What less than infinite makes un-aburd

" Passions, which all on earth but more inflame?

" Fierce passions, so mis-measur'd to this scene,

" Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our nest,

" Far, far beyond the worth of all below.

" For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,

" And evidence our title to the skies." 520

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!

Whose constitution dictates to your pen, [hell!

Who, cold yourselves, think ardour comes from

Think not our passions from corruption sprung,

Though to corruption now they lend their wings;

That is their mistress, not their mother. All

(And justly) reason deem divine: I see,

I feel a grandeur, in the passions too,

Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end;

Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire: 530

In Paradise itself they burnt as strong,

Ere Adam fell; though wiser in their aim,

Like the proud Eastern, struck by Providence,

What though our passions are run mad, and stoop

With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze

On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire?

Yet still, through their disgrace, no feeble ray

Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:

But these (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd),

When reason moderates the rein aright, 540

Shall re-ascend, remount their former sphere,
Where once they soar'd illustrious; ere seduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to stroll on earth,
And set the sublimary world on fire.

But grant their phrensy lasts; their phrensy falls,
To disappoint our providential end,

For which heaven blew up ardour in our hearts:
Were reason silent, boundless passion speaks
A future scene of boundless objects too,

And brings glad tidings of eternal day, 550

Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens all,

And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.

Consider man as an immortal being,

Intelligible all; and all is great;

A crystalline transparency prevails,

And strikes full lustre through the human sphere;

Consider man as mortal, all is dark,

And wretched: reason weeps at the survey.

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,

" Weak modern reason: Ancient times were wise,

" Authority, that venerable guide, 560

" Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch

" (And who for wisdom to renown'd as they?)

" Deny'd this immortality to man."

I grant it; but affirm, they prov'd it too.

A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.

What noble vanities, what moral flights,

Glittering through their romantic wisdom's page,

Make us, at once, despise them, and admire?

Fable is flat to these high-rais'd fires! 570

They leave th' extravagance of song below.

"Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy

"The dagger or the rack; to them, alike

"A bed of roses, or the burning bull."

In men exploding all beyond the grave,

Strange doctrine, this! As doctrine, it was strange:

But not, as prophecy; for such it prov'd,

And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:

They feign'd a firmness Christians need not feign.

The Christian truly triumph'd in the flame: 580

The Stoic saw, in double wonder lost,

Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,

To find the bold adventures of his thought,

Not bold, and that he strove to lie in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts? Those towering

thoughts, that flew

Such monstrous heights?—From instincts, and from

pride.

The glorious instincts of a deathless soul,

Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,

Suggested truths they could not understand.

In lust's dominion, and in passion's storm, 590

Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,

As light in chaos, glimmering through the gloom:

Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,

Pleas'd pride proclaim'd, what reason disbeliev'd,

Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell,

Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be future sense,

When life immortal, in full day, should shine;

And death's dark shadows fly the gospel sun.

They spoke, what nothing but immortal souls

Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd,

prov'd. 600

Can then absurdities, as well as crimes,

Speak man immortal? All things speak him so.

Much has been urg'd: and dost thou call for more?
 Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,
 All unresolvable, if *earth* is all.

"Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
 "Our wish, eternity? Our home, the grave?
 "Heaven's *promise* dormant lies in human *hope*;
 "Who wishes life immortal, proves it too. 609
 "Why happiness pursued, though never found?
 "Man's thirst of happiness declares it is,
 "(For nature never gravitates to nought);
 "That thirst unquench'd declares it is not here.
 "My Lucia, thy Clarissa, call to thought;
 "Why *cardinal friendship* rivetted so deep,
 "As hearts to pierce at first, at parting rend,
 "If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?
 "Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
 "Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense?
 "Why *past*, and *future*, preying on our hearts, 620
 "And putting all our *present* joys to death?
 "Why labours *reason*? *instinct* were as well;
 "Instinct far better; what can *choose*, can *err*;
 "O how *infallible* the thoughtless brute!
 "Twere well his *Holings* were half as sure.
 "Reason with inclination, why at war?
 "Why sense of guilt? why *conscience* up in arms?"

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
 And bosom-council to decline the blow.
 Reason with inclination ne'er had jar'd, 630
 If nothing future paid forbearance here:
 Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
 All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second scene;
 Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
 Than all things else most *certain*; were it *false*.
 What *truth* on earth so precious as the lie?
 This world it gives us, let what will *ensue*;
 This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope*:
 The future of the present is the soul: 639
 How this life groans, when fever'd from the next!
 Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
 By dark distrust his being cut in two,
 In both parts perishes; life void of joy,
 Sad prelude of *eternity* in pain!

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail
 Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
 My bleeding heart in anguish, *new*, as deep!
 Oh! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,
 Abhor'd annihilation! blasts the soul, 649
 And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
 Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,
 In this black channel would my ravings run.
 "Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere while.
 "The future *vanish'd*! and the present *pain'd*!
 "Strange import of unprecedented ill!
 "Fall, how profound! Like Lucifer's, the fall!
 "Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!
 "From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high,
 "The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
 "To night! To *nothing*, darker still than night! 660
 "If 'twas a *dream*, why wake me, my worst foe,
 "Lorenzo! boastful of the name of friend!
 "O for delusion! O for error still! [plant
 "Could vengeance strike much stronger than to
 "A *thinking* being in a world like this,
 "Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
 "More curs'd than at the fall!—The sun goes out

"The thorns shoot up! What thorns in every
 "thought!"

"Why sense of better? It embitters worse.

"Why sense? why life? If but to sigh, then
 "sunk 670

"To what I was! *twice* nothing! and much woe!

"Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe from what
 "was wont

"To flatter most, high *intellectual* powers.

"Thought, *virtue*, *knowledge*! blessings, by thy
 "scheme,

"All poison'd into pains. First, *knowledge*, once

"My soul's ambition, *now* her greatest dread.

"To *know* myself, true wisdom?—No, to shun

"That shocking science, parent of despair!

"Avert thy mirror: if I see, I die.

"Know my Creator? Climb his blest abode 680

"By painful speculation, pierce the veil,

"Dive in his nature, read his attributes,

"And gaze in admiration,—on a *foe*,

"Obtruding life, with-holding happiness!

"From the full rivers that surround his throne,

"Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;

"Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease

"To curse his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more!

"Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night! 689

"Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,

"Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!

"Now leagu'd with furies, and with * *thee*, 2
 "gainst me.

"Know his achievements? Study his renown?

"Contemplate this amazing universe,

"Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!

"For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,

"To find one miracle of *misery*?

"To find the being, which alone can *know*

"And *praise* his works, a blemish on his praise?

"Through nature's ample range, in thought to
 "stroll. 700

"And star at *man*, the single mourner there,

"Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs,
 "and death?

"Knowing is suffering: and shall *virtue* share

"The sigh of *knowledge*?—Virtue shares the sigh.

"By straining up the steep of *excellent*,

"By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,

"What gain she, but the pang of seeing worth,

"Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark

"With every vice, and swept to *brutal* dust?

"Merit is madness; virtue is a crime; 710

"A crime to *reason*, if it costs us pain

"Unpaid: what pain, amidst a thousand more,

"To think the most *abandon'd*, after days

"Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death

"As *left* a pillow, nor make *fooler* clay!

"Duty! religion!—These, our duty done,

"Imply reward. Religion is mistake.

"Duty!—There's none, but to repel the cheat.

"Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!

"Who feign yourselves the favourites of the skies?

"Ye towering hopes! abortive energies! 720

"That tows and struggle in my lying breast,

"To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,

! Lorenzo.

"As I were heir of an *eternity*.
 "Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
 "Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
 "As bounded as my being be my wish.
 "All is inverted; *wisdom* is a fool.
 "Sense, take the rein; blind *passion*, drive us on;
 "And *ignorance*, befriend us on our way; 730
 "Ye *new*, but *trust* patrons of our peace!
 "Yes; give the *pulse* full empire; live the *brute*,
 "Since as the brute we die. The *sum* of man,
 "Of godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
 "But not on equal terms with *other* brutes:
 "Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
 "And safer too; they never poisons choose.
 "Instinct than *reason* makes more wholesome meals,
 "And sends all-marring murmur far away.
 "For *sensual* life they best philosophise; 740
 "Theirs that *serene* the *sages* fought in vain:
 "'Tis *man* alone expostulates with heaven;
 "His all the *power* and all the *cause* to mourn.
 "Shall *human* eyes alone dissolve in tears?
 "And bleed, in anguish, none but *human* hearts?
 "The wide-stretch'd realm of *intellectual* woe,
 "Surpassing *sensual* far, is all our own.
 "In *life* so fatally distinguish'd, why
 "Calk in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in *death*?
 "Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt? 750
 "Why thunder'd this peculiar *claus*e against us,
 "All-mortal and all-wretched?—Have the skies
 "Reasons of state their subjects may not scan,
 "Nor humbly reason when they *forely* sigh?
 "All-mortal and all-wretched!—'Tis too much;
 "Unparallel'd in nature; 'tis too much
 "On being *unrequ*est'd at thy hands,
 "Omnipotent! for I see nought but *power*.
 "And why see that? Why *thought*? To toil,
 and eat, 759
 "Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
 "What superfluities are *reasoning* souls!
 "O give eternity! or thought destroy.
 "But without thought our curse were half unfelt;
 "Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing
 heart;
 "And therefore 'tis bestow'd, I thank thee, *reason*!
 "For aiding *life*'s too small calamities,
 "And giving being to the dread of *death*.
 "Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
 "For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?
 "Too much for *heaven* to make one emmet more?
 "Too much for *chaos* to permit my mass 771
 "A longer stay with essences unwrought,
 "Unfashion'd, untormented into man?
 "Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!
 "Wretched capacity of frenzy, *thought*!
 "Wretched capacity of dying *life*!
 "Life, *thought*, *worth*, *wisdom*, All (O foul revolt)
 "Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
 "Death, then, has chang'd his nature too: O
 "death! 779
 "Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heaven!
 "Best friend of man! since man is man no more!
 "Why in this thorny *wilderness* so long,
 "Since there's no *promis'd* land's ambrosial bower,
 "To pay me with its honey for my stings?
 "If needful to the selfish schemes of heaven!

"To sting us sore, why mock our misery?
 "Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
 "Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
 "Why so magnificently lodg'd *despair*?
 "At stated periods, sure returning, roll 790
 "These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
 "Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose
 "Their misery's full measure?—Smiles with
 "flowers,
 "And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,
 "That man may languish in *luxurious* scenes,
 "And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
 "Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
 "For such delights! Blest animals! too wise
 "To wonder; and too happy to complain! 799
 "Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene:
 "Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn'd?
 "Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
 "For man to howl in? Why not his abode
 "Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
 "A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence
 "Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
 "As congruous, as, for man, this leffy dome,
 "Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high
 "desire;
 "If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
 "While proud thought swells, and high desire in-
 flames, 810
 "The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates there;
 "And, round us, *death*'s inexorable hand
 "Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no
 "more.
 "Undrawn no more!—Behind the cloud of *death*,
 "Once, I beheld the sun; a sun which gilt
 "That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
 "How the *grave*'s alter'd! Fathomless, as hell!
 "A real hell to those who dreamt of heaven.
 "Annihilation! How it yawns before me!
 "Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *sen*s, 821
 "The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
 "An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
 "This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 "This particle of energy divine,
 "Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
 "And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
 "For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
 "Death of that death I *feareless* once survey'd!—
 "When horror *universal* shall descend,
 "And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
 "On that enormous, unrefunding tomb, 831
 "How just this verse! this monumental sigh!"

Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
 Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck,
 Swept ignominious to the common mass
 Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
 Here lie proud rationals; The sons of heaven!
 The lords of earth! The property of worms!
 Beings of yesterday! and not to-morrow!
 Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
 All gone to rot in chaos; or to make
 Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
 Nor longer justify their Creator's name. 840

Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce,
 Just is this history? If *such* is man,
 G iiij

Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep
And dar'è Lorenzo smile!—I know thee proud;
For once let *pride* befriend thee; pride looks pale
At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays, 850
And art though then a shadow? Less than
shade?

A nothing? *Less* than nothing? To have been,
And *not to be*, is lower than unborn.
Art thou *ambitious*? Why then make the worm
Thine equal? Runs thy taste of *pleasure* high?
Why patronize sure death of every joy?
Charm *riches*? Why choose beggary in the grave,
Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee 859
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They *lately* *prov'd* the soul's supreme desire.

What art thou made of? Rather, how unmade?
Great *nature's* master appetite destroy'd!
Is endless life and happiness despis'd?
Or both wish'd, *here*, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverse, eternal war with heaven!
Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising and breaking millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up 870
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Destroys thy scheme the *wisdom* of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer compar'd to thee:
O! spare this *waste* of being half divine;
And vindicate th' *economy* of heaven.

Heaven is all love; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created, but to *blest*:
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
A being blest, or worthy *so* to be? 880
Heaven starts at an *annihilating* God.
Is that all *nature* starts at, thy desire?
Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay?
What is that dreadful wish?—The dying groan
Of *nature*, murder'd by the blackest guilt.
What deadly poison has thy nature drunk;
To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;
Nature's *first* wish is *endless* happiness;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies. 890
And, oh! what depth of horror lies enclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But, first, he wish'd the Deity destroyed.

If so: what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal posture of the soul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At such a birth, a birth so near of kin, 900
Did thy foul fancy whelp so black a scheme
Of hopes abortive, faculties half-blown,
And deities begun, reduc'd to dust?

There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal
flux
Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
Through *time's* rough billows into *night's* abyss.

* In *Nights VI.*

Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no *rock*, on which man's tossing thought
Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it *something* to be born? 910
Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-sustaining base,
All-realising, all-connecting power,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,
And force *destruction* to refund her spoil?
Command the grave restore her taken prey?
Bids death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
And *earth*, and *ocean*, pay their debt of man,
True to the grand deposit trusted *there*?
Is there no *potentate*, whose outstretch'd arm, 920
When ripening time calls forth th' appointed hour,
Pluck'd from soul *devastation's* famish'd maw,
Binds *present*, *past*, and *future*, to his throne?
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
By germinating beings clustering round:
A garland worthy the divinity!
A throne, by heaven's omnipotence in *smiles*,
Built (like a *pharos* towering in the waves)
Amidst immense effusions of his love!
An ocean of communicated bliss! 930

An all-prolific, all-preserving god!
This were a god indeed.—And such is man;
As here presum'd: he rises from his fall.
Think'st thou? Omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul,
That ever animated human clay,
New wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
Will the swarm settle?—When the *trumpet's* call,
As sounding brass collects us round heaven's throne
Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day, 941
(Paternal splendour!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the soul this *outlet* to the skies,
In this vast vessel of the universe,
How should we gasp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famish'd *hope* expire!

How bright my prospect shines; how gloomy,
thine!

A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the shambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang 951
Of being *lost*. Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of *life*.
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial but our misery
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,
So soon to perish, and revive no more?
The greater *such* a joy, the *more* it pains.
A world, so far from *great* (and yet how great
It shines to thee!) there's nothing *real* in it; 960
Being; a shadow; *consciousness*, a dream;
A dream, how dreadful! Universal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glittering a moment, nor that moment sure,
Midst upper, nether, and surrounding *nights*,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!

Lorenzo! dost thou *feel* these arguments?
Or is there nought but *vengeance* can be felt?
How hast thou dar'd the Deity dethrone? 970

How dar'd *indict* him of a world like this?
 If such the world, creation was a crime;
 For what is crime but cause of misery?
 Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle *this*,
 Of endless arguments *above, below,*
Without us, and within, the short result—
 "If man's immortal, there's a God in heaven."
 But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
 Of argument? One sets my soul at rest! 979
 One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at heart.
 So just the skies, Philander's life so pain'd,
 His heart so pure; *that, or succeeding scenes*
 Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
 "What an old tale is this!" Lorenzo cries.—
 I grant this argument is old; but truth
 No years impair: and had not this been true,
 Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
 Truth is immortal as thy soul; and *fable*
 As fleeting as thy joys: be wise, nor make
 Heaven's highest blessing, vengeance; O be wise!
 Nor make a curse of immortality. 991

Say, know'st thou what it is, or what thou art?
 Know'st thou th' importance of a soul immortal?
 Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
 Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
 Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
 Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them
 all;
 And calls th' astonishing magnificence
 Of unintelligent creation poor.

For this, believe not me; no man believe; 1000
 Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no
 less

Than those of the Supreme; nor his, a few;
 Consult them *all*; consulted, all proclaim
 Thy soul's importance: tremble at thyself;
 For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long:
 Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
 Of nature to this unbelieving hour.

In this small province of his vast domain
 (All nature bow, while I pronounce his name!)
 What has God done, and not for *this* sole end, 1010
 To rescue souls from death! *The soul's high price*
 Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.

The soul's high price is the creation's key.
 Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
 The genuine cause of every deed divine;
That is the chain of ages, which maintains
 Their obvious correspondence, and unites
 Most distant periods in one blest design:
That is the mighty hinge, on which have turn'd
 All revolutions, whether we regard 1020
 The natural, civil, or religious, world;
 The former two but servants to the third:
 To that their duty done, they both expire,
 Their *masks* new-cast, forgot their deeds renown'd:
 And angels ask, "Where once they shone so fair?"

To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
 This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
 This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
 This mean, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end
 Th' Almighty, rising, his long Sabbath broke!
 The world was made; was ruin'd; was restor'd;
 Laws from the skies were publish'd; were re-
 peal'd; 1032

On earth kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms,
 fell;
 Fam'd sages lighted up the *pagan* world;
 Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
 Through distant age; saints travell'd; martyrs
 bled;

By wonders sacred nature stood control'd;
 The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
 Angels, and more than angels, came from hea-
 ven;

And, oh! for *this*, descended lower still: 1040
 Guilt was hell's gloom; astonish'd at his guest,
 For one short moment Lucifer ador'd:
 Lorenzo! and wilt thou do less?—For *this*,
 That bellow'd page, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
 Of all these truths thrice venerable code!
Drifts! perform your quarantine; and then
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor 'less intensely bent infernal powers
 To mar, than those of light, *this* end to gain.
 O what a scene is here!—Lorenzo! wake! 1050
 Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul
 To take the vast idea: it denies

All else the name of great. Two warring worlds:
 Not Europe against Afric; warring worlds!
 Of more than mortal! mounted on the wing!
 On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
 High-hoivering o'er this little brand of strife!
 This sublunary ball—But strife, for what?
 In their own cause conflicting? No; in *thine*,
 In man's. His single interest blows the flame; 1060
 His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
 Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
 Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
 Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,
 And tempest nature's universal sphere.
 Such opposites eternal, steadfast, stern,
 Such foes implacable are good, and ill;
 Yet man, vain man, would meditate peace between
 them.

Think not this fiction, "There was war in
 "heaven," 1069
 From heaven's high crystal mountain, where it
 hung, [bow,

Th' Almighty's out-stretch'd arm took down his
 And shot his indignation at the deep:
 Re-thunder'd bell, and darted all her fires.
 And seems the stake of little moment still?
 And slumbers man, who singly caus'd the storm?
 He sleeps—And art thou shock'd at *mysteries*?
 The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,
 What ardour, care, and counsel mortals cause
 In breasts divine! how little in their own!

Where'er I turn, how new proofs pour upon
 me! 1080

How happily this wondrous view supports
 My former argument! How strongly strikes
 Immortal life's full demonstration, *here!*
 Why this exertion? Why this strange regard
 From heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
 Because, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
 Extremely to be pain'd, or blest for ever.
 Duration gives importance; swells the price.
 An angel, if a creature of a day,
 What would he be? A trifle of no weight; 1090

Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Because immortal, therefore is indulg'd
 This strange regard of deities to dust.
 Hence heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes:

Hence, the soul's mighty moment *in* her sight:
 Hence, every soul has partisans about;
 And every thought a critic in the court:
 Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
 And every guard a passion for his charge:
 Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine 1100
 Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid;
 Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
 And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
 In various modes of emphasis and awe,
 He spoke his will, and trembling nature heard;
 He spoke it loud, in thunder and in storm.
 Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,
 And shaken basis, own'd the present God;
 Witness, ye *billows*! whose returning tide, 1110
 Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
 Swept Egypt and her menaces, to hell:
 Witness, ye *flames*! th' Assyrian tyrant blew
 To sevenfold rage, as impotent, as strong:
 And thou, *earth*! witness, whose expanding jaws
 Clos'd o'er *presumption's* sacrilegious sons:
 Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd
 The soul's high price, and sworn it to the wife?
 Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, strove
 To strike *this truth* through adamant man? 1120
 If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
 All is delusion; nature is wrapt up,
 In tenfold night, from *reason's* keenest eye;
 There's no confidence, meaning, plan, or end,
 In all beneath the sun, in all above,
 (As far as man can penetrate), or heaven
 Is an immense, inestimable; prize;
 Or all is nothing, or that prize is all—
 And shall each *toy* be still a match for heaven,
 And full equivalent for groans below? 1130
 Who would not give a trifle to prevent
 What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?

Lorenzo! thou hast seen (if thine to see)
 All nature, and her God (by nature's course,
 And nature's course controul'd) declare for me;
 The skies above proclaim, "immortal man!"
 And, "man immortal!" all below resounds.
 The world's a system of theology,
 Read by the greatest strangers to the schools;
 If *bones*, learned: and *sages* o'er a plough. 1140
 Is not Lorenzo! then impos'd on thee
 This hard alternative; or, to renounce
 Thy reason, or thy sense; or, to believe?
 What then is thy *unbelief*? 'Tis an exploit;
 A strenuous enterprise: to gain it, man
 Must burst through every bar of common sense,
 Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;
 And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
 His prize, *repentance*; *infamy*, his crown. 1149

But wherefore, *infamy*?—For want of *faith*,
 Down the steep precipice of *wrong* he slides;
 There's nothing to support him in the right.

* Korab, &c.

Faith in the future wanting is at least
 In embryo, every weakness, every guilt;
 And strong temptation ripens it to birth.
 If *this life's* gain invites him to the deed,
 Why not his country fold, his father slain?
 'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme;
 And his supreme, his only good is *here*.
 Ambition, avarice, by the wise disdain'd, 1160
 Is perfect wisdom, while mankind are fools,
 And think a turf, or tomb-stone, covers all:
 These find employment, and provide for *sense*
 A richer pasture, and a larger range;
 And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne,
 When *virtue's* prize and prospect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of heaven.
 Would heaven virtue quite beggar virtue, if belov'd?

"Has virtue charms?"—I grant her heavenly
 fair;

But if unportion'd, all will interest wed; 1170
 Though *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
 The virtues grow on immortality;
 That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
 A deity believ'd, will nought avail;
 Rewards and punishments make God ador'd;
 And hopes and fears give conscience all her power.

As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with immortality, expires.
 Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
 Whate'er his boast, has told me, *He's a knave*. 1180
 His duty 'tis, to love himself alone;
 Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.
 Who thinks ere long the man shall *rebelly* die,
 Is dead already; nought but brute survives.

And are there such?—Such candidates there
 are

For more than death; for utter loss of being,
 Being, the basis of the Deity!
 Ask you the cause?—The cause they will not tell:
 Nor need they: O the sorceries of *sense*!
 They work this transformation on the soul, 1190
 Dismount her, like the serpent at the fall,
 Dismount her from her native wing, (which soar'd
 Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
 To lick the dust, and crawl in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
 Fall'n from the wings of reason, and of hope!
 Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
 Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
 Lovers of argument, averse to sense!
 Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains! 1200
 Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
 More *senseless* than th' *irrationals* you scorn!
 More *base* than those you rule! Than those you
 pity,

Far more *undone*! O ye most infamous
 Of beings, from superior dignity!
 Depest in woe from means of boundless bliss!
 Ye curst by blessings infinite! because
 Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
 Ye morly mass of contradiction strong! 1209
 And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
 In exhalation soft, and die in air,
 From the full flood of evidence against you?
 In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of *sense*,
 Your souls have quite worn out the make of heaven,

By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own:
But though you can deform, you can't destroy;
To curse, not uncreate, is all your power.

Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
Ere, rapt by miracle, by *reason* wing'd, 1220
His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
This is *freethinking*, unconfin'd to parts,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight through the whole sphere of man;

Of this vast universe to make the tour;
In each recess of space and time, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundless interests there,
Still most ambitious of the most remote; 1230
To look on truth unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the *system*, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
More firm; who most examine, must believe,
Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the whole
Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
Who not in fragments writes to human race: 1240
Read his *whole* volume, sceptic! then reply.

This, this, is *thinking free*, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eyes, survey this midnight scene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike man?
Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
For ampler orbs, for new creations, there. 1251
Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, of no weight?
It can; it does: the world is such a point:
And, of that point, how small a part enslaves!

How small a part—of nothing, shall I say?
Why not?—*Friends*, our chief treasure! how they drop!

Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander gone!
The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice, 1260
Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What says this transportation of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot they leave so poor.
Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;
There, there, Lorenzo! thy Clarissa fails.
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord; 1270
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye thy great pole-star; make the land of life,

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,
And two of death; the *last* far more severe.
Life animal is nurtur'd by the sun;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life rational subsists on higher food,

Triumphant in his beams, who made the day.
When we leave that sun, and are left by this,
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt), 1280
Tis utter darkness; strictly double death.
We sink by no judicial stroke of heaven,
But nature's course, as sure as plumbets fall.
Since God, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
(Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere).
'Tis manifest, Lorenzo! *nobis* must change.

If, then, that double death should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
Man shall be blest, as far as man permits.
Not man alone, all rational, heaven arms 1290
With an illustrious, but tremendous, power
To counter-act its own most gracious ends;
And this, of strict necessity, not choice;
That power deny'd men, angels, were no more.
But passive engines, void of praise or blame.
A nature rational implies the power
Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
Else idle reason would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss. 1300
Heaven wills our happiness, allows our doom;
Invites us ardently, but not compels;
Heaven but persuades, almighty man detres;
Man is the maker of immortal fates,
Man falls by man, if finally he falls:
And fall he must, who learns from death alone,
The dreadful secret—That he lives for ever.

Why this to thee?—Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt,

Of second life? But wherefore doubtful still?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wish: 1310
What ardently we wish, we soon believe:
Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd:
What has destroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee what?
When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wish'd;
And, when unwish'd, we strive to disbelieve.
"Thus infidelity our guilt betrays."
Nor that the sole detection! Blush Lorenzo!
Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.
The future fear'd?—An infidel, and fear?

Fear what? A dream? A fable?—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore strong, 1320
Affords my cause an undesign'd support!
How disbelief affirms what it denies!

"It unawares, asserts immortal life."
Surprising! infidelity turns out
A creed, and a confession of our sins:
Apostates, thus, are orthodox divines.

Lorenzo! with Lorenzo clash no more;
Nor longer a transparent vizor wear.
Think't thou, religion only has her mask?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites, 1330
Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, fail.
When visited by thought (thought will intrude),
Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.
Is their hypocrisy so foul as this;
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What detestation, what contempt, their due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape.
That Christian candour they strive hard to scorn:
If not for that asylum, they might find 1340
A hell on earth; nor 'scape a worse below.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,
 Instead of racking fancy to *refute*,
 Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—
 But shall I dare confess the dire result?
 Can thy proud *reason* brook so black a brand?
 From *purser manners*, to *sublimer faith*,
 Is nature's unavoidable ascent;
 An honest deist, where the gospel shines,
 Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends. 1350
 When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside
 This song superfluous; *life immortal* strikes
 Conviction, in a flood of light divine.
 A *Christian* swells, like * Uriel, in the sun;
 Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight;
 And ardent *hope* anticipates the skies.
 Of that bright sun, Lorenzo! scale the sphere;
 'Tis easy! it invites thee; it defends
 From heaven's too woo, and wait thee whence it
 came:

Read and revere the *sacred page*; a page 1360
 Where triumphs *immortality*; a page
 Which not the whole *creation* could produce;
 Which not the *conflagration* shall destroy,
 'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
 In nature's ruins not one letter lost.

In proud disdain of what ev'n gods adore,
 Dost smile!—Pour wretch! thy guardian angel
 weeps.

Angels and *men* assent to what I sing;
 Wits smile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.
 How vicious hearts fume frenzy to the brain!
 Parts push us on to pride, and pride to flame;
 Pert *infidelity* is wit's cockade, 1372
 To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
 By *loss of being*, dreadfully secure.

Lorenzo! if thy doctrine wins the day,
 And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
 If this is all, if *earth* a final scene,
 Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *knave*.
 A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the right:
 Should'st thou be good—how infinite thy loss!
 Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain. 1381
 Blest scheme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
 Of *hope*; and which vice only recommends.
 If so, *where*, infidels! your bait thrown out
 To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boast
 Of *zeal* for *virtue*, and of *love* to *man*?
 Annihilation! I confess in *thee*.

What can *reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a song?
 Yet know, its *title* flatters you, not *me*; 1390
 Yours be the praise to make my title good;
 Mine to bless heaven, and triumph in your praise.
 But since so pestilential your disease,
 Though sovereign is the medicine I prescribe,
 As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair:
 But hope ere long my *midnight dream* will wake
 Your hearts, and teach your *wisdom*—to be wise:
 For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,
 E'er with (and wish in vain!) that souls could die!
 What ne'er can die, oh! grant to *live*; and crown
 The wish, and aim; and labour of the skies; 1401

* *Milton*.

† *The Infidel Reclaimed*.

Increase, and enter on the joys of heaven;
 Thus shall my title pass a *sacred seal*,
 Receive an *imprimatur* from above,
 While angels shout—an *Infidel* Reclaim'd!
 To close, Lorenzo! spite of all my pains,
 Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live for
 ever?

Is it *less* strange, that thou should'st live at all?
 This is a miracle; and that no more:
 Who gave beginning, can exclude an end. 1410
 Deny thou art: Then doubt if thou *shalt* be.
 A miracle with miracles enclos'd,
 Is man: and starts his faith at what is *strange*?
 What less than wonders from the *wonderful*?
 What less than miracles from God—can flow?
 Admit a God—that mystery supreme!
 That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
 Nothing is marvellous for *him* to do:
 Deny him—all is mystery besides;

Millions of mysteries: each darker far, 1420
 Than that thy wisdom would unwisely shun.
 If weak thy faith, why choose the harder side?
 We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
 So weak our *reason*, and so great our God,
 What most surprises in the *sacred page*,
 Or full as strange, or stranger, *must* be true.
 Faith is not *reason's* labour, but repose.

To *faith* and *virtue*, why so backward, man?
 From hence:—The *present* strongly strikes us all;
 The *future* faintly; can we then be *men*? 1431
 If men, Lorenzo! the *reverse* is right.
 Reason is man's peculiar: *Sense* the brute's.
 The *present* is the scanty realm of *sense*;
 The *future*, *reason's* empire unconfin'd:
 On that expending all her godlike power,
 She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;
 There builds her *blessing*! There expects her *praise*;
 And nothing asks of *fortune*, or of *man*.
 And what is *reason*? Be she thus defin'd; 1440
 Reason is *upright stature* in the *soul*.
 Oh! be a *man*; and strive to be a *god*.
 "For what? (thou say'st) To damp the joys of
 "life?"

No; to give *heart* and *substance* to thy joys.
 That tyrant, *hope*; mark how she domineers;
 She bids us quit realities for dreams;
 Safety and peace for hazard and alarm;
 That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,
 She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize.
 Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it sits. 1450
 Though bearing crowns, to spring at *distant* game;
 And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.
 If *hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
 Of little moment, and as little stay,
 Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys;
 What then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,
 Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss!
 Bliss, past *man's* power to paint it; *time's* to close!

This is *earth's* most estimable prize:
 This is *man's* portion, while no more than man;
 Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here*; 1461
 Passions of prouder name befriend us *less*.
 Joy has her *tears*; and transport has her *death*;
 Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,

Man's heart at once *inspirits* and *serenes*;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can *safely* bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attemper'd: a *chastis'd* delight!
Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below! 1471

A blest hereafter *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
Is all; our *whole* of happiness: full proof,
I chose no trivial or inglorious *theme*.
And know, ye foes to song! (well-meaning men,
Though quite forgotten * half your Bible's praise!
Important truths, in spite of *verse*, may please:
Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too

much:
If there is weight in an eternity,
Let the grave listen;—and be *graver* still.

NIGHT VIII.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;

OR, THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

In which are considered the Love of this Life; the Ambition and Pleasure, with the Wit and Wisdom of the World.

AND has all nature then espous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heaven and earth to plead against
thee?

And is thy soul *immortal*?—What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!—Make immortal blest.
Unblest immortals!—What can shock us more?
And yet Lorenzo still affects *the world*;
There stows his treasure; thence his title draws,
Man of the world (for such wouldst thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it *was*,
In ancient days; and Christian—in an age,
When men were men, and not ashamed of heaven—
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy,
Sprinkled with dew from the Castilian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments fatal and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song:
To thee *the world*! how fair! How strongly strikes
Ambition! and gay *pleasure* stronger still!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead! Be *these* my triple theme;
Nor shall thy *wit* or *wisdom* be forgot.

Common the theme; not so the song; if the
My song invokes, *Urania* deigns to smile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If she dissolves, the *man of earth* at once
Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes;
Scenes where these sparks of night, these stars shall
shine

Unnumber'd suns (for all things as they are
The blest behold;) and in one glory pour
Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight;
A blaze—the least illustrious object *there*.

Lorenzo! since *eternal* is at hand,
To swallow *time's* ambitions; as the vast

Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high descent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our *highest*? O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, these elements above,
What towering hopes, what fallies from the sun,
What grand surveys of destiny divine,
And pompous preface of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
Bound for eternity! In bosoms read
By him, who foibles in archangels sees!
On human hearts he bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heaven's register inrolls,
The rise and progress of each option there;
Sacred to doom's day! *That* the page unfolds,
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O Lorenzo, thine?
This world! and this, unrivall'd by the skies!
A world, where lust of *pleasure*, *grandeur*, *gold*,
Three *demons* that divide its realms between them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball;
Till with the giddy circle sick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
Such is the world Lorenzo sets above
That glorious *promise* angels were esteem'd
Too mean to bring; a promise, their ador'd
Descended to communicate, and press'd
By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom woo'd,
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
A pillow which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not composes; fills
The visionary mind with gay *chimeras*,
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!

How frail men, things! how momentary both!
Fantastic chase of shadows hunting shades!
The gay, the busy, equal, though unlike;
Equal in wisdom, differently wise!
Through flowery meadows, and through dreary
One bustling, and one dancing into death.
There's not a day, but to the man of thought
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
The scenes of *business* tell us—"What are men?"
The scenes of *pleasure*—"What is all beside?"
There, others we despise; and *here*, ourselves.
Amid *disgust* eternal, dwells delight?
'Tis *approbation* strikes the string of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,
On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes;
The sensual, in pursuit of something worse;
The grave, of gold; the *politic*, of power,
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;
On the swift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then
ingulf'd;

Where gay delusion darkens to despair!
"This is a beaten track."—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? never beat enough,

Till enough learn'd the truths it would inspire.
 Shall truth be silent, because folly frowns?
 Turn the world's history; what find we there
 But *fortune's* sports, or *nature's* cruel claims,
 Or *woman's* artifice, or *man's* revenge,
 And endless inhumanities on man?
 Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but like the knell
 It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
 Man's misadventures round the listening world!
 Man is the tale of narrative old time;
 Sad tale; which high as paradise begins;
 As if the toil of travel to delude,
 From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
 The *days*, his daughters, as they spin our hours
 On *fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought
 Oft in a moment snaps life's strongest thread,
 Each in her turn some tragic story tells,
 With now-and-then, a wretched farce between,
 And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive
 Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind:
 While in their *father's* bosom, not yet *ours*,
 They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much
 Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'er wife, [year,
 Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the
 At still-confiding, still-confounded man,
 Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
 Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
 And ever-looking for the never-seen.
 Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lies;
 Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.
 Its little joy goes out by one and one,
 And leave poor man at length in perfect night;
 Night darker than what *now* involves the pole.

O thou, who dost permit these ills to fall
 For gracious ends, and would'st that man should
 mourn!

O thou, whose hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
 Who know'st it best, and would'st that man should
 know!

What is this sublunary world? A vapour;
 A vapour all it holds; itself a vapour;
 From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
 Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour
 In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
 As mortal, though less transient than her sons;
 Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
 Were both eternal, solid; thou a dream.

They doat! on what? *Immortal* *views* apart,
 A region of outsidings! a land of shadows!
 A fruitful field of flowery promises!
 A wilderness of joy! perplex'd with doubts,
 And sharp with thorns: a troubled *ocean*, spread
 With bold adventurers, their all on board!
 No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;
 Frown soon it *must*. Of various rates they fail,
 Of ensigns various; all alike in this,
 All restless, anxious; tost with hopes and fears,
 In calmest skies: obnoxious all to storm;
 And stormy the most general blast of life:
 All bound for happiness; yet few provide
 The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies;
 Or *virtue's* helm, to shape the course design'd:
 All, more or less, capricious fate lament,

Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd;
 And farther from their wishes than before:
 All, more or less, against each other dash,
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,
 And suffering more from folly, than from fate.

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
 With all his chosen *terrors* frowning round,
 (Though lately feasted high at *Albion's* cost)
 Wide-opening, and loud-roaring still for more!
 Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
 The melancholy face of human life!
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:
 And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
 By *moral* truth, in such a mirror seen,
 Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
 Self-fatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
 When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers
 gay,

We cut our cable, launch into the world,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
 All, in some darling enterprise embark'd:
 But where is he can fathom its extent?
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
 Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
 And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of
 proof,

Full against wind and tide, *some* win their way;
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
 And togg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
 Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
 They strike; and while they triumph, they ex-
 pire.

In stress of weather, *most*: *some* sink outright;
 O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
 Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulf'd;
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
 One *Cæsar* lives; a thousand are forgot.
 How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
 (Darlings of providence! fond fate's elect!)
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
 With all their wishes freighted! yet e'en these,
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain;
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
 They still are men; and when is man secure?
 As fatal time, as *form*: the rush of years
 Beats down their strength; their numberless
 escapes

In ruin end: and, now, their proud successes
 But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own.
 Their nest so deeply drown'd, and built so high!
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.
 Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
 From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
 The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!
 What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)
 Convince me most of human misery;
 What are they? Smiling wretches of to-morrow!

• *Admiral Balaban, &c.*

More wretched, *then*, than e'er their slave can be;
 Their treacherous blessings, at the day of need,
 Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
 What aggravated impotence in power!
 High titles; *then*, what insult of their pain!
 If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude storm,
 Takes comfort from their foaming billows' rage,
 And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is this a *hutch* of what thy soul admires?
 "But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
 "Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
 "Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
 Look on life's stages: they speak plainer still;
 The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.
 Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
 The best that can befall the best on earth;
 The boy has virtue by his mother's side:
 Yes, on Florello look: a father's heart
 Is tender, though the man's is made of stone;
 The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
 Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

Florello lately cast on this rude coast
 A helpless infant; now a heedless child;
 To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds;
 Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!
 O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!
 Needful austerities he will restrain;
 As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
 As yet, his reason cannot go alone;
 But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
 His little heart is often terrify'd;
 The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
 Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
 His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there.
 Ah! what avails his innocence? The task
 Enjoin'd must discipline his early powers;
 He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin;
 Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall!
 How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
 Our nature such, with necessary pains,
 We purchase prospects of precarious peace:
 Though not a father, this might steal a sigh.
 Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,
 'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still);
 Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
 He leaps enclosure, bounds into the world!
 The world is taken, after ten years toil,
 Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.
 Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;
 Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;
 Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
 Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.

For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terrè filial breed,
 Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
 (Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)
 And, in their hospitable arms, enclose
 Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
 So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
 Men, that act up to reason's golden rule,
 All weakness of affection quite subdued:
 Men, that would blush at being thought sincere;
 And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;

That love a lie, where truth would pay as well
 As if, to them, vice shone her own reward.

Lorenzo! canst thou bear'st shocking sight?
 Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear:
 See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
 Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright,
 Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace;
 All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
 All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd;
 His friends eternal—during interest;
 His foes implacable—when worth their while;
 At war with every welfare, but their own;
 As wise as Lucifer; and half as good;
 And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
 Naked, through these (so common fate ordains),
 Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
 Strung out of all, most amiable in life,
 Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles un-

feign'd;
 Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd;
 Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;
 Ingenious trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
 Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains,
 From the slow mists of this school, experience,
 And her assistant, pausing, pale, distrust,
 Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
 Through serpentine obliquities of life,
 And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
 And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap;
 For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
 Full oft we feel its foul contagion too;
 If less than heavenly virtue is our guard.
 Thus, a strange kind of curs'd necessity
 Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
 By base alloy, to bear the current stamp.
 Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety;
 And brands him into credit with the world;
 Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
 And nature's injuries are arts of life;
 Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes;
 And heavenly talents make infernal hearts;
 That unfurmoutable extreme of guilt!

Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
 Forgot, that genius need not go to school;
 Forgot, that man, without a tutor wife,
 His plan had practis'd, long before 't was writ.
 The world's all title-page; there's no contents;
 The world's all face? the man who shows his
 heart,

Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
 A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile;
 And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
 While rankest venom foam'd through every vein,
 Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill!
 Living, he sawn'd on every fool alive;
 And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd.
 To such proficients thou art half a saint.
 In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)
 How curious to contemplate two state-rooms,
 Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
 With all the necromancies of their art,
 Playing the game of faces on each other,
 Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
 In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust;

Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame;
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool;
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?
For who can thank the man he cannot see?

Why so much cover! It defeats itself.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not men's
hearts,

Are therefore known, because they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—The cause they need not tell.
I give him joy, that's awkward at a lie;
Whose feeble nature truth keeps still in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
Thou say'st, 'Tis needful: it is therefore, right.
Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
To strain at an excuse; and wouldst thou then
Escape that cruel need? Thou may'st, with ease;
Think no post needful that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
So Pulteney thought: think better if you can.

But this, how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt is due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still.
The world's no neuter; it will wound, or save;
Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say, The world, well-known will make a man:
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to
heaven,

Or make us demons, long before we die.
To show how fair the world, thy mistress, shines,
Take either part, sure ills attend the choice;
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not virtue's self is deify'd on earth;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains,
True friends to virtue, last, and least, complain;
But if they sigh, can others hope to smile?
If wisdom has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor folly lead a happy life?
And if both suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he most happy, who the least laments!
Where much, much patience, the most envy'd state,
And some forgiveness, needs the best of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee
Lorenzo smartly, with a smile replies;
"Thus far thy song is right; and all most own.
"Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.—
"And joys peculiar who to vice denies?
"If vice it is, with nature to comply:
"If pride, and sense, are so predominant,
"To check, not overcome them makes a faint,
"Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
"Pleasure, and glory, the chief good of man?"
Can pride and enuality rejoice?
From purity of thought, all pleasure springs;
And, from an humble spirit, all our peace.
Ambition, pleasure! let us talk of these:
Of these, the porch, and academy, talk'd;

Of these, each following age had much to say:
Yet, unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
Who talks of these, to mankind all at once to sell
He talks; for were the saint from either free?
Are these thy refuge?—No: these rush upon thee;
Thy vitals seize, and culture-like, devour thee.
I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth;
If reason can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy Caucasus, ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments, eminence of woes!
Of courted, woes! and courted through mistake!
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee start, as H— at his Moor.
Dost grasp at greatness? first, know what it is:
Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high;
By fortune stuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;
In that which joins, in that which equals, all,
The monarch and his slave.—A deathless soul,
"Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
"A Father God, and brothers in the skies;"
Elder, indeed, in time; but less remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;
Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?

If still delirious, now, Lorenzo! go;
And with thy full blown brothers of the world,
Throw scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;
Thy slaves, and equals: how scorn call on them,
Rebounds on thee! If man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god? If fortune makes him so,
Beware the consequence: a maxim that,
Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the man is lost;
Externals fluttering, and the soul forgot.
Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
Boast that aloud, in which thy servants share.

We wisely strip the seed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their caparisons, of men.
It nought avails thee, where, but what, thou art;
All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man.
When, through death's dreights, earth's subtle
serpents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
As crooked satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
Of fortune's fucus strip them, yet alive;
Strip them of bod', too; nay, closer still,
Away with all, but moral, in their minds;
And let, what then remains, impose their name,
Pronounce them weak, or worthy; great, or mean.
How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,
And death puts out! Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once, infallible, and short,
Of real greatness? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth sur-
veys

Thought greater, than an honest, humble heart;
 An humble heart, his residence! pronounce'd
 His second seat; and rival to the skies.
 The private path, the secret acts of men,
 If noble, far the noblest of our lives!
 How far above Lorenzo's glory sits
 Th' illustrious master of a name unknown;
 Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
 Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with
 men;

And peace, beyond the world's conceptions, smiles!
 As thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.

But thy great soul this *shulking* glory scorns,
 Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen;
 And, when he shrugs at public business, lies.
 Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
 As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.

Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
 Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, he.
 Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
 And mix as much detraction as they can?

Knows he, that faithless *fame* her whisper has,
 As well as trumpet? That his vanity
 Is so much tickled from not hearing all?

Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
 Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines,
 Taking his country by five hundred ears,
 Senates at once admire him, and despise.

With modest laughter living loud applause,
 Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?
 His *fame*, which (like the mighty *Cæsar*), crown'd
 With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls.

By seeming friends, that honour, and destroy.
 We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins:

And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
 The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud;
 And dreams himself ascending in his fall.

An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain:
 All vice wants *bellebore*; but of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl;

Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,
 In *fact*, the point, in *fancy* most pursued.
 Who court applause, oblige the world in *this*;

They gratify man's passion to *refuse*.
 Superior honour, when *assum'd*, is *lost*;
 Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,

Like Koulî Kan, in plunder of the proud.
 Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
 To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,

Lorenzo cries—"Be, then, ambition cast;
 Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
 Gay *pleasure*! proud *ambition* is her slave;

For her, he soars at *great*, and hazards *ill*;
 For her he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
 And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her

smile: [Lorenzo!]
 "Who can resist her charms?"—Or, *should*? Lo—
 What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?

Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers;
 For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;

And well it was for man, that *pleasure* charms;
 How would all stagnate, but for *pleasure*'s ray!
 How would the frozen stream of action cease?

VOL. X.

What is the pulse of this so busy world?
 The love of *pleasure*: that, through every vein,
 Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death
 from life.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family hold all in chains:
 Some most affect the black; and some, the fair;
 Some honest *pleasure* court; and some obscene.
Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
 Of passions, that can err in human hearts;
 Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
 Think you there's but one whoredom? Whore-
 dom all,

But when our reason licenses delight
 Dost doubt, Lorenzo? Thou shalt doubt no more
 Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs

An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
 A rank adulterer with others' *gold*!
 And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner charms;

Hatred her brother has, as well as *love*,
 Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood;
 Whate'er the motive, *pleasure* is the mark;

For her, the black assassin draws his sword;
 For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
 To which no *single* sacrifice may fall;

For her the saint abstains; the miser starves;
 The Stoic proud, for *pleasure*, *pleasure* scorn'd;
 For her, *affliction*'s daughters grief indulge.

And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
 For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
 And with an aim *voluptuous*, rush on death.

Thus universal her despotic power!
 And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
 Patron of *pleasure*! doater on delight!

I am thy rival; *pleasure* I profess;
Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name;

I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
 Virtue the root, and *pleasure* is the flower;
 And honest *Epicurus* foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the *wife* offence;
 If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the name,
 How knits *austerity* her cloudy brow,

And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praise*
 Of *pleasure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
 Ye modern Stoics! hear my soft reply;

Their senses men *will* trust: we can't impose;
 Or, if we could, is imposition right?
 Own *boney faces*; but owning add this *sting*:

"When mixt with poison, it is deadly too.
 Truth never was indebted to a lie.
 Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd as good?

Why then is health preferr'd before disease?
 What nature loves is good, without our leave.
 And where no future drawback cries, "*Beware*,"

Pleasure, though not from virtue, *should* prevail.
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven;
 How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!

The love of *pleasure* is man's eldest born,
 Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
 Wisdom, her younger sister, though more *grave*,

Was meant to *minister*, and not to mar,
 Imperial *pleasure*, queen of human hearts.
 Lorenzo! thou her majesty's renown'd,

Though uncourt counsel, learned in the world!

H

Who think'tt thyself a Murray, with disdain
May'st look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes!
Canst thou plead *pleasure's* cause as well as I?
Know'st thou her *nature, purpose, parentage*?
Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
And know thyself; and know thyself to be
(Strange truth!) the most abominous man alive.
Tell not Calista; she will laugh thee dead;
Or send thee to her hermitage with I.—
Absurd presumption! Thou who never knew'st
A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a *happy life* by chance;
Or yawn'd it into being with a wish;
Or with the shout of grove-ling *appetite*
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An art it is, and must be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be lost;
And leaves us perfect blockheads in our bliss.
The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek us; but *wisdom* must be sought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all else
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, *pleasure's* birth, rise, strength, and grandeur, see.

Brought forth by *wisdom*, nurs'd by *discipline*,
By *patience* taught, by *perseverance* crown'd,
She rears her head majestic; round her throne,
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue lifted forms her manly guard.
For what are *virtues*? (Formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence of joy?
Why then commanded? Need mankind commands,
At once to *merit*, and to *make* their bliss?—
Great Legislator! scarce so great as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
In the transgression lies the penalty;
And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of *pleasure* next the final cause explore;
Its mighty *purpose*, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleasure* came from heaven.
In aid to *reason* was the goddess sent;
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure first succours *virtue*; in return
Virtue gives *pleasure* an eternal reign.
What but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life *natural, civil, and divine*?
'Tis from the pleasure of repast we live;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause we please;
'Tis from the pleasure of belief we pray
(All prayer would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize):
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.
Glide then for ever, *pleasure's* sacred stream!
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters every growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows;—but such
As *must* be lost, Lorenzo! by thy fall.

"What mean I by thy fall?"—Thou'lt shortly see,
While *pleasure's nature* is at large display'd;
Already sung her *origin*, and *ends*.
Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When *pleasure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too; it hastens into pain,

From due reffinement, life, health, reason, joy;
From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;
Heaven's justice *this* proclaims, and *that* her love.
What greater evil can I wish my foe,
Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
Unbroach'd by *just authority*, unguag'd
By *temperance*, by *reason* unrefin'd?
A thousand demons lurk within the lee.
Heaven, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd *these*.
Drink deep; the deeper, then the more divine:
Angels are angels, from indulgence *there*;
'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys?
A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.
The wrong *must* mourn: can heaven's appointments fail?

Can man outwit Omnipotence? Strike out
A self-wrought happiness unmeant by him
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
Its dissonance or harmony shall rise.
Heaven bade the soul this mortal frame inspire:
Bade virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
With unprecious flows of vital joy;
And without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as without piety, for peace.

"Is *virtue* then and *piety* the same?"
No; *piety* is more; 'tis *virtue's* source;
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;
They smile at piety; yet boast aloud
Good will to men; nor know they strive to part
What *nature* joins; and thus confuse themselves.
With *piety* begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.

Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some sinister intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passion, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd is joy matur'd.
Each branch of *piety* delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.

Who worships the Great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.
Lorenzo! when wast thou at church before?
Thou think'st the service long: but is it just?
Though just, unwelcome; thou hadst rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the muse, to win thine ear,

Must take an air less solemn. She complies.
Good conscience: at the sound the world retires;
 Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles;
 Yet has she her *seraglio* full of charms;
 And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
 Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast?
 Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest choose,
 To chase thy gloom.—“Go, fix some weighty
 “truth;

“Chain down some *passion*; do some *generous good*;
 “Teach *ignorance* to see, or *grief* to smile;
 “Correct thy *friend*; befriend thy greatest *foe*;
 “Or with warm heart and confidence divine,
 “Spring up, and lay strong hold on him who made
 “thee.”

Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
 Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.
 Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
 Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters!
 Physicians! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
 (Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe)
 Is half immortal: is it much indulg'd?
 By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
 It shows a *scorn*, or it makes a *fool*;
 And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
 'Tis *pride*, or *emptiness*, applies the straw,
 That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;
 Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!
 The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
 A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight;
 A man *dejected* is a sight as mean.
 What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound?
 What for *dejection*, where presides a Power,
 Who call'd us into being to be blest?
 So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy;
 So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall.
 Most true, a wife man never will be sad;
 But neither will sounorous bubbling mirth,
 A shallow stream of happiness betray:
 Too happy to be sportive, he's serene. [pence]

Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own ex-
 This counsel strange should I presume to give—
 “Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay.”
 There truths abound of sovereign aid to peace;
 Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
 As thou and thine are apt and proud to do.
 If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
 Time's treasure? and the wonder of the wife!
 Thou think'st, perhaps, thy *soul* alone at stake;
 Alas!—Should men mistake thee for a *fool*;
 What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
 Though tender of thy fame, could interpose?
 Believe me, sense *here* acts a double part,
 And the true critic is a *Christian* too.

But *these*, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—
 True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first:
 They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please;
 And travel only gives us found repose.
 Heaven *sells* all pleasure; effort is the price;
 The joys of conquest are the joys of man;
 And *glory* the victorious *laurel* spreads
 O'er *pleasure*'s victor, perpetual, placid stream.

There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,
 Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.

A man of *pleasure* is a man of *pains*.
 Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.
False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought:
 From thoughts full bent, and energy the *truth*;
 And that demands a mind in equal poise,
 Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
 Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
 But happiness that shortly must expire.
 Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?
 And, in a tempest can reflection live?
 Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour?
 Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd?
 Or ope the door to honest poverty?
 Or talk with threatening death, and not turn pale?
 In such a world, and such a nature, *these*
 Are needful/fundamentals of delight:
 These fundamentals give delight, indeed:
 Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
 Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;
 A constant, and a sound, but *serious* joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity?
 It is:—yet far my doctrine from severe.
 “Rejoice for ever!” It becomes a man;
 Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.
 “Rejoice for ever!” *Nature* cries, “Rejoice!”
 And drinks to man in her nectareous cup,
 Mixt up of delicacies for every sense;
 To the great Founder of the bounteous feast,
 Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;
 And he that will not *pledge* her, is a churl.
 Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
 Is the whole science of felicity:
 Yet *sparing* *pledge*: her bowl is not the best
 Mankind can boast.—“A rational repast,
 “Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
 “A military discipline of thought,
 “To foil temptation in the doubtful field,
 “And ever-waking ardour for the right.”
 'Tis *these* first give, then guard; a cheerful heart's
 Nought that is *right* think little, well aware
 What reason bids God bids; by his command
 How aggrandis'd the smallest thing we do!
 Thus *nothing* is insipid to the wife;
 To thee insipid all, but what is mad;
 Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt,
 “Mad! (thou reply'st, with indignation fix'd).
 “Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,
 “I follow nature.”—Follow nature still,
 But look it be thine own: *Is conscience* then
 No part of nature? Is she not *supreme*?
 Thou regicide! O raise her from the dead!
 Then follow nature, and resemble God.

When, spite of *conscience*, pleasure is pursu'd,
 Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd;
 And what's unnatural is painful too.
 At intervals, and must disgust ev'n thee!
 The *fact* thou know'st, but not perhaps the *cause*.
 Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
 Heaven mix'd her with our make, and twist'd close
 Her sacred interests with the strings of life.
 Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
 His better self; and is it greater pain
 Our *soul* should murmur, of our *dust* repine?
 And one in their eternal war *must* bleed.

If one *must* suffer, which should least be spar'd;

The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense :
 Ask then the gout what torment is in guilt.
 The joys of *sense* to *mental* joys are mean :
 Sense on the present only feeds ; the soul
 On past and future foragers for joy.
 'Tis hers by retrospect through *time* to range,
 And forward *time*'s great sequel to survey.
 Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
 Axes might rust, and racks and gibbets fall :
 Guard then thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.

Lorenzo ! wilt thou never be a man ?
 The man is dead who for the body lives,
 Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list
 With every lust that wars against his peace,
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.
 Thyself first know, then love : a *self* there is
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
 A *self* there is, as fond of every vice,
 While every virtue wounds it to the heart :
Humility degrades it, *justice* robs,
 Blest *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
 And godlike *magnanimity* destroys.
This self, when rival to the former, scorn ;
 When not in competition, kindly treat,
 Defend it, feed it : — But, when virtue bids,
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
 And why ? 'Tis love of *pleasure* bids thee bleed ;
 Comply, or own self-love extinct or blind.

For what is *vice* ? Self-love in a mistake ;
 A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
 And *virtue*, what ? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
 Quite skilful in the market of delight.
 Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Power,
 From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
 Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate ;
 More mortal than the malice of our foes ;
 A self-hate *now* scarce felt, then felt full fore
 When being curs'd ; extinction, loud implor'd ;
 And every thing prefer'd to what we are.
 Yet *this self-love* Lorenzo makes his choice ;
 And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
 How is his want of happiness betray'd
 By disaffection to the present hour !
 Imagination wanders far afield :

The future pleases : why ? The present pains —
 " But that's a secret." Yes, which all men know,
 And know from thee, discover'd unawares.
 Thy ceaseless agitation restless roll
 From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause ;
 What is it ? 'Tis the cradle of the soul,
 From *infinity* sent, to rock her in disease,
 Which her physician, *reason*, will not cure.
 A poor expedient ! yet thy best ; and while
 It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.

Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies !
 The weak have remedies, the wise have joys.
 Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
 And what sure mark distinguishes the wise ?
 Consistent wisdom ever wills the same ;
 Thy sickle wish is ever on the wing.
 Sick of herself is *folly*'s character,
 As *wisdom*'s is, a modest self-applause.
 A change of evils is *thy* good supreme ;
 Nor but in motion canst thou find thy rest.
 Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health
 Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports ;
 Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the *true*.
 The *true* is fix'd, and solid as a rock ;
 Slippery the *false*, and tossing as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain ;
That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,
 Home-contemplation her supreme delight ;
 She dreads an interruption from without,
 Smit with her own condition ; and the more
 Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks on earth
 There breathes not a more happy than himself ;
 Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all ;
 And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
 Such angels, all entitled to repose
 On *him* who governs fate : though tempest frowns,
 Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on heaven !
 To lean on *him* on whom archangels lean !
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
 They stand collecting every beam of thought,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight ;
 For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old
 In Israel's dream, come from and go to heaven :
 Hence are *they* studious of sequester'd scenes,
 While noise and dissipation comfort *thee*.

Were all men happy, revelings would cease,
 That opiate for inquietude within.
 Lorenzo ! never man was truly blest,
 But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
 As *folly* might mistake for want of joy.
 A cast unlike the triumph of the proud ;
 A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
 O for a joy from thy Philander's spring !
 A spring perennial rising in the breast,
 And permanent as pure ! no turbid stream
 Of rapturous exultation, swelling high,
 Which like land-floods impetuous pour a while,
 Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
 What does the man who transient joy prefers ?
 What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream ?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight ;
 Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy.
 Joy's a fix'd state, a tenure, not a start.
 Bliss there is none, but *unprecious* bliss :
 That is the gem : sell all, and purchase that.
 Why go a-begging to contingencies,
 Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd ?
 At good fortuitous draw back and pause ;
 Suspect it ; what thou canst ensure, enjoy ;
 And nought but what thou giv'st thyself is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
 And makes it as immortal as herself :

To mortals nought immortal but their worth.
 Worth, conscious worth, should *absolutely* reign,
 And other joys ask leave for their approach,
 Nor, unexamined, ever leave obtain.
 Thou art all anarchy ; a mob of joys
 Wage war, and perish in intestine broils ;
 Not the least promise of internal peace !
 No bosom-comfort, or unborrow'd bliss !
 Thy thoughts are vagabonds ; all outward-bound,
 'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for
 pleasure ;

If gain'd, dear bought; and better mis'd than gain'd.

Much pain must expiate what much pain procur'd.

Fancy, and sense, from an infected shore

Thy cargo bring, and pestilence the prize.

Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst!

By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)

Fancy still cruises when poor *sense* is tir'd.

Imagination is the Paphian shop,

Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame,

Bids foul ideas, in their dark recess,

And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires,)

With wanton art those fatal arrows form

Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.

Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there

On angel-wing, descending from above,

Which these, with art divine, would counter-work,

And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In *this* is seen imagination's guilt;

But who can count her follies? She betrays thee,

To think in grandeur there is something great.

For works of curious art, and ancient fame,

Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;

And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.

Hence what disaster!—Though the price was paid,

That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,

Whole foot (ye gods!) though cloven, must be kiss'd,

Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;

(Such is the fate of honest Protestants!)

And poor magnificence is starv'd to death.

Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!—

Be pacify'd, if outward things are great;

'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;

Pompous expences, and parades augult,

And courts, that insalubrious foil to peace.

Y True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;

True happiness resides in things unseen.

No smiles of fortune ever blest the bad,

Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys;

That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:

So tell his *Helene's*, and be reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;

Or only contest, what deserves the name.

Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has pass'd

Th' authentic seal of reason, which, like Yorke,

Demurs on what it passes, and desires

The tooth of time; when past, a pleasure still;

Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,

And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes

Our future, while it forms our present, joy.

Some joys the future overcast; and some

Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.

Some joys endear eternity; some give

Abhor'd annihilation dreadful charms.

Are rival joys contending for thy choice?

Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;

That oracle will put all doubt to flight.

Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,

Be good—and let heaven answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant

In this our day of proof, our land of hope,

The good man has his clouds that intervene;

Clouds that obscure his sublunary day.

But never conquer: ev'n the best must own

Patience and resignation are the pillars

Of human peace on earth. The pillars these;

But those of Seth not more remote from thee,

Till *this* heroic lesson thou hast learnt,

To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.

Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,

Heaven in reverion, like the sun, as yet

Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;

It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,

The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

"This (says Lorenzo) is a fair harangue:

"But can harangues blow back strong nature's stream,

"Or stem the tide heaven pushes through our veins,

"Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,

"And lays his labour level with the world?"

Themselves men make their comment on mankind,

And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:

Thus weakness to chimera turns the truth.

Nothing romantic has the muse prescrib'd.

* Above, Lorenzo saw the man of earth,

The mortal man, and wretched was the sight.

To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,

Now see the man immortal: him I mean

Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on heaven,

Leans all that way, his bias to the stars.

The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise

His lustre more, though bright, without a foil:

Observe his awful portrait, and admire;

Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw

What nothing less than angel can exceed!

A man on earth devoted to the skies;

Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,

Behold him seated on a mount serene,

Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion's* storm;

All the black cares and tumults of this life;

Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,

Excite his pity, not impair his peace.

Earth's genuine sons, the scepter'd and the slave,

A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees

Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!

His full reverse in all! what higher praise?

What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care, the future *his*.

When public welfare calls, or private want,

They give to fame, his bounty be conceal.

Their virtues varnish nature, *his* exalt.

Mankind's esteem they court, and be his own.

Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities,

His, the compos'd possession of the true.

Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,

All of one colour, and an even thread;

While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,

With hideous gaps between, patch up for them

A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows

The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they

* In a former Night.

H III

Behold a *sun*, he spies a *Deity*;
 What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.
 Where *they* see mountains, he but atoms sees;
 An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine;
 His hopes immortal blow them by as dust,
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs in infinite to lose all bound.
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
 He lays aside to find his dignity;
 No dignity *they* find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
 Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse.
 Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
 And nothing thinks so great in man as *man*.
 Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
 Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue wounds his
 peace.

A cover'd heart *their* character defends;
 A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praise.
 With nakedness his innocence agrees;
 While *their* broad foliage testifies *his* fall.
Their no joys end, where *his* full feast begins:
His joys create, *their* murder, future bliss.
 To triumph in existence, *his* alone;
 And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
 His true existence is not yet begun.
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
 Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,
 Undaunted breast—And whose is that high
 praise?

They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
 And show no fortitude, but in the field;
 If there they show it, 'tis for glory shown;
 Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts.
 A cordial *his* sustains, that cannot fail;
 By pleasure un subdued, unbroke by pain,
 He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.
 All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
 And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield.
 From magnanimity, all fear above;
 From nobler recompense, above applause;
 Which owes to man's short out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,
 Lorenzo cries,—“Where shines this miracle?
 “From what root rises this immortal man?”
 A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground;
 The root disiect, nor wonder at the flower.

He follows nature (not like thee) and shows
 us

An uninverted system of a man.
 His appetite wears *reason's* golden chain,
 And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
 His passion like an eagle well reclaim'd,
 Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite.
 Patient his hope, un-anxious is his care,
 His caution fearless, and his grief, (if grief
 The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
 And why?—Because, affection, more than meet,

His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from heaven.
 Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
 He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.
 They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
 His understanding 'scapes the common cloud
 Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.
 His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
 By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
 The moderate movements of his soul admit
 Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
 An eye impartial, and an even scale;
 Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.
 Thus, in a double sense, the good are wise;
 On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
 What, then, the world? It *must* be doubly weak;
 Strange truth! as soon would they believe their
 Creed.

Yet thus it is; nor otherwise can be:
 So far from aught romantic, what I sing.
 Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
 But from the prospect of immortal life. [fame]
 Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the
 Who care no farther, *must* prize what it yields;
 Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
 Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire;
 He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
 Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
 'Tis hard for *them* (yet who so loudly boast
 Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
 For may not he invade *their* good supreme,
 Where the least jealousy turns love to gall!
 All things to *them*, that for a season shines.
 Each act, each thought, he questions, “What its
 weight,

“Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?”
 And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
 Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
 The godlike man has nothing to conceal.
 His virtue, constitutionally deep,
 Has *habit's* firmness, and *affection's* flame;
 Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire;
 And death, which others slays, makes him a god.
 And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
 Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heaven!
 Stand by thy *scorn*, and be reduc'd to nought:
 For what art thou!—Thou boaster! while thy
 glare,

Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
 Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most;
 And like a mist, is nothing when at hand;
 His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
 Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
 By promise *now*, and by possession *soon*,
 (Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just annihilation rise,
 Lorenzo! rise to something, by reply.
 The world, thy client, listens, and expects;
 And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
 Canst thou be silent? No; for *virtue* is thine;
 And wit talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,
 And *reason* interrupts not her career.
 She'll say—*That mist above the mountains rise*;
 And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse;
 She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
 And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste ?

* 'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *sense* ;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
Pernicious, talent ! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo ! wit abounds ;
Passion can give it ; sometimes *wine* inspires
The lucky flash ; and *madness* rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown, 't were well, was this the worst ;
Chance often hits it ; and, to pique the more,
See *dullness*, blundering on vivacities,
Shakes her sage head at the calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But *wisdom*, awful wisdom ! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last ;
How rare ! in senates, synods, fought in vain ;
Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few ;
While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, *wit* : in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser ; *sense* a man.
Wit hates authority ; commotion loves,
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
In *states*, 'tis dangerous ; in *religion*, death :
Shall *wit* turn Christian, when the dull believe ?
Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume ;
The *plume* exposes, 'tis our *helmet* saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound ;
When cut by *wit*, it casts a brighter beam ;
Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of good *sense*, is worse than nought ;
It hoists more fail to run against a rock.
Thus, a *half*-Chesterfield is quite a fool ;
Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
Where Syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate !
A joy, in which our *reason* bears no part,
Is but a *sorrow* tickling, ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee ;
Which of her lovers ever found her true ?
Happy ! of this bad world who little know ?—
And yet, we much must know her, to be *safe*.
To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point ;
She gives but little, nor that little long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse ;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our *thoughtless agitation*'s idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
An *animal* ovation ! such as holds
No commerce with our *reason*, but subsists
On juices, through the well-ton'd tubes, well
strain'd ;

A nice machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ;
And when it jars—thy syrens sing no more,
Thy dance is done ; the *semi-god* is thrown
(Short apotheosis !) beneath the man,
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
And startle at destruction ? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;
(A field of battle is this mortal life !)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart ;

A single sentence proof against the world ;

" *Soul, body, fortune* ! Every good pertain
" To one of these ; but prize not all alike ;
" The goods of fortune to the body's health,
" Body to soul, and soul submit to God."
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness ? Do this ;
Th' inverted *pyramid* can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful ? it outshines the sun ;
Nay the sun shines not, but to show us this,
The single lesson of mankind on earth.
And yet—yet, what ? No news ! mankind is
mad ;

Such mighty numbers lift against the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd
achieve !)

They talk themselves to something like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs : As *Athens*' fool
Grinn'd from the port, on every sail his own.

They grin ; but wherefore ? and how long the
laugh !

Half ignorance, their mirth ; and half, a lie ;
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they
smile.

Hard either task ! The most abandon'd own,
That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone :
Then for themselves, the moment *reason* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repose)
O how laborious is their gaiety !

They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,
Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I say ? Some cannot sit it out ;
Off their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And show us *what* their joy, by their despair.

The clotted hair ! gor'd breast ! blaspheming
eye !

Its impious fury still alive in death !
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heaven denies
A cover to such guilt ; and so should man.
Look round, Lorenzo ! see the reeking blade,
Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball ;
The strangling cord and suffocating stream ;
The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
From raging riot (flower suicides !)
And *pride* in these, more execrable still !
How horrid all to thought !—But horrors, these,
That vouch the truth ; and aid my feeble song.
From *vices, sense, fancy*, no man can be blest :
Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour :
When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name.
O for a joy from *reason* ! Joy from that,
Which makes man man ; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him *more* : A *bounteous* joy ! that gives,
And promises ; that weaves with art divine,
The richest prospect into present peace :
A joy *ambitious* ! Joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far ;
A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death !
A joy, which *death* shall double, *judgment* crown !
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
Through blest eternity's long day : yet still,
Not more remote from *sorrow*, than from *him*,
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.

There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy preference can improve my bliss!

Affects not this the *sages of the world*?

Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?
Eternity depending on an hour,
Makes *serious thought* man's wisdom, joy, and praise.
Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs

May shun the light) at your designs on heaven:
Sole point! where *over-haughty* is your blame.

Are you not *wife*?—You know you are: Yet hear
One truth, amid your numerous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen;

"Our schemes to plan by *this world*, or the *next*,
Is the sole difference between *wife* and fool."

All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this scale*;
What wonder, then, if they pronounce you *light*?
Is their esteem alone not worth your care?

Accept my simple scheme of *common sense*: [own.
Thus, save your fame, and make two worlds your

The world *replies* not;—but the world *persists*;
And puts the *cause* off to the longest day,

Planning evasions for the day of doom.
So far, at that *re-barring*, from redress,

They then turn *witnesses* against themselves:
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be *wife* to-morrow,

Haste, Haste! A man, by nature, is in haste;
For who shall answer for another hour?

'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* sure friend;
And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth! (nor *wishing* to be more.)
Since *verse* you think from priestcraft somewhat
free,

Thus, in an age so gay, the muse plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard
in prose)

Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the *verse*
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;

And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
But *praise* she need not fear; I see my fate;

And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulf.
Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *tone*,

Must die; and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted *page*! go forth among thy foes;

Go nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,

Denies thee long to live; nor shalt thou rest
When thou art dead; in Stygian shades arraign'd

By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne;
And bold blasphemer of his friend—the world;

The world, whose legions cost him slender pay,
And *volunteers* around his banner swarm;

Prudent, as Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul!
"Are all, then, fools?" Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all,

But such as hold *this doctrine* (new to thee);
"The mother of true wisdom is the *will*;"

The noblest *intellect*, a fool without it.
World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,

In arts and sciences, in wars and peace;
But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,

And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the most indulgence can afford;—

"Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee *wife*."
Nor think this censure is severe on thee;

Satan, thy matter, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT IX.

THE CONSOLATION.

Containing, among other things,

I. A Moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heavens.

II. A Night-Address to the Deity.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE
OF NEWCASTLE,

One of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

"—Fatis contraria fata rependens."—VIRG.

As when a traveller, a long day pass
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates a while his labour lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chaunts his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed;
Where future wandering banish'd from my thought,
And waiting patient the sweet hour of rest,
I chase the moments with a serious song.
Song soothes our pains; and age has pains to sooth.

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at
heart, [shade,
Torn from my bleeding breast, and death's dark
Which hovers o'er me, quench'd th' ethereal fire;
Canst thou, O night! indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge! then sleep, my strain!
Till haply wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre.
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow,
cease;

To bear a part in everlasting lays;
Though far, far higher set in aim I trust,
Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.

Has not the muse asserted *pleasures pure*,
Like those above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still?
I think thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.
But if beneath the favour of mistake,
Thy smile's sincere; not more sincere can be
Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in *body* call for aid; the sick
In *mind* are covetous of more disease;
And when at *work*, they dream themselves quite
well.

To know ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
When *nature's* blush by *custom* is wip'd off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into *manners* naturalis'd our *crimes*;
The curse of curses is, our curse to love;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet),
And throw aside our *senses* with our *peace*.

But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unfully'd shone;
Yet still it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.

No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,
But through the thin partition of an hour,
I see its fables wove by destiny;
And that in sorrow bury'd; *this* in shame;
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
And *conscience*, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many *sleep*, who kept the world awake
With lustre, and with noise! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the *present year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As *mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"*Predest diversions*!—cannot these escape?"—
Far from it: these presents us with a shroud;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ransack tombs for *possession*; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like gods
We sit; and wrapt in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our *own*!

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! such the glories of the world?
What is the world itself? *Thy* world—a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the cieiing of her sleeping fons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The *moist* of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter through the mighty void the *dry*;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature wide our ruins spread: man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where now,
The Roman, Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O *death*! I stretch my view: what visions rise!

What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the *great*.

But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame. Of one departed world
I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated fons; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution soon in flames.
But like Cassandra prophesies in vain;
In vain to many; not I trust to thee.

For know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great decree, the counsel of the skies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundless rage;
When heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, *famine*, *pestilence*, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as for man her birth.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! at the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See all the formidable fons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation:—while aloft,
More than astonishment! if more *can*, be!
Far other *firmament* than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other *stars*!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other *sun*!—A sun, O how unlike
The Babe at Beth'lem! how unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet *be* it is; [pomp!
That Man of Sorrows! O how chang'd! what
In grandeur terrible, all heaven descends!
And gods ambitious, triumph in his train,

A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now all dross remov'd, heaven's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether flames.
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

Lorenzo! welcome to this scene; the last
In nature's course; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee; *this* awakes
The most supine; *this* snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
Leud calls my foul, and ardent wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark
From smitten steel; from nitrous grain the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou not hear her? Dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we stood; Lorenzo! while thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is
too late!

Where, where for shelter shall the guilty fly,
Where conformation turns the good man pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth rose from chaos, man from earth;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
As thoughts of thee!—and art thou absent then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here; it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand assize,
In thee, in all; deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and foretells our doom;
Foretells; and, by forestalling, proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support.
And God above assert that God in man.
Thrice happy they! that enter now the court
Heaven opens in their bosoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who stands himself;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and flying, is undone.

(Art thou a coward? No :) The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to
know;

Asks, "What is truth?" with Pilate; and retires;
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heaven!

Shall all but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?
O day of consummation! mark supreme
(If men are wife) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, surround this scene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.

Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
To disinvolve the moral world, and give
To nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All deities, like summer's swarms, on wing!
All basking in the full meridian blaze!
I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!
Inexorable all! and all, extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scar'd:
Receives his sentence, and begins his hell.
All vengeance past, now, seems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes; he curses whom he dreads;
And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis present to my thought!—and yet where
is it?

Angels can't tell me; angels cannot guess
The period; from created beings lock'd
In darkness. But the process, and the place,
Are less obscure; for these may man inquire.
Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! say, Where art
thou?

Art thou in time, or in eternity?
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all claps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their powers ally'd,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this fast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber; from earth's heaving
womb,

To second birth! contemporary throng!

Rous'd at one call, upstart from one bed,
 Preft in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze,
 He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to thee.
 Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
 He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;
 His greatest foe falls with him; *time*, and he
 Who murder'd all *time's* offspring, *death*, expire.

Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
 Awful eternity! offended queen!
 And her repentment to mankind, how just!
 With kind intent, soliciting access,
 How often has she knock'd at human hearts!
 Rich to repay their hospitality,
 How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
 Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat!
 A dream! while foulest foes found welcome there!
 A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile.

For, lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,

As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
 With banners streaming as the comet's blaze,
 And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
 Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
 Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
 Of light, of darkness; in a middle field,
 Wide, as *creation!* populous, as wide!
 A neutral region! there to mark th' event
 Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
 Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
 Of ages, ripening to this grand result;
 Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
 Who now pronouncing sentence, vindicates
 The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various sentence past,
 Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
 Sulphureous, or ambrosial: What ensues?
 The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
 Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven.
 The *godless*, with determin'd aspect, turns
 Her adamant key's enormous size
 Through destiny's inextricable wards,
 Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.
 Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven,
 Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,

Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more. [glooms,
 The deep resounds; and hell, through all her
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies!
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
 The whole ethereal! How the concave rings!
 Nor strange! when deities their voice exalt;
 And louder far, than when *creation* rose,
 To see *creation's* godlike aim, and end,
 So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!
 To see the mighty *dramatist's* last act
 (As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
 No fancy'd god, a god indeed, descends,
 To solve all knots; to strike the *moral* home;
 To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time*;
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
 Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
 The charm'd spectators thunder their applause!
 And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

What then am I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,
 And worlds celestial, is their found on earth,
 A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
 Which jars on the grand chorus, and complains?
 Censure on thee, Lorenzo! I suspend,
 And turn it on myself; how greatly due!
 All, all is right; by God ordain'd or done;
 And who, but God, resum'd the friends he gave?
 And have I been complaining, then, so long?
 Complaining of his favours, pain, and death?
 Who, without *pain's* advice, would e'er be good?
 Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain?
 Pain is to save from *pain*; all punishment,
 To make for *peace*; and death to save from *death*;
 And second death, to guard immortal life;
 To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
 And turn the tide of souls another way;
 By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
 That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
 A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene;
 Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.
 All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;
 All discipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.
 None are unhappy: all have cause to smile,
 But such as to themselves that cause deny.
 Our faults are at the bottom of our pains;
 Error, in acts, or judgment, is the source
 Of endless sighs: We sin, or we mistake;
 And *nature* tax, when false opinion stings.
 Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd;
 But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim,
 Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,
 Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
 Joy, amidst *ills*, corroborates, exalts;
 'Tis joy and conquest; joy, and virtue too.
 A noble fortitude in *ills*, delights
 Heaven, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
 Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
 Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
 As night to stars, *use* lustre gives to man.
 Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
 And virtue in calamities, admire.
 The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
 An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
 And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.
 'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
 How much unhappiness *must* prove our lot;
 A part which few possess! I'll pay life's tax,
 Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
 Nor think it misery to be a man;
 Who thinks it *is*, shall never be a god,
 Some *ills* we wish for, when we wish to live.
 What spoke proud passion?—"Wish my being
 lost?"

Presumptuous! blasphemous! absurd! and false!
 The triumph of my soul is—*that I am*;
 And therefore that I may be—*what?* Lorenzo!
 Look inward, and look deep; and deeper still;
 Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
 In golden veins, through all eternity!
 Ages, and ages, and succeeding still

* Referring to the First Night.

New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise.
And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deserv'd) by heaven's redundant love,
Made half adorable itself, adore;
And find, in adoration, endless joy!
Where thou, not master of a moment *here*,
Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,
May'st boast a *whole* eternity, enrich'd
With all a *kind* Omnipotence can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.
No man too largely from heaven's love can hope,
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure*.

Ills?—there are none!—*All-gracious!* none
from thee;

From *man* full many! numerous is the race
Of blackest ill, and those immortal too,
Begot by *madness* on fair *liberty*;
Heaven's daughter, hell-debauch'd! *her* hand alone
Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
First barr'd by *thine*: high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whose threats are *mercies*, whose injunctions, *guides*,
Assisting, not restraining, *reason's* choice;
Whose sanctions, *unavoidable*, *results*.
From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor less sure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
"Do this; fly that"—nor always tells the cause;
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repose.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* survey'd,
Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
What *rocks* are *these*, on which to build our trust!
Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
Or this alone—"That *none* is to be found."
Not one, to soften *censure's* hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate *peevish grief's* complaint,
Who like a *demon*, murmuring from the dust,
Dares into judgment call her Judge.—Supreme!
For all I bless thee; most, for the *severe*;
* *Her* death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulf,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve;
It strengthens what it strikes; its wholesome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join heaven's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
Great source of good alone! How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! *pain, death, gebenna, save*.

Thus, in thy world material, *mighty mind!*
Not that alone which *solaces*, and *finishes*,
The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.
The winter is as needful as the spring;
The thunder, as the sun; a stagnate mass
Of vapours breeds a penitential air:
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying storms;
The dread volcano ministers to good.
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.

* *Lucia*.

Loud *Aetnas* fulminate in love to man;

Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd;
And in their use, *eclipses* learn to shine.

Man is responsible for ills receiv'd;
Those we call *wretched* are a chosen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost. "*That my heart has blest*."
'Tis heaven's last effort of good-will to man;
When *pain* can't bless, heaven quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;

Reason absolves the grief, which *reason* ends.
May heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it *safe* to *smile*!
Such smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinctions, from excess.
My change of *heart* a change of *style* demands;
The consolation cancels the complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty song.
And when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller some rising ground,
Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And measures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has pass'd;
And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
The muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod;
Various, extensive, beaten but by view;
And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
Pause; and with pleasure meditate an end,
Though still remote; so fruitful is my theme,
Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
The muse has stray'd; and much of *sorrow* seen
In human ways; and much of *false* and *vain*;
Which none who travel this bad road, can miss.
O'er friends *deceas'd* full heartily she wept;
Of *love divine* the wonders she display'd;
Prov'd man *immortal*; show'd the *source* of joy;
The *grand tribunal* rais'd; assign'd the bounds
Of *human grief*: in *few*, to close the whole,
The moral muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-stroke,
Of *most* our weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,
In this our land of travel and of hope,
For peace on *earth*, or prospect of the *skies*. [debt

What then remains? Much! much! a mighty
To be discharg'd: these thoughts, O night! are
thine;

From thee they came, like lovers secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia (poets feign)
In shadows veil'd, soft sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd less,
Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? Or how steal music from the spheres,
To sooth their goddebs?

O majestic night!

Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born!

And fated to survive the transient sun!

By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!

A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
 An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine, [out,
 Thy flowing mantle form; and heaven through-
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
 Thy gloomy graudeurs (*nature's* most august,
 Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;
 And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
 Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man! so *worthy* to be sung?
 What more prepares us for the songs of heaven?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
 What, to be sung, so *useful*? What so well
 Celestial joys prepare us to sustain!
 The soul of man, his face design'd to see
 Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
 Has *here* a previous scene of objects great,
 On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
 Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
 Of admiration, to contract that awe,
 And give her whole capacities that strength,
 Which best may qualify for *final* joy.
 The more our spirits are enlarg'd on *earth*,
 The deeper draught shall they receive of *heaven*.

Heaven's King! whose face unveil'd consum-
 mates bliss;

Redundant bliss! which fills that mighty void,
 The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
 Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
 Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
 And set his harp in concert with the spheres;
 While of thy works *material* the supreme
 I dare attempt, assist my daring song,
 Loose me from *earth's* enclosure, from the *sun's*
 Contracted circle set my heart at large;
 Eliminate my spirit, give it range
 Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
 Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
 Creation's golden steps, to climb to thee.
 Teach me with *art* great *nature* to controul,
 And spread a lustre o'er the shades of *night*.
 Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the *sun*
 Be seen at *midnight*, rising in my song?

Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou whose
 heart,

Whose little heart is moor'd within a nook
 Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.
 Another ocean calls, a nobler port;
 I am thy pilot, I thy prosperous gale.
 Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
 Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
 And whence thou may'st import *eternal* wealth;
 And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
 Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
 Thou *stranger* to the *world*? thy tour begin:
 Thy tour through *nature's* universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
 On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
 And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole!
 Who circles spacious *earth*, then travels *here*,
 Shall own he never was from *home* before!
 Come, my * Prometheus, from thy pointed rock

Of *false* ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;
 We'll *innocently* steal celestial fire,
 And kindle our devotion at the *stars*;

A theft that shall not chain but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
 Rain's fountain head, the magazine of hail:
 Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
 The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
 That forms the crooked lightning; above the
 caves

Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
 And tune their tender voices to that roar,
 Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
 Above misconstrued omens of the sky,
 Far-travell'd comets calcolated blaze;
 Elance thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*.
 Thy soul, till now contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
 Blighted by blasts of *earth's* unwholesome air,
 Will blossom *here*; spread all her faculties
 To these bright ardours; every power unfold,
 And rise into sublimities of thought.
 Stars *teach* as well as *shine*. At *nature's* birth,
 Thus their commission ran—"Be kind to *man*."
 Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
 The *stars* will light thee; though the *moon* should
 fail.

Where art thou more benighted! more astray!
 In ways immortal? The *stars* call thee back;
 And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.

This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright
 'Tis nature's system of divinity,
 And every student of the *night* inspires.
 'Tis *elder* scripture, writ by God's own hand:
 Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
 Lorenzo! with my *radius* (the rich gift
 Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
 Its various lessons; some that may surprise
 An unadept in mysteries of night;
 Little, perhaps, expected in *her* school,
 Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
 Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign;
 Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what *here*
 Exists *indeed*;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we *here*?—Th' existence of a God?
 Yes; and of other beings, man above;
 Natives of ether! Sons of higher climes!
 And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
 Eternity is written in the skies.
 And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! *thine*;
 Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
 Virtue grows here; *here* springs the sovereign cure
 Of almost every vice; but chiefly *thine*.
 Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

Lorenzo! thou canst wake at midnight too,
 Though not on *morals* bent: *Ambition*, *pleasure*!
 Those tyrants I for thee so lately fought,
 Afford their harrass'd slaves but slender rest.
 Thou to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
 Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
 Commencing one of our *Antipodes*!
 In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
 'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;

And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd heaven)
To yonder stars: For other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And thus be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our *pride*;
Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up man's *ambition to himself*,
And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heaven's coast with most ap-
plause,

An *humble, pure, and heavenly-minded* gaze,
Are *here* inspir'd:—And canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy *curst*, depriv'd of its reproof,
Or unupbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlightening and enlighten'd! All, at once
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But they reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.
Nothing in nature, much less *conscious* being,
Was e'er created solely for itself:
Thus man his *sovereign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable! Thou wasp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;
'Tis *nature's* structure, broke by stubborn *will*,
Breeds all that uncelestial discord *there*.
Will thou not feel the bias *nature* gave?
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies
And seize thy brother's throat?—For what—a
cloud,

An inch of *earth*? The *planet's* cry, "Forbear,"
They chase our double darkness; *nature's* gloom,
And (kinder still!) our *intellectual* night.

And see, *day's* amiable sister sends
Her invitation in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain* and *joy* she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opens the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception in th' *intender's* heart;
While light peeps through the darkness like a spy;
And darkness shows its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more than I this moment feel;
With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck
(Stupor ordained to make her truly wife!)

Then into transport starting from her trance,
With love and admiration, how she glows!

This gorgeous apparatus! This display!
This ostentation of creative power!

This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the first magnitude to lauch
In endless speculation, and adore?

One sun by day, by night *ten thousand* shine:
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
Form urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor carries *there*, I feel it at my heart.
My heart at once it humbles and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.

Who sees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!

Work worthy *him* who made it! worthy praise!
All praise! *praise more* than human! nor deny'd
Thy praise *divine*!—But though man drown'd in
sleep,

Withholds his homage, not *alone* I wake;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his universal temple hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul; at once
The temple and the preacher! O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of *night*!

Devotion! daughter of astronomy!

An *unbeaut* astronomer is *mad*.

True; all things speak a God; but in the small,
Men trace out *him*; in great, he seizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! What is it?
What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud arch,
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in disdain
Of limit built! built in the taste of heaven!
Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd!
A meet apartment for the Deity?—
Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,
Thy *lesty* sinks, and shallows thy *profound*,
And straightens thy *diffusive*; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an universe an *errory*.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
O *Nature*! wide flies off the expanding round.
As when whole magazines at once are fir'd,
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vast disposition dissipates the clouds;
Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,

From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *sense*;
 For, sure to *sense* they truly are divine;
 And half absolv'd idolatry from guilt;
 Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
 In those, who put forth all they had of *man*
 Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
 But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and thought
 What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But they how *weak*, who could no higher mount?

And are there, then, Lorenzo! Those, to whom
 Unseen, and unexistent, are the same?
 And if incomprehensible is join'd,
 Who dare pronounce it madness, to *believe*?
 Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside
 All measure in his work; stretch'd out his line
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
 Then (as he took delight in wide extremes),
 Deep in the bosom of his universe,
 Dropt down that *reasoning* mite, that insect, *man*,
 To crawl and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement

For disbelief of wonders in *himself*.

Shall God be less miraculous, than what
 His *hand* has form'd? Shall *mysteries* defend
 From *un-mysterious*? Things more elevate,
 Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
 More obvious than created, to the grasp
 Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful
 Is heard in *him*, the *more* we should assent.
 Could we conceive *him*, God he could not be;
 Or be not God; or *we* could not be *men*.
 A God alone can comprehend a God;
Man's distance how immense! On *such* a theme,
 Know this, Lorenzo! (seem it ne'er so strange)
 Nothing can *satisfy* but what *confounds*;
 Nothing but what *astonishes* is *true*.

The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
 And every star sheds light upon thy creed.
 These stars, this furniture, this cost of heaven,
 If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
 But thine *eye* tells thee the *romance* is true.
 The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
 In *reason's* court, to silence *unbelief*.

How my mind, opening at this scene, imbibes
 The moral emanations of the skies,
 While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires!
 Has the Great Sovereign sent ten thousand worlds
 To tell us, he resides above them all,
 In glory's unapproachable recess?
 And dare *earth's* bold inhabitants deny
 The sumptuous, the magnificent embassy
 A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
 From whom they come, or what they would impart

For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops
 Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouse;
 Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
 And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
 Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
 Renounces *reason*, or a God adores?
 Mankind was sent into the world to *see*;
 Sight gives the science needful to their peace;
 That obvious science asks *small* learning's aid.
 Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?

Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
 Or travel history's enormous round?
 Nature no such hard task enjoins: She gave
 A make to man directive of his thought;
 A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
 As who shall say, "Read thy chief lesson there."
 Too late to read this manuscript of heaven,
 When like a parchment scroll, struck up by flames,
 It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various! Not the God alone,
 I see his *ministers*; I see, diffus'd
 In radiant orders, essences sublime,
 Of various offices, of various plume,
 In heavenly liveries, distinctly clad,
 Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
 Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings out-
 spread,

Listening to catch the master's least command,
 And fly through *nature*, ere the moment ends;
 Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
 By *Pagan*, and by *Christian*! O'er each sphere
 Presides an angel, to direct its course,
 And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
 Other high trusts unknown: For who can see
 Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *mind*,
 For which alone inanimate was made,
 More sparingly dispens'd? That nobler son,
 Far liker the great fire!—'Tis thus the skies
 Inform us of superiors numberless,
 As much, in excellence, above mankind,
 As above *earth*, in magnitude, the *spheres*.

These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;
 In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
 Perhaps, a thousand demigods defend
 On every beam we see, to walk with men,
 Awful reflection! Strong restraint from ill!

Yet, *here*, our virtue finds still stronger aid
 From these ethereal glories *sense* surveys.
 Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault;
 With just attention is it view'd? We feel
 A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought;
 Nature herself does half the work of *man*.
 Seas, rivers, mountains, forests; deserts, rocks,
 The promontory's height, the depth profound
 Of subterranean, excavated grots,
 Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
 From nature's structure, or the scoop of *time*;
 If ample of dimension, vast of size,
 Ev'n these an aggrandizing impulse give;
 Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
 Ev'n these infuse.—But what of vast in *these*?
 Nothing;—or we must own the skies forgot.
 Much less in *art*!—Vain *art*! Thou pigmy power!
 How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,
 To show thy littleness! What childish toys,
 Thy watery columns squirted to the clouds!
 Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas!
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
 Thy hundred-gated *capitals*! or those
 Where three days travel left us much to ride;
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
 Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
 Or nodding *gigant* pendent in mid-air!
 Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way!
 Yet *these* effect us in no common kind,

What then the force of such superior scenes?
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
What awe from this the Deity has built?
A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives:
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise:
In a bright mirror, his own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo!
To man abandon'd, "Hast thou seen the skies?"

And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite invests
Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night still darker by their deeds.
Slumbering in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and murder, link'd, now prow for prey.
The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now plots, and foul conspiracies, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and desolation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What shall I do!—Suppress it? or proclaim?—
Why sleeps the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men.
Preposterous madmen, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of
heaven;

Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.
Were moon, and stars, for villains only made?
To guide, yet screen them, with tenebrous light?
No; they were made to fashion the sublime
Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *wife*.

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals
liv'd

Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent
In theory sublime. O how unlike
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!
Those ancient sages, human stars! They met
Their brothers of the *skies*, at midnight hour;
Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd obey'd.
The *Stagirite*, and Plato, he who drank
The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,
An area fit for gods and godlike men, [paths
They took their nightly round, through radiant
By seraphs trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footsteps here below;
To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
There they contracted their contempt of earth;
Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd and grew
(Great visitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to men, more joyous to themselves.
Through various virtues, they, with ardour, ran
The *zodiac* of their learn'd, illustrious lives.

In Christian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal!
A needful, but approbrious prayer! as much

Our *amour* less, as greater is our *light*.
How monstrous this in *morals*! Scarce more strange
Would this *phenomenon* in nature strike,
A sun, that froze her, or a star, that warm'd.
What taught these heroes of the moral world?
To these thou giv'st thy praise, give credit too.
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;
And Pagan tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
That, narrow views betray to misery:
That, wide it is to comprehend the whole:
That, virtue, rose from nature, ponder'd well,
The single base of virtue built to heaven:
That God, and nature, our attention claim:
That, nature is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the sea, reflected is the sun,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere:
That, mind immortal loves immortal aims:
That, boundless mind affects a boundless space:
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
The soul assimilate, and make her great:
That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man,
Such are their doctrines; such the *night* inspir'd.
And what more true? What truth of greater
weight?

The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
Delightful outlet of her prison here!
There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large,
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers;
And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there;
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;
Dives deep in their economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herself at home amongst the stars;
And, feeling, emulates our country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo!
As earth the body, since, the *skies* sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, the noble pasture of the mind;
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, the garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial; moral fruit to man.
Call it, the breast-plate of the true high-priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a true astrology;
Thus have we found a new, and noble sense,
In which alone stars govern human fates.
O that the stars (as some have feign'd) let fall
Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And rescued monarchs from so black a guilt!
Bourbon! this with how generous in a foe!
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,
And stick thy deathless name amongst the stars,

For mighty conquests on a needle's point?
 Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
Bastile thy tutor: Grandeur all thy aim?
 As yet thou know'st not what it is: how great,
 How glorious, *then*, appears the *mind* of man,
 When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!
 And what it *seems*, it is: Great objects make
 Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
 Those still more godlike, as these more divine.

And more divine than these, thou canst not see.
 Dazzled, o'er-power'd, with the delicious draught
 Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel
 From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
 An Eden, this! a Paradise unlost!

I meet the Deity in every view,
 And tremble at my nakedness before him!
 O that I could but reach the tree of life!
 For here it grows, unguarded from our taste;
 No *flaming sword* denies our entrance here;
 Would man but gather, he might live for ever.

Lorenzo! much of moral hast thou seen.
 Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
 The *mathematic* glories of the skies,
 Its number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
 Lorenzo's boasted builders, *chance* and *fate*,
 Are left to finish his aerial towers;
Wisdom and *choice*, their well-known characters
 Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.
 Though splendid all, no splendor void of use;
Use rivals *beauty*; art contends with *power*;
 No wanton waste, amid effuse expence;
 The great economist adjusting all
 To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
 How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
 And new! to the man that views it most;
 For newer still infinite succeeds.

Then, these aerial racers, O how swift!
 How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!
Spirit alone can distance the career.
 Orb above orb ascending without end!
 Circle in circle, without end, enclos'd!
 Wheel, within wheel; *Ezekiel*! like to thine!
 Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream;
 Though *seen*, we labour to believe it *true*!
 What involution! what extent! what swarms
 Of worlds, that laugh at *earth*! immensely great!
 Immensely distant from each other's spheres!
 What, then, the wondrous *space* through which
 they roll?

At once it quite ingulfs all human thought;
 'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here;
 Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
 Upbraids the lawless fallies of mankind.
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
 What knots are ty'd! How soon are they dissolv'd
 And set the seeming marry'd planets free!
 They rove for ever, without error rove;
 Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
 This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
 In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
 What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
 To silence, by the presence of their Lord;

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Or hush'd by his command, in love to man,
 And bid let fall soft beams on human race,
 Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
 In exultation to their God and thine,
 They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
 Eternal celebration of his praise,
 But, since their song arrives not at our ear,
 Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight
 Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless power.

Mark, how the *labyrinthian* turns they take,
 The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
 Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence*;
 To gods, how great! how legible to man!
 Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still!

Where are the pillars that support the skies?
 What more than *Atlantean* shoulder props
 Th' incumbent load? what magic, what strange art,
 In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains?
 Who would not think them hung in golden
 chains?—

And so they are; in the high will of heaven,
 Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
 Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
 Or nought of all; if such the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn
 The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
 And towering Alps, all tost into the sea;
 And, light as down, or volatile as air,
 Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
 In time, and measure, exquisite; while all
 The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
 Tune their sonorous instruments aloft;
 The concert swell, and animate the ball.
 Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds
 In a far thinner element sustain'd,
 And acting the same part, with greater skill,
 More rapid movement, and for noblest ends?

More obvious ends to pass, are not these stars
 The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
 On which angelic delegates of heaven,
 At certain periods, as the sovereign nodes,
 Discharge high trusts of vengeance, or of love;
 To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
 And acts most solemn still more solemnize?

Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
 What full effusion of the grateful heart,
 Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight!
 A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!

It drops new truths at every new survey!
 Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,
 That sweeps away all period? As these spheres

Measure duration, they no less inspire
 The godlike hope of ages without end. [take

The boundless space, through which these rovers
 Their restless roam, suggests the sister thought
 Of boundless time. Thus, by kind nature's skill,

To man unlabour'd, that important guest,
 Eternity, finds entrance at the sight:

And an eternity, for man ordain'd,
 Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,

The stars, had never whisper'd it to man.
 Nature informs, but ne'er insults her sons.

Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
 To disappoint it!—That is blasphemy.

Thus, of thy creed a second article,

Momentous, as the existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely fought;
And thou may'st read thy *soul* immortal, here.

Here, then, Lorenzo! on these glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt-illuminated roof.
That calls the wretched *gay* to dark delights.
Assemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the fairest, and the sultan scorn.
He, wife as *thou*, no *crescent* holds so fair,
As that, which on his turban awes a world;
And thinks the *moon* is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than words can give,
A mind superior to the charms of *power*.

'Thou muffled in delusions of this life!
Can yonder *moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,
And purify from stench his watery realms?
And turn her *moral* influence? wants she power
To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on *earth's* infected shore,
And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven?
Nay, and to what thou valuest more, *earth's* joy!
Minds elevate, and panting for unseen,
And defecate from *sense*, alone obtain
Full relish of existence un-dew'd,
The *life* of life, the zest of worldly bliss:
All else on earth amounts—to what? To *this*:
"Bad to be *suffer'd*; blessings to be *left*:"
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—of gazing there is no end.
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the pleasure, so profound the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the same *manna*, mingle earth and heaven.
How distant some of these nocturnal funs!
So distant (says the sage), 'twere not absurd
To doubt, if beams, set out at *nature's* birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever: who can satiate sight
In *such* a scene? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? where depth, height,
breadth,

Are lost in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *seraph's* computation fails.
Now, go, *ambition*! boast thy boundless might
In conquest o'er the tenth-part of a grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a solid base.
Why call for less than is *already* thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a *miracle*?—'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire on mankind;
And while it *satisfies*, it *condemns* too.
To common sense, great *nature's* course proclaims
A Deity; when mankind falls asleep,
A *miracle* is sent, as an alarm;

To wake the world, and prove *him* o'er again;
By recent argument, but not more *strong*.
Say, which imports more plentitude of power,
Or nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?
To make a sun, or *stop* his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the frighted *east*,
Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray?
Or bid the *moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's soft flowery vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater to *create*.
From Adam's bower look down through the whole
train

Of miracles;—*restitute* is their power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* unmiraculous survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rational* seen,
If seen with *human* eyes. The *brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *spangles* here; the *fool* no more.
Say'st thou, "The course of *nature* governs all?"
The *course* of *nature* is the art of God.
The miracles thou call'st for, *this* attest;
For say, could *nature* *nature's* course controul?
But, miracles apart, whose sees him not,
Nature's controller, author, guide, and end!
Who turns his eye on *nature's* midnight face,
But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,
"What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
"In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
"Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
"Who bow'd them flaming through the dark pro-
found,

"Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
"Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
"And set the bosom of *old night* on fire?
"Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?"
Or, if the military style delights thee, [man]
(For stars have fought their battles leagu'd with
"Who marshals this bright host? enrolls their
names?

"Appoints their post, their marches, and returns
"Punctual at stated periods? who disbands
"These veteran troops, their final duty done,
"If e'er disbanded?"—He, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their powers
In *night's* inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness: arm'd them with fierce
flames,

Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold;
And call'd them out of *chaos* to the field,
Where now they war with *vice* and *unbelief*.
O let us join this army! joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When *brighter* flames shall cut a darker night;
When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one *eternal* curtain cover all!

Struck at that thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O *yeddividers* of my time! Ye bright
Accountants of my days, and mouths, and years,
In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!

Since that authentic, radiant register, [him;
Though man inspects it not, stands good against
Since *you*, and years, roll on, though man stands
still;

Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to *wisdom*; now beyond
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.

Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside
The snares keen *appetite*, and passion spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that gray head,
Whose *folly* would undo what *age* has done!

Aid then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, thou,
Great Artist! Thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite *machine*, with all its *wheels*,

Though intervold'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,

With such an *index* fair as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.

Open *mine* eye, dread Deity! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see

Things as they *are*, unalter'd through the glass
Of worldly wishes. *Time*, *eternity*!

('Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both

In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let *time* appear a *moment*, as it is;

And let *eternity*'s full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into heaven.

When shall I see far more than charms me now?
Gaze on creation's model in *thy* breast

Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
When this vile foreign dust, which smother's all

That travel *earth*'s deep vale, shall I shake off?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,

And re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
Obtain her *apothecosis* in thee?

Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;

To wake thy *dead devotion* was my point;
And how I bless *night*'s consecrating shades,

Which to a *temple* turn an *universe*;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heaven,

And antidote the pestilential earth!
In every storm, that either frowns, or falls,

What an asylum has the soul in prayer!
And what a fane is *this*, in which to pray!

And what a God must dwell in such a fane!
O what a genius must inform the skies!

And is Lorenzo's salamander heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires?

O ye nocturnal sparks! ye glowing embers,
On heaven's broad hearth! who burn, or burn

no more,

Who blaze, or die, as Great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you, or forbears: assist my song;

Pour your whole influence; exercise this heart,
So long possess'd; and bring him back to *man*.

And is Lorenzo a demurer still?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest

Truths, which, contested, put thy *parts* to shame,
Nor shame they more Lorenzo's *head* than *heart*,

A *faultless* heart, how despicably small!
Too freight, ought great, or generous, to receive!

Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd with *self*!
And self-mistaken! self, that lasts an hour!

Instincts and *passions*, of the nobler kind,
Lie suffocated there; or *they* alone,

Reason apart, would wake high hope; and open,
To ravish'd thought, that *intellectual* sphere,

Where *order*, *wisdom*, *goodness*, *providence*,

Their endless miracles of love display,
And promise all the truly great desire.

The mind that would be *happy*, must be *great*;
Great, in its *wishes*; great in its *surveys*.

Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,

Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace.
A man of *compass* makes a man of *worth*;

Divine contemplate, and become *divine*.

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
All littleness is in approach to woe;

Open thy bosom, let thy wishes wide,

And let in *stanhood*; let in *happiness*;

Admit the boundless theatre of thought

From nothing, up to God; which makes a *man*;

Take God from *nature*, nothing great is left;

Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;—

Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound; ere'st thine eye

See thy distress! how close thou art besieg'd!

Besieg'd by *nature*, the proud sceptic's foe!

Enclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,

As in a golden net of providence.

How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!

From this thy blest captivity, what art,

What blasphemy to reason sets thee free!

This scene is heaven's indulgent violence:

Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?

What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,

But faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?

Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate *cause*,

Spite of these numerous, awful, *witnesses*,

And doubt the *deposition* of the skies?

O how laborious is thy way to ruin!

Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;

To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,

With all his weight of wisdom and of will,

And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.

Some with they *did*; but *no* man *disbelieves*.

God is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot strike

These gross, material organs; God by man

As much is seen, as *man* a God can see,

In these astonishing exploits of power.

What order, beauty, motion, distance, size;

Conception of design, how exquisite!

How complicate, in their divine police!

Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!

Each attribute of these *material* gods,

So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,

A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;

And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

Lorenzo! this may seem *harangue* to thee;

Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.

And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof

Of this great master moral of the skies,

Unskill'd, or disinclin'd, to read it *there*?

Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,

Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain:

Such proof insists on an attentive ear;

I will not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
Retire ;—the world shut out ;—thy thoughts call
home ;—

Imagination's airy wing repress :—
Lock up thy *senses* ;—let no *passion* stir ;—
Wake all to *reason* ;—let *her* reign alone ;
Then, in thy *soul's* deep silence, and the depth
Of *nature's* silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done ; and shall inquire no more.
In *nature's* channel, thus the questions run.

"What am I ? and from whence ?—I nothing
know,

"But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude
Something *eternal* : had there e'er been *nought*,
Nought still had been : *eternal* there must be.—
But what *eternal* ?—Why not *human race* ?
And Adam's ancestor's without an end ?—
That's hard to be conceiv'd ; since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail ;
Can every part depend, and not the whole ?
Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;
I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.

"Whence *earth*, and these bright *orbs* ?—*Eternal*
too ?

"Grant *matter* was *eternal* ; still these *orbs*
Would want some other father ;—much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes ;
Design implies intelligence, and art ;
That can't be from themselves—or man ; that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?
And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.—
Who, *motion*, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?
Who bid *brute matter's* reflowing lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
Has *matter* innate motion ? then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust :
Has *matter* none ? Then whence these glorious
forms

"And boundless flights, from *shapeless*, and *repos'd* ?
Has *matter* more than motion ? has it thought,
Judgment, and genius ? is it deeply learn'd
In *mathematics* ? Has it fram'd such laws,
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal ?—
If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at me,
Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man* !
If art, to form ; and counsel to conduct ;
And that with greater far, than human skill ;
Resides not in each block ;—a Godhead reigns.—
Grant, then, invisible, eternal, mind ;
That granted, all is solv'd.—But, granting that,
Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud ?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive ?
A being without origin, or end !—
Hail, human liberty ! There is no God—
Yet, why ? on either scheme that knot subsists ;
Subsist it must, in God, or *human race* :
If in the last, how many knots beside,
Indissoluble all ?—Why choose it there,
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more ?
Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest
Dispers'd leave *reason's* whole horizon clear ;
This is not *reason's* dictate ; *reason* says,

"Close with the side where one grain turns the scale ;
What vast preponderance is here ! can reason
With louder voice exclaim—*Believe* a God ?

"And *reason* heard, is the sole mark of man.
What things impossible must man think true,
On any other system ! and how strange
To *disbelieve*, through mere credulity !
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.

And where the link, in which a flaw he finds ?
And, if a God there is, that God how great !
How great that power, whose providential care
Through these bright orbs, dark centres darts a
ray !

Of *nature* universal threads the whole !
And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footstool of his throne !

That little gem, how large ! a weight let fall
From a distant star, in ages can it reach
This distant *earth* ? Say, then, Lorenzo ! where,
Where, ends this mighty building ? Where, begin
The suburbs of creation ? Where, the wall
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence ? Nothing's strange abode !
Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd
His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by ;
Weigh'd *worlds*, and measur'd *infinite*, no more !
Where rears his terminating pillar high
Its extra-mundane head ? and says, to gods,
In characters illustrious as the sun,

"I stand, the plan's proud period ; I pronounce
The work accomplish'd ; the creation clos'd ;
Shout, all ye gods ! nor shout ye gods alone ;
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths re-
sound !

"Resound ! resound ! ye depths, and heights, re-
sound !"

Hard are those questions ;—Answer harder still.
Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,
The solitary son of *power divine* ?
Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of distant *space* ?
Has he not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burst
Of *night* primeval ; barren, now, no more ?
And be the central sun, transpiercing all
Those giant generations, which disport,
And dance, as *moths*, in his meridian ray ;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd
In that abyss of horror, whence they sprung ;
While *chaos* triumphs, reposeful of all
Rival *creation* ravish'd from his throne ?
Chaos ! of *nature* both the womb and grave !
Think'st thou my scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too
wide ?

Is this *extravagant* ?—No ; this is *just* ;
Just in *conjecture*, though 't were false in *fact*.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
From noble root, high thought of the Most High.
But wherefore error ? who can prove it such ?—
He that can set Omnipotence a bound.
Can man conceive beyond what God can do ?
Nothing but quite impossible is hard.
He summons into being with like ease,

A whole creation, and a single grain.
Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!
A thousand worlds? there's space for millions
more;

And in what space can his great *flat* fail?
Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
The warm *imagination*: why condemn?
Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
With fuller admiration of *that power*, [swell]
Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to
Why not indulge in *his* augmented praise?
Darts not *his* glory a still brighter ray,
The less is left to *chaos*, and the realms
Of hideous *night*, where *fancy* strays aghast;
And, though most *talkative*, makes no report?

Still seems my thought enormous? Think again;
Experience self shall aid thy lame belief,
Glosses (that revelation to the sight!)
Have they not led us in the deep disclose
Of fine spun *nature*, exquisitely *small*,
And, though *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*?
If then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation *poise*?
Defect alone can err on such a theme;
What is too great, if we the *cause survey*?
Stupendous Architect! thou, thou art all!
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still!
I Am, thy name! *existence*, all *thine own*!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd
"The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God."

O for the voice—of what? of whom?—What
voice

Can answer to my wants, in such ascent,
As dares to deem one universe too small?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now *fancy* glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty power)
Is not this home creation, in the map
Of universal *nature*, as a speck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
Exceeding fair and glorious for its size,
But, elsewhere, far outmeasur'd, far outthone?
In *fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)
Canst thou not figure it, an *isle*, almost
Too small for notice, in the vast of being;
Sever'd by mighty seas of *unbuilt* space
From other *realms*; from ample *continents*
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Less *northern*, less remote from deity,
Glowing beneath the line of the Supreme;
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth,
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of *human* worth, but ripen soon to gods?

Yet why drown *fancy* in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too small.
Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen*?
Full ample the dominions of the sun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faster than a thought could fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far,

Than the proud tyrant of the Nile was built;
And *he* alone, who built it, can destroy.
Beyond this city, why strays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One infinite! enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read:
O what voluminous instruction here!
What page of wisdom is deny'd him? None;
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is *instruction* here our only gain;
There dwells a noble *pathos* in the skies,
Which warms our passions, profelytes our hearts.
How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent, loud! heard earth around; above.
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise:
Is *earth*, then, more infernal? has she those,
Who neither *praise* (Lorenzo) nor *admire*?

Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er ask'd the *moon* one question: never held
Least correspondence with a single star;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the queen of *beavens*
Walking in brightness; or her train ador'd.
Their *sublunary* rivals long have since
Engross'd his whole devotion: *stars* malign,
Which made the fond *astronomer* run mad;
Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his heart;
Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madness, call'd delight.
Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O thou, to whom belongs
All sacrifice! O thou great Jove unfeign'd;
Divine Instructor! Thy *first* volume, *this*,
For man's perusal; all in capitals!

In *moon*, and *stars* (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who runs, may read;
Who reads, can understand. 'Tis unconfin'd,
To *Christian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
In language universal, to mankind:
A language, lofty to the least: yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from his husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the great mind, that speaks
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
As pre-supposing his first lesson there,
And scripture self a fragment, that unread
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise;
Stupendous book! and open'd, night! by thee.

By thee much open'd, I confess, O night!
Yet more I wish; but bow shall I prevail?
Say, gentle night! whose modest, maiden beams
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture solen'd to the sight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day.
Behind the proud, and envious star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—And show
The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
These rich *regalia* pompously display'd

To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I search on every side—
O for a glimpse of him my soul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste, [her,
Pants for the living stream; for him who made
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys! Say, goddess! where?
Where blazes *his* bright court? Where burns *his*
throne? [round

Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee,
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, the swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where *he* dwells?
A star his dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroath!
And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempest into port!
On which hand must I bend my course to find
him?

These courtiers keep the secret of their king;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb *night's* radiant scale,
From sphere to sphere; the steps by nature set
For man's ascent; at once to tempt and aid;
To tempt his eye, and aid his towering thought;
Till it arrives at the great God of all.

In ardent *contemplation's* rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I jet out.
How swift I mount! diminish'd earth recedes;
I pass the moon; and, from her farther side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; strike into *remote*;
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to *celestial* lengthens *human* sight.
I pause at every planet on my road,
And ask for him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of earth's an army might be lost,
With the bold comet, take my bolder flight,
Amid those *sovereign* glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud;
The souls of systems! and the lords of life, [*now*?
Through their wide empires!—What behold I
A wilderness of wonder burning round;
Where larger suns inhabit *bigger* spheres;
Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods.
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still.
Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
The grandeur on his works, whence *folly* sought
For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher; [*him*)
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to
O where, Lorenzo! must the builder dwell?
Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire—
If human thought can keep its station here.
Where am I?—Where is earth?—Nay, where art
thou,

O sun?—Is the sun turn'd recluse?—And are
His boasted expeditions short to mine?—
To mine, how short! On nature's Alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!

So much a stranger, and so late arriv'd,
How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
What are the natives of this world sublime,
Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stay'd?

"O ye, as distant from my little home,
"As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!
"Far from my native element I roam,
"In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
"What province this, of *his* immense domain,
"Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
"Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss! what are
"you?

"A colony from heaven? Or, only rais'd,
"By frequent visit from heaven's neighbouring
"realms,

"To secondary gods, and half divine?—
"Whate'er your nature, *this* is past dispute,
"Far other life you live, far other tongue
"You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
"Than man. How various are the works of God,
"But say, *what* thought? is *reason* here inthron'd!
"And absolute? or *sense* in arms against her?

"Have you *two* lights? or need you no reveal'd?
"Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
"And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
"Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
"And ask their Adams—"Who would not be
"wife?"

"Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?
"And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer *scorn'd*?
"Is this your final residence? if not,
"Change you your scene, *translated*? or by death?
"And if by death; *what* death?—Know you *dis-*
"ease?"

"Or horrid war?—With war, this fatal hour,
"Europa, groans (so call we a small field,
"Where kings run mad) In *our* world, death
"deputes

"Intemperance to do the work of age;
"And hanging up the quiver nature gave him,
"As slow of execution, for dispatch
"Sends forth *imperial* butchers; bids them slay
"Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before),
"And tofs him twice ten thousand at a meal.
"Sit all your executioners on thrones?
"With you, can rage for plunder make a god?
"And bloodshed wash out every other stain?—
"But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter
"gross

"Your spirits clean, are delicately clad
"In fine-spun ether, privileg'd to soar,
"Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
"The lot of man! How few of human race
"By their own *mud* unmurder'd! How we wage
"Self-war eternal! Is your painful day
"Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you still
"Raw candidates at school? And have you those
"Who disaffect *reversions*, as with us?
"But what are we? You never heard of man;
"Or earth, the *bedlam* of the universe!
"Where *reason* (un-diseas'd with you) runs mad,
"And nurses *folly's* children as *her* own;
"Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
"Of *holiness*, where reason is pronounc'd

" *Infalible*; and *thunders*, like a god;
 " *Ev'n there*, by *saunts*, the demons are outdone;
 " What *these* think wrong, our *saunts* refine to
 " right;
 " And kindly teach *dull* hell her own black arts;
 " Satan, instructed, o'er their *morals* smiles.—
 " But *this*, how strange to you, who know not
 " *man*!

" Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd?
 " Call'd *here* Elijah in his flaming car?
 " Past by you the good Enoch, on his road
 " To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
 " Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his de-
 " scent,

" Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall
 " A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
 " O! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
 " Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home,
 " Then blacken'd *earth* with footsteps foul'd in
 " hell,

" Nor wash'd in *ocean*, as from Rome he past
 " To Britain's isle: *too, too*, conspicuous *there*?"

But this is all digression: where is he,
 That o'er heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
 To groans, and chains, and darkness? Where is he,
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
 He, whom, while man is *man*, he can't but seek;
 And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
 O for a telescope his throne to reach!
 Tell me, ye learn'd on *earth*! or blest *above*!
 Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
 Where, your great Master's orb? His planets,
 where?

Those *conscious* satellites, those *morning-stars*,
 First-born of Deity! from central love,
 By veneration most profound, throw off;
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *serene*;
 Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
 In still approaching circles, still *remote*,
 Revolving round the sun's eternal fire?
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
 To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
 Terrestrial thought's horizon!—And on what
 High errands sent?—Here *human* effort ends;
 And leaves me still a stranger to *his* throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road.
 Born in an age more curious than devout;
 More fond to fix the *place* of heaven, or hell,
 Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.
 'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
 That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
 Without *or star*, *or angel*, for their guide,
 Who worship God, shall find him. Humble *love*,
 And not proud *reason*, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud *science* fails.
 Man's science is the culture of his heart;
 And not to lose his plummet in the depths
 Of *nature*, or the more profound of God.
 Either to know, is an attempt that sets
 The wisest on a level with the fool.
 To fathom *nature* (ill-attempted *here*!)
 Past doubt is deep philosophy *above*;
 Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
 As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still.

For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence
 (So might I dare to speak) is *seen* in all!
 In *man*! in *earth*! in more amazing *skies*!
 Teaching this lesson, *pride* is loth to learn—

" Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
 " Mankind was born to wonder, and adore."

And is there cause for higher wonder still,
 Than that which struck us from our past surveys?
 Yes; and for deeper adoration too.

From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
 Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! *This*;
 Each of these stars is a religious house;

I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise;
 And heard *Solannas* ring through every sphere,
 A seminary fraught with future gods.

Nature all o'er is consecrated ground,
 Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
 The Great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand

Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields
 With seeds of *reason*, which to *virtues* rise
 Beneath *his* genial ray; and, if escap'd

The pestilential blasts of stubborn *will*,
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the *skies*.
 And is devotion thought too much on *earth*,

When beings, so superior, homage *boast*,
 And *triumph* in prostration to the throne?

But wherefore more of planets, or of stars?
 Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,
 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,

All *nature* sending incense to the throne,
 Except the bold Lorenzos of our sphere?
 Opening the solemn sources of my soul,

Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming *skies*,
 Nor fee, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more

Invites the muse—Here turn we, and review
 Our past nocturnal landscape wide:—Then say,
 Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burst of heart,

The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
 Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?

" O what a root! O what a branch, is *here*!"

" O what a father! What a family!"

" Worlds! systems! and creations!—And crea-

" In one agglomerated cluster, hung, [hangs]

" * Great Vine! On thee, on thee the cluster

" The filial cluster! infinitely spread

" In glowing globes, with various being fraught;

" And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal

" life.

" Or, shall I say (for *who* can say enough?)

" A constellation of ten thousand gems,

" And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!

" Set in one *signet*, flames on the right hand.

" Of Majesty Divine! The blazing *scal*,

" That deeply stamps, on all created *mind*,

" Indelible, *his* sovereign attributes,

" Omnipotence, and love! *That*, passing bound:

" And *this*, surpassing that. Nor stop we *here*,

" For want of power in God, but *thought* in man.

" Ev'n *this* acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt:

" If greater aught, that greater all is thine,

" Dread fire!—Accept this *miniature* of thee;

" And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,

In which archangels might have fail'd, un-
"blam'd."

How such ideas of th' Almighty's power,
And such ideas of th' Almighty's plan,
(Ideas not absurd) dislend the thought
Of feeble mortals! Nor of *them* alone!
The fuliefs of the Deity breaks forth
In *inconceivables* to men, and gods.

Think, then; O think; nor ever drop the thought;
How *low* must *man* descend, when *gods* adore!
Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?
Did I not tell thee, "We would mount, Lo-
renzo?"

"And kindle our devotion at the stars?"

And have I fail'd? And did I flatter thee?
And art all adamant? And dost confute
All urg'd, with one irrefragable *smile*?
Lorenzo! *with* how miserable *here*!
Swear by the stars, by him who made them, swear,
Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *they*;
Then *thou*, like *them*, shalt shine; like *them*, shalt
rise

From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;
By due gradation, nature's sacred law.
The stars, from whence?—Ask *Chaos*—He can tell.
These bright temptations to idolatry,
From *darkness*, and *confusion*, took their birth;
Sons of *Deformity*! from fluid dregs
Tartarean first they rose to masses rude,
And then to spheres opaque; then dimly shone,
Then brighten'd, then blas'd out in *perfect* day.
Nature delights in progress; in advance
From worse to better; but, when *minds* ascend,
Progress in part depends upon *themselves*.
Heaven aids exertion; greater makes the great;
The *voluntary* little lessens more.

O be a *man*! and thou shalt be a *god*!
And *half-self-made*!—Ambition how divine!

O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
Still undevout? unkindled?—Though high taught,
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars,
Rank onward to the fashionable world!
Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to heaven?
Curst some of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell!
Pride in *religion* is man's highest praise.
Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once;
Were half so sad as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness; and meets *despair*.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *night*,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad *she* makes the darken'd soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye:
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of *matter's* grandeur, know one end is this,
To tell the *rational*, who gazes on it—
"Though that immensely great, still greater *be*,
"Whole breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
"Unburden'd, nature's universal scheme;
"Can grasp creation with a *single* thought;
"Creation grasp, and not exclude its fire."—
To tell him farther—"It behoves him much

"To guard th' important, yet depending, fate
"Of being, brighter than a thousand suns:
"One single ray of *thought* outshines them all."
And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
Rising, where *thought* is now deny'd to rise,
Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.
Why then persist?—No mortal ever liv'd
But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when words are true)
The whole that charms thee absolutely vain,
Vain, and far worse!—Think thou with dying
men;

O condescend to think as angels think!
O tolerate a chance for happiness!
Our nature such, ill choice ensues ill fate;
And hell had been, though there had been no God.
Dost thou not know, my new astronomer!
Earth, turning from the *sun*, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his God, brings *endless* night;
Where thou canst read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
How deep the darkness! and the groan how loud!
And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames!—
Such is Lorenzo's purchase! such his praise!
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise!
Though in his ear, and level'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from me;
My song but echoes what great Nature speaks.
What has she spoken? Thus the goddets spoke,
Thus speaks for ever:—"Place at nature's head
"A sovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
"Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
"But, above all, diffuses endless good;
"To *rubem*, for sure redress, the wrong may fly;
"The vile for mercy, and the pain'd for peace;
"By whom the various tenants of these spheres,
"Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
"Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
"Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
"At that blest fountain-head from which they
stream;

"Where conflict past redoubles present joy,
"And present joy looks forward on increase,
"And that on more; no period! every step
"A double boon! a *promise*, and a *bliss*."
How easy sits this scheme on human hearts!
It suits their make; it soothes their vast desires;
Passion is pleas'd, and *reason* asks no more;
'Tis rational! 'tis great!—But what is *thine*?
It darkens, shocks, excommunicates, and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked both of help and hope,
Sinking from bad to worse; few years the sport
Of *fortune*; then the morsel of *despair*.

Say then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'st it well)
What *vices*?—Mere want of compass in our thought.
Religion, what?—The proof of *common sense*.
How art thou hooded where the *least* prevails!
Is it my fault, if *these truths* call thee *fool*?
And thou shalt never be *miscall'd* by me,
Can neither *shame* nor *terror* stand thy friend?
And art thou *still* an insect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown; [all
Snatch'd thee from earth; escorted thee through

Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee, like a God,
Through splendours of first magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Close-cruis'd on the bright paradise of God;
And almost introduc'd thee to the throne!
And art thou still carousing for delight,
Rank poison; first fermenting to mere froth,
And then subsiding into final gall?
To beings of sublime, immortal make,
How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!
Such joy more shocking still the more it charms!
And dost thou choose what ends ere well begun,
And infamous as short? And dost thou choose
(Thou, to whose palate glory is so sweet)
To wade into perdition, through contempt,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own?
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;
For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,
Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.
O thou most awful being, and most vain!
Thy will how frail! how glorious is thy power!
Though dread eternity has sown her seeds
Of bliss and woe in thy despotic breast,
Though heaven and hell depend upon thy choice,
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.
Is this the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, shall it be most just?
Lorenzo! No; it cannot,—shall not be,
If there is force in reason, or in sounds
Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When slumber locks the general lip, and dreams
Through senseless mazes hunt souls uninspir'd.
Attend—The sacred mysteries begin—
My solemn night-born adoration hear;
Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust;
While the stars gaze on this enchantment new,
Enchantment, not infernal, but divine!
"By silence, death's peculiar attribute;
"By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom;
"By darkness, and by silence, sisters dread!
"That draw the curtain round night's ebony throne,
"And raise ideas solemn as the scene!
"By night, and all of awful night presents,
"To thought or sense (of awful much to both
"The goddess brings!) By these her trembling
fires,
"Like Vesta's, ever-burning, and like hers
"Sacred to thoughts immaculate and pure!
"By these bright orators, that prove, and praise,
"And press thee to revere the Deity;
"Perhaps too aid thee, when rever'd a while,
"To reach his throne; as stages of the soul,
"Through which at different periods she shall pass,
"Refining gradual for her final height,
"And purging off some dross at every sphere!
"By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world,
"By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renowned,
"From short ambition's zenith set for ever;
"Sad preface to vain boasters now in bloom!
"By the long list of swift mortality,
"From Adam downward to this evening knell,
"Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye,

"And shooks her with an hundred centuries,
"Round death's black banner throng'd in human
thought!
"By thousands now resigning their last breath,
"And calling thee—wert thou too wise to hear!
"By tombs o'er tombs arising; human earth
"Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
"The monarch's terror, and the sexton's trade,
"By pompous obsequies that shun the day,
"The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
"Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
"Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!
"By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones,
"And the pale lamp that shows the ghastly dead
"More ghastly, through the thick incumbent
gloom!
"By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
"The gliding spectre! and the groaning grave!
"By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
"For the grave's shelter! by desponding men,
"Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
"By guilt's last audit! by yon moon in blood,
"The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
"And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell!
"By second chaos and eternal night!"
Be wise—Nor let Philander blame my charms,
But own not ill discharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living, duty to the dead.
For know I'm but executor; be left
This moral legacy; I make it o'er to thee
By his command; Philander hear in me,
And heaven in both. If deaf to these, O! hear
Florello's tender voice; his weal depends
On thy resolve; it trembles at thy choice;
For his sake—love thyself: example strikes
All human hearts; a bad example more;
More still a father's; that ensures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove
The unnatural parent of his miseries,
And make him curse the being which thou gavest?
Is this the blessing of so fond a father;
If careless of Lorenzo! spare, Oh! spare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend!
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.
Let passion do what nobler motive should;
Let love and emulation rise in aid
To reason, and persuade thee to be—blest!
This seems not a request to be deny'd;
Yet (such the insatiation of mankind!)
'Tis the most hopeless man can make to man.
Shall I then rise in argument and warmth,
And urge Philander's posthumous advice
From topics yet unbroach'd?—
But Oh! I faint! My spirits fail!—Nor strange
So long on wing, and in no middle time
To which my great Creator's glory I'd
And call—but now in vain. Sleep's dewy wand
Has strok'd my drooping lips, and promis'd
My long arrears of rest; the drowsy god
(Wont to return with our returning peace)
Will pay ere long, and bless me with repose; [cor.
Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's
The ship-boy's hammock, or the foldier's straw,

Whence sorrow never chas'd thee; with thee bring,
 Not hideous visions, as of late, but draughts
 Delicious of well-tasted cordial rest,
 Man's rich restorative, his balmy bath,
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
 The various movements of this nice machine,
 Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
 When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
 Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
 Fresh we spin on, till *sickness* clogs our wheels,
 Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
 When will it end with me?

—“Thou only know'st,
 “Thou, whose broad eye the *future* and the *past*
 “Joins to the *present*; making one of *three*
 “To moral thought! Thou know'st, and thou
 “alone, [known!
 “All-knowing!—all-unknown!—and yet well-
 “Near, though remote! and though unfathom'd,
 “felt!

“And though invisible, for ever seen!
 “And seen in all! the *great* and the *minute*:
 “Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
 “Each flower, each leaf, with its small people
 “swarm'd,

“(Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)
 “To the first thought, that asks, “*From whence?*”
 “declare [o'er

“Their common source. Thou fountain, running
 “In rivers of communicated joy!
 “Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
 “Say, by what name shall I presume to call
 “Him I see burning in these countless suns,
 “As Moses in the *bush*? Illustrious mind!
 “The whole creation less, far less to thee,
 “Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
 “How shall I name thee?—How my labouring soul
 “Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!

“Great system of perfections! mighty cause
 “Of causes mighty! cause uncaus'd! sole root
 “Of *nature*, that luxuriant growth of God!
 “First Father of *effects*! that progeny
 “Of endless series; where the golden chain's
 “Last link admits a period, who can tell?
 “Father of all that is or heard, or hears!
 “Father of all that is or seen, or sees!
 “Father of all that *is*, or *shall* arise!
 “Father of this immeasurable mass
 “Of *matter* multiform; or dense, or rare;
 “Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
 “Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme
 “Of like amaze and mystery to man.
 “Father of these bright millions of the *night*!
 “Of which the least full godhead had proclaim'd,
 “And thrown the gazer on his knee—or say,
 “Is appellation higher still, thy choice?
 “Father of *matter*'s temporary lord!
 “Father of *spirits*! nobler offspring! sparks
 “Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
 “With various measures; and with various modes
 “Of *insin*, *reason*, *intuition*; beams
 “More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
 “The darker matter *organiz'd* (the ware
 “Of all *created spirit*); beams, that rise
 “Each over other in superior light,

“Till the last ripens into lustre strong
 “Of next approach to godhead. Father fond
 “(Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
 “Of *intellectual* beings! beings blest
 “With powers to please thee; not of passive ply
 “To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
 “Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
 “Of this imperial palace for thy sons;
 “Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
 “Though boundless habitation, plann'd by thee:
 “Whose several clans their several climates suit;
 “And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
 “Or, oh! indulge, immortal King, indulge
 “A title less august indeed, but more
 “Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears,
 “Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
 “*Father of immortality to man!*
 “A theme that *lately set my soul on fire—
 “And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
 “*That blessing* was convey'd; far more! was
 “bought;

“Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
 “Were made; and one, redeem'd illustrious light
 “From light illustrious! thou, whose *regal* power,
 “Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,
 “On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
 “O'er more, far more than diadems and thrones,
 “Inviolably reigns; the dread of gods!
 “And oh! the *friend* of man! beneath whose foot,
 “And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 “All regions, revolution, fortunes, fates,
 “Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 “Through the short channels of expiring *time*,
 “Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 “Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy spirit* breathes),
 “In absolute objection!—And, O thou
 “The glorious Third! distinct, nor separate!
 “Beaming from *both*? with both incorporate;
 “And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!
 “By condescension, as thy glory great,
 “Enthrinn'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
 “Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
 “Of heaven with distant earth! by whom I trust,
 “(If not inspir'd) unceasur'd this address
 “To thee, to them—to whom!—Mysterious
 “power!

“Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light;
 “Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
 “The *triple* bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
 “That animates all right, the *triple* sun!
 “Sun of the soul! her never-fetting fun!
 “Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
 “Abfconding, yet demonstrable, Great God!
 “Greater than greatest! Better than the best!
 “Kinder than kindest! with soft *pity's* eye,
 “Or (stronger still to speak it) with *thine own*,
 “From thy bright home, from that high firma-
 “ment,
 “Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
 “Beyond archangels unassisted ken;
 “From far above what mortals highest call;
 “From elevation's pinnacle; look down, [all
 “Through—What? confounding interval! through

• *Nights the Sixth and Seventh.*

" And more than labouring fancy can conceive;
 " Through radiant ranks of essences unknown;
 " Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
 " Round various banners of Omnipotence,
 " With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd;
 " Through wondrous beings interposing swarms,
 " All clustering at the call, to dwell in thee;
 " Through this wide waste of worlds! this vista

" vast,

" All fanded o'er with suns; suns turn'd to night
 " Before thy feeblest beam—Look down—down—
 " down,

" On a poor breathing particle in dust,
 " Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes.
 " His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
 " Those smaller faults, half converts to the right.
 " Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
 " May see the sun (though night's descending scale
 " Now weighs up morn), un pity'd, and unblest!
 " In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
 " Pain, our aversion; pain, which strikes me now;
 " And, since all pain is terrible to man,
 " Though transient, terrible; at thy good hour,
 " Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
 " My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near;
 " By nature near; still nearer by disease!
 " Till then, be this an emblem of my grave:
 " Let it outpreach the preacher; every night
 " Let it outcry the boy at Philip's ear;
 " That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
 " And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
 " My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose,
 " Or sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
 " Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by fate,
 " First, in fate's volume, at the page of man—
 " Man's fickle soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
 " From side to side, can rest on nought but thee:
 " Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy;
 " On thee the promis'd, lure, eternal down
 " Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
 " Nor of that pillow shall my soul despond;
 " For—Love almighty! Love almighty! (sing,
 " Exult creation!) Love almighty reigns!
 " That death of death! that cordial of despair!
 " And loud eternity's triumphant song! [God!
 " Of whom, no more:—For, O thou Patron—
 " Thou God and mortal! Thence more God to man!
 " Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
 " Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise.
 " Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,
 " Who, disembosom'd from the father, bows
 " The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth!
 " Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
 " Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks!
 " From famish'd ruin plucks her human prey!
 " Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
 " Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 " Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!
 " And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
 " As deeper guilt prohibits our despair!
 " Enjoins it as our duty to rejoice!
 " And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 " Take his delights among the sons of men."

What words are these—And did they come
 from heaven?

And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
 What are all mysteries to love like this?
 The songs of angels, all the melodies
 Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound;
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart;
 Though plung'd before in horrors dark as night;
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy!
 Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.

This final effort of the moral muse,
 How justly 'titled? not for me alone:
 For all that read; what spirit of support,
 What heights of consolation, crown my song!

Then, farewell night! of darkness, now, no
 more!

Joy breaks; shines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
 My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
 True taste of life, and constant thought of death!
 The thought of death, sole victor of its dread!
 Hope be thy joy; and probity thy skill;
 Thy patron he, whose diadem has dropp'd
 Yon gems of heaven; Eternity thy prize:
 And leave the racers of the world their own,
 Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils:
 They part with all for that which is not bread;
 They mortify, they starve on wealth, fame, power;
 And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more.
 How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
 Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,
 The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
 Whose lives whole drift is to forget their graves!
 And when our present privilege is past,
 To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,
 The same atonishment will seize us all.
 What then must pain us, would preserve us now.
 Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late; Lorenzo!
 Seize wisdom ere 'tis torment to be wise;
 That is, seize wisdom ere she seizes thee.
 For what, my small philosopher! is bell?
 'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the truth,
 When truth resisteth long, is sworn our foe
 And calls Eternity to do her right.

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
 And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
 And truths divine converting pain to peace,
 My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
 Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
 Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
 Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
 'Tis pride to praise her; penance to perform.
 To more than words, to more than worth of
 tongue,
 Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
 An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man;
 When, like a falling star, the ray divine

Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;
Which sets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;

When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
When time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

"My soul shall be satisfied even as if it were with marrow and fatness? when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips."

PSALM lxxiii. 6.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS was not intended for the public, there were many and strong reasons against it; and are so still; but some extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away, being got into the printed papers, it was thought necessary to publish something, lest a copy still more imperfect than this should fall into the press: and it is hoped, that this unwelcome occasion of publication may be some excuse for it.

As for the following stanzas, God Almighty's infinite power, and marvellous goodness to man, is dwelt on, as the most just and cogent reason for our cheerful and absolute resignation to his will; nor are any of those topics declined, which have a just tendency to promote that supreme virtue: such as the vanity of this life, the value of the next, the approach of death, &c.

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years
Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place!

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget:

And am not I to these akin?
Age slumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots, what'er it writes;
And am I writing still?

Conscious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts;
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults;

Permit me, Madam! ere to you
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad sister of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
Too many suns have roll'd:

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His second world to see:
My second world, though gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my joys; the grave
Has broken nature's laws;
And clos'd, against this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws;

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my sight;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalia, tell;
Say, long abandon'd muse!
What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I choose?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame;

For doating on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme,
Beyond the themes which most admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,
Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood restrain;
Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.
O Resignation! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains;
Though claiming every muse's smile,
And every poet's pains,
Beneath life's evening, solemn shade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth!
Thou sole support of age!
All other duties, crests are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious consummation, thou!
Which fills her orb with light:
How rarely fill'd! the love divine
In evils to discern,
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest which we learn;
A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.
But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall;
The talk I tread; dare I to leave
Of humble prose the shore,
And put to sea? a dangerous sea?
What throngs have sunk before!
How proud the poet's billow swells!
The God! the God! his boast:
A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!
Dead bards stench every coast.
What then am I? Shall I presume,
On such a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to rise,
And in my winter, sing;
When nightingales, when sweetest bards
Confine their charming song,
To summer's animating heats,
Content to warble young?
Yet write I must; a lady sues,
How shameful her request!

* Mrs. M—

My brain in labour for dull rhyme?
Her's teeming with the best!
But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but through fate,
No stranger to your pain.
The ghost of grief deceas'd ascends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you;
Too well he knows the twisting strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd,
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resign'd:
Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.
But what can heart, or head, suggest?
What sad experience say?
Through truths austere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way:
What are we? Whence? For what? and Whither?
Who know not, needs must mourn;
But thought, bright daughter of the skies!
Can tears to triumph turn.
Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable shield,
When, sent by fate, we meet our foes,
In fore affliction's field;
It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.
Affection frail! train'd up by sense,
From reason's channel strays:
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.
Thought winds its fond, erroneous stream
From daily-dying flowers,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers;
Whence throngs, in extasy, look down
On what once shock'd their sight;
And thank the terrors of the past
For ages of delight.
All withers here; who most possess
Are losers by their gain,
Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,
Life's idle all is vain:
Vain, in its course, life's murmuring stream;
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease; life, then, would seem
Still vainer, from its end.
How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament!
With the poor alms this world affords,
Deplorably content!

Mad not the Greek his world mistook,
His wish had been most wise;
To be content with but one world,
Like him we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state
A full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then cast
The total up—

Despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd;
Heaven wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its stroke severe, most kind.

But in laps'd nature, rooted deep,
Blind error domineers;
And on fools errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleasures overprize;
These oft persuade us to be weak;
Those urge us to be wise.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleasure are we brought
To flowery fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
If folly is withstood;
And says, time pays an easy price,
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an economist is man
To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity!
For which as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn,

Say not, your loss in triumph leads
Religion's feeble strife;
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy so long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our present state;

What are the tears, which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? Like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate, keen desire
From launching in extremes.

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see, the will divine
Has but forestall'd our own;

At variance with our future wish,
Self-sever'd we complain;
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
Must answer for the pain:

The day shall come, and swift of wing
Though you may think it slow,
When, in the list of fortune's smiles,
You'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence;
This course it has pursued
"Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
"Of sound important good:"

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties:
And every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise:

'Twill sound severe—Yet rest assur'd
I'm studious of your peace;
Though I should dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of his decease:

An hour shall come (you question this)
An hour, when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

Hear then without surprise a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliss:

Esteem you this a paradox?
My sacred motto read;
A glorious truth! divinely sung
By one, whose heart had bled;

To Resignation swift he flew,
In her a friend he found,
A friend, which blest him with a smile
When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our Sabbaths are but few:

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms; as found
A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe
Appointment for our sins,
That mother blessing (not so call'd),
True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
By stings of life unvet;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through time's records run;

And say, what is a man unstruck?
It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply stung—
My bold pretence is try'd;
When vain man boasts, Heaven puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride;

Now need I, Madam! your support.—
How exquisite the smart;
How critically tim'd the news
Which strikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I spoke, I feel:
If worth like thine, is born,
O long-below'd! I bless the blow,
And triumph, whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long: by grief subdued
By reason's empire shown;
Deep anguish comes by Heaven's decree,
Continues by our own;

And when continued past its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is disgrace, and, what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime:

And shall I, criminally mean,
Myself and subject wrong?
No; my example shall support
The subject of my song.

Madam! I grant your loss is great;
Nor little is your gain;
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain;

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

But such a friend! and sigh no more?
'Tis prudent; but severe:
Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop,
All sorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth,
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my distress of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page
And beautify'd a fault:

To touch our passions, secret springs
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair;

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him presented at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

* Whilst the Author was writing this, he received the news of Mr. Samuel Richardson's death, who was then printing the former part of the Poem.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, smooth address;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of distress;

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest
With Esculapian art:
Know, love sometimes, mistaken love!
Plays disaffection's part:

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide
They correspond from distant worlds,
Though transports are deny'd:

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
Is not your love severe?
O! stop that crystal source of woe;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As those above from human bliss
Receive increase of joy;
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part, their peace destroy?

He lives in those he left;—to what?
Your, now, paternal care,
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye;
It will discern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
But those, I trust, of mind;
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd;
Revolve his battles won;
And let those prophecy your joy
From such a father's son:

Is consolation what you seek?
Fare, then, his martial fire;
And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his fire:

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wife nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

Nor, Madam! be surpris'd to hear
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boasters!) than to you:

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn;
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born;

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a screaming meteor, casts
An universal light;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

Than to sustain the dreadful blow;
When those we love expire?
Go forth a moral Amazon;
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, though costing dear
You'll think it cheaply bought;
The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæsar's toil:
The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
Inferior praise afford;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword;
Nor can the thunders of huzzas
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your hear
Soft whispers of applause:
The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you,
Share his delight; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, an absurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd:
Some seem in love with sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me justly brand,
And stamp it with disgrace:
Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou second-born of hell!
Against heaven's endless mercies pour'd
How dar'st thou to rebel?
From black and noxious vapours bred
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of frenzy's self
By perseverance brought,
Thy most inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles!
Are radiant marks of man;
They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light in sons of honest joy
Some beams of Moses' face:
Is Resignation's lesson hard?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind;
Resign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on one above;
Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

For joy what cause? how every sense
Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love?
But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun;
From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul,
Broke loose from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom;
To range at last its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come:
They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And, doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done;
Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds;
Though man sits still, and takes his ease;
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.
But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late;
Hence loud laments: let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.
What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child;
Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd:
Now, and through periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travel been,
Its birth the good of man;
Man holds in constant service bound
The blustering winds and seas;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard
Their master, man, to please:
To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run;
Finish for man their destin'd course
As 'twas for man begun.
One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often more, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong;
That heaven in man delights:
What's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds, or fates?

So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates;

Weat's Revelation then? a list,
An inventory just
Of that poor infant's goods, so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere:

Would we in heaven new heaven create,
And double its delight?
A smiling world, when heaven looks down,
How pleasing in its fight!

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praise:

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of heaven's avenging rod?
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an armless wand;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand;

Like that, it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand!
To banish sorrow, and be blest,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss, shall we complain?
The man, who dares to be a wretch,
Deserves still greater pain,

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the power
Who sweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden still possess'd:
Be gone, ignoble grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know;
Transport's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilst good present we possess
More precious we pursue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, interest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

VOL. X.

"But how to smile; to stem the tide
"Of nature in our veins;
"Is it not hard to weep in joy?
"What then to smile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And struggles through a storm;
Proclaims the mind as great, as good;
And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex, by nature, bold;
What then in yours? 'tis diamond there,
Triumphphant o'er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress?
And check the rising sigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right:

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.

A friend's an optic to the mind
With sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air:

A * friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which dy'd in your distress;

That friend, the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; such as these;

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are given;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heaven:

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reason sleeps, the pulse is king;
Despotic body reigns:

Have you † ne'er pity'd joys gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas! poor envy! she's stone-blind,
And quite mistakes her mark:

Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdued;

* Mrs. Montague.

† Ibid.

K

And in proud fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

By Resignation; all in that
A double friend may find;
A wing to heaven, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind:

On pillows void of down, for rest
Our restless hopes we place,
When hopes of heaven lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repose in peace:

The peace, which Resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess;
'Tis disbelief'd by murmuring minds,
They must conclude it less:

The loss, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope, or fear;
That fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year:

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind?
Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd:

While man by that of every grace,
And virtue, is possess'd;
Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast;

By Resignation we defeat
The work that can annoy;
And suffer, with far more repose,
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak;
O! grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye Powers
Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to those
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme!

A theme themselves! A theme, how rare!
The charms which they display,
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array:

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die:
Learning and genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.

This revelation, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold:

But as those * ladies works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day:

So burst, full ripe, distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun;

* Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Carter.

And from the purple grape unpres'd
Spontaneous nectars run.

Pallas ('tis said), when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain;
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wisdom's brighter reign;

Her helmet took; that is, shot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance—or genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And gorgon shield—or power to fright
Man's folly, dreadful shone,
And many a blockhead (easy change!)
Turn'd instantly to stone.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedge'd-in by surly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free:

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man:

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set; how I rejoice
This sifter lamp to see!

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state;
His lessen'd light, and languid powers,
I show, whilst I relate.

PART II.

BUT what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns!
"In ruffling seasons to be calm,
"And smile, when fortune frowns."

Heaven's choice is safer than our own;
Of ages past inquire,
What the most formidable fate?
"To have our own desire."

If, in your wrath, the work of foes
You wish extremely ill,
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers, rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish!
Wish ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own;

That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown?

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourselves above we rise;
We scarce believe ourselves below!
We trespass on the skies!

The Lord, the soul, and source of all;
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and seas;

Beyond us, what can angels boast?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as—we desire.

What glory this for man to mean,
Whose life is but a span?
This is meridian majesty!
This the sublime of man!

Beyond the boast of Pagan song
My sacred subject shines!
And for a soil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All that the sun surveys subdued,
"But Cato's mighty mind."
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the resign'd!

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds;
To passion that gives law;
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe;

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to heaven the rest;

Then he the palm had borne away
At distance Cæsar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the Ikies his own.

What cannot Resignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation! then from fields,
Where mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, blest martyr's souls
Ascended to their King:

Who is it calls thee? one whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

In front he stands, the briar he treads
Of an eternal state;

How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by fate:

His threatening foe! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!

His dart tremendous!—at fourscore.

My sole asylum thou!

Haste then, O Resignation! haste,

'Tis thine to reconcile

My foe and me; at thy approach,

My foe begins to smile:

O! for that summit of my wish,

Whilst here I draw my breath,

That promise of eternal life,

A glorious smile in death:

What sight, heaven's azure arch beneath,

Hast most of heaven to boast?

The man resign'd; at once serene,

And giving up the ghost!

At death's arrival they shall smile,

Who not in life o'er gay,

Serious and frequent thought send out

To meet him on his way:

My gay coevals! (such there are)

If happiness is dear;

Approaching death's alarming day

Discreetly let us fear:

The fear of death is truly wise,

Till wisdom can rise higher;

And, arm'd with pious fortitude;

Death dreaded once, desire:

Grand climacteric vanities

The vainest will despise;

Shock'd when beneath the snow of age,

Man immaturely dies:

But am not I myself the man?

No need abroad to roam

In quest of faults to be chastis'd;

What cause to blush at home?

In life's decline, when men relapse

Into the sports of youth,

The second child out-fools the first,

And tempts the lash of truth;

Shall a mere truant from the grave

With rival boys engage?

His trembling voice attempt to sing,

And ape the poet's rage?

Here, Madam! let me visit one,

My fault who partly shares,

And tell myself, by telling him,

What more becomes our years;

And if your breast with prudent zeal

For Resignation glows,

You will not disapprove a just

Resentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead

For some indulgence due;

When heads are white, their thoughts and aims

Should change their colour too:

How are you cheated by your wit!

Old age is bound to pay,

By nature's law, a mind discreet,

For joys it takes away:

K ij

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot;

The wife, as flowers, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When evening damps, and shades descend,
Their evolutions close.

What though your muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true sublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time:

Why close a life so justly fam'd
With such bold trash as * this?
This for renown? yes such as makes
Obscurity a bliss:

Your trash with mine at open war
Is † obstinately bent,
Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent:

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke,
We shudder whilst we praise;

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire:

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate;

A fate how much to be deplor'd!
At which our nature starts;
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts;

"But grant your name"—to feed on air,
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your carcase from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe save?

But fame you lose; good sense alone
Your idol, praise can claim;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame!

Candide.

† *Second part.*

Nor boast your genius, talents bright,
Ev'n dunces will despise,
If in your western beams is mis'd
A genius for the skies;

Your taste too fails; what most excels
True taste must relish most!
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast?

Sound heads salvation's * helmet seek,
Resplendent are its rays,
Let that suffice; it needs no plume
Of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To see that—"All is right,"
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight;

If so, all's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven;
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"Voltaires are now in heaven."

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop most profound!) to me:

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express:

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care,

I behold passing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight?
Naked the centre to that eye,
To which the sun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him, by whom they shine,
Chase darkness from my soul.

My soul which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within;

A world that shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here;

* *Ephes. vi. 17.*

† *Which his romance ridicules.*

Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter grofs, how bright it shines!
For time how great his care!
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share;

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell:

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
Propitious to my peace:

Through all the crooked paths I trod
My folly he pursued;
My heart astray to quick return
Importunately woo'd.

Due resignation home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet,
Beneath the mask of ill!

How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire!
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.

Have I not sometimes (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to blefs:
Oft I lamented an event,
It turn'd to my success.

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow:

When labouring under fancy'd ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sovereign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd sense from fancy'd tyranny
Alone can set us free;
A thousand miseries we feel,
Till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
Our wish we relish less;
Success, a sort of suicide,
Is ruin'd by success:

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terror whisper kind advice;
And taught the tomb to save:

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
Aspangles o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

We to ourselves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuse
These self recording lines;
A record, modesty forbids,
Or to small bound confines:

In grief why deep ingulf'd? You see
You suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate!
That wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end.

But human prudence too must cease,
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear:

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
From chaos, and old night.

From what seem'd horror, and despair,
The richest harvest rose;
And gave me in the nod divine
An absolute repose.

Of all the plunders of mankind,
More grofs, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd,
Eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade?
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you should greatly prize:

Of self-perusal, science rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain:

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd, and untravell'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom; there you'll meet
A revelation new,
A revelation personal;
Which none can read but you.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,

By mercies manifold, through life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in him
A complicated friend,

A father, brother, spouse: no dread
Of death, divorce, or end:

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure or somewhat odd,
Though 'tis the best that man can give,—
"Ev'n be content with God."

Through love he gave you the deceas'd,
Through greater took him hence;
This reason fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by sense.

This friend, far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state.

His eye, this instant, reads your heart;
A truth less obvious hear;
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are founding in his ear:

Dispute you this? O! stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow; know,
That tears now trickling down, he saw
Ten thousand years ago.

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reason's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a smile.

A smile, which through eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deities e'en guilt,
If guilt at last obeys.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a sovereign reigns)
Your guilt diminish; peace pursue;
How glorious peace in pains!

Here, then, your sorrows cease; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away;

Of tears that gush profuse restrain;
Whence burst those dismal sighs?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth!) most happy rise.

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care.

Anxious for each, as if on each

His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as absolute,
As all had been but one.

And is he then so near! so kind!—
How little then and great,
That riddle, man! O! let me gaze
At wonders in his fate:

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep.

How mean!—And yet, if well obey'd
His mighty Master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small:

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmits in the dust!
Account amazing! yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just.

Man born for infinite, in whom
Nor period can destroy
The power, in exquisite extremes,
To suffer, or enjoy.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
Benighted by the sun!

For what the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here the vain to please;
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these;

They warm e'en me.—I dare not say,
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay, fright us with its love.

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
So formidable spoke?

And are we darker than that sun?
Than rocks more hard and blind?
We are,—if not to such a God
In agonies resign'd.

Yes, e'en in agonies forbear
To doubt Almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above;

What most embitters time, that most
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres.

Joy's fountain head! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,

And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wife.

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines
Nectarous to the soul!
What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuse of every bliss!
Good-will immense prevails;
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know,
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea!
One land, how wide the shore?

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is fown!
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in ether thron'd!

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?—
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate, and adore.

Since thou art infinite in power,
Nor thy indulgence less;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into distress;

Say, what is Resignation? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood;
And wisdom grasping, with an hand
Far stronger, every good.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
In thee who dare not trust;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murmuring in the dust;

For man to murmur, or repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd, than to complain
Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough?

What, though I'm swallow'd in the deep?
Though mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah safe,
I'm landed, and adore:

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form;
Roar, waves; rage, winds! I know, that thou
Canst fave me by a storm.

From thee immortal spirits born,
To thee, their fountain, flow,
If wife; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering streams below:

Nor less compell'd by reason's call,
To thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by nature's law,
High moun'ts material fire;

To thee aspiring they exult,
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies;

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And generous sense of past,
To thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim; pronounce us all
Distracted, or resign'd;

Resign'd through duty, interest, shame;
Deep shame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth!) in heaven itself
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;
And shall one drop to murmur hold,
Provoke my guilty soul?

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
Can indignation raise?
The sun was lighted up to shine,
And man was born to praise;

And when to praise the man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view;
A cloud dishonours both; but man's
The blacker of the two:

For oh! Ingratitude how black!
With most profound amaze
At love, which man below'd o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

Praise cheers, and warms, like generous wine;
Praise, more divine than prayer;
Prayer points our ready path to heaven;
Praise is already there.

Let plausible Resignation rise,
And banish all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the saint;

Makes the man blest'd, as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night;

'Tis nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace;

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 't will impart;
Know, Madam! when your heart's in heaven,
"All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raise?
Deny'd divine support,

All virtue dies : support divine
The wife with ardour court :

When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing;
Bursts through heaven's crystal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its king :

The labouring soul from fare distress
That bless'd expedient frees ;
I see you far advanc'd in peace ;
I see you on your knees :

How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone !
An humble heart, God's other seat !
The rival of his throne :

And stoops Omnipotence so low !
And condescends to dwell,
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well pleas'd, in such a cell !

Such honour how shall we repay ?
How treat a guest divine ?
The sacrifice supreme be slain !
Let self-will die : Resign.

Thus far, at large, on our disease ;
Now let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan :

What our sole fountain of distress ?
Strong passion for this scene ;
That trifles make important, things
Of mighty moment mean :

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and interests fly as far
Asunder, as the poles ;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and sordid joys,
Our grandeur we disgrace ;

O ! for an Archimedes new,
Of moral powers possess'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breast.

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we descend ;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
Our origin, and end :

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came ;
And may if wise, for ever bask
In great Jehovah's beam :

Let that bright beam on reason rous'd
In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies.

Earth's glories too their splendour lose,
Those phantoms charm no more ;

Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor ;

Then leav'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave ;
Not wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave :

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

When human glory rises high
As human glory can ;
When, though the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man ;

The man is dead, where virtue fails ;
And though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom ! where art thou ? None on earth,
Though grasping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O death ! through thy approach,
Is wiser every hour ;

Approach how swift, how unconfin'd !
Worms feast on viands rare,
Those little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare :

From kings what Resignation due
To that Almighty will,
Which thrones bestows, and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still ?

Who truly great ? The good and brave,
The masters of a mind
The will divine to do resolv'd,
To suffer it resign'd.

Madam ! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
The border of the grave ;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread power,
As bursting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour ;

Hear this, Voltaire ! but this from me,
Runs hazard of your frown ;
However, spare it ; ere you die
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself forbear
My notions to chaffise,
Left unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wife :

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now, makes us disagree ;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
Voltaire will close with me :

How shocking is that modesty,
Which keeps some honest men,
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When brav'd by folly's pen.

Affaulting truths, of which in all
Is fown the sacred feed !
Our constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our creed :

What then are they, whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast ?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost !

Though vice, by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay ;
Through pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey !

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize ;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies

From fancy's forge : gay fancy smiles
At reason plain, and cool ;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

Voltaire ! long life's the greatest curse
That mortal's can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live ;

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birth-day of their sorrow !
Knowing, it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.

These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot ;
Not mine, your genius, or your state,
No * castle is my lot :

But soon, quite level shall we lie ;
And, what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones ;

Hear you that sound ? Alarming sound ?
Prepare to meet your fate !
One, who writes *Finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate ;

Far other works will soon be weigh'd ;
Far other judges sit ;
Far other crowns be lost or won,
Than fire ambitious wit :

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,
Who sunk it in good sense ;
And veneration most profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of blest eternity ;
O ! may'st thou never, never lose
That more than † golden key !

Whate'er may seem too rough excuse,
Your good I have at heart :
Since from my soul I wish you well ;
As yet we must not part :

Shall you, and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust,
That we are still alive ?

What have we left ? How mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave !
When life, so vain ! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take your leave :

Happier, than happiest life, is death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici*, on his shield ;

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize ;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

O ! how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix !
When nature strikes no less than twelve,
And folly points at six !

To mend the moments of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright !

That hand which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands :
Repent, recant ; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.

To Satan dreadfully resign'd,
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues ;
'Tis well, pursue it still ;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will.

And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim ;
How very far superior they
In number and in name !

POSTSCRIPT.

Thus have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume ;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.

The public frowns, and censures loud
My puerile employ ;
Though just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy ;

But sing no more—no more I sing
Or reassume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

What myriads swell the concert loud !
Their golden harps resound
High as the footstool of the throne,
And deep as hell profound ;

* Letter to Lord Lyttelton.

† Alluding to *Prussia*.

Hell (horrid contrast!) chord and song
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous hurst of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole!

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
“Above, beneath the sun,
“Through boundless age, by men, by gods,
“Jehovah's will be done.”

'Tis done in heaven; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will with Satan fell;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth's another hell.

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains;
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of woe.

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due:
But virtue's cause I need not plead,
'Tis safe; I write to you.

You know that virtue's basis lies
In ever judging right,
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight.

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From storm that safe resort;
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world a scene
How dismal and forlorn!
To death we owe that 'tis to man
A blessing to be born;

When every other blessing fails,
Or fapp'd by slow decay,
Or, storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
Is swiftly whirl'd away;

How happy! that no storm or time
Of death can rob the just!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust!

Well pleas'd to bear heaven's darkest frown,
Your utmost power employ;
'Tis noble chemistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate shall be my choice:
Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
To praise and to rejoice.

What ample cause! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I start not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious dost thou shine!
And dart through sorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine!

The void of joy (with some concern
The truth severe I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyless murmur free;
Or let us know which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign; this lesson none
Too deeply can infill;
A crown has been resign'd by more
Than have resign'd the will.

Though will resign'd the meanest makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celestial eyes
Than he who wears a crown.

Hence, in the bosom cold of age,
It kindled a strange aim
To shine in song, and bid me boast
The grandeur of my theme.

But oh! how far presumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers cease to flow.

First! greatest! best! grant what I wrote
For others ne'er may rise
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canst make our wisdom wise.

And how unwise! how deep in guilt!
How infamous the fault!
“A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
“Indeed beneath the taught!”

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel;
And, with instructions most divine,
To pave a path to hell.

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
O! for a soul on fire,
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels string the lyre.

How cold is man! to him how hard
(Hard what most easy seems)
“To set a just esteem on that
“Which yet he—most esteems.”

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit ne'er too low
Depress'd the daring thought.

ON THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH, AND HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

INSCRIBED TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

SECRETARY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES.

"— Gaudia Curis."—Hos.

MDCCXIV.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fullness of my grateful thought,
My fame at once and duty to pursue,
And please the public, by respect to you.

Though you, long since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own,
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir, the great esteem and honour due,
I chose that moment to profess to you,
When sadness reign'd, when fortune, so severe,
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere.
And when no motives could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I sing—but ah! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conscious sorrow swell:
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only show his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute not their own.
Her summer's heats nor fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe;
And when black storms confess the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won.
Revolving pleasures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle?
Did partial fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?

Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim,
Thy queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic squadrons fly.
We spread our canvass to the southern shore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the south resigns her store.
Her virtue smooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain,
Argyll and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdu'd by Anna's prayer.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Nor set returns of pleasure or of pride,
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings a shelter o'er her head.

Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart:
She saw, and griev'd to see, the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She shed her bounty piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight? does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise!
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples call a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise.
Drown'd in a brighter blaze it disappears.
Who dry'd the widows and the orphans tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever fought, it was a queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;

And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt !
That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd !
A second time our tender parents dy'd !

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown.
His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire :
Wisely to spend is the great art of gain ;
And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
When time shall ask where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,
One drop of water, that refresh'd the dry,
Shall rise a fountain of eternal joy.

But ah ! to that unknown and distant date ;
Is virtue's great reward push'd off by fate ;
Here random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
August in native worth and regal state,
Anna fate arbitress of Europe's fate ;
To distant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each moment of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty queen !
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace :
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus end maturest honours of the crown !
This is the last conclusion of renown !

So when with idle skill the wanton boy ' [joy,
Breathes through his tube ; he sees, with eager
The trembling bubble, in its rising small ;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.
'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb !
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe !
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow !
Yes, this advantage ; from our deep distress
We learn how much in George the gods can bless.

Had a less glorious prince left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown :
An Anna-falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys :
Our joys arise and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch ! what a praise is thine !

Welcome, great stranger, to Britannia's throne !
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain !
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main,
With prayer we smooth the billows for thy fleet ;
With ardent wishes fill thy swelling sheet ;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and com-
pose,

Join those whom interest joins, and chase our foes !
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame ?
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit without a blush the British crown.
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great Sir, now first, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power ;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine ;
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid :
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

All share ; but may not we have leave to boast
That we contemplate, and enjoy it most ?
This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by fate
On gentle Isis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd ;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known !)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne !
For England's church her latest accents strain'd ;
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd,
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide thee from the British coast ?
The crown's impatient to enclose thy head :
Why stay thy feet ? the cloth of gold is spread.
Our strict obedience through the world shall tell
That king's a Briton, who can govern well !

THE INSTALMENT.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

" Quæstam Meritis." HOR.

MDCCLXVI.

WITH invocations some their breasts inflame ;
I need no muse, a Walpole is my theme.

Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd sons of praise !
Our morning stars ! our boast in former days !

Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop, and attend : by one, the knee be bound ;
One, throw the mantle's crimson folds around ;
By that, the sword on his proud thigh be plac'd ;
This, clasp the diamond-girdle round his waist ;
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread,
Wife Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,
And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
None prest fair glory with a swifter pace.

When fate would call some mighty genius forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid some favourite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil ;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course ;
That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, Britain, see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant star ;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe, through fortune's roughest tide.

If peace still smiles, by this shall commerce steer
A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere ;
And, gathering tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.

If war's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Through that black cloud which rising from the
Thames,

With thunder, form'd of Brunswick's wrath, is sent
To claim the seas, and awe the continent.
This shall direct it, where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the muse shall kindle, and aspire :
My breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poetry.
My fortune shows, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair :
Be this thy partial smile from censure free ;
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

Since Brunswick's smile has authoris'd my muse,
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair fame to worthless men :
This profanation of celestial fire
Makes fools despise, what wise men should admire.
Let those I praise to distant times be known,
Not by their author's merit, but their own.
If others think the task is hard, to weed
From verse rank flattery's vivacious seed,
And rooted deep ; one means must set them free
Patron ! and patriot ! let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignobler honours wear,
Nor those retain, when winter chills the year ;
The generous Orange, favourite of the sun, [run ;
With vigorous charms can through the seasons
Defies the storm with her tenacious green ;
And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are seen :
Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring ;
And midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.

On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too ;

The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd, and gild'd by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blasts of envy rise,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise ;
Lest fall no honours, but securely great
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate :
No winter knows, though rifling factions press ;
By wisdom deeply rooted in success ;
One glory shed, a brighter is display'd * ;
And the charm'd muses shelter in his shade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name !
Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
But what chaste truth indites, old time shall read.
" Behold ! a man of ancient faith and blood,
" Which, soon, beat high for arts, and public
" good ;

" Whose glory great, but natural appears,
" The genuine growth of services and years ;
" No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly gilt by partial majesty :
" One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
" One born to serve us, and yet born to please :
" Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
" The prince may trust, and yet the people praise,
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
" His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere,
" His council guides, his temper cheers our ills,
" And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to
" smile."

Joy then to Britain, blest with such a son,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won ;
Who nobly-conscious meets the smiles of fate.
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls, or affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won ;
Such men prefer, mistled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to virtue's cause.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear ;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new ;
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.

Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wisdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride ;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.

Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes ;
They coldly court desert, who fame despise.
For what's ambition, but fair virtue's fall ?
And what applause, but her propitious gale ?
When swell'd with that, she fleets before the
wind

To glorious aims, as to the port design'd :
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils ! she pants ! nor gains the flying shore,
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of envy, or by fortune's tide :

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter

For one that has succeeded ten are lost,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coast.

Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw those beams
aright.

Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, descends.

Custom the garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud enclosure down;
And high desert embraces fair renown.
Though rival'd, let the peerage smiling see
(Smiling, in justice to their own degree),
This proud reward by majesty bestow'd
On worth like that whence first the peerage
flow'd.

From frowns of fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.

Gods are most gods by giving to excel,
And kings most like them, by rewarding well.
Though strong the twanging nerve, and drawn
aright.

Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound, it soars into the sky.

Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praise;
Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more: for in this dread suspense of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are
bent.

On mighty Brunswick, for the great event,
Brunswick of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence?

EPISTLES.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE. 1712.

"—Parnassia laurus

"Parva sub ingenti matris se subiecit umbra."
VIRG.

WHEN Rome, my lord, in her full glory shone,
And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone,
While suppliant kings in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace
gate;

Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain;
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string;
And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you;
The muse's friend is pleas'd the muse should press
Through circling crowds, and labour for access,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the western world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell discord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd;
Nor heaven repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from laden boards all pleasures chas'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste;
The smiles of nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery spring;
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year;

The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

But now (so soon is Britain's blessings seen,
When such as you are near her glorious queen!)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past;
Bids every nation cease her wonted moan,
And every monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now succeed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed;
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyll shall tell
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell:
Through milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who cast the seed, the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name.
Each stream unstain'd with blood more smoothly
flows;

The brighter sun a fuller day bestows;
All nature seems to wear a cheerful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life; in every field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle cease,
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may
feed;

In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And stripes of love exact our sweet repose.
See graceful Bolingbroke your friend advance,
Nor miss his Lansdowne in the court of France;

So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
 (Bless'd change of fate) in Bourbon's stately dome;
 The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,
 Will not that Anna call him all her own;
 He claims a part, and looking round to find
 Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
 A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
 Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
 Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one,
 Who makes him less regret his darling son;
 So dear is Anna's minister, so great
 Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain
 Does nature interpose the raging main:
 The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
 For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
 From conflicts pass'd each other's worth we find,
 And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;
 Each wound receiv'd, now pleads the cause of love,
 And former injuries endearments prove.
 What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword,
 That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?
 Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
 Vast thoughts of him, that could brave Tallard
 tame?

Thus generous hatred in affection ends, [friends.
 And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the
 A thousand happy consequences flow
 (The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow);
 Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
 Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole;
 The British merchant, who with care and pain
 For many moons sees only skies and main;
 When now in view of his lov'd native shore,
 The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
 Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
 Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind;
 By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
 And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.
 Sweet Philomela providently flies
 To distant woods and streams, for such supplies,
 To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
 And with their tender notes attempt to sing:
 Meanwhile, the fowler spreads his secret snare,
 And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
 Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
 The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.

Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
 And power a curse, if not a friend to right:
 To conquer is to make dissention cease,
 That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
 Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
 And shine abroad in perfect excellence;
 Else we may dread some greater curse at hand,
 To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land:
 Now war is weary, and retir'd to rest;
 The meagre famine, and the spotted pest,
 Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
 And sweep the relics of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
 Jove in the fulness of his glory shone;
 Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
 Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
 Anne too shall build, and every sacred pile
 Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.

Those mighty souls, whom military care
 Diverted from their only great affair,
 Shall bend their full united force, to bless
 Th' Almighty Author of their late success.
 And what is all the world subdued to this?
 The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss;
 But there are conquests to great Anna known,
 Above the splendour of an earthly throne;
 Conquests! whose triumph is too great, within
 The scanty bounds of matter to begin;
 Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
 Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
 And shall whole ages pass be still, still but begun.

Heroic shades! whom war has swept away,
 Look down, and smile on this auspicious day:
 Now boast your deaths; to those your glory tell,
 Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell;
 Then deep into eternity retire,
 Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
 Fully content, and unconcern'd, to know
 What farther passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
 To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave:
 On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
 Sad melancholy numbers in each street
 (Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,
 Or wasting in the bottom of the main);
 To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
 Left it an insult of their woes appear,
 And make us grudge ourselves that wealth, their
 blood

Perhaps preserv'd, who starve, or beg for food.
 Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
 From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.
 On heaven without a sin we now may call,
 And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
 Be Christians while we pray, nor in one breath
 Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

But O! I view with transport arts restor'd,
 Which double use to Britain shall afford;
 Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
 And yet for future peace sweet motives yield:
 While we contemplate on the painted wall,
 The pressing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
 In such bright images, such living grace,
 As leave the great Raphael but the second place;
 Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
 And martial ardors sparkle in our eyes;
 Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
 And yet consent those battles prove our last;
 Left, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
 We lose the means to keep that fame alive.

In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
 Or near the margin of a secret spring:
 Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
 Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling
 string,
 Or breathing canvass, when the muses sing?
 The muse, my Lord, your care above the rest,
 With rising joy dilates my partial breast;
 The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
 Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar;
 Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
 And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;

For Janus shut, her *Iâ Paan* rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.

A thousand various forms the muse may wear
(A thousand various forms become the fair);
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crowded stage;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind;
They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks:
The hero's preference deep impression makes;
The scenes his soul and body reunite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labours, which, in man's despatch,
Possess him with a passion for the right?
With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will:
Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the generous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which every sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her power?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lie.

Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws
Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind:
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal;
Till thoroughly by the mufes' banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots flush'd with glorious
rage,

Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poignard on some tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how subside
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn?
In this gay school of virtue, whom so fit
To govern, and control the world of wit,

As Talbot, Lansdowne's friend, has Britain known,
Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the mufes to their fountain head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the British genius would advance;
There too has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste;
Yet still we dare invite him to our feast:
For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
Of Oroonoko, and presume him less:
What though we wrong him? Isabella's woe
Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.

Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
The drama glories in the British muse.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread;
Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
Our strength can make the great plain action
shine:

They raise a great curiosity indeed,
From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
We rouse th' affections, and that hero show
Gaping beneath some formidable blow:
They sigh; we weep; the *Gallie* doubt and care
We heighten into terror and despair;
Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.
What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Caesar is a tale too plain
The sickle Gallic taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden *arras* with gay flowers of love:
We know heaven made him a far greater man
Than any Caesar, in a human plan,
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what heaven design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakspere but *wrote* the play th' Almighty made.
Our neighbour's stage art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise;
On nature's furer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakspere till the curtain falls;
Then with a sigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs;
That oft they think more justly we must own,
Nor ancient Greece a truer sense has shown:
Greece though but justly, they think justly too;
We sometimes err by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment you make a fault;
Nor dare we charge them with a want of flame:
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in Shakspere something still I find,
That makes me less esteem all humankind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with master-strokes abound;
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile;
Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain,

Who lives, when his Othello's in a trance?

With his great Talbot * too he conquer'd France.

Long may we hope great Talbot's blood will run

In great descendants, Shakespeare was but one;

And him, my lord, permit me not to name,

But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:—

Yet I in vain that author would suppress,

What can't be greater, cannot be made less:

Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,

And to himself great Agamemnon name.

Should Shakespeare rise unblest'd with Talbot's smile,

Ev'n Shakespeare's self would curse this barren isle:

But if that reigning star propitious shine,

And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;

Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,

Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the Will-almighty disallow,

No human force could pluck the golden bough,

Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,

And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write

To you, the muses glory and delight;

Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,

And mortify an author with your praise:

Praise wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due,

But censure's self will please, my lord, from you;

Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend

To point them out, and teach us how to mend.

What though the great man set his coffers wide,

That cannot gratify the poet's pride;

Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,

Is best rewarded, when best understood.

The muses write for glory not for gold,

'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold;

The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves

To speak a sense of what the muse deserves;

The muse, which from her Lansdowne fears no wrong,

Best judge, as well as subject of her song.

Should this great theme allure me farther still,

And I presume to use your patience ill,

The world would plead my cause, and none but you

Will take dissent at what I now pursue:

Since what is mean my muse can't raise, I'll choose

A theme that's able to exalt my muse. [name,

For who, not void of thought, can Granville

Without a spark of his immortal flame?

Whether we seek the patriot, or the friend,

Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;

Whether we choose to love or to admire,

You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,

And such familiar glories spread around,

As more incline the stander-by to raise

His value for himself, than you to praise.

Thus you bestir the most heroic way,

Bless all, on none an obligation lay;

So turn'd by nature's hand for all that's well,

'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

* An ancestor of the Duke of Sutherland, who conquered France, drawn by Shakespeare.

Though sweet your presence, graceful is your
mein,

You to be happy want not to be seen;

Though priz'd in public you can smile alone,

Nor court an approbation but your own:

In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze

In wonder fix'd, though resolute to please;

You, were all blind, would still deserve applause;

The world's your glory's witness, not its cause;

That lies beyond the limits of the day.

Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others' excellence;

A gift which nature rarely does dispense;

Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone

Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.

You wish not those, who show your name respect;

So little worth, as might excuse neglect;

Nor are in pain lest merit you should know;

Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe;

A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim

To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good; that told so

well

Your powers are known, th' event I need not tell.

When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;

That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:

And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought

Who meant he conquer'd, only said he fought.

When you, my lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,

No crowds around for pleasure, or for state,

You are not cast upon a stranger land,

And wander pensive o'er the barren strand;

Now are you by receiv'd example taught,

In toys to shun the discipline of thought;

But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,

You choose companions from all human race;

Converse with those the deluge swept away,

Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not so much in form, as give consent

To those ideas your own thoughts present;

Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,

Is finding cause to like yourself the more:

In Grecian sages you are only taught

With more respect to value your own thought:

Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew

Those precepts we behold alive in you:

Your life is so adjusted to their schools,

It makes that history they meant for rules.

What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise

Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,

When in each learned page that you unfold,

You find some part of your own conduct told!

So pleas'd, and so surpris'd, Æneas stood,

And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,

When far from Trojan shores the hero spy'd

His story shining forth in all its pride;

Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand

The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being, who's confin'd

In converse, and reflection on mankind;

Your soul, which understands her charter well

Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;

Ranges eternity without the leave

Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss, [miss
When these high cares your weary thoughts dis-
In heavenly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatness understand,
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand *.

Beheld the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great;
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is, that you must die.

Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;
Confess'd not made him such; for faithful fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's
name;

Though you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermine make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs;
The soul's distinction from the King of kings,
Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granville's in five thousand years;
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and controul the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, let his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must
blame,

That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or such as none with less,
But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a type far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion but his friend's.
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun, to bend his course †.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each passing breeze with head inclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in every wind;
But fix'd the stem her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the north disdains.

How are you blest in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end;
O Harrison! I must, I will complain;
Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in vain;
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?—
Thy task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.

* See his *Lordship's Tragedy*, intitled "Heroic
Love."

† His *Lordship's* nephew, who took orders;

But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Stafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive,
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in the grave.

With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late:
'Twas past, his cheek was cold, that tuneful
tongue,

Which his charm'd with his melodious song,
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that most unhappy hour?

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind;
That, not in health, or life itself confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and smil'd in death's embrace.

His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls roll,
My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul;
Then with a groan—support me, O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear *!

Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief;
To better fate your love I recommend,
O may you never lose so dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours;
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe showers:
Nor yet disdain those blessings to adorn;
To make the muse immortal you was born.
Sing; and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung:
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted lord.

TWO EPISTLES TO MR. POPE;

CONCERNING THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE. 1730

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the future
wood,

Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets run the streets, and load the stall;
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
Where speculation roosted near the sky;
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!

* The author here bewails that most ingenious gentle-
man, Mr. William Harrison, Fellow of New-College,
Oxon.

O Pope! I burst; nor can, nor will refrain;
I'll write; let others in their turn complain:
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Lest dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I've heard myself to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my power?
For who can write the true absurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who I mean but thee?

Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid, less despite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public mistress none enjoys,
But more or less his rival's peace destroys;
With *fame*, in just proportion, *envy* grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes:
Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To show they live) they flutter, and they sting:
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irraguous, or champion?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
The purple prelate, or the parish clerk;
The quiet Quidnunc, or demanding Prig;
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade;
Of every *broken* craft a writer's made:
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful *isle*! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they
please;

Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
This heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse immortal kindles loose desires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone!
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To show (in vain!) he still retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an Hypnotic for the spleen:
Some write, confin'd by physic; some by debt;
Some, for 'tis Sunday; some because 'tis wet;

Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite:
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write, then? He wants twenty
pound:

His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;
He'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme;
Perhaps a *title* has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
Though wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make
them just;

Genius directly from the *gods* descends,
And who by labour would distrust his *friends*?
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And since blank paper is deny'd the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess:
In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.
So sounds spontaneous from the Sibyl broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
The priests found out the meaning, if they could;
And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the
whole

And great concern of an immortal soul!)
Oft have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *demon* say,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
"I'll meet thee, youth, at Whire's:" the youth
replies.

"I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice;
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every snare:
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit,
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they stake;
How must Spain tremble, and the German shake;
Such writers have we! all, but sense, they print,
Ev'n George's praise is dated from the mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
And steal (for you *can* steal) celestial fire.

O! the just contrast! O! the beauteous strife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *Pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live
with fire;

They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who so sad, but must some mirth confess
At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress?
Though there's but one of the dull *works* he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.

These nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;
They make a private study of the street;
And, looking full on every man they meet,

Run fouse against his chaps; who stands amaz'd
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
You need not read, you feel their ecstasies.

Will they persist? 'Tis madness; Lintot, run,
See them confin'd—"O, that's already done."
Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the mint.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Ej! ulabris, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes;
O frail conclusion; the reverse is true;
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you:
Treat them, ye judges! with an honest scorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true good-nature in your disrespect;
In justice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardships plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dullness to conceive him dull?
'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin-author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to
bed,

Those in his hand, and glory in his head:
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart bears thick, nor close his eyes all night:
But, rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that, without sleeping, he could dream:
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain *advertisements* the town o'erspread;
They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who *press* for fame, but small recruits will raise;
'Tis *volunteers* alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fears dismiss;
"Your glory, and my own, shall live by this;
"Your power is fixt, your fame through time
"convey'd;

"And Britain Europe's queen—if I am paid."
A statesman has his answer in a trice;
"Sir, such a genius is beyond all price;
"What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns:
His work is folded, and his bosom burns:
His patron he will patronise no more;
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the same;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:
He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff;
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more.
Thus distant bugbears fright, but nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can those oblige, whose heads and hearts are
such?

No; every party's tainted by their touch.

Infected persons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every passion's fold:
They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dullness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to buy,
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds, they fly:
Write they with rage? The tempest quickly flags;
And state-Ulysses tames them with his bags;
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew:
For Christian ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead;
Which far and near ejaculate, and spout
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout:
But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!

With golden forceps, these another takes,
And state elixirs of the vipers makes.

The *richest* statesman wants wherewith to pay
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
Nor can the *greatest* powers enough *disgrace*,
Enough *chastise*, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well brib'd, for virtue's self they fight;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets;
From the same hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracks battle tracks, self-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I will it were.
If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Fellows may bless their stars they cannot write!

How justly Proteus' transmutations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit!
Now such a gentle *stream* of eloquence
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now by mad rage transform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodest trash, the *swine obscene*
Invites the town to sup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at power,
Which sends him to his brothers at the Tower;
He's now a *serpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung;
What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The flood, flame, twine, the lion, and the snake,
Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make:
The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are
bred,

When the *brain's* perish'd in a human head.
Ye groveling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat
things,

Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings!
Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you,
curst

To scribble in the dust, was Snake the first.

What if the *figure* should in *fact* prove true?
It did in Elkenah*, why not in you?

Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield *dragons* hit at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape:
Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
So liv'd your prototype; and so be dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heaven stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through ineagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As gaily as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oftner chang'd their principles than shirt.
The transient vestments of these frugal men,
Hastens to paper for our mirth again:
Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight; [spite;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through
And, though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can with them worse.
So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity and sense.

From *these*, their politics our quidnuncs seek,
And Saturday's the learning of the week:
These labouring wits, like paviors, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays; [dull;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so
And hem at every thump upon your skull:
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest folly echoes to the lie.
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
Thanking a villain for his *probity*!
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my soul to hear the *cock's*
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights*!
While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
Discharges all her poor and profligate;
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And *prisons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the *black militia* of the pen.

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

All write at London; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the *musae*'s seat?
Where mortal, or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may choofe eternity or ease?
Has not a † royal patron wisely strove
To woo the muse in her Athenian grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And given new tongues to those who spoke so well?

* *Settle, the city poet.*

† *King George I.*

Let *these* instruct with truth's illustrious ray,
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Meanwhile, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *writ*; and *live*;
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An author! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue's* cause,
The sole proprietor of just applause?

Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?
With those great authors whose fam'd works you
read?

'Tis well: go then, consult the laurell'd shade.
What answer will the laurell'd shade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn.
The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
That boast of nought more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
And in one point is all true wisdom cast.
To think *that early we must think at last*.

Immortal wits, ev'n dead, break nature's laws,
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be forgot.

Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
The sacred *thirst* of gold, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the muse, extorts Apollo's curse:
His sacred influence never should be sold;
'Tis arrant *simony* to sing for gold:
'Tis immortality should fire your mind;
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes ye seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All 's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will surely serve him, if they can:
The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride*.
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense;
And what is virtue, but superior sense?
In parts and learning ye who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense:
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools; but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;

When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought!
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
That *wit* 's a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain sound *sense* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us, wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to show, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 't will cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write, an awful character profess;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Much trust example, but reflection more:
More had the ancients writ, they more had
taught;

Which shows some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd perfection know; and, know
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix;
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *swiftness* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise,
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.

Much time for immortality to pay,
Is just and wise; for *less* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife pain:
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek;
What man can be immortal in a week?

Excuse no fault; though beautiful, 't will harm;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness; Addison
And you this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part* 's unsound.

He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
Give o'er so little, if what's right be there;
We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*:
The part you burn, smells sweet before the shrine,
And is an incense to the part divine.

Nor frequent write, though you can do it well;
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame; more sink their
price;

Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?

Do *boldly* what you do; and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius censures and commends.
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.

Let *satire* less engage you than *applause*;

It shows a generous mind to wink at flaws;

Is genius yours? Be yours a glorious end,

Be your *king's*, *country's*, *truth's*, *religion's* friend;

The public glory by your own beget;

Run nations, run posterity, in debt.

And since the fam'd alone make others live,

First *have* that glory you presume to give.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the
man;

'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.

Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;

Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.

As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,

Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and furgeons may the *frustrate* scan;

Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:

Defaults in those alone should give offence!

Who strikes the *person*, pleads his innocence.

My narrow-minded satire can't extend

To Codrus' form; I'm not so much his friend:

Himself should publish that (the world agree)

Before his works, or in the pillory.

Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,

Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd *humour*? It has this pretence.

'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or sense.

Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,

Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *last shift*.

Can others write like you? Your talk give o'er,

'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.

If nought peculiar through your labours run,

They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.

Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn

Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;

To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,

Thoughts born from present objects, warm from
life;

When most unsought, such inspirations rise,

Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:

Expect peculiar fame from these alone;

These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er;

Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.

True, all men think of course, as all men dream;

And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half renown;

They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crozon*.

No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,
Clear be the *style*, the very *found* of force:
Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine:
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reason reign; o'er that, your Creed;
Thus *virtue's seeds*, at once, and *laurel's* grow;
Do thus, and rise a Pope, or a Despreau:
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
Parts but expose *those* men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours to the pen?
From able writers rise to worthy men.

"Who's this with nonsense, nonsense would
"restrain?"

"Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
"Who damns our trash, with so much trash re-
"plete?"

"As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?"
Shall I with Bavius then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge *examen* overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In prose a duller could excuse the crime?
Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe;
Time is the judge; time has nor friend nor foe;
False fame *must* wither, and the true *will* grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
To wound *immortals*, or to *slay the slain*.

Sore prest with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets level'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign;
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *bite*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *fons of dullness* write.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

By Mr. Doddington.

AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE.

"Quæ censet Amiculus, ut si
"Cæcus iter monstrare velit—" HOR.

THOUGH strength of genius, by experience taught,
Gives thee to sound the depths of human thought,

To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the secret springs, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condescend
To listen, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of use impart, though void of skill,
And win attention by sincere good-will:
For friendship, sometimes, want of parts supplies,
The heart may furnish what the head denies.

As when the rapid Rhone, o'er swelling rides,
To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides,
Though rich his source, he drains a thousand
springs,

Nor scorns the tribute each small rivulet brings.
So thou shalt, hence, absorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou canst not like, excuse,
Since no mean interest shall profane the muse,
No malice, wrapt in truth's disguise, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.

When first a generous mind surveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the show (though little understood)
He only seeks the power, to do the good;
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to dispose,
And gratitude still springs, where bounty flows:
That every grant sincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But those who long the paths of state have trod,
Learn'd from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
Which cram'd, yet craving still, their gates be-
sieve,

'Tis easier far to give, than to oblige.

This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
The chief perfection of the statesman's art,
To give to fair assent a fairer face,
Or soften a refusal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence, some, whenever they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, lose the friend;
Still give, unthank'd; still squander, not bestow;
For great men want not, what to give, but how.

The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think all they get, and more than all, their due;
Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
And measure by their interest, not their parts:
From this mistake so many men we see,
But ill become the thing they wish'd to be;
Hence discontent, and fresh demands arise,
More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
All feel a want, though none the cause suspects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects;
Such note can please, but who reforms their hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them
parts.

As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
May sell their favour at too dear a rate;
When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd;
When no distinction, where distinction's due,
Marks from the many the superior few;
When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
And makes them give at last—because they must;
What hopes that men of real worth should prize,
What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys?

The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides;
Knows when to stop with grace, and when ad-
vance,

Nor gives through importunity or chance;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.

When, safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
Surround the great, importunate, and loud;
Through such a tumult, 'tis no easy task
To drive the man of real worth to ask:
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the show,
'Tis hard for great men, rightly to bestow;
From hence so few are skill'd, in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.

Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
Consult our genius, and neglect our hearts;
Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius
flings,

They lift us, towering on their eagle's wings,
Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun;
Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate:
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men rise;
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues—but their place.

Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
When every favour is a fresh offence,
By which superior power is still imply'd,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their
pride.

Slight is the hate, neglect or hardships breed;
But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.

"Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we
trust?"

Methinks I hear thee cry—The brave and just;
The man by no mean fears or hopes controul'd,
Who serves thee from affection, not for gold.

We love the honest, and esteem the brave,
Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave;
No show of parts the truly wise seduce,
To think that knaves can be of real use.

The man, who contradicts the public voice,
And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
Attempts a task that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthless man, that gains what he pretends,
Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends:
And since no art can make a counterpass,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic brass,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debase the stamp, than raise the coin.
Be thine the care, true merit to reward,
And gait the good;—nor will that task be hard;
Souls form'd alike so quick by nature blend.
An honest man is more than half thy friend.

Him, no mean views, or haste to rise, shall
sway,

Thy choice to folly, or thy trust betray:
Ambition, here, shall at due distance stand;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand:
Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view those failings with a lover's eye;

Though small his genius, let him do his best,
Our wishes and belief supply the rest.

Let others barter servile faith for gold,
His friendship is not to be bought or sold:
Fierce opposition he, unmov'd, shall face,
Modest in favour, daring in disgrace,
To share thy adverse fate alone, pretend;
In power, a servant; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good:
Nor think that good to him alone confin'd;
Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.

If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
The brave to cherish, and the good to grace;
Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the king, through thee:
Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble when he strikes the blow;
While honour, gratitude, affection join
To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline;
(Illustrious doom!) the great, when thus displac'd,
With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall,
The prey and worship of the wondering Gaul.

No doubt, to genius some reward is due,
(Excluding that, were satirizing you:)
But yet, believe thy undesigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Though both have weight when in the balance
cast,

Let probity be first, and parts the last.

On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit;
When party rage shall droop through length of
And calumny be ripen'd into praise, [days,
Then future times shall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery now.

Thus far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others split;
By that inspir'd, though stranger to the mine,
And negligent of any fame—but thine,
I take the friendly, but superfluous part;
You act from nature what I teach from art.

THE OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING
EPISTLE.

"—Sopitos succitat ignes."—VIRG.

FROM man's too curious and impatient sight,
The future, heaven involves in thickest night.
Credit gray hairs: though freedom much we boast,
Some least perform, what they determine most.
What sudden changes our resolves betray?
To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shows its weakness. Whom shall men believe,
When constantly themselves, themselves deceive.

Long had I bid my once-lov'd muse adieu;
You warm old age; my passion burns anew.
How sweet your verse! how great your force of
mind! [kind!
What power of words! what skill in dark man-
Polite the conduct; generous the design;
And beauty files; and strength sustains each line.

Thus Mars and Venus are once more beset;
Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

But what strikes home with most exalted grace,
Is haughty genius taught to know its place;
And where worth shines, its humbled crest to bend,
With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
When we discern so rich a vein of sense,
Through the smooth flow of purest eloquence;
'Tis like the limpid streams of Tagus roll'd
O'er boundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

But whence so finish'd, so refin'd a piece?
The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece;
And genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
And slowly take possession of the fame.
But I nor know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
Enough for me 'tis from human wit,
That fooths my pride: all glory in the pen
Which has done honour to the race of men.

But this have others done: a like applause
An ancient and a modern Horace draws.
But they to glory by degrees arose,
Meridian lustre you at once disclose.
'Tis continence of mind unknown before,
To write so well, and yet to write no more.
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deserve, and fly immortal fame?

Next to the godlike praise of writing well,
Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
O for some god my drooping soul to raise!
That I might imitate, as well as praise;
For all commend: ev'n foes your fame confess;
Nor would Augustus' age have priz'd it less;
An age, which had not held its pride so long,
But for the want of so complete a song.

A golden period shall from you commence:
Peace shall be sign'd 'twixt wit and manly sense;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The muses find their Halifax in you.
Like him succeed! nor think my zeal is shown
For you; 'tis Britain's interest, not your own;

• Boileau.

For lofty stations are but golden snares,
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'Twas a short fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its tasteless, painful course, to sing of you.
When such the subject, who shall curb his flight?
When such your genius, who shall dare to write?
In pure respect, I give my rhyming o'er,
And to commend you most, commend no more.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art! on death's pale coast
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghost;
The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell!
Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell;
There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
And think of immortality and thee—
My strains are number'd by the tuneful nine;
Each maid presents her thanks, and all present thee
mine.

VERSES,

*Sent by Lord Melcombe to Dr. Young, not long before
his Lordship's Death.*

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the muse's latest spark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He who parts and virtue gave,
Bade thee look beyond the grave:
Genius soars, and virtue glides;
Above the love of God presides.
There's a gulf 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why stand shivering on the shore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring virtue guides,
Let us have the winds and tides:
Safe through seas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which virtue steers.

* A poetical epistle from the late Lord Melcombe to
the Earl of Bute, with corrections by the author of the
Night Thoughts, was published in 1776.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING,

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

MY muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen clime to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour, here deny'd;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

* To dive full deep in ancient days,
The warriors' ardent deeds to raise,
And monarch's aggrandize;—the glory thine;
Thine is the drama, how renown'd!
Thine epic's loftier trump to found;—
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine:

* *Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.*

But where's his *dolphin*? Know'st thou where?
 May that be found in thee, *Voltaire*!
 Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
 How will thy name illustrious raise
 My sinking song! Mere mortal lays
 So patronis'd, are rescued from the grave.

"Tell me," say'st thou, who courts my smile?
 "What stranger?" stray'd from yonder isle!—
 No stranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
 On Dorset downs, when Milton's page,
 With *sin* and *death*, provok'd thy rage,
 Thy rage provok'd, *who* sooth'd with gentle
 rhymes?

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
 And gave thee clearly to descry
 Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confess,
 Nor could thy modesty do less,
 That Milton's blindness lay not in his song?

But such debates long since are flown;
 For ever set the suns that shone
 On airy pastimes, ere our brows were gray:
 How shortly shall we both forget,
 To thee my patron I my debt,
 And thou to thine for Prussia's golden key.

The present in oblivion cast,
 Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
 Full soon the wide distinction die between
 The frowns and favours of the great;
 High flush'd success, and pale defeat;
 The Gaelic gaiety, and British spleen.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay:
 Oh friend! as deaf as rapid they;
 Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
 Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
 Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
Time groans his last! Eternal loudly calls!
 Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
 Far other counsels and desires,
 Than once prevail'd; we stand on higher ground;
 What scenes we see!—Exalted aim?
 With ardours *new* our spirits flame;
 Ambition blest! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

ODE I.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

In lofty sounds let those delight
 Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
 And bold in word, of arms decline the stroke:
 'Tis mean to boast; but great to lend
 To foes the counsel of a friend,
 And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.
 From whence arise these loud alarms?
 Why gleams the *South* with brandish'd arms?
 War, bath'd in blood, from curst ambition springs:
 Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
 Perhaps their ardours may subside,
 When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood

Hastes the huge *oak*, or shadeless forest leaves;
 The mountain *pinus* assume new forms.
 Spread canvas wings, and fly through storms,
 And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

She *nods* again: the labouring earth
 Discloses a tremendous birth;
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;
 Thence monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous aspect, threatening rise,
 Flame from the deck, from trembling battlements roar.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
 On empires wide, an *island's* will,
 When thrones unjust wake vengeance: know, ye
 powers!

In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When *brav'd* Britannia's awful furies lowers.

In her * grand council she surveys,
 In patriot picture, what may raise,
 Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;
 From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
 Like darted lightning, swiftly down
 The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
 And spares her nitrous magazine;
 Her *cannon* slumber, till the proud aspire,
 And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!
 They thunder from resounding seas,
 Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
 And rends the skies! and warms the waves!
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of nature, spite of Jove;
 While all-ferene, and hush'd above,
 Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
 Hurls from her disembow'd womb;
 Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
 Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts;
 And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks be-
 hind.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
 The wreath immortal *ocean* yields;
 There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
 Whole glory blooms: how pale, how tame,
 How lambent in Bellona's flame;
 How her storms languish on the continent!

From the dread front of *ancient* war
 Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
 Her castled elephant, and battering beam,
 Stoop to those engines which deny
 Superior terrors to the sky, [flame,
 And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
 The night by day, the sea of blood,
 Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
 The graveless dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
 A firmament by mortals storm'd,
 To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

* *House of Lords.*

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
 Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
 Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
 Those swarthy gods of *tail and heat*,
 Loud peals on mountain anvils heat,
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.
 Ye sons of *Ætna*! hear my call;
 Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
 Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue;
 Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.
 Begin: * and first take rapid *flight*,
 Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
 And ghastly *terror*, paler than the dead;
 Then borrow from the north his *roar*,
 Mix *groans and death*; one *phial pour*
 Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
 Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE II:

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE
ENGAGEMENT.

So form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
 Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake;
 If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
 And edge their swords: O power divine!
 If blest by thee the bold design,
 Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrow.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
 In Britain's cause, by fame enroll'd
 In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
 From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
 Awake, illustrious chiefs: awake;
 And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

The day commission'd from above,
 Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
 If war's full stock too *feeble* to sustain;
 Or *firm* to stand its final blow,
 When vital streams of blood shall flow,
 And turn to crimson the *discolour'd* main;

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—

"Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!
 "Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
 "Now war's important die is thrown,
 "If left the day to man alone,
 "How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might!

"Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
 "And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
 "For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease;
 "A wrath, more formidable far
 "Than angry nature's wasteful war,
 "The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

"From out the deep to thee we cry,
 "To thee at nature's helm on high!

* Alluding to Virgil's Description of Thunder.

"Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
 "To thee for succour we resort;
 "Thy favour is our only port;
 "Our only rock of safety, thy defence.
 "O thou, to whom the lions roar,
 "And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
 "Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:
 "Thou canst arrest the flying ball;
 "Or send it back and bid it fall
 "On those from whose proud deck the thunder
 "broke.
 "Britain in vain extends her care
 "To climes * remote, for aids in war;
 "Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;
 "There's one alliance, one alone,
 "Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
 "And that alliance is not found below.
 "Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
 "We learn obedience from the sea;
 "With seas and winds, henceforth thy laws fulfil;
 "Tis thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
 "To rouse or hush the martial storm;
 "And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.
 "Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
 "Or quench the glories of a crown;
 "Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from death to
 "free;
 "To turn aside his levell'd dart,
 "Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
 "There we cast anchor, we confide in thee.
 "Thou, who hast taught the *northern* to roar,
 "And streaming † lights nocturnal pour
 "Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
 "Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
 "Bid Britain's flags as meteor's blaze;
 "And George depute to thunder in thy stead.
 "The *rights* alone is bold and strong;
 "Black, hovering clouds appal the *rising*
 "With dread of vengeance: nature's awful
 "fire!
 "Less than one moment shouldst thou frown
 "Where is puissance and renown?
 "Throbes tremble, empires sink, or worlds ex-
 "pire.
 "Let George the just chastise the vain;
 "Thou, who durst curb the rebel main,
 "To mount the shore when boiling billows
 "rave!
 "Bid George repel a bolder tide,
 "The boundless swell of Gallic pride;
 "And check *ambition's* overwhelming wave.
 "And when (all milder means withstood)
 "Ambition, tam'd by loss of blood,
 "Regains her reason; then, on angels wings,
 "Let *peace* descend, and shouting greet,
 "With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
 "How richly freighted! It triumphant, brings
 "The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

* Russia.

† Aurora Borealis.

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A NAVAL LYRIC:

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN, SEPT. 1729, AND THE SUCCEEDING PEACE.

"Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres

"Quem super notas aluere ripas,

"Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo.

PIND.

"Concines lætosque dies, & urbis

"Publicum ludum, super impetrato

"Fortis AUGUSTI reditu."

HOR.

PREFACE.

A PINDARIC carries a formidable sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it; of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar. As a fixt star is as much in the bounds of nature, as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar; I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself; more proper than any for an Englishman; and particularly seasonable at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province, than in the sublime; our two famous epic poems excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had fewest rivals.

If, on reading this ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real interest, or possible glory of his country, than before; or a stronger impression from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critics any farther reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass for originals. This ode I humbly conceive is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the earoons. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the whole; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in subjects and designs of our own. Nothing is so unpindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original, and he must be so too, who would be like Pindar in that which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a close copy, and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writ-

ing, but relatively to the demand of the subject, and the manner of treating it. A distich may be long, and a folio short. However, I have broken this ode into strains, each of which may be considered as a separate ode if you please. And if the variety and fullness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of ode; this I speak at my own very great peril: but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

THE MERCHANT.

ODE I.

ON THE

BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατύνεις πάντας τιν' λογί-
σιν ἐν τῇ πρόσδοι
ναῶν ἰσχυρία τὰν
δὲ κορυμνῶν.

PIND. Nem. Od. VI.

THE PRELUDE.

The Proposition. An address to the vessel that brought over the King. Who should sing on this occasion. A Pindaric boast.

FAST by the surge my limbs are spread,
The naval oak nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye founding billows! cease to roar;
The God descends; and transports warm my soul,

IMPERIUM PELAGI: A NAVAL LYRIC.

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The waves are hush'd; the winds are spent!—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song—Fam'd isle! no less,
By nature's favour, from mankind,
Than by the foaming sea, disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an *isle*, in happiness!

Though fate and time have damp'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though slow their streams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years,
Returning George supplies the distant sun.

Away, my soul! salute the * Pine,
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
Salute the bark that ne'er shall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

My soul! to thee, she spreads her sails;
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
With inspiration from the godhead warm;
New bound for an eternal clime:
O send her down the tide of time,
Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

Or teach this flag, like that to soar,
Which gods of old and heroes bore;
Bid her a British constellation rise—
The sea she scorns; and, now, shall bound
On lofty billows of sweet sound,
I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

Dare you to sing, ye tinkling train?
Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
Who shakle prose, and boast of absent gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.

Ye lawul sons of genius rise!
Of genuine title to the skies;
Ye founts of learning! and ye mints of fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attic art,
And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast,
As, when full-ripened teems the vine,
The generous bursts of willing wine
Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd.

STRAIN I.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the King attended. A prospect of happiness.
Industry. A surprising instance of it in old Rome.
The mischief of sloth. What happiness is. Sloth its
greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britain. Trade
invoked. Described. What the greatest human ex-
cellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse,
and. The variety of nature. The final moral

* The vessel that brought over the King.

cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Bri-
tain's naval stores. She makes all nature service-
able to her ends. Of reason. Its excellence. How
we should form our estimate of things. Reason's
difficult task. Why the first glory hers. Her
effects in old Britain.

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What shining forms surround his throne,
O fun! as planets thee!—To my loud strain
See peace, by wisdom led, advance;
The grace, the muse, the season, dance;
And plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
New glories kindle round his throne,
The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze:
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of fate;
And, now, am present to the future blaze.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the sun!—O thou divine,
Blest Industry! a smiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth:
By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

From thee, mast, cable, and oar,
From thee the cannon and his roar;
On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth empire grows;
O golden fruit! oak well might prove
The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the naval oak bestows.

What cannot industry complete?
When Punic war first flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent, Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a flamen cries;
As soon they fall; as soon they rise;
One moon a forest, and the next a fleet.

Is sloth indulgence! 'Tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the soil;
Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
Cankers our being, all devours;
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only glows our happiness.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
The sun suspend his swift career,
Yet healthy nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man his active springs resign'd,
Can rust in body and in mind,
Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

Where, industry! thy daughter fair?
Recal her to her native air; [long
Here, was trade born, here bred, here flourish'd
And ever shall the flourish here:
What though the languish'd? 'twas but fear,
She's sound of heart; her constitution strong.

Wake, sting her up. Trade lean no more
On thy fix'd anchor, puff from shore,
Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
And, see, she's rous'd absolv'd from fears,
Her brow, in cloudless azure, rears,
Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
 She levies gain on every place,
 Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name !
 Again, she travels with the sun,
 Again, she draws a golden zone [same !
 Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
 In shameful sloth with nerves unstrung,
 The nations languid load, defy the storms,
 The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
 The long-moor'd vessel wing to sea,
 Worlds, worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
 Their sedgey foreheads lift, and smile;
 Their urns inverted, prodigally pour
 Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
 Britannia for their great ally, [more ?
 With climes paid down; what can the gods do

Cold Russia costly furs from far,
 Hot China sends her painted jar,
 France generous wines to crown it, Arab sweet
 With gales of incense swells our sails,
 Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
 Her richest ore the *ballast* of our fleet.

Luxuriant isle ! What tide that flows,
 Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
 Or genial sun that shines, or shower that pours,
 But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for
 thee ?

How every heart dilates to see
 Each land's each season blending on thy shores !

All these one British harvest make !
 The servant ocean for thy sake
 Both sinks and swells : his arms thy bosom wrap,
 And fondly give in boundless dower,
 To mighty George's growing power,
 The wasted world into thy loaded lap.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
 Fair virtue with the first renown :
 A large *revenue*, and a large *expense*,
 When hearts for others welfare glow,
 And *spend* as free as gods bestow,
 Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

Glow then my breast ! *abound* my store !
 This, and this boldly I implore,
 Their *want* and *apathy* let Stoics boast :
Passions and *riches*, good or ill,
 As us'd by man, demand our skill ;
 All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.

Waalib, in the *virtuous*, and the *wife*,
 'Tis vice and folly to despise :
 Let those in praise of poverty refine,
 Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
 The *narrow-soul'd*, or the *profligate*,
 The *truly great* find *morals* in the mine ;

Happy the man ! who, large of heart,
 Has learnt the rare illustrious art
 Of being rich : stores *starve* us, or they *cloy* ;
 From *gold*, if more than *chemic* skill,
 Extract not what is *brighter* still :
 'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to enjoy.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end :

Exalted minds their joys extend :
 A Chandos shines when others' joys are done :
 As *lofty* turrets, by their height,
 When humbler scenes resign their light,
 Retain the rays of the declining sun.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain ! swear
 No *sordid* son of thine shall dare
 Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace ;
 Who *now* his whole creation drains
 To pour into my tumid veins
 That blood of nations ! commerce and increase.

How *various* nature ! *turgid* grain
 Here nodding floats the golden plain ; [vines
 There, *worms* weave silken webs ; *here*, glowing
 Lay forth their purple to the sun,
Bentath the soil, *there* harvests run,
 And kings' revenues ripen in the *mines*.

What's *various* nature ? Art divine
 Man's soul to soften and refine ;
 Heaven different growths to different lands im-
 parts,
 That all may stand in need of all,
 And *interest* draw around the ball,
 A net to catch and join all human hearts.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
 His law *supreme*, to mortal men,
 In their *necessities* distinctly writ :
 Ev'n *appetites* supplies the place
 Of absent virtue, absent grace,
 And human want *performs* for human wit.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around
 The wond'ring *foreigner* confound !
 How stands the deep-aw'd continent aghast,
 As her proud *scepter'd* sons survey,
 At every port, on every quay,
 Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast ?

The unwieldy tun ! the ponderous bale !—
 Each prince his own clime set to sale
 Sees *here*, by subjects of a British king :
 How earth's abridg'd ! all nations range
 A narrow spot, our throng'd Exchange !
 And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

Nor earth alone, all nature bends
 To aid in Britain's glorious ends :
 Toils she in *trade* ? or bleeds in *honest wars* ?
 Her keel each yielding *sea* enthrals,
 Each willing *wind* her canvas calls,
 Her pilot into service lifts the stars.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
 What though we creep beneath the shade,
 And seem as emmers on this point, the ball ?
 Heaven lighted up the human soul,
 Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
 And, giving godlike *reason*, gave us *all*.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
 Blest reason ! guide my life and pen ;
 All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light :
 Who thee obeys, reigns o'er all ;
 Smiles, though the stars around him fall ;
 A God is nought but reason infinite.

The man of reason is a God
Who scorns to stoop to fortune's nod;
Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere,
Others are *passive*, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,
As accident is pleas'd to domineer.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
Shall monarchs *awe*? or crowns *inflame*?
From gross mistake our tumult springs;
Those men the silly world disarm,
Elude the *darts*, dissolve the *charm*,
Who know the slender worth of men and things.

The present object, present day,
Are idle phantoms, and away;
What's *lasting* only does exist. Know this,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall
To launch us on the flood of *endless* bliss.

How foreign these, thou most in view!
Go, look your *viable* existence through;
Thence, form your rules: thence fix your estimate,
For so the gods: but as the gains,
How great the *tail*! 'Twill cost more pains,
To vanquish *folly*, than reduce a *state*.

Hence, *reason*! the first palm is thine,
Old Britain learnt from thee to shine.
By thee, *trades* swarming throng, gay freedom's smile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, *arts* flowing down,
Enrich, *exalt*, *defend*, *instruct* our isle.

STRAIN II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from commerce. Why Britons should pursue it. What wealth includes. An *historical* digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The *cause* of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine Power and vengeance. From *what* Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

Commerce gives *arts*, as well as gain;
By commerce wasted o'er the main,
They barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffic of the soul!
May travel, *thus*, from pole to pole,
And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

Commerce gives *learning*, *virtue*, *gold*!
Ply commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and seas! lest gods repent:
The gods that throu'd you in the wave,
And, as the *trident's* emblem, gave
A triple realm, that awes the continent:

And awes with wealth; for wealth is power:
When Jove descends a golden shower,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all, in one.—
View, emulate, outshine old Tyre;
In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants, *princes*! every deck, a *throne*!

She fate an empress! aw'd the flood!
Her *stable* column Ocean trod;
She call'd the *nations*, and she call'd the *seas*,
By both obey'd: the Syrian sings;
The Cyprian's art her viol strings;
Togarmagh's steed along her valley neighs.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Bathan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her mast; far Dedan warms
Her mantled host; Arabia feeds;
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads;
Arvad sends mariners; the Persian, arms.

The world's last limit bounds her fame;
The golden city was her name!
Those stars on earth, the *topaz*, *onyx*, blaze
Beneath her foot: extent of coast,
And rich as Nile's, let others boast;
Hers the far nobler barquest of the seas.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Antient of empires! Nature's care!
The strength of Ocean! *head* of plenty's springs!
The pride of isles! In *war*s rever'd!
Mother of *crosses*! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

Great mart of nations!—But she fell:
Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
Against his favourite isle loud roars the *main*!
The tempest howls? her sculptur'd dome
Soon, the *wolf's* refuge; *dragon's* home!
The land, one altar: a whole people, *slain*!

The destin'd day puts on her frown;
The sable *hour* is coming down:
She's on her march from yon Almighty throne:
The *sword* and *flame* are in her hand;
She trumpets shrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth! the boast, *unknown*!

For, oh! her sins as red as blood,
As crimson deep, outcry the flood;
The queen of trade is *loughs*! once wife and just,
Now, venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to *drost*, her blossom into *dust*!

To things inglorious, far beneath
Those high-horn souls they proudly breathe,
Her fordid *noble* sinks! her *mighty*, bow!
Is it for *this*, the groves around
Return the *tabret's* sprightly sound?
Is it for *this*, her great ones toss the brow?

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign!
To *nuptials* cold, how *glorious* the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right?
The *spurious* lord it o'er the land!
Bold blasphemy dares make a stand,
Assault the sky, and brandish *all* her might:

Tyre's *artisan*, sweet orator,
Her merchant *sage*, big *man* of war,
Her *judge*, her *prophet*, nay her *hoary* beard,
Whose brows with *wisdom* should be crown'd,
Her very *priests* in guilt abound:
Hence, the world's *cedar* all her honours shed:

What death of *truth* ! what thirst of *gold* !
 Chiefs warm in *peace*, in *battle* cold !
 What *youth* unletter'd ! *lost* ones lifted high !
 What *public* boasts ! what *private* views !
 What *desert* temples ! *crowded* flocks !
 What *women* ! — practis'd but to roll an eye !
 O ! foul of heart, her fairest dames
 Decline the sun's intruding beams,
 To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts :
 Alas ! there is, who sees them there ;
 There is, who flatters not the fair,
 When *cymbals* tinkle, and the *virgin* chaunts.
 He sees, and thunders ! — *Now*, in vain !
 The courser paws, and foams the rein ;
 And chariots stream along the printed soil :
 In vain ! Her high, presumptuous air
 In gorgeous vestments rich and rare,
 O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

In robes or gems, her costly *train*,
 Green, scarlet, azure, shine, in vain !
 In vain ! their golden heads her turrets rear ;
 In vain ! high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
 Sydonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
 Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

In vain ! wines flow in various streams,
 With helm and spear each pillar gleams ;
 Damascus, vain ! unfolds the glossy store ;
 The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
 From Arab incense vain, she boasts,
 Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

Bell falls ! the mighty Nebo bends !
 The nations hiss ! her glory ends !
 To *ships*, her confidence ! she flies from foes ;
 Foes meet her *there* : the wind, the wave,
 That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in seas, from which her glory rose.

Her *ivory* deck, embroider'd fail,
 And mast of *cedar* nought avail,
 Or pilot learn'd ! She sinks, nor sinks alone ;
 Her gods sink with her ! to the sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

What though so vast her naval might,
 In her first dawn'd the British right ?
 All *flags* abas'd her see-dominion greet :
 What though she longer warr'd than Troy ?
 At length her foes that isle destroy
 Whose conquest fail'd, as far as fail'd her fleet.

The kings *she* cloth'd in purple shake
 Their awful brows : " O foul mistake !
 " O fatal pride ! (they cry) this, this is she,
 " Who said—with my own art and arm,
 " In the world's wealth I wrap me warm"—
 And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea !

" This, this is she, who *meanly* soar'd :
 " Alas ! how *low*, to be *ador'd*,
 " And style herself a god !—Through stormy wars
 " This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
 " High-fed her young with *human* gore ;
 " And *would* have built her nest among the stars.

" But ah, frail man ! how impotent
 " To stand heaven's vengeance, or prevent !
 " To turn aside the great Creator's aim !
 " Shall island-kings with him contend,
 " Who makes the poles beneath him bend ?
 " And shall drink up the sea herself with flame ?

" *Earth, ether, empyreum* bow,
 " When from the brazen mountain's brow
 " The god of battles takes his mighty bow :
 " Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
 " Puts on his vesture dipt in blood,
 " And marches out to scourge the world below.
 " Ah ! wretched isle, once call'd the great !
 " Ah ! wretched isle, and wife too late !
 " The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out :
 " Thy *luxury, corruption, pride*,
 " And *freedom* lost, the realms deride,
 " Ador'd thee *standing*, o'er thy ruins shout :

" To scourge with *war*, or peace *beside*,
 " Was thine, O fallen ! fallen low !
 " 'Twas thine, of jarring thrones to still debate :
 " How art thou fallen, down, down, down !
 " Wide *waste*, and *night*, and *horror* frown,
 " Where *empire* flam'd in gold, and balanc'd
 " *States*."

STRAIN III.

THE ARGUMENT.

An inference from this history. Advise to Britain. More proper to her than other nations. How *far* the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The *unconsidered* benefits of *liberty*. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. *Why* above half the globe is *sea*. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The *winds*, the *seas*, the *constellations*, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with other states. The *Leviathan* described. Britain's site, and ancient title to the *seas*. *Who* rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. Some despise trade as mean. *Censured* for it. Trade's glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
 Our *fortunes* wither or endure :
 Nations may *thrive*, or *perish* by the wave.
 What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
 A people's crimes *precipitate* down !
 Ocean's the *womb* of riches, and the grave.

This truth, O Britain ! ponder well ;
 Virtues should rise, as fortunes swell :
 What is large property ?—The *sign* of good,
 Of worth *superior* : if 'tis *less*,
 Another's treasure we possess,
 And charge the gods with favours *misheldest*.

This council suits Britannia's isle, [smile ;
 High-flush'd with wealth, and freedom's
 To vassals prison'd in the continent,
 Who starve, at home, on meager toil,
 And suck to death their mother soil,
 'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

Tell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
And wound the soul; how genius down,
Lay virtue waste! for worth or arts, who strain,
To throw them at a monster's foot?
'Tis *property* supports *pursuit*:
Freedom gives eloquence; and freedom, gain.

She pours the thought, and forms the style:
She makes the blood and spirits boil;
I feel her *nerve*! and rouse, and rise, and rave
In Theban song: O muse! not *thine*,
Verse is gay freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly, is no slave.

Others may traffic if they please;
Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
Is born for trade; to plough her field, the wave:
And reap the growth of every coast:
A speck of land! but let her boast,
Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Nor cover'd half with *solid* space,
Three parts are *fluid*: empire of the sea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean streams
For *that*, through all his various names:
And, if for commerce, ocean flows for thee.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He passes her strong *guards*, the waves,
Of *servant* winds admission craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

There are her friends; soft zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caspian, the broad Baltic boil,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

There are her friends, a marshal'd train:
A golden host! and azure plain!
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The star that quits *this* hemisphere
Must quit the skies, to want a British fleet.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orion's glories burn,
The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
The fair-fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the south,
The raging dog that fires the midnight skies.

These nations Newton made his own;
All intimate with him alone.
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the vast volume's closing star;
Decypher'd every character:
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren strand,
Not *such* the sea: let Fohé's ancient line
Vast *traffics* and ample *beings* vaunt;
The camel *low*, *small* elephant—
O, Britain! the leviathan is *thine*.

VOL. X.

Leviathan! whom nature's strife
Brought forth, her largest piece of life;
He *sleeps* an isle! his sports the billows warm!
Dreadful leviathan! thy spout
Invades the skies; the stars are out:
He drinks a river, and ejects a *storm*!
Th' Atlantic surge around our shore:
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty genii hold us in their lap:
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The seas are ours."—The monarch said—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations,
clap.

Whence is a rival, then, to rise?
Can he be found beneath the skies?
No, *there*, they dwell, that can give Britain fear:
The powers of earth, by rival aim
Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
And prove their distance most, as they draw
near.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious ocean laves:
Art's noblest boast! but O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle!
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil!
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom the rose;
The child of Britain! And shall she contend?
It were no less than parricide:
What wonders rise from out the tide!
Her *high and mighty* to the rudder bend.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think *trade* mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth?
Alas! these chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, *themselves* how low;
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth!

And what have earth's mean sons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's chief good, not *glut* on other's toil?
High commerce from the gods came down,
With *compass*, *chart*, and *starry crown*,
Their *delegate*, to make the nations *smile*

Blush, and behold the Russian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty brook,
To trade.—To toil he turns his glorious band:
That arm, which swept the bloody field,
See! the huge *ax*, or *hammer*, wield;
While *sceptres* wait, and *thrones* impatient stand.

O shame to subjects! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown!
Old time is poor: what age boasts such a fight?
Ye *drones*! adore the man divine—
No; virtue still as *mean* decline,
Call Russians barbarous, and yourselves polite.

He too of Judah, great, as wise,
With Hiram strove in merchandise:
Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an ear;

M

That merchant * sinking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave;
The king *left much*, the merchant *bury'd* more.
Is merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Out-number'd *ands*, I could not reach its height.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
Those trade in *bleffing*, these in *pain*,
At slaughter swell, and shout, while nations groan:
With purple monarchs, merchants vie;
If great to *speed*, what, to *supply*?
Priests pray for blessings; merchants pour them down.

Kings, merchants are in league and love;
Earth's odours *pay* soft airs above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range;
Planets are merchants; take, return,
Lustre and heat; by *traffice* burn;
The whole creation is one vast exchange.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
What says the sons of letter'd fame,
Proud of their *volumes*, swelling in their cells?
In *open* life, in *change* of scene,
Mid *various* manners, *throngs* of men,
Experience, arts, and *solid* wisdom dwells.

Trade, art's mechanic, nature's stores
Well-weighs; to *starry* science soars:
Reads warm in *life* (dead-colour'd by the pen)
The scites, tongues, interests, of the ball:
Who studies trade, he studies all;
Accomplish'd merchants are accomplish'd men.

STRAIN IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline war; but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne: Britain's condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The *miser's* character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the merchant. What, *false* joy. What, *true*. What religion is to the merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly, and how long, to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elizabeth. King George the Second. His glory *naturally* reprinted.

How shall I farther rouse the soul?
How Sloth's lascivious reign controul
By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
How every breast inflame with mine?
How bid my theme still brighter shine,
With wealth of words, and unexhausted thought?

* *Vast-treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death.*

O thou Dircean swan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his *own*:
Thy *spirits* pour, like vernal showers,
My *verse* shall burst out with the flowers,
While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Gasp not at bloody fame from war;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempest black as night:
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.
Britain a *comet*, or a *star*,
In commerce this, or that in war,
Let Britons shout! earth, seas, and skies resound!
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
And spirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the *throne* * a voice through time
renown'd.

So fall from heaven the vernal showers,
To cheer the glebe, and wake the flowers;
The gloom call'd forth sees azure skies display'd;
The bird of voice is proud to sing,
Industrious bees ply every wing,
Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He shines in vain! her isle's an isle *indeed*,
A spot too small to be overcome,
Ah, dreadful safety! wretched doom!
No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all!
Trade's all herself; hers, hers, the ball;
Where most unfeen, the goddess still is there!
Trade leads the dance, trade lights the blaze;
The courtier's pomp! the student's ease!
'Twas trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the year.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar. Behold it rise
And battle for the world! trade gave the call;
Rich cordial from his naval art
Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric merchant grasp the ball.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
In which his Majesty *first* deign'd to dwell;
The walls with *silver* sheets o'erclaid,
Rich, as the sun, through gold *unweigh'd*,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring earth should groan,
Beneath yon load †: *created* sure, not *made*!
Servant and *rival* of the skies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher rise:
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—*Humble* trade,

Where hadst thou been, if left at large,
Those finewy arms that tugg'd the barge,

* *The King's speech.*

† *St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax.*

Had caught at *pleasure* on the flowery green?
If they that watch'd the midnight star
Had swung behind the rolling car,
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where had'st thou been?

As by *repletion* men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom;
Expend it *nobly*; he that lets it *rust*,
Which, passing numerous hands, would *shine*;
Is not a *man*, but living *mine*,
Foe to the *gods*, and rival to the *dust*.

Trade barbarous lands can polish fair;
Make *earth* well worth the *wise* man's care;
Call forth her forests, *charm* them into fleets;
Can make *one house* of human race;
Can bid the distant poles embrace;
Hers, every sun; and India, India meets.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts:
Trade gives fair virtue fairer till to shine;
Enacts those guards of gain, the *laws*;
Exalts ev'n freedom's glorious cause.—
Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine!

You lend each other mutual aid:
Why is heaven's smile, in *wealth*, convey'd!
Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
Pleasure declin'd, is *luxury*,
Boundless in time and in degree:
Pleasure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling string,
Tempests the *spirits*, and untunes the frame:
True joy, the sunshine of the soul,
A bright *serene* that calms the whole;
Which they ne'er knew, whom other joys inflame.

Merchant! religion is the care
To grow as *rich*—as angels are;
To know *false* coin from *true*; to sweep the main;
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of *field*, or *fund*:
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

Join, then, religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee *poor*:
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind
Sea-sovereign isle! proud *war* detline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
Ardent to *blest*, who could'st *subdue* mankind!

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
By day, by *night*; the *stars* are thine,
Wear out the stars in trade! eternal run
From age to age, the noble glow,
A *rage* to gain, and to *bestow*,
While ages last! in trade burn out the sun!

Trade, Britain's all, our fires sent down
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold:
Let Forbifiers, let Raleighs fire!
O let Columbus's shade inspire!
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old,

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
For thee to *find*, than heaven to *frame*
That womb of gold and gem: her wide domain,
An *universe*! her rivers, *seas*!
Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
Heaven's fairest birth! and, but for thee, in *vain*!

Worlds still *unknown* deep shadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
New glory pour on her Eternal Sire:
O noble search! O glorious care!
Are ye not Britons? why despair?
New worlds are *due* to such a godlike fire.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
That trade, as long as water's roll—
Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree:
By great Eliza do not swear;
For thee, O George! the gods declare:
And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

Truth, bright as *stars*, with thee prevails;
Full be thy *fame*, as swelling *sails*,
Constant, as tides, thy *mind*; as *masts*, elate;
Thy *justice*, an unerring *helm*
To steer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy *numerous* race, sure anchor of her state?

STRAIN V.

THE ARGUMENT.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra. Virgo. Bernice. The British ladies censured. The moon. What the sea is. *Apogee* to the emperor. The Spanish armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What navies do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of glory. Britain's record.

BRITANNIA's state what bounds confine!
(Of rising thought O golden mine!
Mountains, *Alps*, streams, gulfs, oceans, set no bound
She falls till the strikes the star;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave rebound.

Small isle! For Cæsars, for the son
Of Jove, who burst from Macedon,
For gorgeous easterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then, when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from *false* shone:
They rose to *gods*, in *half* thy sphere confin'd.

Here, no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truth's illustrious: as I sing.
O hear yon *spangled* harp repeat my lay!
Your *starry* lyre has caught the sound,
And spreads it to the *planets* round,
Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

The skies (fair-printed page!) unfold
The naval fame of heroes old;
As in a mirror show th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
And noble verse, that shall endure as long.

The skies are records of the main,
Thence Argos listens to my strain;
Chiron, for long renown'd, his noble rage
For naval fame and song renews,
As Britain's fame he bears, and views;
Chiron, the Shovell of a former age.

The whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours grateful lustre on my lays;
How smiles Arion's friend * with partial beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smile subdue;
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

In pride the lion lifts his mane,
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below: the balance, George! from thine,
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More accurate the night and day;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser lights!
How could the wise man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair!
But, oh! you practise shameful arts;
Your own retain, seize others' hearts,
Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

This truth I swear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale Queen! be flush'd at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—"o'er the main
"To share her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty power! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

What is the main! Ye kings renown'd!
Britannia's centre, and your bound:
Austrian! where-e'er Leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! And Britain's mine,
Where'er the ripening sun can shine,
Parts are for emperors; for her the whole.

Why, Austrian! wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see thy welfare in the world's? Too late
Another Churchill thou may'st find,
Another Churchill, not so kind,
And other Blenheims, big with other fate.

Ill thou remember 't, ill dost own,
Who rescued an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou consider 't, that the kind are brave;
Ill dost thou weigh, that in time's womb
A day may sleep, a day of doom;
As great to ruin, as was that to save.

How would'st thou smile to hear my strain,
Whose boasted inspiration's vain?

* The Dolphin.

Yet what if my prediction should prove true?
Know'st thou the fatal pair who shine
O'er Britain's trading empire thine
As one rejected, what, if one subdued?

What naval scene adorns the seat
Of awful Britain's high debate*,
Inspires her councils, and records her power?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On sinking thrones, the tempest falls,
When her august assembled senates lour.
O language fit for thoughts so bold!
Would Britain have her anger told;
Ah! never let a meaner language sound,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
Through heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls
And nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expense of blood,
Or reach of counsel gives the world a lord:
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man, o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

Nay, her's the sword! for fleets have wings;
Like lightning fly to distant kings;
Like gods descend at once on trembling states:
Is war proclaim'd? Our wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his minion'd people, thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly, they roar,
And carry sable clouds, and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud cities fall! and thrones adore!

The fools of nature ever strike
On bare outcides; and loath, or like,
As glitter bids; in endless error vie;
Admire the purple and the crown:
Of human welfare and renown,
Trade's the big heart; bright empire, but their eye.

Whence Tartar Grand? or Mogul Great?—
Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their ruin, fly from toil;
That meanest product on their soil,
Their people sell: one half on t'other feed.

Of nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument:
Mid citron forests and pomegranate groves
(Curst, in a paradise!) the pines;
O'er generous glebe, o'er golden mines
Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves:

Not so thine, China, blooming-wide;
Thy numerous fleets might bridge the tide;
Thy products would exhaust both India's mines:
Shut be that gate of trade! or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.—
Ungrateful song! her growth † inspires thy lines.

† The Spanish Armada in the House of Lords.

‡ Coffee.

Britain! to these, and such as these,
The river broad, and foaming seas
Which fewer lands to mortals left renown'd,
Devoid of naval skill or might;
Those fever'd parts of earth unite:
Trade's the full pulse, that sends their vigour round.

Could, O! could one engraving hand
The various streams of trade command,
That, like the sun, would gaze nation's awe;
That awful power the world would brave.
Bold war, and empire proud, his slave;
Mankind his subjects; and his will, their law.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth?
From commerce, grandeur's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
Time's whole plain chronicle is all
One bright encomium, undefin'd, on trade.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
And power from wealth! of power is made
The god on earth: hail, then, the dove of peace!
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of war repress'd: what's loss of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increase.

Then perish war!—Detested war!
Shalt thou make gods? like Cæsar's star?
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?—
Why not adore too, as divine,
Wide-wasting storms, before the genial sun?

Peace is the merchant's summer clear!
His harvest! harvest round the year!
For peace with laurel every mast be bound;
Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
Each cannon found, each sailor shout!
For peace let every sacred ship be crown'd;

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first design;
With which the patriarch nature's ruins brav'd:
Two world's abroad, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
The gods made human race, a pilot, saw'd.

How sacred too the merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian fame*; [law;
Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave
Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants ambassadors! and thrones in awe.

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times;
The march of stars; the births of climes;
Summer and winter theirs; theirs land and sea,
Theirs are the seasons, months, and years;
And each a different garland wears:—
O that my song could add eternity!

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of godlike deeds;

* In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Immortal glory pays illustrious cares:
Whither, ye Britons! are you bound?
O noble voyage! glorious round!
Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

If to my subject rose my soul,
Your fame should last while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her story in the skies.

Ye Syrens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
Ye Nereids, dance; ye billows, flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng;
Ye winds in concert breathe around;
Ye navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of
eternity. What Britain's arts should be. Whence
slavery.

BRITAIN! thus blest, thy blessing know;
Or bliss, in vain! the gods bestow;
Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore:
Vain swellings of thy soul repress;
They most may lose, who most possess;
Then let bliss awe, and tremble at thy store.

Nor be too fond of life at best,
Her cheerful, not enamour'd guest:
Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay prospects give;
Prospects immortal; that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

O for eternity! a scene!
To fair adventurers serene?
O! on that sea to deal in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! what transports roll;
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subjects crown!

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others breathe war's fiery god;
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

Glorious, while heaven-born freedom lasts,
Which trade's soft spurious daughter blasts;
For what is tyranny? A monstrous birth
From luxury, by bribes carefed,
By glowing power in shades compress'd,
Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

THE CLOSE.

This subject now first sung. How sung. Prefer-
able to Pindar's subjects. How Britain should
be sung by all.

THESE, trade! I first, who boast no store,
Who owe the nought, thus snatch from
shore

The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd
long;

And send thy flag triumphant down
The tide of time, to sure renown;
O blest my country! and thou pay'st my song.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme,
Why, then, unsung? My *simple* aim
To dress *plain sense*, and fire the *generous blood*;
Not sport imaginations vain,
But list, with yon ethereal train,
The shining muse, to serve the *public good*.

Of *ancient art* and *ancient praise*,
The *springs* are open'd in my lays:
Olympic heroes ghosts around me throng,
And think their glory sung anew;
Till chiefs of *equal fame* they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
As far surpass, as *useful cares*
Transcend diversion *light* and glory *vain*:
The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
And panting steed, to him belong
The *chariotter's*, not *empire's* golden rein.

Nor Chandos! thou the muse despise
That *would* to glowing *Aetna* rise
(Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of *our time*!
Seldom to man the gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart:
In life, or song, how rare the true *sublime*!

None *British-born*, will sure disdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
Though not with *genius* with *some* virtue crown'd;
(How vain the muse!) the *lay* may last,
Thus twin'd around the British mast,
The British mast, with *nobler* laurels bound!

Weak *ivy* curls round naval *oak*,
And smiles at wind and storm unbroke;
By strength *not hers* sublime: thus, proud to
soar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my *strain*:
And lives, and echoes through the *plain*,
While o'er the *billow* Britain's thunders roar.

Be dumb, ye *groveling* sons of verse,
Who *sing* not actions, but *rehearse*,
And *fool* the muse with *impotent* desire;
Ye sacrilegious! who presume
To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHORUS.

"Ye Syrens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
"Ye Nereids, dance; ye billows, flow;
"Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
"Ye winds! in concert breathe around;
"Ye navies! to the concert bound
"From pole to pole; to Britain all belong;
"Britain to heaven; from heaven descends my
"song."

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS GRAY.

ODES,
EPITAPHS,

Containing

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD,
A LONG STORY,

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To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic muse her votive chaplet brings,
Unseen, unheard, O GRAY, to thee she sings!
While slowly-pacing through the church-yard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or borne sublime on inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd:
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

WARTON'S SONNET TO GRAY.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

THOMAS GRAY.

Containing

SELECTED IN A COURTLY CHURCH YARD,
A LIND STREET,

EDINBURGH,
PRINTED,

BY J. G. & CO.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Not that her bloom is mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic muse her votive chaplet brings;
Inborn, untaught, O Gray, to thee the Muse
While slowly passing through the church-yard bow,
As curtain-lift, presents the tale-green year,
The poet's penance strikes the mortal string;
Or borne forth on inspiration's wing,
Hence Cambridge's paths devote the drearied clod;
Of Edward's race, with murmurings lowly;
Can urge my pipe to teach things ere I say;
No bard divine, for many a care I grieve;
If the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a weary thought and vision wild,
To thee the strains of gratitude I pay.

W. G. & CO. PRINTED TO ORDER.

EDINBURGH.

PRINTED BY LEITCH AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1794.

THE LIFE OF GRAY.

THE life of GRAY, "the British Pindar," has been written by his friend and editor Mr. Mason, from personal knowledge, and the intelligence obtained from his correspondence with his friends.

The facts stated in the present account, are chiefly taken from Mr. Mason's narrative, with the addition of such particulars as subsequent information has supplied.

Thomas Gray, descended of a reputable family in the city of London, was born in Cornhill, December 26. 1716 His grandfather was a considerable merchant. His father, Philip Gray, was what was then called a money scrivener, which was the profession of Milton's father; but being of an unsocial and inactive disposition, he rather diminished than increased his paternal fortune. His mother's name was Dorothy Antrobus. They had many children, of whom the poet was the fifth born. All of them, except him, died in their infancy.

He was educated at Eton School, under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, then assistant to Dr. George, and also Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. While at school, he contracted a friendship with Mr. Horace Walpole, the present Earl of Orford, who has been so long conspicuous for his skill in the fine arts, and his love of letters, and Mr. Richard West, son of the Right Honourable Richard West, Esq, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a youth of great promise, on whom he set a high value.

In 1734, he removed from Eton to Cambridge, and entered a pensioner in St. Peter's College, and his friend West to Christ-Church, Oxford, where they commenced a correspondence, part of which is included in the collection of letters published by Mr. Mason.

When he entered at St. Peter's College, his effeminacy and fair complexion drew upon him the name of *Miss Gray*. It is remarkable that Milton had the same appellation of *Miss* at the University.

Mr. Walpole was at that time of King's College in the same University. They frequently met, conversed on subjects of taste, and drank nothing but tea.

In April 1738, West left Christ-Church for the Inner Temple, and, in September following, Gray returned to London, intending likewise to apply himself to the study of the law, in the same Society, for which purpose his father had either hired or bought him a set of chambers.

It was his first ambition to excel in Latin poetry; and upon this occasion he addressed a *Sapphic Ode* to his friend West, which is the more curious, as Mr. Mason informs us it was the first voluntary production of his muse. A copy of Latin verses in the Cambridge collections, and his translation from *Statius*, are of an earlier date.

Barbaras ædes aditure mecum
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen?

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temerè jaçentem
Sic libris horas, tenuiq. inertes

Fallere Mus?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænâ,
Vix malo rori, meminive feræ
Cedere nosci;

THE LIFE OF GRAY.

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnassum videor videre
Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamq. in omni
Fonte Aganippen,

Risi: et Ver me, facilesq. nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineganti,
Manè quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura :

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam ;
Quà leves curfes aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni,

Hæ novo nostrum serè pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenere, cælum
Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favon?
Purior hora :

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo Clytiæ fidelis ;
(Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
Mollior ætas.)

Namque, seu, lætos hominum labores
Pratag. et montes recreante curru,
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro ;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris : amœniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne
Pingere Calpen ;

Usque dum, fulgore magis magis jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridisq. in umbras
Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere Letho !

Multâ flagranti radiisq. cincto
Integris ah ! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentem medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus ?

The splendor and picturesque turn of his genius are strongly marked in this juvenile performance.

The following spring, upon an invitation which Mr. Walpole gave him to be his companion in his travels, his intention of studying the law was laid aside for the present, and never after put in execution. About the end of March 1739, they set out for France together, visiting, in the course of their travels through that country, Paris, Chantilly, Rheims, Dijon, Lyons, the Chartreuse, and other places.

In November they arrived at Turin; from thence they proceeded to Genoa, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, &c. In July 1740, they returned to Florence, where they staid till towards the end of April 1741, and then set out for Venice.

At Rome he wrote the following *Aleic Ode* to West, (*Ad. C. Favonium Zephyrinum,*) immediately after his journey to Fiescati and the Cascades of Tivoli :

Mater rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favoni, cui Venus it comes
Lasciva, Nympharum choris
Et volucrum celebrata cantu !

Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem
 Amat sub umbrâ, seu finit aureum
 Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
 Pierio Zephyrinus antro
 Furore dulci plenus, et inmemor
 Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
 Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
 Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
 Dilecta Fauno, et capridedum choris
 Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax
 Quæcunque per clivos volutus
 Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
 Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
 Audisse sylvas nomen amabiles,
 Illius et gratas Latinis
 Naiasin ingeminâsse rupes:
 Nam me Latinæ Naiades uvidâ
 Vidère ripâ, quâ niveas levi
 Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
 Dulcè canens Venusinus ales;
 Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
 Sacrique fontes. et retinent adhuc
 (sic Musa iussit) saxa molles
 Docta modos, veteresque lagri.
 Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
 Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
 Amara, jucundumque ver in-
 compositum docuere carmen;
 Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
 Phœbea luci (credite) somnia,
 Argutiusque et lympa et auræ
 Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

At Florence, Gray conceived the design, and wrote the first book of a didactic poem in Latin, entitled *De Principiis Cogitandi*, which he addressed to West (*ad Favonium*), but unfortunately never completed.

An unfortunate disagreement between the two travellers, arising from the difference of their tempers, occasioned their separation at Reggio. Gray being, even from his earliest years, curious, pensive, and philosophical; Mr. Walpole, gay, lively, and consequently inconsiderate. The latter, however, enjoined Mr. Mason to charge him with the chief blame in their quarrel, confessing that more attention and complaisance, more deference to a warm friendship, superior judgment and prudence, might have prevented a rupture that gave much uneasiness to them both; though in 1744, a reconciliation was effected between them by a lady who wished well to both parties.

Gray continued his journey to Venice, in a manner suitable to his own little fortune; and, having continued there till about the middle of July, he returned home through Padua, Verona, Milan and Turin, and, repassing the Alps, pursued almost the same route by which he had before gone to Italy.

His *Letters*, published by Mr. Mason, contain a very pleasing account of many parts of his journey. His descriptions of Versailles, of the amusements at Rheims, of the confluence of the Rhone and Saône, visit to the Grande Chartreuse, and the passage of the Alps, bear more particular marks of his genius and disposition. When he ascends the Alps, we see even the native grandeur of his ideas heightened. He is hardly any longer a mortal being, *nec vox sonat hominem*, particularly when he goes up to the Grande Chartreuse, that wild magical enthusiasm so natural to him, seems to possess his whole soul.

On his return from his travels, and after the misunderstanding with Mr. Walpole, when his natural melancholy, heightened by chagrin, had led his wishes to a gloomy dereliction of society, he again visited the Chartreuse. The situation was perfectly suitable to his state of mind, and there he wrote, in the *Album* of the fathers, such an *Alcæic Ode* as he himself only could have written. It is marked with all the finest touches of his melancholy muse, and flows with such an originality of

expression, that one can hardly lament he did not honour his own language, by making it the vehicle of this noble imagery and pathetic sentiment :

Oh tu, severi religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluena
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
Præsentioreni et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quàm si repositus sub trabe citreâ
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
Vetat volentem, me reforbens
In medios violenta fluctus :
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Suprapias, hominumque curis.

He returned to England September 1. 1741, and, in about two months afterwards, buried his father; who, by the neglect of his business, and an injudicious waste of money upon a new house at Wanstead, so much lessened his patrimony, that it would by no means enable him to prosecute the study of the law, without his becoming burthensome to his mother and aunt.

These two sisters had, for many years, kept an India warehouse in Cornhill, under the joint names of Gray and Antrobus. Upon Mr. Gray's death, having acquired what would support them decently for the rest of their lives, they retired to Stoke, near Windsor, to the house of their other sister Mrs. Rogers, lately become the widow of a gentleman of that name, who had, in the earlier part of his life, followed the profession of the law, but retired from business many years before his death.

Gray, though he had taken his resolution of declining the study of the law, was too delicate to hurt two persons, for whom he had the tenderest affection, by peremptorily declaring his real intentions; and therefore changed, or pretended to change the line of that study: And accordingly, towards the end of the subsequent year, went to Cambridge to take his bachelor's degree in civil law.

But the narrowness of his circumstances was not the only thing that distressed him at this period. He had lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole abroad. He had also lost much time in his travels; and he well knew, that whatever improvement he might have made in this interval, either in taste or science, such improvement would be of little use to him in his present situation and exigencies. This was not all. His other friend West, he found, on his return, oppressed by sickness and a load of family misfortunes. These, the sympathizing heart of Gray made his own. But his cares were vain. West's health declined daily and he left London in March 1742; and, for the benefit of the air, went to David Mitchell's, Esq. at Pope's in Hertfordshire.

During an interval of something more than two months, they maintained a constant correspondence on subjects of literature and their classical studies. The last letter from West is dated May 11. 1742. Gray returned an answer May 27. Immediately afterwards, he went upon a visit to his relations at Stoke, where he wrote his *Ode on the Spring*. He sent it, as soon as written, to his beloved friend; but he was dead before it reached Hertfordshire.

There seems to be a kind of presentiment in that pathetic piece, which readers of taste will feel when they learn this anecdote, and which will make them read it with redoubled pleasure. It will also throw a melancholy grace on the *Ode on the Dissant Prospect of Eton*, and on the *Ode to Adversity*, both of them written the August following for as both these poems abound with pathos, those who have feeling hearts will feel this excellence the more strongly, when they know the cause from whence it arose; and the unfeeling will perhaps learn to respect what they cannot taste, when

they are prevented from imputing to a splenetic melancholy, what, in fact, sprung from the most benevolent of all sensations.

It is probable, that the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard* was begun, if not finished, about this time, though the conclusion, as it stands at present, is certainly different from what it was in the first manuscript copy.

The first impulse of his sorrow, for the death of his friend, gave birth to a little *sonnet*, in English, on the Petrarchian model, which is exceedingly tender and mournful.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire :
The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire :
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require :
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.

Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men :
The fields to all their wonted tribuſſe bear :
To warm their little loves the birds complain :
I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

The only addition he afterwards made to his didactic poem, *De Principiis Cogitandi*, is the apostrophe in hexameters to the friend he had lost, written in the genuine strain of classical majesty, with which he intended to begin the fourth book.

Hactenus haud ſegnīs Naturæ arcana retexi
Muſarum interpres, primuſque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum tu opere in medio, ſpes tanti et cauſa laboris,
Linquiſ, et æternam fati te condis in umbram !
Vidi egomet duro graviter concuſſa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem ;
Et languere oculos vidi, et palleſcere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam pietas niſi rara, fideſque,
Altus amor veri, et purum ſpirabat honeſtum.
Viſa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Ceſſare eſt, reducemque iterum roſeo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unâ tecum, dilectæ Favoni !
Credulus heu longos, ut quondâm, fallere ſoles :
Heu ſpes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota !
Heu mœſtos ſoles, ſine te quos ducere ſcindo
Per deſideria, et queſtus jam cogor inanes !
At Tu, ſanctâ anima, et noſtri non indiga luſus,
Stellanti templo ſincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruerę ; atque o ſi ſecura, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olim miſerata labores
Reſpectes, tenueſque vacet cõgnoscere curas ;
Humanam ſi fortè alâ de ſede procellam
Contemplerę, metus, ſtimuloſque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et ſævos ſub pectore fluctus ;
Reſpice et has lacrymas, memori quas iſtus amore
Fundo : quod poſſum, juxta lugere ſepulchrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

Having made a viſit of ſome length at Stoke, where he wrote a conſiderable part of his more finiſhed poems, he returned to Cambridge, which from this period, became his principal reſidence. He ſpent, indeed, during the lives of his mother and aunts, his ſummer vacations at Stoke, and after they died, in making little tours or viſits to his friends in different parts of the country.

The conveniences reſulting from that ſituation, to a perſon of circumscribed fortune and a ſtudiouſ life, were, in his eſtimation, more than a counterbalance for the diſlike, which, on ſeveral accounts,

he bore to the place. He was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of the Civil Law in the winter 1742, as appears by his letter to his intimate friend, Dr. Wharton of Old Park, near Durham, formerly fellow of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, dated December 27. 1742, in which he employs his usual vein of ridicule on the University. From this time he appears to have laid aside composition almost entirely. Less pleased with exerting his own powers than in contemplating the exertions of others, he applied himself, with intense assiduity, to the study of the best Greek authors; inasmuch, that in the space of about six years, there were hardly any writers of note in that language, which he had not only read but digested; remarking, by the mode of common-place, their contents, their difficult and corrupt passages; and all this with the accuracy of a critic, added to the diligence of a student.

During this interval, however, he was not so entirely occupied with his stated employment, as to have no time for expressing his aversion to the ignorance and dullness which appeared to surround him; but of what he intended on this subject, a short fragment only remains, which seems to have been intended as a *Hymn to Ignorance*; and had he proceeded with it, would have contained much good satire upon false science and scholastic pedantry. What he wrote of it is purely introductory; yet many of the lines are so strong, and the general cast of the versification so musical, that it will probably give the admirers of Dryden and Pope a higher opinion of his poetical talents, than many of his lyric productions have done.

Hail, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
 Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
 Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
 Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
 Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
 Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.
 But chiefly thee, whose influence breath'd from high,
 Augments the native darkness of the sky;
 Ah ignorance! soft salutary power!
 Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
 Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
 Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
 Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
 Thy leaden Ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
 Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
 The massy sceptre o'er thy slumbering line?
 And dews Lethæan through the land dispense
 To sleep in slumbers each benighted sense?
 If any spark of wit's delusive ray
 Break out, and flash a momentary day,
 With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
 And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.
 Oh say—she hears me not, but careless grown,
 Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
 Goddess! awake, arise, alas my fears!
 Can powers immortal feel the force of years?
 Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
 She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
 Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
 And all was ignorance, and all was night.
 Oh sacred age! Oh times for ever lost!
 (The school-man's glory, and the churchman's boast.)
 For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,
 Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
 And bring the buried ages back to view.
 High on her car, behold the grandam ride
 Like old Scythians with barbaric pride;
 * * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend

In 1744, he appears to have given up entirely his didactic poem, and to have relinquished, for some time at least, any farther solicitations of the muse.

Mr. Walpole, notwithstanding, being desirous to preserve what he had already written, and to perpetuate the merit of their deceased friend, importuned him to publish his own poems, together with those of West; but this he declined, from the apprehension, that the joint stock of both would hardly fill a small volume.

In 1747, Mr. Mason, then scholar of St. John's College, afterwards fellow of Pembroke-Hall, was introduced to his acquaintance. He had written the year before, his "Monody on the Death of Pope," and his "Il Bellicoso," and "Il Pacifico," and Gray had revised them at the request of a friend. This laid the foundation of an intimacy, which continued without interruption till the death of Gray.

The same year, a favourite cat, belonging to Mr. Walpole, happening to be drowned, Gray amused himself on the occasion, with writing an elegant little *Ode*; in which he has happily united both humour and instruction.

But the following year was distinguished by a far more important effort of his muse, the initiatory fragment of an *Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government*, which is superior to every thing in the same style of writing in our language. He meant to show, that both must concur to produce great and useful men. It was intended to be addressed to the President Montesquieu, and possibly the intervening death of that great man might be a means of his relinquishing his purpose. It opens with two similes, an uncommon kind of exordium; but which, it is probable, he intentionally chose to intimate the analogical method he meant to pursue in his subsequent reasonings.

As sickly plants betray a nigard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
To draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Uniform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey;
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude see'er th' exterior form we find,
How'er opinion rings the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind, impartial heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain;
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
Th' event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repell the foe;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace.

There industry and gain their vigil keep,
 Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep;
 Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
 There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
 Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
 Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
 And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway,
 Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
 As oft have issued, host impelling host,
 The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
 The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
 Her boasted titles, and her golden fields;
 With grim delight the brood of winter view
 A brighter day, and heav'n's of azure hue,
 Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
 And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
 Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
 Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
 While European freedom still withstands
 Th' encroaching tide, that drowns her lessening
 And fees far off with an indignant groan
 Her native plains, and empires once her own.
 Can opener skies and furs of fiercer flame
 O'erpower the fire, that animates our frame;
 As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
 Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
 Need we the influence of the northern star
 To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
 And, where the face of nature laughs around,
 Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?
 Unmanly thought! what seasons can controul,
 What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
 Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
 By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
 Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
 O'er Lybia's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
 She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
 Another touch, another temper take,
 Suspends th' inferior laws, that rule our clay:
 The stubborn elements confess her sway;
 Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
 And raise the mortal to a height divine.
 Not but the human fabric from the birth
 Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
 As various tracts enforce a various toil,
 The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
 An iron-race the mountain cliffs maintain,
 Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
 For where unwearied sinews must be found
 With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
 To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
 To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
 What wonder, if to patient valour train'd
 They guard with spirit, what by strength they gain'd?
 And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
 The rough abode of want and liberty,
 (As lawless force from confidence will grow)
 Insult the plenty of the vales below?
 What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread,
 Where Nile redundant o'er his summer bed
 From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
 And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
 If with advent'rous oar and ready sail,
 The dusky people drive before the gale;
 Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride
 That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

How much it is to be wished, that Gray had completed what he thus admirably begun! The design is the noblest which he ever attempted; and also, as far as he carried it into execution, the most exquisitely finished.

The *Ode on Eton College* was his first English production which appeared in print. It was published in folio, by Doddley, in 1747; about the same time, at Mr. Walpole's request, he sat for his picture to Echart, in which, on a paper which he held in his hand, Mr. Walpole wrote the title of this ode; and to intimate his own high just opinion of it, added this line of Lucan by way of motto.

Nec licuit populis parvum tempte, Nile, videre.

Phars. lib. x. l. 296.

This highly-finished ode, together with his three other monostrophic odes on *Spring*, on a *Favourite Cat*, to *Adversity*, was afterwards inserted in "Doddley's Miscellany." The *Ode to Adversity* was first printed under the title of an *Hymn to Adversity*, which is here dropped for the sake of uniformity. It is unquestionably as truly lyrical as any of his other odes.

In 1750, he put his last hand to the *Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard*, which, when finished, was communicated first to Mr. Walpole, and by him to several persons of distinction. This brought Gray acquainted with Lady Cobham, and furnished an occasion for his *Long Story*, a composition in ballad-measure, in which the different colours of wit and humour are peculiarly and intimately blended.

The *Elegy*, having found its way into the "Magazine of Magazines," he wrote Mr. Walpole, February. 11. 1751, desiring him that he would put his own manuscript into the hands of Doddley, and order him to print it immediately.

This was the most popular of all his productions. It ran through eleven editions in a very short space of time, was finely translated into Latin by Messrs. Anstey and Roberts, and in the same year another, though inferior, version of it was published by Lloyd. In the manuscript copy, he gave it only the simple title of *Stanzas Written in a Country Church-Yard*. Mr. Mason persuaded him to call it an *Elegy*, because the subject authorised him so to do, and the alternate measure in which it was written, seemed peculiarly fit for that species of composition.

In 1753, Mr. Bentley, wishing to supply every ornament that his pencil could contribute, drew not only for it, but also for the rest of Gray's productions, a set of designs, which were handsomely repaid by the following complimentary *Stanzas*, many of which are equal in merit to the best in his most finished poems.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half-pleas'd, half-blushing let the muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.
See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
To local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,

To censure cold, and negligent of fame,

In swifter measures animated run,

And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,

His quick creation, his unerring line;

The energy of Pope they might efface,

And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age

Is that diviner inspiration giv'n

That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,

The pomp and prodigality of heav'n.

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,

The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,

Together dart their intermingled rays,

And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast

My lines a secret sympathy impart;

And as their pleasing influence *flows* *conveys*,
A sigh of soft reflection *beave* *the heart*.

The paper on which the last stanza was written being broken, the words in Italics were supplied by Mr. Mason, who very ingeniously and very justly expresses his dissatisfaction with the termination of the third line: the end of the fourth; however, is not less exceptionable; perhaps it would be better if it stood thus:

Enough for me, if to some feeling convey,
My lines a secret sympathy convey;
And as their pleasing influence *there shall rest*,
A sigh of soft reflection *shall away*.

The panegyric is certainly carried too far; there is so much of grotesque fancy in the designs, that they have failed to please universally. Let the reader peruse the second stanza, and turn to the design for the *Ode to Adversity*. Let him behold the Quarter Staff of Jupiter, the Horse-Lock, the Hunting Whip, and the Talons, and bid defiance to risibility if he can. The original drawings, in Mr. Mason's opinion, are infinitely superior to the published engravings of them.

The head-pieces to the *Long Story*, exhibiting a view of Stoke-Pogis church and mansion, were copied from a sketch by Gray. The Church-yard was the subject of his *Elegy*.

In the March following, Gray sustained a loss which he long and severely felt; his mother, to whom his conduct was exemplary for the discharge of every filial duty, and who merited all the tenderness and attention she received, was taken from him by death. She was buried in the same vault, where her sister's remains had been deposited, more than three years before, in the church-yard of Stoke. As the inscription on the tombstone (at least the latter part of it) is undoubtedly of Gray's writing, it here would claim a place, if it had not a peculiar pathos to recommend it, and at the same time a true inscriptive simplicity.

In the vault beneath, are deposited,
In hope of a joyful resurrection,
The remains of
MARY ANTROBUS.
She died, unmarried, Nov. v. M.DCC.XLIX.
Aged LXVI.

In the same pious confidence,
Beside her friend and sister,
Here sleep the remains of
Dorothy Gray,
Widow, the careful tender mother
Of many children, one of whom alone
Had the misfortune to survive her.
She died March xi. M.DCC.LIII.
Aged LXVII.

The lines, in which Pope has expressed his piety, beautiful as they are, and much as they deserve to be praised, appear, notwithstanding, to excite less of sympathy than a single stroke in this inscription, or a passage in a letter to Mr. Mason, written the following December, on the deaths of his father and friend, Dr. Marmaduke Prickett, a young physician. "I have seen the scene you describe, and know how dreadful it is; I know too, I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world, any longer than that sad impression lasts; the deeper it is engraved the better."

Impressions of grief on the generality of mankind, like characters marked on the sand of the sea, are speedily effaced by the influx of business or pleasure; but the traces of them on the heart of Gray were too deeply inscribed to be soon obliterated. He cherished the remembrance of his loss with a melancholy pleasure, of which the present writer can easily comprehend the value; for he knows what it is to lose persons that his eyes and heart have been long used to, and he never desires to part with the remembrance of that loss.

Gray, as is evident by a letter to Dr. Wharton, finished his *Ode on the Progress of Poetry*, early in 1755; the *Bard* also was begun about that time, and the following beautiful fragment *On the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude*:

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy spring :
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet ;
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstacy ;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the fullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know ;
'Tis man alone that joy describes
With forward and reverted eyes.
Smiles on past misfortune's brow,
Soft reflection's hand can trace ;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace :
While hope prolongs our happier hour ;
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow ;
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe ;
And blended form, with artful strife ;
The strength and harmony of life.
See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost ;
And breathe, and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale ;
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell
Near the course where pleasure flows ;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.

* * *

From the loose hints in his common-place book, he appears to have planned a fourth *Ode on the Connection between Genius and Grandeur* ; but it cannot now be ascertained if any part of it was actually written.

In 1756, he removed from St. Peter's College to Pembroke-Hall, in consequence of two or three young men of fortune, who lived in the same stair-case, having, for some time, intentionally disturbed him with their riots. He complained to the governing part of the Society ; and not thinking that his remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, he "left his lodgings," as he himself expresses it, "because the rooms were noisy, and the people of the house uncivil."

Upon the death of Cibber, in 1757, the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Chamberlain, made him an offer of the vacant office of Poet-Laureat, through the hands of Lord John Cavendish, his bro-

ther; but the disgrace brought upon that office, by the inability of some who had filled it, probably induced him to decline the appointment, which was bestowed on Whitehead.

The same year, he published the *Progress of Poetry*, and the *Bard*, his two greatest lyric performances. Their merit was not immediately perceived, nor generally acknowledged. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Lloyd and Colman wrote in concert two Odes to "Oblivion" and "Obscurity," in which they were ridiculed with much contempt and much ingenuity.

In 1759, his curiosity drew him away from Cambridge, to a lodging in Southampton-row, near the Museum, where he resided near three years, reading and transcribing. His extracts, amounting in all to a tolerably-sized folio, are at present in the hands of Lord Orford, who printed the speech of Sir Thomas Wyat from them, in the second number of his "Miscellaneous Antiquities."

In 1762, when the Professorship of Modern Languages and History at Cambridge, became vacant by the death of Mr. Turner, he was, as he says, "cockered and spirited up," till he asked it of Lord Bute, who sent him a civil refusal, and the place was given to Mr. Laurence Bocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

His constitution was weak, and believing that his health was promoted by exercise and change of place, he undertook, in 1765, a journey into Scotland, of which his account, so far as it extends, is very curious and elegant; for, as his comprehension was ample, his curiosity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events. He naturally contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, whom he found "a poet, a philosopher, and a good man." The Marischal College at Aberdeen offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which, having omitted to take it at Cambridge, he thought it decent to refuse.

In 1767, Dr. Beattie, desirous that his country should afford some testimony of its regard to Gray, solicited his permission, to Mr. Foulis, to print, at the University press of Glasgow, an elegant edition of his works. Dodsley had before asked the same favour, and Gray, unwilling to refuse, gratified both with a copy, containing a few notes, and the imitations of the Norse poetry, intended to supplant the *Long Story*, which was printed at first only to illustrate Mr. Bentley's designs.

The death of Mr. Bocket, in July 1768, left another opening to the Professorship, which he had before unsuccessfully fought. Lord Bute, however, was not then in office, and the Duke of Grafton, to preclude a request, within two days of the vacancy, appointed Gray.

This place was valuable in itself, the salary being 400l. a year; but what rendered it particularly acceptable to Gray, was its being given him without any solicitation.

On the Duke of Grafton being elected Chancellor of the University, in 1769, gratitude prompted Gray, unasked, to furnish an irregular *Ode for Music*, to be performed at his installation; and whatever the celebrated Junius (notwithstanding his compliment to Gray) might pretend, it was the offering of no venal muse. The ode in its structure is dramatic, and it contains nothing of the complimentary kind, which is not entirely suited to the characters employed. In point of lyrical arrangement and expression, it is equal to most of his other odes.

Not long after the bustle of the installation was over, ill health made another journey necessary, and he visited the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The impressions he received from the wonderful scenery that surrounded him, he transmitted to his friend, Dr. Wharton, in epistolary journals, with all the wildness of Salvator, and the softness of Claude.

In May 1771, writing to the same friend, he complains of a violent cough, which had troubled him for three months, and which he called incurable; adding, that till this year he never knew what (mechanical) low spirits were.

The anxiety he felt from holding, as a sinecure, an office, the duties of which he thought himself bound to perform, without doubt, contributed to the latter complaint.

The object of his professorship being twofold, and the patent allowing him to effect one of its designs by deputy, it is understood, that he liberally rewarded, for that purpose, the teachers in the University of Italian and French.

The other part he himself prepared to execute; but though the professorship was instituted in 1724, none of his predecessors had furnished a plan of lectures.

Embarrassed by this and other difficulties, and retarded by ill health, the undertaking at length became so irksome, that he seriously proposed to resign the office.

About the end of May he removed from Cambridge to London, after having suffered from irregular attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he had long been subject, and from which a life of singular temperance could not protect him.

In London his indisposition having increased, Dr. Gibborne advised him to remove from his lodgings in Jernyn-street to Kensington. This change was of so much benefit, that he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge, from whence he meditated a journey to Old Park, near Durham, the residence of his friend Dr. Wharton, which he hoped might re-establish his health; but his intentions and hopes were delusive.

On the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College-hall, he felt a sudden nausea, which obliged him to rise from table; and retire to his chamber. The gout had fixed on his stomach, and resisted all the powers of medicine. On the 29th, he was seized with a strong convulsion fit, which, on the 30th, returned with increased violence; and the next evening he expired, in the 35th year of his age.

He was sensible at times, almost to the last, and from the first aware of his extreme danger, but expressed no visible concern at the thoughts of his approaching dissolution. He was buried in the vault, in which his aunt and his mother were interred, in the church-yard of Stoke, agreeable to his own direction.

By his will, dated July 2. 1770, he appointed Mr. Mason, and the Rev. Dr. Browne, President of Pembroke-hall, his joint executors; and left Mr. Mason all his books, manuscripts, coins, music, printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion.

His *Poems* and *Letters* were collected and published by Mr. Mason, in one volume 8vo. 1775, to which he prefixed "Memoirs of his Life and Writings," with "imitations, variations and additional notes," and republished in 4 vols. 8vo. 1778. The common editions of his *Poems* are too numerous to be specified. To the edition in 8vo. 1786, were added notes and parallel passages by Mr. Wakefield. The notes are in general pertinent and judicious, and the parallel places discover extensive erudition, and are selected with taste and judgment. An edition, with a perpetual commentary, is preparing for the press, which the present writer is happy to announce as the production of his friend Alexander Thomson, Esq. author of "Whist," "The Paradise of Taste," and other ingenious performances. The Latin language was enriched with an elegant and spirited translation of the *Bard*, in 1775, and an admirable Greek version of the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, proceeded from the classical pen of Dr. Norbury, in 1793. The imitations it has produced are innumerable.

It may be collected from the narrative of Mr. Mason, that the greatest part of Gray's life was spent in that kind of learned leisure, which has only self-improvement and self-gratification for its object. He was remarkably disinterested in all his pursuits. He never read or wrote with a view of making labours useful to himself. He may be said to have been one of those few personages in the annals of literature especially in the poetical class, who are devoid of self-interest, and at the same time attentive to economy; and also was among mankind in general, one of these very few economists who possess that talent uninterfered with the slightest stain of avarice. When his circumstances were at the lowest, he gave away such sums in charity, as would have done credit to an ampler purse. But what chiefly deterred him from taking any advantage by his literary pursuits, was a certain degree of pride, which led him to despise the idea of being thought an author by profession.

However, it is probable, that, early in life, he had an intention of publishing an edition of *Strabo*; for his papers contain a great number of notes and geographical disquisitions on that author, particularly with respect to that part of Asia which comprehends Persia and India. The indefatigable pains which he took with the writings of *Plato*, and the quantity of critical, as well as explanatory observations, which he has left upon almost every part of his works, plainly indicate that no man in Europe was better prepared to republish and illustrate that philosopher than Gray. Another work, on which he bestowed uncommon labour, was the *Anthologia*. In an interleaved copy of that collection of Greek epigrams, he has transcribed several additional ones, which he selected in his extensive reading; has inserted a great number of critical notes and emendations, and subjoined

a copious index, in which every epigram is arranged under the name of its respective author. But whether he intended this manuscript for the press or not is uncertain. The only work which he meditated upon with that view from the beginning, was a *History of English Poetry*, upon a plan sketched out by Pope. He has mentioned this himself in an advertisement prefixed to those three fine imitations of Norse and Welch poetry, which he gave to the world in the last edition of his poems. But after he had made some considerable preparations for the execution of this design, and Mr. Mason had offered him his assistance, he was informed that Mr. Warton was engaged in a work of the same kind. The undertaking was therefore relinquished by mutual consent; and, in 1790, on Mr. Warton's desiring a sight of the plan, he readily sent him the following "Sketch of the arrangement of the subject" in a letter, which was published in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for February 1783.

"*Introduction.* On the poetry of the Galic or Celtic nations, as far back as it can be traced.—On that of the Goths, its introduction into these islands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration.—On the origin of rhyme among the Franks, the Saxons, and Provençaux.—Some account of the Latin rhyming poetry, from its early origin, down to the fifteenth century.

"*Part I.* On the School of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poetry, or Romances in verse, Allegories, Fabliaux, Syrvientes, Comedies, Farces, Canzoni, Sonnets, Balades, Madrigals, Sestines, &c. Of their imitators, the French: and of the first Italian School, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others.—State of Poetry in England from the Conquest, 1066, or rather, from Henry the Second's time, 1154, to the reign of Edward the Third, 1327.

"*Part II.* On Chaucer, who first introduced the manner of the Provençaux, improved by the Italians, into our country: his character and merits at large: the different kinds in which he excelled.—Gower, Oseleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Gawen Douglas, Lyndesay, Bellenden, Dunbar, &c.

"*Part III.* Second Italian School, of Ariosto, Tasso, &c. an improvement on the first, occasioned by the revival of Letters, the end of the fifteenth century. The Lyric poetry of this and the former age introduced from Italy by Lord Surrey, Sir T. Wyatt, Bryan, Lord Vaulx, &c. in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

"*Part IV.* Spenser, his character: subject of his poem, allegoric and romantic, of Provençal invention; but his manner of tracing it, borrowed from the Second Italian School.—Drayton, Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c. This School ends in Milton.—A Third Italian School, full of conceit, begun in Queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James and Charles the First, by Donne, Crashaw, Cleiveland, carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

"*Part V.* School of France, introduced after the Restoration—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope—Which has continued to our own times."

Among other sciences, Gray had acquired a great knowledge of Gothic architecture. He endeavoured to trace this mode of building from the time it commenced, through its various changes, till it arrived at its perfection in the reign of Henry VIII., and ended in that of Elizabeth. For this purpose, he did not so much depend upon written accounts, as that internal evidence which the buildings themselves give of their respective antiquity. On this account, he applied himself to the study of heraldry, as a preparatory science, and has left behind him a number of genealogical papers, more than sufficient to prove him a complete master of it. The *Remarks on Saxon Churches* in the Introduction to Mr. Bentham's "*History of Ely*" were drawn up by Gray.

But the favourite study of Gray, for the last ten years of his life, was natural history, which he then rather resumed than began; as by the instructions of his uncle Antrobus, he was a considerable botanist at fifteen. The marginal notes which he has left on *Linneus* and other writers, on the vegetable, animal, and fossil kingdoms, are very numerous. But the most considerable are on "*Hudson's Flora Anglica*," and the tenth edition of the *Systema Naturæ*, which latter he interleaved and filled almost entirely. While employed on zoology, he also read *Aristotle's* treatise on that subject with great care, and explained many difficult passages of that obscure ancient, from the

lights he had acquired from modern naturalists. Excepting pure mathematics, and the studies dependent on that science, there was hardly any part of human learning, in which he had not acquired a competent skill; in most of them a consummate mastery.

Of his amusements, the chief and almost the only one (excepting the frequent experiments he made on flowers, for the purpose of investigating the process of vegetation) was music. His taste in this art was equal to his skill in any more important science. Vocal music he chiefly preferred. His instrument was the harpsicord; on which, though he had little execution, yet he accommodated his voice so judiciously to his playing, as to give an auditor considerable pleasure. His judgment in statuary and painting was exquisite, and formed from an almost instinctive perception of those graces beyond the reach of art, in which the divine works of the great masters abound. He had a fine taste in prints, in his choice of which he observed the same judicious rule which he followed in making his collection of music; which was not so much to get together complete sets of the works of any master, as to select those (the best in their kind) which would recal to his memory, the capital pictures, statues, and buildings, which he had seen and studied.

Of Gray's religious opinions but little is known; there are, however, sufficient traces left to show him a believer. To Bolingbroke's scepticism he has written an answer. His sentiments of Shaftesbury cannot be mistaken; and both Voltaire and Hume he censures with freedom. In private life he was most respected by those who best knew him; he was a man of good-breeding, virtue, and humanity.

Mr. Maſon has declined drawing up any formal character of Gray; but has adopted one from a letter to James Boswell, Esq., by the Rev. Mr. Temple, Rector of St. Gluvias in Cornwall, first printed anonymously in the "London Magazine."

"Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusements, and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally instructing and entertaining; but he was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had, in some degree, that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve; though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered himself merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so much knowledge, when it produced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorial but a few poems? But let it be considered that Mr. Gray was to others at least innocently employed; to himself, certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably; he was every day making some new acquisition in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, in that state wherein God hath placed us."

The friendship of Mr. Maſon could not fail him here; yet his judgment surely has been suspended; for to leave his friend under the idea of a *fastidious fribble*, was, to say no more, unfavourable to his memory. That such is the idea, no one, who reads the character, can doubt. It is true, the world knew it. There was a reserve in his behaviour, too near resembling fastidiousness; and he was apt to indulge himself in such modish niceties of dress, as did not always correspond with the sobriety of an academic gown. After his return from his travels, he commonly wore a muff, an object of no small derision with the University lads. If he went to a coffee-house, he would tell the waiter, in a tone the most effeminate, to give him "that silly paper book," meaning the "Gentleman's Magazine," and sometimes the "Review." Timorous, as effeminate, and fearful of accidents, he had a ladder to let down from his window, in case of fire. Some young men of his college idly and

wantonly set up a false alarm, in order to draw him upon his ladder; and this, among other circumstances was said to be the occasion of his removing to Pembroke-Hall.

Mr. Mason has remarked, that Gray's effeminacy was affected most before those whom "he did not wish to please;" and that he is unjustly charged, with making knowledge his sole reason of preference, as he paid his esteem to none, whom he did not likewise believe to be good.

As a poet, his excellence will be confessed by all who are entitled to judge of it, except now and then by a jealous critic educated at Oxford, and assiduous in depreciating the merit of every author, who flourished at a rival University. On his poetry, it is needless to bestow praises, or to repel the attacks of envy and rancour. If Gray was not a poet of the first order, there is no poetry existing; and if his bold expressions be nonsense, so are the most rapturous passages of Sophocles, Klopstock, Shakspeare and Milton, and the sublimest figures of divine inspiration. In sublimity, pathos, and enthusiasm, he is perhaps excelled by Dryden and Collins; but in richness of imagery, glow of expression, and harmony of numbers, he surpasses the two great masters of English lyric poetry.

Gray's poems are not numerous; but all of them, at least his serious pieces, have great merit; and whoever writes but as correctly as he has written, will not find himself able to write much. His pieces have all the marks of close study and patient revision; and the smallness of their number, compared with the length of time he was known as a poet, sufficiently shows, that they were kept long under his own eyes, before they were submitted to those of the public. They may, therefore, be regarded as a kind of standard of the correctness to which English poetry has arrived in our days.

The *Essay Written in a Country Church-Yard*, is, perhaps, the first of the kind in any language; its subject, like the subject of Milton's Epic, is universally interesting; the allegorical imagery is sublime, and the natural description picturesque; the sentiment is mostly simple and pathetic, and the versification has a melody, which has not often been attained, and cannot be surpassed.

The principal respect in which it has been supposed defective is want of plan. Dr. Knox, in his "Essays," has observed, "that it is thought by some to be no more than a confused heap of splendid ideas, thrown together without order, and without proportion." That it is, however, not destitute of plan, is sufficiently demonstrated by Scott, in his "Critical Essays." The analysis shows, that it is perfectly regular, though simple in its general plan; but the arrangement might perhaps have been in some parts improved. Some passages have been censured by Mr. Kelly, in the "Babbler," with great injustice. Unacknowledged imitations of Collins, Young, Pope, Tickell, Thomson, &c. have been pointed out by other critics. These, however, are by no means certain. There are so many instances of a coincidence totally casual, that it is difficult to ascertain what is, or is not really a designed or accidental imitation. When Gray condescends to imitate, he recovers his level at least by some new thoughts, some dignity of verse, or some luminous embellishments of diction.

In the first copy of this exquisite poem, the conclusion was different from that which he afterwards composed; and though his after-thought was unquestionably the best, yet there is a pathetic melancholy in the four rejected stanzas, following, *With incense kindled at the muse's flame*, which highly claims preservation.

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than pow'r, or genius, e'er conspir'd to bless.
And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

And here the poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the *hoary-headed swain*, &c. suggested itself to him. Mr. Mason thinks the third of these rejected stanzas equal to any in the whole elegy.

After the stanza, ending, *To meet the sun upon the upland lawn*, in the first copy, followed this stanza:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

Mr. Mason wonders that he rejected this stanza, as it not only has the same sort of Doric delicacy, which charms us peculiarly in this part of the poem, but also completes the account of his whole day: whereas, this evening scene being omitted, we have only his morning walk, and his noon-tide repose.

The stanza, considered in itself, is not a bad one, but Gray was right in suppressing it. The poet's evening had been described before, at the opening of the poem; to have described it again would have been superfluous, and an instance of that disgusting redundancy, which is sure to create confusion, and which we always meet with in the works of common writers. Diversity of situation is also wanting; we had the *wood* before, *Hard by yon wood*, &c., and here we have it again, *The greenwood-side along*, &c.

Between the line, *Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn*, and the epitaph, Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted; because he thought, that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines, however, are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Mr. Edwards endeavoured to supply what he thought a defect in the *Elegy*, by adding after, *Some Cromwell guiltless*, &c., the two following stanzas, which are strongly marked with the characters of simplicity, tenderness, and harmony:

Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms
Shone with attraction to herself unknown;
Whose beauty might have blest a monarch's arms,
And virtue cast a lustre on the throne.
That humble beauty warm'd an honest heart,
And cheer'd the labours of a faithful spouse;
That virtue form'd for every decent part,
The healthful offspring that adorn'd their house.

Gray, in his *Church-Yard Elegy*, certainly showed great excellence in dwelling on the tenderest interests of human nature. His easy native pathos brought those interests to the heart. But his genius was not marked alone by that tender and melancholy sensibility, so interesting in that inimitable performance. That impression was only its bas-relief. There was a Gothic grandeur in the structure, of the most striking and powerful effect. Yet this could be felt, could be tasted only by the few, while the natural pictures of the former were caught by and melted in every eye.

It is observable, that sublimity of genius has been generally attended with a strong affection for the demony of the ancient northern fable. Milton was particularly fond of it. It was the study of his youth and the dream of his age! This passion seems natural. There is something sublime in the Gothic mythology, in the idea of ancient hardihood, and the feats of former times, that is peculiarly adapted to a natural grandeur of imagination. In the mythology of the Greeks, every thing seems little, seems puerile in comparison. Hence Gray's strong attachment to every thing that breathed of the former. The hall of *Odin* was heaven itself to him, and *Offian* the very demon of poetry. It would be superfluous for the present writer to enlarge on the effect this enthusiasm had on Gray's poetical writings. The readers of poetry are no strangers to that sublime expression, and to that noble air of mind, which distinguish his two greater odes, the *Progress of Poesy*, and the *Bard*. They breathe the high spirit of lyric enthusiasm; the transitions are sudden and impetuous, the language full of fire and force, and the imagery carried, without impropriety, to the most daring height. They have been accused of obscurity; but the one can be obscure to those only who have not read *Pindar*,

and the other only to those who are unacquainted with the history of our own nation. Ample justice has been very lately done them by Mr. Potter, the justly celebrated translator of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, in his "Cursory Examination of the Lyric Performances of Gray, &c." and by his ingenious commentator, Mr. Wakefield.

"These two *Pindaric Odes* of Gray," says Mr. Wakefield, "have a much greater resemblance to the Theban Bard, than any thing of the kind in our own, and probably in any other language. Wildness of thought, and irregularity of verse, had usually been esteemed the only way to resemble *Pindar*. The characteristic excellencies of *Pindar's* poetry are sublimity of conception, boldness of metaphor, dignity of style, rapidity of composition, and magnificence of phraseology. If a fair judgment can be formed upon those few specimens, which the desolations of time have spared; in grandeur of imagery, and regularity of thought, he is surpassed by Gray; as on the other hand, he may justly claim a superiority from the moral dignity of his compositions.

"These sublime and elaborate productions of genius chastised by learning, and of learning invigorated by genius, are, from their nature, by no means calculated to please the generality of readers, especially upon a slight acquaintance. A frequent and diligent contemplation of them is necessary to an adequate perception of their beauties; and perhaps no small tincture of that erudition which enabled the author to produce them. Indeed, that spirit of lyric inspiration which they breathe, that divine glow of pathos, which at the same time melts and inflames the reader, cannot operate with their full effect, but on a congenial soul, attuned to the bold vibrations of enthusiastic poetry. The motto justly proclaims—

To wisdom's ear 'tis sense and sweetness all,
Darkness and dissonance to vulgar minds.

"He who can continue amidst the blaze of splendor that bursts around him, amidst the torrent of sublimity that pours along, sedately speculating upon petty blemishes, is certainly a stranger to those sensations which animated *Pindar* and Gray; and deserves, for the punishment of his malice, that poetical curse denounced by the pathetic Collins, upon all those who could reflect on the author of the "Seasons," without emotions of benevolence and concern.

With him, sweet bard! may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year."

It must be acknowledged, however, that the *The Progress of Poetry*, though impregnated throughout with the fire and energy proper to lyric poetry, has a stiffness to which *Pindar* had certainly no recourse, and from which Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" is entirely exempt; and that the *Bard*, though adorned with those thoughts that breathe, and words that burn, that Gray's muse could so richly supply, is too artificial as opposed to natural, and sometimes loaded, rather than enriched with poetical imagery. But when every deduction is made that criticism requires, the *Bard* of Gray is entitled to rank with the "Alexander's Feast" of Dryden, and the "Passions" of Collins.

Of his other lyric pieces, the *Ode on Spring*, *Ode on Eton College*, *Ode on a Favourite Cat*, *Ode to Adversity*, and the *Musical Ode*, please the generality of readers more than the *Fatal Sisters*, *Descent of Odin*, and *Triumphs of Owen*. They are by no means without faults, but the spirit of poetry, and exquisite charms of the verse, are sufficient almost to obtain reverence for their defects. The *Ode on Eton College*, is, in the opinion of the present writer, superior to the rest. The sentiments are natural and consonant to the feelings of humanity, and exhibited with perspicuity of method, and in an elegant, intelligible, and expressive language. The *Sonnet on the Death of West*, and the *Epitaph on Sir William Williams*, are the most perfect compositions of the kind in our language.

Indolence is an almost certain characteristic of genius, and irresolution is a natural effect of indolence. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Gray made many poetical essays and beginnings on subjects, from which, either by accident, or through a want of industry, he was afterwards diverted. Among these, was the following scene of a tragedy, taken from Tacitus, on the death of *Agrippina*, which leaves us to regret, that he only attempted a tragedy:

ACT I. SCENE I.

Agrippina, Aceronia.

Agrippina.

'Tis well, begone! your errand is perform'd:

[*Speaks as to Anicetus entering.*]

The message needs no comment: Tell your master,
 His mother shall obey him: Say you saw her, *Agrippina*
 Yielding due reverence to his high commands;
 Alone, unguarded, and without a licitor,
 As fits the daughter of Germanicus, *Agrippina*
 Say, she retired to Antium; there to tend out
 Her household cares, a woman's best employment:
 What if you add, how she turn'd pale, and trembled;
 You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,
 And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'd it?
 (Go! you can paine it well) 'twill profit you, long
 And please the tripling: Yet 'twould dash his joy,
 To hear the spirit of Britannicus
 Yet walks on earth: at least there are who know
 Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
 A thousand haughty hearts, unus'd to shake
 When a boy frowns, nor to be lur'd with smiles
 To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
 His hospitable board: They are aware
 Of th' unpledg'd bowl, they love not Aconite,
 He's gone; and much I hope these walls alone,
 And the mute air are privy to your passion:
 Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
 Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
 In haughty youth, and irritated power.

Agrippina.
 And dost thou talk to me, to me, of danger,
 Of haughty youth, and irritated power,
 To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
 This painted Jove, and untaught his novice hand
 To aim the forked bolt; whilst he stood trembling
 Scar'd at the found, and dazzled with its brightness?
 'Tis like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
 To adoration, to the grateful steam
 Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
 From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
 Deck'd with no other lustre, than the blood
 Of Agrippina's race, he liv'd unknown
 To fame, or fortune; haply ey'd at distance
 Some edileship, ambitious of the power
 To judge of weights, and measures; scarcely dar'd
 On expectation's strongest wing to soar
 High as the consulate; that empty shade
 Of long-forgotten liberty: When
 Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
 Show'd him, where empire tower'd, and bad him strike
 The noble quarry: Gods! then was the time
 To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn
 The mask of prudence: but a heart like mine,
 A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
 If bright ambition from her craggy seat
 Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
 Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous honour.

Aceronia.

Through various life I have pursued your steps,
 Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring;
 Hence rise my fears. (Nor am I yet to learn
 How vast the debt of gratitude, which Nero
 To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
 Suffices not to pay the obligation.)
 I well remember too (for I was present)
 When in a secret and dead hour of night,
 Due sacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
 Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
 You bad the magi call the dreadful powers,
 That read futurity, to know the fate
 Impending o'er your son: Their answer was,

If the son reign, the mother perishes;
 Perish (you cry'd) the mother! reign the son!
 He reigns, the rest is heav'n's; who oft has bade,
 Ev'n when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
 Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning;
 Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
 The sweets of kindness lavishly indulg'd
 Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
 To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
 As unrequited wrongs. The willing home
 Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
 The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures,
 That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway;
 These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
 The very power he has to be ungrateful.

Thus ever grave, and undisturb'd reflection
 Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear;
 Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
 Say't thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
 And tremble at the phantom I have rais'd?
 Carry to him thy timid counsel. He
 Perchance may heed 'em: Tell him too, that one
 Who had such liberal power to give, may still
 With equal power resume that gift, and raise
 A tempest, that shall shake her own creation
 To its original atoms—tell me! say
 This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
 Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
 Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
 And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
 Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
 The silken son of dalliance, nurs'd in ease
 And pleasure's flowery lap?—Rubellius lives,
 And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
 To bow the supple knee, and court the times
 With shows of fair obeisance; and a call
 Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions
 Drowlier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
 Of our imperial house.

Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
 I might remind my mistress that her nod
 Can rouse eight hardy legions; wont to stem
 With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
 Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
 That in Armenia quell the Parthian force,
 Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
 Mark'd for their leader: These, by ties confirm'd
 Of old respect and gratitude, are yours;
 Surely the Massians too; and those of Egypt,
 Have not forgot your fire: The eye of Rome
 And the prætorian camp have long rever'd,
 With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
 And mother of their Cæsars.

Ha! by Juno,
 It bears a noble semblance. On this base
 My great revenge shall rise; or say we found
 The trump of liberty; there will not want,
 Even in the servile senate, ears to own
 Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
 And Cassius; Vetus too, and Thrasea,
 Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
 That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
 Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
 Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd

(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare;
 And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
 And shake 'em at the name of liberty,
 Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
 As there were magic in it? wrinkled bedlams
 Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
 That anciently appear'd, but when extends
 Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
 To arm the hand of childhood, and retrace
 The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.
 Yes, we may meet, ingrateful boy, we may
 Again the buried genius of old Rome
 Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
 Rous'd by the shout of millions: There before
 His high tribunal thou and I appear
 Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
 And lighten from thy eye: Around thee call

The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
 Of thy full favour; Seneca be there
 In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
 To dress thy plea; and Burthius strengthen it
 With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
 Against thee, liberty and Agrippina;
 The world, the prize; and fair befall the victors.

But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
 In threats unexecuted? Haste, thee, fly
 These hated walls, that seem to mock my shame,
 And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

Acronia.

'Tis time we go, the sun is high advanc'd,
 And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Bide.

Agrippina.

My thought aches at him; not the basiliſk
 More deadly to the sight, than is to me
 The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
 I will not meet its poison: Let him feel
 Before he sees me.

Acronia.

Why then stays my sovereign,
 Where he so soon may

Agrippina.

Yes, I will be gone,
 But not to Antium—all shall be confess'd,
 What'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
 Has spread among the crowd; things, that but whisper'd
 Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
 His eyes in fearful ecstasy: No matter
 What; so't be strange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,
 Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
 My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.

And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
 Enshrined Claudius, with the pitted ghouls
 Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
 (Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)
 If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
 In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
 Accept my vengeance: Though by me ye bled,
 He was the cause. My love, my fears for him
 Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
 And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
 Yet if your injur'd shades demand my fate,
 If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
 Let me not fall alone; but crush his pride,
 And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

Exeunt.

THE LIFE OF GRAY.

SCENE II.

Otho, Peppas.

Thus far we're safe: Thanks to the rosy queen
 Of amorous thefts: And had her wanton son
 Lent us his wings, we could not have beguild
 With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
 Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely;
 Dispell, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous cloud
 That hangs on thy clear brow: So Helen look'd,
 So her white neck reclin'd, so was she borne
 By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
 With fond reluctance, yielding modesty
 And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
 Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursu'd.

These speeches, it must be acknowledged, are too long for dramatic exhibition, and the language may be somewhat too poetical for the stage; yet had the play been finished, these circumstances might possibly have been accommodated; at all events, it must, in such hands, have made a noble dramatic poem.

The following initiatory fragment of his poem, *De Principiis Cogitandi*, the most considerable in itself all his Latin compositions, and perhaps the most laboured of any of his poems, entitles him to rank with Jonson, Donne, Crashaw, Cowley, Milton, Addison, who cultivated Latin poetry with the greatest success:

Unde animus scire incipiat: quibus inchoet oris
 Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
 Mnemosyne: Ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
 Augeat imperium; et primum mortalibus ægris
 Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes,
 Hinc canere aggredior. Nec designare cæmentem,
 O decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!
 Si quæ primus iter monstros, vestigia conor
 Signare incertâ, tremulâque insistere plantâ.
 Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum
 Ad limen, (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)
 Obscuræ referans Naturæ ingentia claustra,
 Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
 Pande, Pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
 Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia Mentis.
 Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favoni,
 (Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice carmen,
 Nec vatem: non illa leves primordia motus,
 Quamquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quicquid
 Ulsquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec surgit ad auras,
 Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secudent.
 Hinc varix vitæ artes, ac mollior usus,
 Dulce et amicitix vinclum: Sapientia dia
 Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
 Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,
 Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:
 Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima virtus.
 Illa etiam, quæ te (mirum) noctesque diesque
 Assiduè sovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem
 Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes;
 Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine musa.
 Principio, ut magnum sædus Natura creatrix
 Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
 Sublimes animas; tenebroso in carcere partem
 Noluit ætheream longo torpere verno:
 Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
 Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
 Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.
 Idcirco innumero ductu tremere undique fibras
 Nervorum instituit: tum toto corpore miscens
 Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,

Implevitque humore suo (seu lymphâ vocanda,
Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
Perfruit; assidue externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia mortis,
Hinc inde accensâ contagio relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.
Namque illic posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
Mens animi: hanc circum coeunt, densoque feruntur
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum:
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.

Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamisis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
Euphrateque, Tagusque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in antro
Excipit oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dona recognoscit venientum, ultròque serenat
Ceruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
Certatem menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.

Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus: amplius ille
Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis,
Visceribusque habitat totis, pellisque recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per flamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;
Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfusus adhuc: tactus tamen aura lacescit
Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque calorem
Frigore mutavit cæli, quod verberat acri
Impete inassuetos artus: tum savior adstat,
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustra et tremulo multa ore querentem
Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.
Tum species primum patefacta est candida Lucis
(Usque vices adeo Natura bonique, malique,
Exæquat, justæque manu sua damna rependit)
Tum primum, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina soles.

Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cæli
Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærulea regna?
Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
Formarumque chorus sequitur, Motesque decentes.
At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidinis ora,
Pervigilesque æstus Curarum, atque anxius Angor:
Undique Lætitiæ florent mortalis corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.

Omnia nec tu ideo invalidæ se pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta dici
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis:
Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes;
Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,
Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Ex templo hûc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos

THE LIFE OF GRAY.

Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.
 Altior huic vero sensu, majorque videtur
 Addita, judicioque arcè connexa potestas,
 Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
 Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,
 Perspiciet, vis quanti loci, quid polleat ordo,
 Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
 Lumina conjurant inter se, et mutua fulgent.

Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insita virtus,
 Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
 Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit ostia pulsa
 Aëriis invec̃ta rotis) longequè recurset:
 Scilicet Eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
 Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
 Verbaque meteri numeris, versuque ligare
 Repperit, et quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
 Calliope quoties, quoties Pater ipse canendi
 Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
 Inspiret dulces animat, digitisque figuret.

At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
 Gustus habet, quæ se insinuet jucunda saporum.
 Luxurics, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.

Naribus interea confedit odora hominum vis,
 Docta leves captare auras, Panchæa quales
 Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant
 Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesp̃eris horâ
 Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.

Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arcî
 Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra reclusit,
 Haud solas: namque intûs agit vivata facultas,
 Quæ sese explorat, contemplatusque repente
 Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
 Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim
 Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
 Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.
 Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè fororum
 Una, novôs peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
 (Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
 Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
 Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,
 Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
 Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
 Unâ inferre gradus, unâ succedere sylvæ
 Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.
 Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum
 Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.
 Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
 Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia ñdrunt;
 Hæc privos servant aditus: sine legibus illæ
 Passim, quâ data porta, ruunt, animoque propinquant.
 Respice, cui a cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,
 Sæve et in eternas misit natura tenebras:
 Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
 Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
 Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique
 Intervals datur certo dignoscere tacitu:
 Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua duplex,
 Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
 Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
 Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis
 Undique proporro sociis, quacunque patefcit
 Notitiæ campus, mista lasciva feruntur
 Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
 Terribiles visu, et porta glomerantur in omni.
 Nec vario minus introitu, magnum ingruit illud,

Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circum
 Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus et ire
 Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.

Nunc age quo valeat pacto, qua sensilis arte
 Affectare viam, atque animi tentare lateras
 Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
 Exsequar. Imprimis spatio quam multa per æquor
 Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis
 Expende; haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
 Amplecti, necdum proprius dependere sensu,
 Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cuius
 Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes
 Ulla nec ovarum circumcissura coercet.
 Hæc conjuncta adeo tota compage satetur
 Mandus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum,
 (Si rebus datur extremum) primordia. Firmat
 Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
 Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.

Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles;
 Nam quodcumque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
 Quicquid naræ bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
 Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est,
 Ponderibus, textu, discussu, mole, figura
 Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
 Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministra
 Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
 Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè
 Dotorquent, retroque docent se vertere flammæ.
 Nunc trepido inter se servant corpuscula pulsu,
 Ut tremor æthera per magnum, lateque natantes
 Aurarum fluctus avidi vebantia claudra
 Auditus queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
 Cominus interdum non ullo interprete per se
 Nervorum invadunt teneras quantentia fibras,
 Sensiferumque urgent ultero per viscera motum.

The first six lines of this fragment plainly intimate that his general design was to be comprised in four books. *First*, On the origin of our ideas. *Second*, On the distribution of the ideas in the memory. *Third*, On the province of reason, and its gradual improvement. *Fourth*, On the cause and effects of the passions. It is evident also, from the exordium, that he meant to make the same use of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," that Lucretius did of the dogmas of Epicurus. His hexameters are, as far as modern ones can be, after the manner of Virgil; they move in the succession of his pauses, and close with his elisions.

The following Alcaic fragment is so happily executed, that it might impose upon the best critic as being a genuine ancient composition.

O'lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
 Felix! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

The following fragment of an Heroic Epistle from *Sopboniba* to *Massinissa*, in pentameters, is the best, because the only original specimen of his Ovidian verse. His copiousness of language is such as very few possess, and his versification is skilfully constructed, and commonly leaves the ear fully satisfied.

Egregium accipio promissi Munus amoris,
 Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, sero;
 Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel una;
 Transferam Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
 Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
 Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.

Scilicet hæc partem tibi, *Massinissa* triumph
 Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
 Imputat, atque uxor quod non tua pressa catenis,
 Objecta et sævæ plausibus urbis eo :
 Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
 Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitia :
 Scipiadae excuses, oro, si tardius utar
 Munere. Non nimium vivere, crede, velim.
 Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama requirit :
 Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam.
 Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
 Inter Eliseas gloria prima nurus,
 Ne videar flammæ nimis indulgisse secundæ,
 Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
 Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
 Gaudiaque heu ! quantis nostra repensâ malis,
 Primitiæne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
 Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias ?
 (Laudis at antiquæ forsân meminisse pigebit,
 Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)
 Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pænis
 Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis ;
 Mæniæque intransantem vidi : longo agmine duxit
 Turba salutantum, purpureique patres
 Fæminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
 Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
 Sam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
 Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color !
 Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam,
 Sequè cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.
 Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,
 Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
 Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas,
 (Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)
 In me (vel certè visum est) conversa morari
 Sensi : virgineus perculit ora pudor.
 Nescio quid vulturn molle spirare tuendo,
 Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes.
 Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,
 Quæ poterat visus deïnuisse tuos :
 Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,
 Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
 Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi :
 Sin premat invicæ lumina victa sopor,
 Somnus habet pompas, eademque recurat imago ;
 Atque iterum hesternò munere victor ades.

There is so much of nature in the sentiment as well as poetry in the description of the triumphal entry of young *Massinissa*, that it is much to be regretted he did not finish this epistle.

The moral and intellectual character of Gray, as given by Dr. Johnson, entitles him to considerable, but not unalloyed praise. His pencil has thrown little into shade ; at the same time that we see the great genius, we see a man of singularities, almost too violent for the commerce of society. Of the rigorous examination to which he has subjected his poetry, the present writer is not inclined to make the eulogy. Declining all consideration of the general plan and conduct of the pieces, he has confined himself solely to strictures on the words and forms of expression. Verbal criticism is an ordeal which the most perfect composition cannot pass without injury.

The partial and uncandid mode of criticism adopted by Dr. Johnson, in his remarks on Gray, seems to have given general, and indeed just offence. Particular resentment has been expressed, as might be expected, by his *Alma Mater* the university of Cambridge. An ingenious vindication of his "Lyric Performances" by Mr. Potter, appeared in 1782, which was followed in the same year, by an able defence of "his writings" in "Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Life of Gray," &c. His atrabilious

mode of criticising, and style of expression, have been successfully imitated by Professor Young of Glasgow, in an ironical continuation of his "Criticism on the Poems of Gray," intitled, "A Criticism on the Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard," 8vo. 1783. He has also fallen under Mr. Wakefield's severest indignation. The refutation of his strictures upon Gray he thinks a necessary service to the public, without which they might operate with a malignant influence upon the national taste. His censure, however, is too general, and expressed with too much vehemence. Dr. Johnson's remarks, undoubtedly betray a blindness to poetic beauty, an unreasonable fastidiousness of taste, and an unbecoming illiberality of spirit, yet they are not without some foundation; particularly that his language is encumbered and harsh, and that his poetry was in a manner the effect of industry and perseverance. He appears to have turned an unwilling eye upon the beauties of Gray, because his jealousy would not suffer him to see such superlative merit in a contemporary, yet he is compelled to pass a panegyric on the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, and the *Ode to Adversity*. The present writer perfectly agrees with Mr. Wakefield in his general idea (though he should not choose to adopt his mode of expressing it) that Dr. Johnson was not possessed of delicate sensibility; and to this cause, as well as to his political and religious prejudices, he is inclined to impute the coldness with which he applauds some of the productions of our best writers, and the severity with which he censures the lyric performances of Gray. It is perhaps certain, that no one poetical reader will universally subscribe to his decisions, but all may admire his vast intuitive knowledge and power of reasoning.

What has occurred to me from the slight inspection of his letters, is, that his mind had a large grasp; that his curiosity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated; that he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all, but that he was fastidious and hard to please. His contempt, however, is often employed, where I hope it will be approved, upon scepticism, and infidelity.

As a writer he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition; and he had a notion not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fantastic foppery, to which my kindness for a man of learning and of virtue wishes him to have been superior.

"Gray's poetry is now to be considered; and I hope not to be looked on as an enemy to his name, if I confess that I contemplate it with less pleasure than his life.

"His ode on *Spring* has something poetical, both in the language and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new. There has of late arisen a practice of giving to adjectives derived from substantives, the termination of participles; such as the *cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I was sorry to see, in the lines of a scholar like Gray, the *bonied* Spring. The morality is natural, but too stale; the conclusion is pretty.

"The poem *On the Cat* was doubtless by its author considered as a trifle, but it is not a happy trifle. In the first stanza, "the azure flowers *that* blow," show resolutely a rhyme is sometimes made when it cannot easily be found. Selima, the Cat, is called a nymph, with some violence both to language and sense; but there is good use made of it when it is done; for of the two lines,

What female heart can gold despise?

What cat's averse to fish?

the first relates merely to the nymph, and the second only to the cat. The sixth stanza contains a melancholy truth, that "a favourite has no friend;" but the last ends in a pointed sentence of no relation to the purpose; if *what glistened* had been *gold*, the cat would not have gone into the water; and, if she had, would not less have been drowned.

"The *Prospect of Eton College* suggests nothing to Gray, which every beholder does not equally think and feel. His supplication to father Thames, to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself. His epithet "buxom health" is not elegant; he seems not to understand the word. Gray thought his language more poetical as it was more remote from common use: finding in Dryden "honey redolent of Spring," an expression that reaches the utmost limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehension, by making "gales" to be "redolent of joy and youth."

"Of the *Ode on Adversity*, the hint was at first taken from "O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium;" but Gray has excelled his original by the variety of his sentiments, and by their moral application. Of this piece, at once poetical and rational, I will not by slight objections violate the dignity.

"My process has now brought me to the wonderful "Wonder of Wonders," the two Sister Odes; by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of the *Progress of Poetry*.

Gray seems in his rapture to confound the images of "spreading sound and running water." A "stream of music" may be allowed; but where does "music," however "smooth and strong," after having visited the "verdant vales, rowl down the steep amain," so as that "rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar?" If this be said of music, it is nonsense; if it be said of water, it is nothing to the purpose.

"The second stanza, exhibiting Mars's car and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticism disdains to chase a school-boy to his common-places.

"To the third, it may likewise be objected, that it is drawn from mythology, though such as may be more easily assimilated to real life. Idalia's "velvet-green" has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art degrades nature. Gray is too fond of words arbitrarily compounded. "Many-twinkling" was formerly censured as not analogical; we may say "many-spotted," but scarcely "many-spotting." This stanza, however, has something pleasing.

"Of the second ternary of stanzas, the first endeavours to tell something, and would have told it, had it not been crossed by Hyperion: the second describes well enough the universal prevalence of poetry; but I am afraid that the conclusion will not rise from the premises. The caverns of the North, and the plains of Chili, are not the residences of "glory and generous shame." But that poetry and virtue go always together, is an opinion so pleasing, that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true.

"The third stanza sounds big with "Delphi," and "Egean," and "Hissus," and "Meander," and "hallowed fountain," and "solemn sound;" but in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous splendour which we wish away. His position is at last false: in the time of Dante and Petrarch, from whom he derives our first school of poetry, Italy was over-run by "tyrant power" and "coward vice;" nor was our state much better when we first borrowed the Italian arts.

"Of the third ternary, the first gives a mythological birth of Shakespeare. What is said of that mighty genius is true; but it is not said happily: the real effects of this poetical power are put out of sight by the pomp of machinery. Where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless; the counterfeit debases the genuine.

"His account of Milton's blindness, if we supposed it caused by study in the formation of his poem, a supposition surely allowable, is poetically true, and happily imagined. But the *car* of Dryden, with his *two couriers*, has nothing in it peculiar; it is a car in which any other rider may be placed.

The *Bard* appears, at the first view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus. Algarotti thinks it superior to its original; and, if preference depends only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgment is right. There is in the *Bard* more force, more thought, and more variety. But to copy is less than to invent; and the copy has been unhappily produced at a wrong time. The fiction of Horace was to the Romans credible; but its revival disgusts us with apparent and unconquerable falsehood. *Incredulus odi*.

"To select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk, by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable may always find the marvellous. And it has little use; we are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined. I do not see that the *Bard* promotes any truth, moral or political.

"His stanzas are too long, especially his epodes; the ode is finished before the ear has learned its measures, and consequently before it can receive pleasure from their consonance and recurrence.

"Of the first stanza, the abrupt beginning has been celebrated; but technical beauties can give praise only to the inventor. It is in the power of any man to rush abruptly upon his subject, that has read the ballad of *Johnny Armstrong*,

Is there ever a man in all Scotland—

"The initial resemblances, or alliterations, "ruin, ruthless, helm, or hauberk," are below the grandeur of a poem that endeavours at sublimity.

"In the second stanza, the Bard is well described; but in the third we have the puerilities of obsolete mythology. When we are told that "Cadwallo hush'd the stormy main," and that "Modred made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head," attention recoils from the repetition of a tale that, even when it was first heard, was heard with scorn.

"The *weaving* of the *winding sheet* he borrowed, as he owns, from the northern bards; but their texture, however, was very properly the work of female powers, as the act of spinning the thread of life in another mythology. Theft is always dangerous; Gray has made weavers of slaughtered bards, by a fiction outrageous and incongruous. They are then called upon to "Weave the warp, and weave the woof," perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by crossing the *woof* with the *warp* that men *weave* the *web* or piece; and the first line was dearly bought by the admission of its wretched correspondent, "Give ample room and verge enough." He has, however, no other line as bad.

"The third stanza of the second ternary is commended, I think, beyond its merit. The personification is indistinct. *Thirst* and *hunger* are not alike; and their features, to make the imagery perfect, should have been discriminated. We are told, in the same stanza, how "towers are fed." But I will no longer look for particular faults; yet let it be observed that the ode might have been concluded with an action of better example; but suicide is always to be had without expence of thought.

"These odes are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments; they strike rather than please; the images are magnified by affectation; the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. "Double, double, toil and trouble." He has a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature.

"To say that he has no beauties, would be unjust: a man like him, of great learning and great industry, could not but produce something valuable. When he pleases least, it can only be said that a good design was ill directed.

"His translations of Northern and Welsh poetry deserve praise; the imagery is preserved, perhaps often improved; but the language is unlike the language of other poets.

"In the character of his *Elegy* I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty, and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The *Church-Yard* abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas, beginning "Yet even these bones," are to me original: I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here, persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

THE WORKS OF GRAY.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo' where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year.
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade*,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care;
The panting herd's repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon †:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick glancing to the sun ‡.

To contemplation's sober eye §
Such is the race of man:

* - - - - "a bank
"O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine."

Shaksp. Mids. Night's Dream.

† "Nare per æstatem liquidam -"

Virg. Georg. Lib. iv.

‡ - - - - "sporting with quick glance
"Show to the sun their waved coats drop'd
"with gold."

Milton's Paradise Lost, Book vii.

§ "While insects from the threshold preach, &c."

M. Green. in the Grotto.

Doddley's Miscellanies, Vol. v. p. 161.

And they that creep, and they that fly,
shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay,
But flutter through life's little day.
In fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply;
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy fun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fish.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send,
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
Nor cruel Pom, nor Sufan heard,
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Not all that glitters, gold.

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

"Αἰσχροῦτος ἰσχυρὸν ἀποφασίς τις πρὸ δυστοχίας."

MENANDER.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's * holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields below'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain?
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And † redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margin green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive, hither which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;

* King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.

† "And bees their honey redolent of spring"
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue:
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love, shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That insly gnaws the secret heart,
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy,
The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorse, with blood desil'd,
And moody madness' laughing wild
Amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings' all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;

* — "Madness laughing in his fearful mood."
Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

—ZARA

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτῆς ἰδὼν
οὐκ ἔστι, τὸ πᾶσι μάλα
οὐκ ἔστι χυδαῖος ἔχον.

ÆSCHYLUS, in AGAMEMNONE.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, amidst the bell!
Bound in thy adamant chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unselt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in fable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm charity, the general friend,
With justice, to herself severe,
And pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart,

The generous spark extinct revive.
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the sea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their father's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,

The peeling anthem swells the note of praise,

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

* —“squilla di lontano

“Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.”

Dante, Purgat. l. 3.

Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
'Tis in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

* "Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
" Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi
" Rimaner d'oppo noi pien di faville."

Petrarch, Son. 169.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
" Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
" That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
" His little length at noonside would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
" Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
" Now drooping woful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
" Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

" The next with dirges due in sad array
" Slow through the church-way path we saw him
" ————
" ————"

" Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
" Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(* There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Παναγία οὐρανὸν ἴσ

Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἰσχυρίαν χαλῆξεν. PINDAR, OLYMP. II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.

I. I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

* — preventosa spemæ: *Petrarch, Son. 114.*

† "Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp."

David's Psalms.

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
Now rolling down the steep again,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

* Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the fullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft controul,
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
† Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king,
With ruffled plume, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

‡ Thee the voice, the dance, the obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy crowned loves are seen.
On Cytherea's day
With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating
§ Glance their many twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare :
Where'er she turns, the graces homage pay.
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
|| The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολίης μοῦσῃ, Αἰόλιδος χορῶν, Αἰολίδων ὕμναι ἄνδρων. Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, is here described - its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers ; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swollen and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

* *Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.*

† *This is a faint imitation of some incomparable lines in the same ode.*

‡ *Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.*

§ *Μαγικὰς ἀντροπῶν δαμάζει δὲ θυμῶν.*

Homer, Od. 6.

|| *Ἀάψει δ' ἰσὶ ποσειδέσσι.*

Παγίνοι φως ἔσται.

Phrynichus, apud Athenæum.

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly muse ?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky ;
† I'll down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts
of war.

II. 2.

‡ In climes beyond the solar || road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

§ Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinth creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of anguish ?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around :

* *To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.*

† " Or seen the morning's well-appointed star,
" Come marching up the eastern hills afar."
Cowley.

‡ *Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations : its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]*

|| " Extra anni solisque vias—" *Virgil.*

" Tutta lontana dal camin del sole."

Petrarch, Canzon, 2.

§ *Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taste there ; Spenser imitated the Italian writers ; Milton improved on them : but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.*

Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
Till the sad nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost, [coast.
They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's * darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon fray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face : The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd,
This pencil (take she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of joy ;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he †, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstacy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
‡ He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :
§ The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
|| Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
** Two courses of ethereal race,
†† With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-re-
sounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore :
Bright ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
‡ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
§§ But ah ! 'tis heard no more—

* Shakespeare. † Milton.

‡ " —flammaria nenia mundi " Lucretius.

§ For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. Ezekiel i. 20. 26, 28.

|| Ὀφθαλμῶν μὴ ἀμύσσει δίδου δ' ὁδὸν ἁνθρώπων.

Homer's *Odyssey*.

** Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

†† "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"

Job.

‡ "Words that weep, and tears that speak."

Cowley.

§§ We have had, in our language, no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's-day : for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope

Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
* That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air :
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great,

THE BARD :

A PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. I.

* RUIN seize thee, ruthless king !
† Confusion on thy banners wait,
‡ Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
§ They mock the air with idle state.
¶ Helm, nor † hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse from Cambria's tears !
Such were the fountains that o'er the § crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of || Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with tailsome march his long array.

is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his *Glorusses*—above all, in the last of *Caradacus*.

"Hark! heard ye not yon footsteps dread? &c."

* Διὸς ἄρεος ἀντιπαραδίδω. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

† "Mocking the air with colours idly spread"

Shakespeare's *King John*;

‡ The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

§ "—The crested adder's pride."

Dryden's *Indian Queen*;

|| Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welsh themselves call *Craigiau-eryri* : it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far as east the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Eryri;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad. ann. 1283.) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdonia fecit erigi castrum forte."

Stout * Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frown'd o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(† Loose his beard, and hoary hair
§ Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
¶ Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
¶ Sighs to the torrents awful voice beneath!
¶ O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they weave,
¶ Revenge on thee in hoarse murmurs breathe;
¶ Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
¶ To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's
lay.

I. 3.

¶ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
¶ That hush'd the stormy main;
¶ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
¶ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
¶ Modred, whose magic song
¶ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd
head.

¶ || On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
¶ Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
¶ Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
¶ The famish'd ¶ eagle screams and passes by,
¶ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
¶ ** Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
¶ Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
¶ Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

* Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

† Edmund de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in his expedition.

‡ The image was taken from the well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel: there are two of these paintings (both believed original), one at Florence, the other at Paris.

§ Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

¶ The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

¶ Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh Craigian-eryri, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called The Eagle's Nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's *Ornithol.* published by Ray.]

** As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Shakespeare. *Jul. Cæs.*

¶ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
¶ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
¶ I see them sit, they linger yet,
¶ Avengers of their native land:
¶ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
¶ And * weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
line.

II. 1.

¶ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
¶ The winding-sheet of Edward's race,
¶ Give ample room, and verge enough
¶ The characters of hell to trace.
¶ Mark the year, and mark the night,
¶ † When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
¶ The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roofs
that ring:
¶ Shrieks of an agonizing king;
¶ ‡ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
¶ That tears the bowels of thy mangled mate,
¶ § From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
¶ The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round
him wait!

¶ Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd;
¶ And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind,

II. 2.

¶ Mighty victor, mighty Lord,
¶ || Low on his funeral couch he lies!
¶ No pitying heart, no eye afford
¶ A tear to grace his obsequies.
¶ Is the fable ¶ warrior fled?
¶ Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
¶ The swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were
borne;
¶ Gone to salute the rising morn.
¶ Fair laughs ** the morn, and soft the zephyr
blows,

¶ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
¶ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
¶ Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
¶ Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
¶ That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

II. 3.

¶ Fill †† high the sparkling bowl,
¶ The rich repast prepare;

* See the Norwegian Ode that follows.

† Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkeley-castle.

‡ Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.

¶ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

|| Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

¶ Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

** Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

†† Richard the Second (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exton, is of much later date.

" Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell thirst and famine fowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 " Heard ye the din of * battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse !
 " Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
 " And through the kindred squadrons mow their
 " way.
 " Ye towers of Julius †, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his † comfort's faith, his † father's fame,
 " And spare the meek † usurper's holy head.
 " Above, below, the † rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread :
 " The bristled * boar in infant gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
 " doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).
 " †† Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 " Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 " But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 " Descending flow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 " Visions of glory, spare my aching sight
 " Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 " No more our long-lost †† Arthur we bewail.
 " All-hail, †† ye genuine kings ; Britannia's issue, hail !

* Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

† Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

† Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

§ Henry the Sixth.

|| Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

¶ The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

** The silver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third ; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

†† Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

‡‡ It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still a live in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

||| Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island ; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

III. 2.

" Girt with many a baron bold
 " Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 " And gorgeous dames and statesmen old,
 " In bearded majesty, appear.
 " In the midst a form divine !
 " Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
 " Her lion-port *, her awe-commanding face,
 " Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 " What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 " What strains of vocal transport round her play ;
 " Hear from the grave, great Talieffin †, hear ;
 " They breathe a soul to animate thy clay,
 " Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 " Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd
 " wings.

III. 3.

" The verse adorn again
 " † Fierce war, and faithful love,
 " And truth severe, by fairy fiction dress'd.
 " In † buskin'd measures move
 " Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
 " With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 " A † voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 " Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 " ¶ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 " That lost in long futurity expire. [cloud,
 " Fond impious man, think'st thou, yon sanguine
 " Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?
 " To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 " And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 " Enough for me : with joy I see
 " The different doom our fates assign.
 " Be thine despair, and scepter'd care ;
 " To triumph, and to die, are mine.
 " He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 " Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

An Ode **.

(FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.)

In the *Oracles of Thormodus Torseus Hafnia*, 1697.
 Folio ; and also in *Bartholinus*.

VITT ER OPRIIT FYRIR VALFALLI &c.

PREFACE.

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-islands, went with a fleet of ships and a con-

* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, " And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the most lapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princelike cheekes."

† Talieffin, Chief of the Bards flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

‡ " Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize
 " my song."

Spenser's *Proeme to the Faery Queen*.

|| Shakespeare. § Milton.

¶ He succeeded of poets after Milton's time. The author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving " *The History of English Poetry*."

siderable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of Sictyrg with the Silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and Sictyrg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas day (the day of the battle), a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south.

Now the storm begins to lour,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare),
* Iron-fleet of arrowy shower
† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's wo, and Randver's bane.

See the grievously texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made),
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles. dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along;
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were our progenitors; the following three imitations made a part of them. He has long since dropped his design, especially after he had heard that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

Note—The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies choosers of the slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valhalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* "How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them shot

† "Sharp fleet of arrowy shower"

Milton's Par. Reg.

† "The noise of battle hurtled in the air."

Shakspeare's Jul. Cesar.

Mista black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must thiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberks crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war),
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war).

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see:
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence, with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

An Ode.

(FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.)

*In Bartholinus, de causis contemnenda mortis;
Hafnia, 1689. quarto.*

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUVR, &c.

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed;

Down the yawning sleep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode;
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd;
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground,
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

PR. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb;
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.

Who is he with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PR. Mantling in the goblet, see
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given,
Pain can reach the sons of heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PR. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom:
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophetess, my spell obey.
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

* Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

PR. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a while my call obey.
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose,
Then I leave thee to repose.

PR. Ha! no traveller art thou
King of men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line—
O. No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PR. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till * Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN†.

A FRAGMENT.

From Mr. Evans's *Specimens of the Welsh Poetry*,
London, 1764, quarto.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
† Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
§ Lochlin plows the watery way:

* Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear, the earth sink in the sea, and fire consume the skies; even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's *Introduction to the History of Denmark*, 1755, quarto.

† Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

‡ North Wales. § Denmark.

There the Norman sails afar,
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
* The Dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the prels, and there the din;
Talymlafra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar,
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and to shame fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

FROM THE WELSH †.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd,
To rush, and sweep them from the world!
Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old,
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd, and had the lovely maid.
To Cattraeth's vale, in glitt'ring row,
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Burling through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

EPITAPH,

AT BECKENHAM, ON MRS. CLARKE †.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps;

* The red dragon is the device of Cadwalader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

† Of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliesin. A. D. 570. This ode is extracted from the *Gododin*. (See Mr. Evans's *Specimens*, p. 71. and 93.) and now first published.

‡ Wife to a physician at Epsom; she died April 27. 1757.

VOL. X.

A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell:
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity, were there;
In agony, in death, resign'd,
She felt the wound the left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe;
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along this lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

STANZAS,

Suggested by a view of the Seat and Ruins at Kingsgate, in Kent, 1766.

Old, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H—— took the pious resolution;
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;

Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, fear to land.

Here reign the blustering north and blasting east,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new terrors still to bring.

Now mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monasteries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had B—— been true,

Nor G——, nor B——'s promises been vain,
Far other scenes than this had grac'd our view,
And realiz'd the horrors which we feign.

"Purg'd by the sword, and purify'd by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls should have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

ODE FOR MUSIC.

Performed at the Senate-house at Cambridge, July 1. 1709, at the Insigillation of his Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

"HENCE, avaunt ('tis holy ground),
"Comus, and his midnight crew;
"And Ignorance with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
"Mad Sedition's cry profane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain,
"Nor in these consecrated bowers
"Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in
"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
"Dare the Muse's walk to stain,

" While bright-ey'd Science watches round :
 " Hence, away, 'tis holy ground !"

From yonder realms of empyrean day
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay :
 There sit the fainted sage, the bard divine,
 The few, whom Genius gave to shine
 Through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
 Rapt in celestial transport they,
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy
 To bless the place, where on their opening soul
 First the genuine ardor stole.
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

" Ye brown o'erarching groves,
 " That Contemplation loves,
 " Where willow Camus lingers with delight !
 " Oft at the blush of dawn
 " I trod your level lawn,
 " Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
 " In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 " With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melan-
 " choly."

But hark ! the portails found, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
 And mitred fathers in long order go :
 Great * Edward, with the lilies on his brow,
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And sad † Chatillon, on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding love, and princely ‡ Clare,
 And § Anjou's Heroine, and ¶ the paler Rose,
 The rival of her crown and of her woes,
 And ** either Henry there,
 The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome.
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,

* Edward the Third ; who added the Fleur de lis of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity-College.

† Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon Comte de St. Paul in France : of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke-College, or Hall, under the name of Aula Maria de Valentia.

‡ Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan de Acre, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of Princely. She founded Clare-Hall.

§ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's-College. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former ode.

¶ Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth (hence called the paler Rose, as being of the House of York.) She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

** Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity-College.

Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come ;
 And thus they speak, in soft accord,
 The liquid language of the skies :

" What is grandeur, what is power ?
 " Heavier toil, superior pain.
 " What the bright reward we gain ?
 " The grateful memory of the good.
 " Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 " The bee's collected treasure's sweet,
 " Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 " The still small voice of Gratitude."

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
 The † venerable Marg'ret see !

" Welcome, my noble son," she cries aloud,
 " To this, thy kindred train, and me :
 " Pleas'd in thy lineaments, we trace
 " A ‡ Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
 " Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 " The flower unheeded shall descry,
 " And bid it round heaven's altars shed
 " The fragrance of its blushing head :
 " Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
 " To glitter on the diadem.

" Lo ! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 " Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
 " No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;
 " Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
 " Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
 " She reveres herself and thee.
 " With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
 " The laureat-wreath, ‖ that Cecil wore, she
 " brings,

" And to thy just, thy gentle hand
 " Submits the fables of her fway,
 " While spirits blest above, and men below,
 " Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

" Through the wild waves as they roar,
 " With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
 " Thy steady course of honour keep,
 " Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
 " The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
 " And gilds the horrors of the deep."

A LONG STORY'S.

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
 An ancient pile of building stands :

† Countess of Richmond and Derby ; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ-Colleges.

‡ The countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor ; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

§ Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

¶ Lady Cobham, who first lived at the mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, having read and admired the Elegy in a Country Church-yard, in M. S. she wished to be acquaint-

The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing *.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
† My grave Lord-keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and fatten doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your history whither are you spinning!
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
‡ A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye avenge,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other amazon kind heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But Cobham had the polish given,
And Tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her.
Melissa is her *nom de guerre*.

Alas, who would not wish to please her!

ed with the author; accordingly her relation, Miss Speed, and Lady Schaub, then at her house, undertook to bring this about by making him the first visit. He happened to be from home when the ladies arrived at his aunt's solitary mansion; and, when he returned, was surprised to find, written on one of his papers, in the parlour where he usually read, the following note: "Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray; she is sorry not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown is very well." This necessarily obliged him to return the visit, and soon after induced him to compose a ludicrous account of this little adventure, for the amusement of the ladies in question.

* The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The style of building, which we now call Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects; and the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic manners of her time with equal truth and humour. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon, and the family of Hatton.

† Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing. Bravels were a sort of figure dance, then in vogue.

‡ The reader is already apprised who these ladies were; the two descriptions are prettily contrasted; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham, in the eighth stanza.

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of * Mr. P—
(By this time all the parish know it),
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a poet:

Who prowld the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants,

My lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission,
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er tiles they ventur'd,
Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber;
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books a huge imbroglio
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him, underneath their hoops,
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says: (who will believe)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, with, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder:
Transparent bird-line form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did to move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray),

* This gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Gray's in the country, was much disaffected at the liberty here taken with his name; yet, surely, without any great reason.

To Phœbus he prefer'd his cause,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sat, the culprit there,
Forth from the gloomy mansions creeping,
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack * has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand centry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peerefs comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of † Squib,
And all that ‡ Groom could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him.
He stood as mute as poor || Maclean.

Yet something he was heard to mutter:
"How in the park, beneath an old tree
(Without design to hurt the butter,
"Or any malice to the poultry),
"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet:
"Yet hop'd that he might save his bacon:
"Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
"He ne'er was for a conjurer taken."

The ghostly prudes, with hagg'd § face,
Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My lady rose, and with a grace—
She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner ¶.

"Jesu Maria! Madam Bridget,
"Why, what can the Viscountess mean?"
Cried the square-hoods in woeful fidget,
"The times are alter'd quite and clean!"

* The house-keeper.

† The steward.

‡ Groom of the chamber.

§ A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

¶ Hagg'd, i. e. the face of a witch or hag; the epithet Haggard has been sometimes mistaken, as conveying the same idea; but it means a very different thing, viz. wild and savage, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk, called an haggard.

¶ Here the story finishes; the exclamation of the ghosts which follows, is characteristic of the Spanish manners of the age, when they are supposed to have lived; and the 500 stanzas, said to be left, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expostulation.

"Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
"Her air and all her manners show it.
"Commend me to her affability!
"Speak to a commoner and poet!"

[Here 500 stanzas are left.]

And so God save our noble king,
And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my lady from her rubbers.

GRAY OF HIMSELF.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune;
Could love and could hate, so was thought some-
thing odd,
No very great wit, he believ'd in a God:
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townsend
and Squire.

*Elgiac Verses occasioned by the Sight of the Plains,
where the Battle of Trebie was fought.*

QUA Trebie glaucas falices interfecat undâ,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Vifus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
Et fufpirantes ducere mæftus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, et nigrae increbrefcere turmæ,
Et pulfa Aufonidum ripa fonare fugâ.

*Description of the sudden rising of Monte Nuovo, near
Puzzoli, and of the destruction which attended it. **

Næc procul infelix fe tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Profpiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Tristior ille diu, et veteri defuetus olivâ
Gaurus, pampineæque cheu jam nefcius umbræ;
Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque forentem.
Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura fitebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
Latè tellurem furdum immugire cavernas:
Quo fonitu nemora alta tremunt; tremuit excita
tuto

Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vefevi.
At subito se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
Tandere sub pedibus, nigræque voragine fauces;
Pum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardente imbre procellam.
Præcípites fugere seræ, perque avia longè
Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deferta,
Ah, miser! increpitans sæpè altâ voce per umbram
Nequicquam natos, creditque audire fequentes.
Atque ille excelsi rupis de vertice solus
Respectans notafque domos, et dulcia regna,
Nil uquàm videt infelix præter mare trifti
Lumine percuffum, et pallentes fuphure campos,
Fumumque, flammæque, rotatæque turbine faza.
Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cælo;
Mæftos confuere agricolas, paffuque videres
Tandem iterum timido delerta requirere tafta:

* See Sandys's Travels, B. 4. p. 275.—278.

Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
 Uxorum cineres, miserorum veſſa parentum
 (Tenuia, ſed tanti ſaltem ſolatia luſtus)
 Unâ colligere et juſtâ componere in urnâ.
 Uxorum nuſquam cineres, n. ſquâ offa parentum
 (Spem miſeram!) aſſuetiſſe Larces, Taurura vide-
 bunt.

Quippe ubi planities campi diſſuſa jacebat;
 Mons novus: ille ſupercilium, frontemque favillâ
 Incanum oſtentans, ambuſtis cautibus, aquor
 Subjectum, ſtragemque ſuam, maſſa arva, minaci
 Deſpicit imperio, ſoloque in littore regnat.

Hinc infame loci nomen, multoſque per annos
 Immemor antiquæ laudis, neſcire labores
 Vomeres, et nullo tellus revireſcere cultu.
 Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
 Paſtorum reſonare; adeo undique dirus habebat
 Informes latè horror agros ſaltuque vacantes.
 Sapius et longè detorquens navita proram
 Monſtrabat digito litus, ſævæque revolvens
 Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.

Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aſpera
 ſaxis;

Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
 Quæ naſcenti aſſerat; ſeu fortè bituminis atri
 Deſluxere olim rivi, atque eſſeta lacuna
 Pabula ſufficere ardori, viſeque recuſat;

Sive in viſceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
 (Horrendum) arcanis glomerat genti eſſe futuræ
 Exitio, ſparſos tacituſque recolligit ignes.

Raro per clivos haud ſecius ordine vidi
 Caneſcentem oleam: longum poſt tempus amiſſi
 Vite virenti tumulti; patriamque reviſere gaudens
 Bacchus in aſſuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
 Vix tandem, inſidoque audet ſe credere cælo.

*Imitation of an Italian Sonnet of Sig. Abbate Euandel-
 monte.*

Spesso Amor sotto la forma
 D'amistà ride, e s'asconde:
 Poi si mischia, e si confonde
 Con lo ſdegno, e col rancore.
 In Pietade ei ſi trasforma;
 Par traſtullo, e par diſpetto:
 Mà nel ſuo diverſo aſpetto
 Sempr'egi, è l'iſteſſo Amor.

Lulit amicitia interdum velatus amictu,
 Et bene compoſitâ veſte ſeſellit Amor.
 Mox iræ aſſumſit cultus, faciemque minantem,
 Inque odium verſus, verſus et in lacrymas:
 Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymantem, aut crede furenti;
 Idem eſt diſſimili ſemper in ore Deus.

TRANSLATION FROM STATIUS.

THIRD in the labours of the diſc came on,
 With ſturdy ſtep and ſlow, Hippomedon;
 Artful and ſtrong he poiſ'd the well-known
 weight,
 By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mneſtheus fate,
 That to avoid, and this to emulate.
 His vigorous arm he try'd before he ſung,
 Brac'd all his nerves, and every ſinew ſtrung;
 Then with a tempeſt's whirl and wary eye,
 Purſu'd his caſt, and hurl'd the orb on high;
 The orb on high tenacious of its courſe,
 True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
 Far overleaps all bound, and joys to ſee
 Its ancient lord ſecure of victory.
 The theatre's green height and woody wall
 Tremble ere it precipitates its fall,
 The ponderous maſs ſinks in the cleaving ground,
 While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
 As when from Ætna's ſmoking ſummit broke,
 The eyeleſs Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
 Where ocean frets beneath the daſhing oar,
 And parting ſurges round the veſſel roar;
 'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
 And ſcarce Ulyſſes' ſcap'd his giant arm.
 A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
 With native ſpots and artful labour gay,
 A ſhining border round the margin roll'd,
 And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

A FAREWEL TO FLORENCE.

* * On Faſulæ amæna

Frigoribus juga, nec nimium ſpirantibus auris!
 Alma quibus Tuſci Pallas decus Apennini
 Eſſe dedit, glaucæque ſuâ caneſcere ſylvâ!
 Non ego vos poſthac Arni de valle videbo
 Porticibus circum, & candenti cinctâ coronâ
 Villiarum longè nitido conſurgere dorſo,
 Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupreſſus
 Mirabor, teſtiſque ſuper pendentia teſta.

P iij

1. In the first place, the fact that the
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

Containing

ODES,
ELEGIES,

||

EPISTLES,
IMITATIONS,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire,
The birds in vain their am'rous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men,
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear,
To warm their little loves the birds complain,
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

GRAY'S SONNET ON THE DEATH OF WEST.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Ann^d 1794.

RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

THE LIFE OF R. WEST.

THE few melancholy incidents which form the slender history of the life of WEST, were given to the world by Mr. Mason, in his "Memoirs of the life of Gray," together with his poetical remains, and whatever was most valuable of his prose writings, consisting chiefly of his correspondence with Gray.

Richard West was born in 1716. His father, Richard West, Esq. was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, during the two last years of the reign of George I. His grandfather, by the mother, the celebrated Bishop Burnet.

He was educated at Eton School, where he formed an acquaintance with Gray, which was improved by a similarity of taste and of pursuits into a friendship of uncommon ardour and sincerity.

He removed from Eton to Christ-Church College, Oxford, in 1734, about the same time that Gray left that place for Cambridge. Each of them carried with him the reputation of an excellent classical scholar; though, it is said, that at the time West's genius was reckoned the most brilliant of the two; a judgment which, in Mr. Mason's opinion, was not well founded.

At the time of his leaving School, he commenced a correspondence with Gray, which continued, with very little intermission, for the space of about eight years.

This correspondence, which is included in the collection of letters published by Mr. Mason, ascertains not only the scope and turn of their genius, but of their temper. It includes also several specimens of their juvenile compositions, and at the same time marks the progress they had made in literature.

"Though Mr. West's part of that correspondence," says Mr. Mason, "will undoubtedly show that he possessed very extraordinary talents, yet, on Mr. Gray's side, there seems, superadded to these, such a manly precision of taste, and maturity of judgment, as would induce one to believe Mr. Walpole's phrase not very hyperbolical, who has often asserted to me that "Gray never was a boy."

The letters are characterized by an elegant simplicity, derived from a diligent study of the best classical models, and cannot fail to be acceptable to such ingenious youths, who being about the same age, have a relish for the same studies, and bosoms susceptible of the same warmth of friendship.

"Next to seeing you," says West, in his letter to Gray, dated November 14. 1735, "is the pleasure of seeing your handwriting; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely I wonder at you that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better success in behalf of your quondam schoolfellow; in behalf of one who has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

Through many a flowery path and shelly grot,
Where learning lull'd us in her private maze."

This last expression prettily distinguishes their studies, when out of the public school, which would naturally, at their age, be vague and desultory.

The relish he had contracted for polite literature, before his removal to Oxford, rendered the abstruse studies which occupy the attention of young men, altogether tasteless and irksome.

"Song was his favourite and first pursuit." *Mistral, Book I. Stanza 57.*

"As yet," he writes Gray, May 24. 1736, "I have not looked into Sir Isaac. Public disputations I hate; mathematics I reverence; history, morality, and natural philosophy, have the greatest charms in my eye; but who can forget poetry? they call it idleness, but it is surely the most enchanting thing in the world, "ac dulce otium et pœne omni negotio pulchrius."

In the December following, he exhorted his friend, whose thoughts were directed to the study of the law, as a profession for life, "not to throw poetry, like a nauseous weed, away, but to cherish its sweets in his bosom."

Mix with your grave designs a little pleasure,
Each day of business has its hour of leisure.

As a proof of his attachment to his classic companions, "I have sent you," says he, "an elegy of *Tibullus* translated. *Tibullus*, you must know, is my favourite elegiac poet; for his language is more elegant, and his thoughts more natural than Ovid's. Ovid excels him only in wit, of which no poet had more, in my opinion. The reason I choose so melancholy a kind of poetry, is because my low spirits and constant ill health (things in me not imaginary as you surmise, but too real, alas! and I fear constitutional) have tuned my heart to elegies of woe." It is to be regretted that Mr. Mason has omitted this version, only because it is a mere version, and because it is not written in alternate, but heroic rhyme, which he thinks is not the species of English measure adapted to elegiac poetry.

In 1737, he addressed to Gray, and his friends at Cambridge, the beautiful elegiac epistle, *Ad Amicos*, imitated from Elegy V. Book III. of *Tibullus*, and a letter of Pope's, in sickness, to Steele. "This melancholy elegy, and this melancholy letter," says he, "I turned into a more melancholy epistle of my own, during my sickness, in the way of imitation; and this I send to you and my friends at Cambridge, not to divert them, for it cannot; but merely to show them how sincere I was when sick."

Almost all *Tibullus's* elegy is imitated in this epistle, from whence his transition to Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond his years.

In Spring 1738, he left Christ-Church for the Inner-Temple, and Gray removed from Cambridge to town the latter end of that year, intending also to apply himself to the study of the law in the same society.

Upon this occasion, Gray addressed to him the delicate "Sapphic Ode," beginning "Barbaras ædes aditure mecum," with the following beautiful Alcaic fragment:

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui secatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, senfit.

It may perhaps be said, without paying too great a compliment to Gray's genius, that no poet of the Augustan age ever produced four more perfect lines, or what would sooner impose on the best critic, as being a genuine ancient composition.

To Gray's elegant ode, West returned a Latin *Elegy*, beginning *Quod mihi tam grata missi dona Camæna*, written September 17. 1738.

He spent the greatest part of the winter with his mother and sisters at Epsom, during which time several letters passed between the two friends, on subjects of literature and their classical studies.

In the spring 1739, Gray went abroad with Mr. Walpole, and spent near two years in travelling through France and Italy, from whence he transmitted to West and his parents, from time to time, entertaining accounts of the places he visited, interspersed occasionally with some exquisitely finished pieces of Latin poetry, which he composed on the spot, for the entertainment of his friend.

Nothing that Gray saw was suffered to escape him. From no relation, though purposely designed for the public eye, can so much information be drawn as from his casual letters; and the elegant ease of his epistolary style has a charm in it for all readers of true taste.

During this interval of his friend's absence, West resided at the Temple, with little attention to the business of the place. His thoughts were directed towards the law; but he hung back with fond reluctance on the muse.

While Gray was at Florence, 1740, he addressed to him a Latin *Elegy*, beginning, *Ergo desidia videt tibi crimine dignus*, expressing his wishes to see Italy and Greece.

Finding that his aversion to the profession for which he had destined himself, became almost in-

superable, he wrote to Gray on the subject, expressing, in the strongest manner, the *ennui* that almost overwhelmed him, and intimating his having quitted the Temple.

"I lived at the Temple," he writes his friend, June 5. 1740, "till I was sick of it. I have just left it; and I find myself as much a lawyer as I was when I was in it. It is certain, at least, I may study the law here as well as I could there. My being in chambers did not signify to me a piece of snuff. They tell me my father was a lawyer, and, as you know, eminent in the profession; and such a circumstance must be of advantage to me. My uncle [Burnet] too makes some noise in Westminster Hall; and there's another advantage: Then my grandfather's name will get me many friends. Is it not strange that a young fellow that might enter the world with many advantages will not know his own interest?" &c. &c.

To this letter, written apparently in much agitation of mind, which he endeavours to conceal by an unusual carelessness of manner, Gray returned an answer which presents the finest picture of the writer's mind, and is replete with delicate feeling, manly sense, and epistolary ease.

"You are yet young, have some advantages and opportunities, and an undoubted capacity, which you have never yet put to the trial. Set apart a few hours; see how the first year will agree with you; and at the end of it you are still the master; if you change your mind, you will only have got the knowledge of a little, somewhat that can do no hurt, or give you cause of repentance. If your inclination be not fixed upon any thing else, it is a symptom that you are not absolutely determined against this, and warns you not to mistake mere indolence for inability."

In April 1741, he communicated to Gray the sketch of a tragedy he had begun, under the title of *Pausanias*, which Gray appears to have criticised with much freedom; but Mr. Mason did not find among Gray's papers either the sketch itself, or Gray's free critique upon it.

In the September following, Gray returned to England, and found West sinking under the pressure of sickness and a load of family misfortunes. These the sympathising heart of Gray made his own. He did all in his power, for he was now with him in London, to soothe the sorrows of his friend; he endeavoured to alleviate them by every office of the purest and most cordial affection. But the distresses of West's mind had already too far affected a body, from the first weak and delicate. His health visibly declined during the winter, and as the spring advanced, his complaints terminated in a deep consumption.

In March 1742, he left town, and, for the benefit of the air, went to Pope, the residence of David Mitchell, Esq. near Hatfield in Hertfordshire.

His first letter to Gray from that place, is dated March 28. 1742; and during the two following months they maintained a constant correspondence.

His letter, dated April 4. contains a masterly critique on his friend's tragedy, and a description of his own cough in Latin hexameters, which "has this remarkable in it, that it was the production of four o'clock in the morning, while he lay in his bed tossing and coughing, and all unable to sleep."

His health daily declined, yet he continued to amuse himself with poetical composition; and, on May 5. addressed to his friend, the beautiful *Ode to May*, with this modest introduction: "I am going to write down a little ode (if it deserves the name) for your perusal, which I am afraid will hardly stand the test of criticism."

"I rejoice," says Gray, in the answer which he returned, May 8. "to see you putting up your prayers to the May. She cannot choose but come at such a call. It is as light and genteel as herself. The first stanza (if what you say to me in it did not make me think it the best) I should call the worst of the five (except the fourth line). The two next are very picturesque, Miltonic and musical; her bed is so soft and so snug that I long to lie with her. But these two lines, "Great Nature," are my favourites. The exclamation of the flowers is a little steep too far. The last stanza is full as good as the second and third, the last line bold, but I think not too bold."

His last letter to Gray is dated May 11. in which he expostulates with him about his peculiar species of melancholy: "What, are there no joys among the living? *Alphonsus immemor atque unanims falsæ sodalibus*," and concludes with, "I will take my leave of you for the present, with a *vale et vive paulisper cum vivis*;" so little was the amiable youth then aware of the short time that he himself would be numbered among the living. But this, it has been frequently remarked, is almost

constantly the case with such persons as die of that most remediless, yet most flattering of all distempers, a consumption.

"Shall humanity," says Mr. Mason, "be thankful or sorry that it is so? Thankful surely. For, as this malady generally attacks the young and the innocent, it seems the merciful intention of Heaven that to these death should come unperceived, and as it were by stealth, divested of one of its most distressing, the lingering expectation of their dissolution."

Gray returned an answer, May 27, and immediately afterwards went upon a visit to his relations at Stokenham where he wrote the "Ode on Spring," which he sent, as soon as written, to his beloved friend; but he was dead before it reached Hertfordshire.

He died in 1742, only twenty days after he had written the letter above mentioned, and was buried in the Chancel of Hatfield church, beneath a stone bearing the following inscription: "Here lieth the body of Richard West, Esq. only son to the Right Honourable Richard West, Esq. Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who died the 1st of June 1742, in the 26th year of his age."

When the ode was returned to Gray with the melancholy news, the first impulse of his sorrow produced a tender "Sonnet" in English, and also a sublime apostrophe in hexameters, with which he intended to begin one of his books, "*De Principiis Cogitandi*." Nothing can more pathetically display the feelings of a heart, wounded by such a loss, than that apostrophe and the "Sonnet" in which he gave them vent.

In 1747, Mr. Walpole recommended to Gray the task of printing West's poems, and his own, in the same volume, which it appears from his letter he was not averse from doing: "But I much fear," he says, "our joint stock would hardly compose a small volume: what I have is less considerable than you would imagine, and of that little we would not be willing to publish all."

After the death of Gray, his friend and editor, Mr. Mason, interspersed in his "Epistolary Correspondence," 1773, as much of the poetry of West as he was persuaded his friend would have published had he prosecuted the task which Mr. Walpole recommended.

The collection is singularly small, consisting chiefly of the *Ode to May*, the epistle *Ad Amicos*, and some specimens of Latin poetry.

On his character, which appears to have been truly amiable and excellent, it is unnecessary to enlarge. The reader will acquire the best idea of it, if, after perusing his letters and poems, he use his own memory as a mirror, and collect into one assemblage the scattered features.

As a poet, it is sufficient praise, that the "blossoms of his genius" were thought worthy of being associated with the correct and manly performances of Gray. They show what he would have been, if he had been allowed, like him, to produce "fruits worthy of Paradise." He resembles Gray in many instances. Among others, they were both deeply enamoured with the excellencies of ancient literature, and strongly attached to the cultivation of Latin poetry. Their Latin poems discover an extraordinary copiousness and command of phraseology, a remarkable perspicuity of contexture, and a native facility and fluency. They may be justly considered as legitimate classical compositions. In his elegies, *Tibullus* was professedly West's model for language and versification. With *Tibullus* in view, he has, however, a manner and character of his own, and shows inherent powers of invention and sentiment. In his English Poetry, he discovers taste and delicacy of sentiment, joined to a great share of poetical imagination. His images are pleasing, his language chaste and elegant, and his versification correct and harmonious. The epistle *Ad Amicos*, is characterised by that nervous and eloquent simplicity which appears so easy, and which is yet so difficult to imitate. It unites the spirit and propriety of Pope's versification, with the elegance and harmony of Parnell. The *Ode to May* has not received from Gray more praise than it deserves. It is an extraordinary effort of fancy, expression, and versification. It is characterised by energy and melody in the highest degree, and may be justly considered as the choicest specimen of classical composition that English poetry can produce.

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THE WORKS OF R. WEST

MISCELLANIES.

AD AMICOS.

(Imitated from Tibullus, Book iii. Elegy 5. and Mr. Pope's Letter in Sicknes; to Mr. Steele.)

YEs, happy youths! on Cadmus' fedgy side
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore,
Studios alone to learn what'e'r may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walks you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft and oft alone ye choose
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse;
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart)
At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of Fate;
From you remote methinks alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land,
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raises,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief, a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did ere this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?

Vos tenet, Etruscis manat quæ fontibus unda,
Unda sub æstivum non audeunda canem.
Nunc autem sacris Baiarum maxima lymphis,
Quum se purpureo vere remittit hiems.
At mihi Persephone nigram deununtiat horam
Immerito juveni parce nocere, Dea.
Non ego tentavi nulli temeranda virorum
Audax laudanda sacra docere Deæ.
Nec mea mortiferis insecti pocula succis
Dextera, nec quiquam tætra venena dedit.
Nec nos insana meditantis jurgia mente
Lupia in adversos solvimus ora Deos.

Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet just started from the lists of time
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless as yet through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah! who ere autumn's mellowing fairs appear
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year,
Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the morning spray?
Stern pow'r of fate! whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah! stay till age shall blast my with'ring face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is man to reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire;
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire;
In vain our plans of happiness we raise;
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wife would fear to call their own;
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth * is ever on the wing.

Et nondum cani nigros læsere capillos,
Nec venit tardo curva Senecla pede.
Natalem nostri primum videre parentes
(Quum cecidit fato consul uterque part.)
Quid fraudare juvat vitem crescentibus uvis?
Et modo nata mala vellere poma manu?
Parcite, pallentes undas quicquid tenetis,
Duraque sortiti tertia regna Dei.
Elysios olim liceat cognoscere campos,
Lethæamque ratem, Cimmeriosque lacus,
Quum mea rugosa pallebunt ora senecta,

Atque utinam vano nequidquam terrear æstu!

* Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age; it is like the stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and

'Tis like the stream aside whose war'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,
Nur'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shall all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wider and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey:
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks away in the whelming tide.

But why should life deserve my sigh?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches * I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conqu'ring death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not †: though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before,
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise:
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end, ‡ mend:
Their praise would crown me as their precepts
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the poet, but the friend sincere †.

ELEGIA.

Quod mihi tam gratæ misisti dona Camænæ,
Qualia Mænalius Pan Deus ipse velit,
Implector te, Graie, et toto corde reposco,
Cui desiderium jam nimis usque meum:
Et mihi rura placent, et me quoque sæpe volentem
Duxerunt Dryades per sua prata Deæ;
Si cæ ubi lympha fugit liquido pede, sive virentem,
Næ sagna decus nemoris, quereus opacat humum:
Illic mane novo vagor, illuc vespere fero,
Et noto ut jacui gramine, nota cano.
Nec nostræ ignorant divinam Amaryllida sylvæ:
Ih, si desit amor, nil mihi rura placent.
Ille jugis habitat Deus, ille in vallibus imis,
Regnat et in Cælis, regnat in Oceano;
Ille gregem taurosq. domat, sævig. leonem
Seminis; ille feros, ultus Adonin, apros:
Quin et fervet amore nemus, ramq. sub omni
Concentu tremulo plurima gaudet avis.
Duræ etiam in sylvis agitant connubia plantæ,
Duræ etiam et fertur laxa animasse Venus.
Durior et faxis, et robore durior ille est,

causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret." POPE.

* I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men whom I never had any esteem for are likely to enjoy this world after me." POPE.

† The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green; people will laugh, &c." POPE.

‡ This epistle was written from Christ church, Oxford, July 4. 1737, in the 21st year of his age.

Sincero siquis pectore amare vetat:
Non illi in manibus sanctum deponere pignus,
Non illi arcanum cor aperiri velim;
Nescit amicitias, teneros qui nescit amores:
Ah! si nulla Venus, nil mihi rura placent.
Me licet a patriâ longè in tellure juberunt
Externâ positum ducere fata dies;
Si vultus modo amatus adesset, non ego contra
Plorarem magnos voce querente Deos.
At dulci in gremio curarum obliviam ducens
Nil cuperein præter posse placere meæ;
Nec bona fortunæ aspiciens, neq. munera regnum,
Illa intrâ optarem brachia cara mori.

Sept. 17. 1738.

ELEGIA.

[ADDRESSED TO MR. GRAY.]

ERGO dissidiæ videor tibi crimine dignus;
Et meritis: victas do tibi sponte manus.
Arguor et veteres nimium contemnere Musas,
Irata et nobis est Medicæ Venus.
Mene igitur statuas et inanæ faxa vereri!
Stultule! marmoreâ quid mihi cum Venere?
Hic veræ, hic vivæ Veneres, et mille per urbem,
Quarum nulla quæ non placuisse Jovi.
Cedite Romanæ formosæ, et cedite Graiæ,
Sintque oblita Helenæ nomen et Hermonia:
Et quascunque refert ætas vetus, Heroinæ:
Unus honor nostris venit Angliasin.
Oh quales vultus, Oh quantum numen ocellis!
I nunc et Tulas improbe conser opes.
Ne tamen hæc abtusa nimis præcordia credas,
Neu me adeo nullâ Pallade progenitum:
Testor Pieridumque umbras et flumina Pindi
Me quoque Calliopes semper amasse choros;
Et dudum Ausonias urbes, et visere Graias
Cura est, ingenio si licet ire meo:
Sive est Phidiacum marmor, seu mentoris æra,
Seu paries Cæo nobilis e calamo;
Nec minus artificum magna argumenta recentium
Romanique decus nominis et Veneti:
Quâ Furor et Mavors et sævo in marmore vultus,
Quaque et formoso mollior ære Venus.
Quaque loquax spirat fucus, vivique labores,
Et quicquid calamo dulcius ausa manus:
Hic memora, et sola marens Melibœus in umbrâ,
Lymphaque muscoso profliciens lapide;
Illic majus opus, faciesque in pariete major
Exurgens, Divum et numina Calicûm;
O vos sælices, quibus hæc cognoscere, fas est;
Et totâ Italiâ, qua patet usque, frui!
Nulla dies vobis eat injucunda, nec usquam
Noritis quid sit tempora amara pati.

— it was the production of our o'clock in the morning, while I lay in my bed tossing and coughing, and all unable to sleep. —

ANTE omnes morbos importunissima tussis,
Quâ durare datur, traxitque sub illa vires:
Dura etenim versans imo sub pectore regna,
Perpetuo exercet teneras lucanæ costas,
Oraque distorquet, vocemque immutat anhelant:
Nec cessare locus: sed sævo concita motu
Molle domat latus, et corpus labor omne fatigat:
Unde molesta dies, noctemque insomnia turbant.

Nec Tua; si mecum Comes hic jocundus adesses,
Verba juvare queant, aut hunc lenire dolorem
Sufficiant tua vox dulcis, nec vultus amatus.

ODE TO MAY.

DEAR Gray! that always in my heart
Possesses far the better part,
What mean these sudden blasts that rise,
And drive the zephyrs from the skies?
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
And invoke the tardy May.

Come, fairest nymph! resume thy reign,
Bring all the graces in thy train:
With balmy breath and flow'ry tread
Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,
Where in Elysian slumber bound
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories drest,
Recal the zephyrs from the west;
Restore the sun, revive the skies,
At mine and nature's call arise!
Great nature's self upbraids thy stay,
And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid,
The labours of Pomona fade;
A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
The birds forget to love and sing,
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with pleasure at thy side,
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
Create where'er thou turn'st thy eye
Peace, plenty, love, and harmony,
Till ev'ry being share its part,
And heav'n and earth be glad at heart.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

PERSPICUI puerum ludentem, in margine rivi
Immersit vitrea limpida error aqua:
At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit
Credula, et amplexu funus inane fovet;
Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno
Languidus, æternum lumina composuit.

Τὸν τρίτην παίζοντα περὶ φρέας Ἀσπανάκτα,
Εἰδωλον μορφᾶς κυρὸν ἐπισπάσασα.
Ἐκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάδροχον ἄρπασε μέ-
της,
Σκεπτομένη ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει.
Νυμφὰς δ' ἐκ ἐμήνης ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γένει
Μαλρὸς κοιμαμένης τὸν βαδὺν ὄντων ἔχει.

ADDRESSED TO HIS LYRE,

On the Prospect of Mr. Gray's return from his Travels.

O MEX jucunda comes quietis!
Quæ fere ægrotum solita es levare
Pectus, et sensim ah! nimis ingruentes
Fallere curas:

Quid canes? quanto Lyra dic furore
Gesties quando hac reducem fodalem
Glauciam * gaudere simul videbis
Meque sub umbra?

* He gives Gray the name of Glaucias frequently
in his Latin verse, as Gray calls him Favonius.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF PORPHYRUS.

1. Angulus, extremus, laevus, canaliculus.
 2. Pulvis, purus, in alio, de quo, laevus.
 3. Crustulae, et simplices, et laevae, laevi.
 4. Crustulae, et simplices, et laevae, laevi.
 5. Crustulae, et simplices, et laevae, laevi.
 6. Crustulae, et simplices, et laevae, laevi.
 7. Crustulae, et simplices, et laevae, laevi.
 8. Crustulae, et simplices, et laevae, laevi.
 9. Crustulae, et simplices, et laevae, laevi.
 10. Crustulae, et simplices, et laevae, laevi.

[Faint, illegible handwriting]

ADDRESSED TO HIS L. RE.

On the Property of Mr. Gray's estate in the
year 1881.

[illegible]

* The right to say the name of "Glorious" is in the hands of the "Glorious" and the "Glorious" is in the hands of the "Glorious".

sufficient for you doubt, not various answers
 Verba volant, scripta manent, and hence I write before
 the Ten; I mention Countess de Jassowicz as well,

YAM OT EDC

[illegible]

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON,

Containing

PROGRESS OF LOVE,
MONODY,
BLENHEIM,
ADVICE TO BELINDA,
ODES,

EPISTLES,
SONGS,
EPITAPHS,
INSCRIPTIONS,
IMITATIONS,

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purest ray,
O LYTTLETON the friend! —
— Oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue and her arts revive;
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The muses charm, while with pure taste refin'd
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song,
Till nobly rises emulous thy own.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

Containing

EPICUREAN	POETRY OF LOVE,
POETRY	POETRY
EPICUREAN	POETRY
EPICUREAN	POETRY
EPICUREAN	POETRY
EPICUREAN	POETRY

To which is added,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

These are the sacred feelings of the heart,
The heart inspired by reason's power to say,
O! let us then the friends of truth—

—O! let us then the friends of truth,
You need the love of reason's power to say,
Thinking with warm benevolence of mind,
And hence the power of truth to say,

And hence the power of truth to say,
Hitherto, we have seen the world's path,
To take the same and not the same;
Of reason's power to say, their power to say,

Of reason's power to say, their power to say,
The world's path, we have seen the world's path,
To take the same and not the same;
Of reason's power to say, their power to say,

Of reason's power to say, their power to say,
The world's path, we have seen the world's path,
To take the same and not the same;
Of reason's power to say, their power to say,

Of reason's power to say, their power to say,

Of reason's power to say, their power to say,

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY WILKINSON AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1794

THE LIFE OF LYTTLETON.

GEORGE LYTTLETON, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttleton, Bart. of Hagley in Worcestershire, and was born January 17. 1708-9. His mother, Christian Temple, was sister of Sir Richard Temple, Bart. of Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, afterwards Lord Viscount Cobham. He had six brothers and as many sisters.

He received the first rudiments of education at Eton School, where he was so much distinguished, that his exercises were recommended as models to his school-fellows. His poetical compositions procured him the reputation of an elegant and correct versifier. His *Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country*, and his verses on *Good Humour*, were written at school.

From Eton he went to Christ-Church, Oxford, where he retained the same reputation of superiority, and displayed his abilities to the public in a poem on *Blenheim*, written in 1727.

In 1728, being then nineteen, he began his travels, and visited France and Italy; but resided some time at Luneville in Lorraine, as appears by his *Letters to his Father*, in which he describes the places he visited, and relates some of the principal incidents of his journey.

In one of his letters, he thus expresses his dissatisfaction at the thought of returning to Luneville, "Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there more unavoidably subject to *quelques beues d'écolier*, as the *politesse* practised in that is fuller of ceremony than elsewhere, and a good deal peculiar to itself. This is the first and strongest reason why I despair of being happy in Lorraine. I have already complained of the foppish ignorance and contempt for all I have been taught to value, but is so fashionable there."

It is impossible to peruse his *Letters to his Father*, without being charmed with the manly and virtuous sentiments which he discovers, his strong and hereditary aversion to vice and folly, and particularly with the unaffected ardour of filial affection which runs through the whole.

At Paris he amused himself with poetical composition, and wrote a very manly and correct *Epistle to Dr. Ayscough*, who had been his tutor at Oxford, and afterwards married his aunt, became tutor to the young Princes, and Dean of Bristol.

In 1730, he wrote a poetical *Epistle to Pope*, from Rome, and the same year returned to England, and addressed an *Epistle to Lord Hervey*, from Worcestershire.

When he returned, he obtained a seat in Parliament for Oakhampton in Devonshire, and soon distinguished himself among the most eager opponents of Walpole; though his father, who was one of the Lords of Admiralty, from 1727 to 1741, always voted with the Court.

For many years his name was seen in every account of every debate in the House of Commons. He opposed the Standing Army, he opposed the Excise, he supported the motion for petitioning the king to remove Walpole, and concurred with Pulteney, Pitt, &c. in all the measures of opposition.

His zeal for the public good, is the only motive that can justify the violence of his opposition to Walpole, from the charge of ingratitude: for it appears, from his letter to his father, dated at Luneville, that Walpole's recommendation procured him the friendship of Prince Craon: "You will let Sir Robert Walpole know how much I am obliged to his letter, and do justice to Prince Craon, who has expressed his regard to it in the strongest manner, and by a kindness which I cannot enough acknowledge."

In 1735, he published his *Persian Letters*, in imitation of those of Montesquieu, whom he had known in England. The character of a young man, Dr. Johnson observes, is very visible in

them. They have something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward.

In 1736, he addressed an elegant copy of verses to his cousin, Pitt, *on his losing his commission in the army, for his conduct in Parliament.*

In 1737, the Prince of Wales established a separate court, and received with open arms the opponents of the ministry. Upon the resignation of Mr. Pelham, he was made his secretary, with the addition of 240 l. annually of salary, as appears by his letter to his father, dated from Clifden: "I came here yesterday to thank his Royal Highness for having augmented my salary 240 l. a-year, by putting it upon the same foot with that of Mr. Molyneux under the king when he was prince."

He persuaded the prince, whose business it was now to be popular, that he would advance his character by the patronage of literature, and by his recommendation, Mallet was made under secretary, with 200 l.; and Thomson had a pension of 100 l. a-year. For Thomson he always retained his kindness, and was able at last to procure him the place of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands.

Moore courted his patronage by an apologetical poem, called the "Trial of Selim, the Persian," but was not equally successful.

He was now considered as a leader in the Opposition, and Pope, who was incited to direct his satire against the ministry, commended him among the other patriots. This drew upon him the reproaches of Fox, who, in the House of Commons, imputed to him as a crime, his intimacy with a lampooner, so unjust and licentious. Lyttleton supported his friend, and replied, that he thought it an honour to be received into the familiarity of so great a poet.

In 1741, he married Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq. of Filleigh, in Devonshire, with whom he enjoyed the most perfect state of matrimonial felicity.

Walpole being at length, after a long struggle, driven from his places, Lyttleton was, in 1744, made one of the Lords of the Treasury; and from that time, as warmly supported as he had formerly opposed the schemes of the ministry.

When weary of faction and debate, he used very often, with Pitt, to visit his cousin West, at Wickham, from whose conversation, it is said, he received that conviction of the truth of Christianity, which produced, in 1747, his *Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul*, "a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer."

This work his father had the happiness of seeing, and expressed his pleasure in a letter which deserves to be inserted.

"I have read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye witness of that happiness which I do not doubt he will bountifully bestow on you! In the mean time, I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a son." The pleasure which such a letter must have given to such a son is inexpressible.

In January 1747, his wife, whom he tenderly loved, died in child-bed. Her sickness is feelingly described in his forty-first letter to his father; and he perpetuated her memory in a *Monody*, written in the same year, that will be read while conjugal affection, and a taste for poetry exist in this country. She was buried at Over-Arley in Staffordshire, but a very elegant monument is erected to her memory, in the chancel of the church at Hagley.

Though for some time inconsolable for her death, he sought happiness in a second marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Robert Rich, in 1749. "She was an intimate and dear friend," says West, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge, June 17, 1749, "of his former wife's, which is some kind of proof of her merit: I mean the goodness of her heart, for that is the chief merit which Mr. Lyttleton esteems, and I hope she will not in this disappoint his expectations: in all other points she is well suited to him, being extremely well accomplished in languages, music, painting, and very sensible and well bred." It is said that the experiment was unsuccessful.

In 1751, his father died, when he inherited a Baronet's title, with a large estate; which, if he did not augment, he was at least careful to adorn with expensive buildings and rural decorations. Hagley-Park, the scene of these lavish operations, is frequently described as a terrestrial paradise. Shenstone was Lyttleton's neighbour, friend, and his rival in landscape-gardening; and, it is said, [that his improvements at the Leasowes, excited, at first, the contempt, and afterwards the envy of the inhabitants of Hagley, "who took care," says Dr. Johnson, "to defeat the curiosity which they could not suppress, by conducting their visitants perversely, to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk, to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenstone would heavily complain."] *Dr. Johnson's edition of Shenstone's Works, vol. i. p. 10.*

This charge against the Lyttleton family has been denied by Mr. Greaves, who says, "that the Lyttleton family went so frequently with their company to the Leasowes, that they were unwilling to break in upon Shenstone's retirement upon every occasion; and, therefore, often went to the principal points of view, without waiting for any one to conduct them regularly through the whole walks. Of this Shenstone would sometimes peevishly complain, though I am persuaded he never really suspected any ill-natured intention in his worthy and much valued neighbours." One cannot easily be persuaded, that a mind so pure and benevolent as that of Lyttleton, was ever debased by such unworthy passions.

As he continued his activity in parliament, he was gradually advancing his claim to preferment. In 1754, he resigned his seat at the Treasury-Board, on being appointed Cofferer to the Household, and Privy Counsellor. In December 20. 1755, he exchanged the place of Cofferer, for the great office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; an office, however, that required some qualifications, which he soon perceived himself to want; and which he retained only till the appointment of Mr. Legge, November 16. 1756.

In 1756, he made a journey into Wales, of which he has given a pleasing account in *Two Letters to Mr. Bower*, the celebrated historian of the Popes, a man whose Profession of Protestantism he firmly believed, and whose interest and fame having once espoused, he never was persuaded by the universal outcry to disown.

In an affectionate letter to Dr. Doddridge, on his removing to Lisbon, for the recovery of his health, October 5. 1751, he thus expresses his attachment to Bower; "You have brought on your distemper, by too continual study and labour in your spiritual functions, and remission of mind is absolutely necessary for your recovery. I therefore request it of you not to write the preface to Bower's book; it will do more harm than good to him; the merit of the work will bear it up against all these attacks; and as to the ridiculous story of my having discarded him, the intimate friendship in which we continue to live, will be a sufficient answer to that, and better than any testimony formally given."

It appears by an attestation of Mrs. Bower, printed in the "London Chronicle," October 11. 1766, that, during "seventeen years that she constantly lived with him, he always professed himself a Protestant, and acted conformable to that profession;" and that he died in the communion of the Church of England, and "made an edifying departure."

In 1757, when the inauspicious commencement of the war with France made the dissolution of the ministry unavoidable, he lost with the rest his employment; but his services were rewarded with a peerage, being created Baron Lyttleton of Frankley, in the county of Worcester.

In 1760, he published his *Dialogues of the Dead*, which were very eagerly read; though, the production rather of leisure than of study, rather effusions than compositions. They show the elegance of his taste, rather than the power of his genius, or the strength of his judgment. He has copied Fencelon more than Fontenelle.

His last literary production in prose, was his *History of Henry the Second*, in 3 vols. 4to, 1767; and 1771, the result of the researches and deliberations of twenty years.

The story of this publication, as given by Dr. Johnson, is remarkable. "The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. The booksellers paid for the first impression; but the charges and repeated operations of the press, were at

the expence of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least a thousand pounds. He began to print in 1755. Three volumes appeared in 1764, a second edition of them in 1767; a third edition in 1768, and the conclusion in 1771. Andrew Reid, a man not without considerable abilities, and not unacquainted with letters or with life, was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of *Henry the Second*. Lyttleton took money for his copy; of which, when he had paid the pointer, he probably gave the rest away; for he was very liberal to the indigent. When time brought the *History* to a third edition, the superintendence of typography and punctuation, was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the name of Dr. Sanders. To the Doctor's edition is appended, what the world had never seen before, a list of errors, in nineteen pages.

Every reader will wish, that in this passage, Dr. Johnson had observed his own humane maxim in the "Life of Addison," of not giving "a pang to a daughter, a brother, or a friend." The nice attention to punctuation, with which *Henry the Second* was published, is attributed to such anxiety as only vanity can dictate, when good motives were avowed by Lyttleton, and known to his friends; such as his desire to correct mistakes, his fear of being too harsh on the turbulent Becket, &c.

This work is justly ranked among the most valuable historical performances in the English language. It is executed with great fidelity, and with a strict regard to the authority of original writers. The style is perspicuous and unaffected; generally correct, and often elegant and masterly. The sentiments and remarks are judicious and pertinent; liberal with respect to religion, and friendly to the cause of liberty and the rights of mankind. The account of the state of our ancient government, laws, customs, and manners, is very copious, and eminently useful; so as to make the work strictly and properly a constitutional history.

His *Verses to the Countess of Egremont*, and *Letter to Lord Hardwicke*, in 1761, were his last poetical compositions.

He spent the latter part of his life in retirement; and, after a lingering illness, died at Hagley-Park, August 22. 1773, in the 64th year of his age. He was buried at Hagley; and the following inscription is cut on the side of his lady's monument.

This unadorned stone was placed here
By the particular desire and express
Directions, of the Right Honourable
GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON;
Who died August 21. 1773, aged 64:

By his first lady he had one son, Thomas, who inherited his title and estates, and two daughters: Mary, who died an infant, and Lucy, married to Lord Valentia, of the kingdom of Ireland, 1767. His second lady brought him no issue. Thomas Lord Lyttleton, married Apphia, second daughter of Broome Witts, Esq., of Chipping-Norton, Oxfordshire, the widow of Colonel Peach, and died in 1780, leaving no issue. He was as remarkable for an early display as for a flagitious prostitution of great abilities. He attained no small consequence as a parliamentary speaker, and was appointed Chief Justice in Eyre, November 18. 1775; a place which his father, with better pretensions, could never procure.

A small collection of "Poems by a Young Nobleman lately deceased," &c. 4to, 1780, has been given to him, and two small volumes of "Letters," 1780 and 1782, are supposed to have been written by him, which few have read without pleasure. That they are spurious is generally understood; but as to composition, sentiment, and language, they are exactly the kind of letters he would have written; it is a sort of epistolary portrait, a picture of his mind, a strong likeness, and the work of no common hand. A similar deception seems to have been practised in "The Correspondents, an original novel," 12mo, 1775, which exhibits a series of letters, supposed to have been written by his father and Mrs. Peach. They bear indeed, notwithstanding a similarity of style, that runs through the whole series, many marks of originality, several touches relative to time, place, and circumstance, not likely to be founded on fiction. His uncle William Henry Lyttleton, Lord Westcote, of the kingdom of Ireland, created Lord Lyttleton of Frankley, in Worcestershire, August 15. 1794, is the present representative of the family.

Lytleton, according to Dr. Johnson, had never the appearance of a strong or a healthy man; and had a slender uncompact frame, and a meagre face. It is certain, however, that, at one period of his life, he entertained a more favourable opinion of his constitution; for, in a letter to his father, dated from the neighbourhood of Soissons in France, he says, "I believe there is not a young man alive, who has more happiness to boast of than myself, being *blest with a sound constitution, affectionate friends, and easy fortune*."

An affecting and instructive narrative of his death has been given by his physician Dr. Johnson; of Kidderminster, which, as it is descriptive of his moral character, is here subjoined.

On Saturday evening, the symptoms of his Lordship's disorder, which, for a week past, had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his Lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; and although his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger when he was thoroughly awake.

His Lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful events: his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, accounts for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently.

Though his Lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, "It is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to attempt to prolong life;" yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing that he thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery.

On Sunday, about 11 in the forenoon, his Lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great hurry,

and wished to have a little conversation with me in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountains of that heart from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring. "Doctor," said he, "you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned; but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and public life, I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at that time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong; but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured in private life to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs against any person whatsoever."

"At another time, he said, I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing."

"On the evening, when the symptoms of death came on, he said, I shall die; but it will not be your fault.—When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his Lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, "Be good, be virtuous my Lord; you must come to this." Thus he continued giving his dying benedictions to all around him. On Monday morning, a lucid interval gave some small hopes; but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22, when, between seven and eight o'clock, he expired almost without a groan."

The Works of George Lord Lytton, formerly printed separately, with some other pieces never before printed, were collected and published by his nephew, George Edward Ayscough, Esq., in one volume 4to, 1774.

The pieces, formerly printed separately, and collected into this publication, are, *Observations on the Life of Cicero; Observations on the present State of Affairs, in a letter to a member of Parliament; Letters from a Persian in England, to his Friend at Ispahan; Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul; Dialogues of the Dead; Miscellaneous Poems.*

The pieces which were never before printed, are, *Observations on the Roman History; Four Dis-*

logues of the Dead; Four Speeches in Parliament; Letters to Sir Thomas Lyttleton; and An Account of a Journey into Wales, in two letters, to Mr. Bower.

The name of Lyttleton, as a man of dignified sentiment and excellent qualities, both of head and heart, is enrolled in the tablet of literary merit, by the general suffrages of his countrymen. In the several characters of a judicious critic, an entertaining traveller, a wise and upright statesman, and a good man, his reputation is so decisively fixed, and so firmly established, that it can receive little additional lustre from encomium and panegyric; and is in no danger of suffering from the attacks of criticism or censure.

As a poet, his compositions are characterised by elegance, ease, and harmony, without much elevation, energy, or enthusiasm. In his *Monody*, the most popular of his productions, the virtues and accomplishments of his excellent lady, are commemorated in numbers equally harmonious and tender. He who can read it without melting into tears, has little claim to sensibility. It appears to have flowed simply from the genuine feelings of a most susceptible and deeply afflicted heart. His *Progress of Love* discovers delicacy of sentiment, pleasing imagery, and correct and harmonious versification. It is not, however, entirely free from the studied expression and false ornaments by which pastoral poetry is often fantastically disguised. His *Advice to Belinda*, unites spirit and propriety, sense and harmony, in the highest degree. His *Epistle to Dr. Ayscough*, is vigorously and elegantly written. His *Epistle to Pope* is finely encomiastic; the conclusion highly poetical. His other *Epistles* have their brighter passages. His *Songs* and *Epigrams* are commonly sprightly and easy.

Among his contemporaries, the testimonies to his merits, are too numerous to be specified. Pope, Thomson, Hammond, and Shenstone, are lavish in his praise. The following couplet of Pope is selected for the sake of the candid and judicious criticism of the present respectable master of Winchester School.

Free as young Lyttleton her cause pursue;
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true.

"A just, and not overcharged encomium," says Dr. Warton, "on an excellent man, who always served his friends with warmth (witness his kindness to Thomson), and his country with activity and zeal. His *Poems* and *Dialogues of the Dead*, are written with elegance and ease; His *observations on the Conversion of St. Paul*, with clearness and closeness of reasoning, and his *History of Henry the Second*, with accuracy and knowledge of those early times, and of the English constitution; and which was compiled from a laborious search into authentic documents, and the records lodged in the Tower and at the Rolls. A little before he died, he told me that he had determined to throw out of the collection of all his works, which was then soon to be published, his first juvenile performance, the *Persian Letters*, in which he said there were principles and remarks that he wished to retract and alter. Another little piece, written also in his early youth, does him much honour. The *Observations on the Life of Tully*, in which, perhaps, a more dispassionate and impartial character of Tully is exhibited, than in the panegyrical volume of Middleton."

His poetical character, as given by Dr. Johnson, is flying and invidious, and cannot be generally allowed, without some exceptions in favour of the *Progress of Love* and *Blenheim*. His inveterate prejudices against pastoral poetry and blank verse, are well known.

"Lord Lyttleton's poems are the works of a man of literature and judgment, devoting part of his time to versification. They have nothing to be despised, and little to be admired. Of his *Progress of Love*, it is sufficient blame to say, that it is pastoral. His blank verse in *Blenheim*, has neither much force nor much elegance. His little performances, whether *Songs* or *Epigrams*, are sometimes sprightly, and sometimes insipid. His Epistolary poems have a smooth equality, which cannot much tire, because they are short, but which seldom elevates or surprises. But from this censure ought to be excepted his *Advice to Belinda*, which, though for the most part written when he was very young, contains much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorously expressed, and shows a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raised to excellence."

THE WORKS OF LYTTLETON

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE,

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I. UNCERTAINTY. To Mr. Pope.

II. HOPE. To the Hon. George Doddington.

III. JEALOUSY. To Edward Walpole, Esq.

IV. POSSESSION. To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Cobham.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beachen shade,
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy muse, content with humbler praise
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And, while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?
To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
His flock, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage defenceless prey;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
But, though his voice was mute, his looks com-
plain'd;

At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.
"Ye nymphs," he cried, "ye Dryads, who so long
Have favor'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Though wild ambition and destructive rage,
No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
Though envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor calumny your innocence invades:
Yet cruel love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest;

"With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
"Ah luckless day! when first with fond sur-
"On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes! [prize
"Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
"Then reason, liberty, at once were lost: [gone,
"And every wish, and thought, and care, was
"But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
"Then too she smil'd: can smiles our peace de-
"stroy,

"Those lovely children of content and joy!
"How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
"From the same spring at the same moment flow:
"Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
"Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy
"peace:

"Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
"And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to
"cure,

"Come, flattering memory! and tell my heart
"How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
"She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
"Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain,
"If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band;
"To me alone she gave her willing hand;
"Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
"Still in my song found something to admire.
"By none but her my crook with flowers was
"crown'd,

"By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
"The world that Damon, was her choice believ'd,
"The world, alas! like Damon, was deceiv'd.
"When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
"In words as soft as passion could inspire,
"Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
"Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
"The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
"Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
"Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
"Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.

" Ah, now have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
 " To have my faithful service thus repaid?
 " Where all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
 " But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and de-
 " ceiv'd?
 " Or did you only nurse my growing love,
 " That with more pain I might your hatred
 " prove?
 " Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 " In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
 " A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
 " Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts fo
 " young:
 " No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
 " Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
 " 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 " And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."
 " Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-
 " sick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
 Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON.

[Afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.]

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
 Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds:
 From love alone their melody proceeds.
 From love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
 Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
 Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
 Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
 Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with
 thine

My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade;
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd;
 But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
 And told his joy to all the rural throng.

" Blest be the hour," he said, " that happy hour,
 " When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power;
 " Then gloomy discontent and pining care
 " Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
 " Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
 " Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
 " Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
 " These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
 " There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
 " When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus
 " pay: [the mov'd!]

" She led the dance—heavens! with what grace
 " Who could have seen her then, and not have
 " lov'd?

" I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
 " But gloried in a happy captive's name;
 " Nor would I now, could love permit, be free,
 " But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love
 verses, which have never been published.

" And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy?
 " Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy?
 " Has treacherous love no torment yet in store?
 " Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
 " Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd
 " thy cheek?
 " Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break!
 " Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
 " The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
 " From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 " Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
 " Who bids me, *hope*; and in that charming word
 " Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
 " Begin my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;
 " A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
 " A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
 " Given with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content.
 " No laureat wreaths I ask, to bind my brows,
 " Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows:
 " Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
 " I from her lips my recompence require.
 " Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
 " Eight gales have chas'd the late impending
 " shower;
 " Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
 " Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
 " Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made
 " hay:
 " The birds renew their songs on every spray!
 " Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to
 " crown:
 " All nature smiles.—Will only Delia frown!
 " Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the
 " plain,
 " While every flower of every sweet they drain:
 " See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
 " The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep:
 " Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
 " If with my fond desires my love comply;
 " From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
 " And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.
 " Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms?
 " What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
 " A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
 " Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
 " From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
 " And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
 " In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
 " Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
 " Accept of this; and could I add beside
 " What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide:
 " If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
 " On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
 " But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
 " Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove:
 " The tuneful nine, who never sue in vain,
 " Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite
 " swain.
 " For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
 " For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
 " Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
 " His music calls to dance the night away.
 " And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
 " With whom the joys the cowslip meads to
 " rove,

" I beg you, recommend my faithful flame;
 " And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
 " Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight;
 " And show my merits in the fairest light;
 " My pipe your kind assistance shall repay;
 " And every friend shall claim a different lay:
 " But see in yonder glade the heavenly fair
 " Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air:
 " Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
 " Adieu, my pipe; I go my love to meet—
 " O, may I find her as we parted last, still true!
 " And may each future hour be like the past!
 " So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 " Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed!"

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, given no bliss sincere;
 Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear;
 Of all the passions that employ the mind,
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find:
 Yet ev'n those joys dire jealousy molests,
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
 For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,
 In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
 (While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
 Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress;
 Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
 The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
 Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
 Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
 Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
 Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands;
 A castle there the opening plain commands;
 Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
 So charming was the scene, a while the swain
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain:
 But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
 With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
 His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,

The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
 Then cried, " May all thy charms, ungrateful
 " maid,

" Like these neglected roses, droop and fade!"
 " May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,
 " That triumphs now in that deluding face!"
 " Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
 " And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!"
 " Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
 " To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?"
 " Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
 " Against whose power no ties have strength to
 " bind?"

" Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
 " To conquer your disdain, and merit love?"
 " Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
 " And died with grief at each ungentle word?"

" Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
 " He pleas'd you, by not studying to please:
 " His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
 " And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.
 " O pain to think! another shall possess
 " Those balmy lips which I was wont to press:
 " Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 " And catch sweet madness from her swimming
 " eye!—
 " I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 " I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
 " Would my clos'd eye had sunk in endless night,
 " Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
 " Where'er they pass'd, he blasted every flower,
 " And hungry wolves their helpless flocks de-

" vour!—
 " Ah wretched swain! could no examples move
 " Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
 " Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas died
 " A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
 " Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 " Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phoebus lov'd in vain:
 " Around his tomb their tears the muses paid;
 " And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
 " Would I could die like him, and be at peace!
 " These torments in the quiet grave would cease!
 " There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would

" find:
 " And rest, as if my Delia still were kind,
 " No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid:
 " Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.
 " Alas! what aid, fond swain! wouldst thou re-

" ceive!
 " Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
 " Protect her, heaven! and let her never know
 " The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
 " I ask no vengeance from the powers above;
 " All I implore is never more to love.—
 " Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 " Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
 " Come, cool indifference, and heal my breast;
 " Wearied, at length, I seek thy downy rest:
 " No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 " My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
 " Hear mighty Pan, and, all ye sylvans, hear
 " What by your guardian deities I swear:
 " No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
 " No more I'll court the traitor's to my arms;
 " Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
 " And she shall find that reason conquers love!"
 Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn be-

low
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
 At once transported, he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew:
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD CORHAM.

CORHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;

* See Mr. Gay's *Dione*.

Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening
 plains:
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear, (dear;
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were
 Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling love with honour shar'd thy mind:
 When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night.
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasure's o'er;
 And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you
 stray,

This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.
 Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
 To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar flood.
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
 In friendly league to favour human-kind.
 With wanton Cupids, in that happy shade,
 The gentle virtues and mild wisdom play'd.
 Nor there in sprightly pleasure's genial train,
 Lurk'd sick disgust, or late-repenting pain,
 Nor force, nor interest, join'd unwilling hands,
 But love consenting tied the blissful bands,
 Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
 To thank the powers who blest'd his faithful
 flame:

Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:

"Hail, bounteous god! before whose hallow'd
 shrine

"My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
 "While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
 "Sweet virgin modestly reluctant strove!
 "And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
 "Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
 "Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
 "As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.
 "O the dear bloom of last propitious night!
 "O shade more charming than the fairest light!
 "Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
 "Then all my pains one moment overpaid:
 "Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
 "Which none can taste but who like me have
 "lov'd.

"Thou too, bright goddess, once, in Ida's grove,
 "Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love;
 "With him, while frisking lambs around you
 "play'd,

"Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade:
 "Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
 "And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
 "What are ye now, my once most valued joys?
 "Inspid trifles all, and childish toys—
 "Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
 "Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kifs.
 "Ye muses, skill'd in every winning art,
 "Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
 "Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
 "And crown her with the pride of all the
 "spring:

"On all her days let health and peace attend;
 "May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!
 "May some new pleasure every hour employ:
 "But let her Damon be her highest joy!

"With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
 "All night carest thee, and admire all day;
 "In the same field our mingled flocks we'll
 "feed,
 "To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
 "Together will we share the harvest toils,
 "Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
 "Delightful state, where peace and love com-
 "bine,
 "To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
 "Here limpid fountains roll through flowery
 "meads;
 "Here rising forests lift their verdant heads:
 "Here let me wear my careless life away,
 "And in thy arms insensibly decay.
 "When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
 "And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
 "When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
 "And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
 "Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
 "At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath!
 "May we beneath one common stone be laid,
 "And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
 "Perhaps some friendly muse, in tender verse,
 "Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse
 "And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
 "Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd."

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at Eaton School.

'Twas night; and Flavia, to her room retir'd,
 With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
 There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town:
 On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd and thus in plaintive accents said:
 "Ah, what avails it to be young and fair;
 "To move with negligence, to dress with care?
 "What worth have all the charms our pride can
 "boast,
 "If all in envious solitude are lost?
 "Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
 "Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;
 "Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
 "Both most are valued, where they best are
 "known.
 "With every grace of nature or of art,
 "We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
 "The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
 "To love exceeds a squire's capacity.
 "The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere;
 "That is our heaven, and we are angels there:
 "In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
 "The court of Britain is the court of love.
 "How has my conscious heart with triumph
 "glow'd,
 "How have my sparkling eyes their transport
 "show'd,
 "At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
 "The homage, due to empire, paid to me!

" When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
 " And dreaded mine more than the monarch's
 " frown;
 " When rival statemen for my favour, strove,
 " Less jealous in their power than in their love.
 " Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
 " Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky:
 " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 " The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 " In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 " Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
 " Unblest I wear my useless time away;
 " Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream
 " all day;
 " Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer
 " (For dullness ever must be regular.)
 " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
 " Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
 " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 " Secure from meeting any tempter there;
 " From books to work, from work to books, I
 " rove,
 " And am (alas!) at leisure to improve!—
 " Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
 " Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 " These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would
 " glow,
 " Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
 " Sure erring nature never could design
 " To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
 " O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
 " Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
 " Let me revisit the dear town again:
 " Let me be seen!—could I that wish obtain,
 " All other wishes my own power would gain."

BLenheim.

Written at the University of Oxford, in the Year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
 The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
 With fair proportion; architect divine.
 Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
 Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
 Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
 Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
 Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
 In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
 Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
 Thalia, sylvan muse, who lov'st to rove
 Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
 Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
 Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
 Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
 Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
 And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
 Of Marlborough's hand; Britain, who sent him
 forth

Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
 Of liberty and justice, grateful rais'd
 This palace, sacred to her leader's fame:
 A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd
 Of conquer'd towns and glorying in the name

Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
 Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chas'd
 Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
 Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
 Who paid't his service with so rich a meed!
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
 The hero or the people? honour doubts,
 And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
 Not thus Germania pays th' uncancell'd debt
 Of gratitude to us—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
 When thou behold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
 A monument of shame! can'st thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English
 arm

Did for thy throne that day? but we disdain
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Still thy obdurate heart against the sense
 Of obligation infinite; and know,
 Britain, like heaven, protects a thankless world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the
 muse

Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
 With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
 Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
 Attracts her curious eye. Here lister rolls
 His purple wave; and there the Granic flood
 With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
 Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
 With glorious competition; equal both
 In valour and in fortune: but their praise
 Be different, for with different views they fought;
 This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
 The muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
 The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempe sam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
 Of this romantic wilderness once stood
 The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
 Sacred to grief and love; the crystal fount
 In which the us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
 Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.
 But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
 Beneath the wide stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
 Through which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn! Silent a while and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force
 Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
 In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
 Glitters reluctant in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
 Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
 Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
 Triumphant ever in his mind renew'd

The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
 With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
 So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
 Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
 Against the pride of Asia, and the power
 Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
 No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
 Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
 And in magnificent retirement past
 The evening of his life.—But not alone,
 In the calm shades of honourable ease,
 Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent
 heaven

Gave a companion to his softer hours,
 With whom conversing, he forgot all change
 Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
 Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
 Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd
 In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:
 Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
 In friendly union they together shone,
 Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
 Of night eternal quench'd the beams of ore.
 Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
 Tore from thy comfort's side, and call'd thee
 hence

To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
 Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
 Who now, regardless of thy fame, erects
 The column to thy praise, and soothes her woe
 With pious honours to thy sacred name
 Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
 Of yon aerial pillar, proudly stands
 Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
 And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,
 The German eagles spread their wings; his hand
 Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
 Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
 Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
 A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
 The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
 A meaner trophy, by the imperial hand;
 Extorted gratitude! which now the rage
 Of malice impotent, beseeching ill
 A regal breast, has level'd to the ground:
 Mean insult: this, with better auspices,
 Shall stand on British earth to tell the world
 How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how
 repaid

His services. Nor shall the constant love
 Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
 In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
 Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
 Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
 First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
 His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
 Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
 Of travellers approaching shall not pass
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
 With reverence due. Such honour does the muse
 Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
 (My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
 Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
 Dwell'st in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd

Among the demigods, deign to defend
 This thy abode, while present here below,
 And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
 With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
 From time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
 Of factious envy's more relentless rage.
 Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
 When honour calls them to the field of war,
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
 The proud reward of thy successful toils
 For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
 That fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
 To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
 Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
 With martial virtue; and to high attempts
 Excite their arms, till other battles won,
 And nations sav'd new monuments require,
 And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

TO THE REVEREND DR. AYSCOUGH,

AT OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the Year 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
 Of wise antiquity's immortal lore,
 Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
 At once exalts and polishes the mind?
 How different from our modern guilty art,
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
 Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty:
 How the same hands that tyrants durst control
 Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the pole;
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
 Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire;
 Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
 And all the crimes, that giddy faction knows;
 Till, rent by parties, by corruption fold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tutress of protecting Rome?
 Does calm philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the
 end

To which alone the wise their studies bend;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
 Not, like a cloyster'd drone, to read and dose,
 In undeserving; undeserv'd, repose;
 But reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
 Nor vex with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;

Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
Those who still float on the tempestuous main;
So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good * Worther thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court flattery, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then, and now her
mildest guide!

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the law of love by fear.
The priest who plagues the world can never mend:
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
(In courts a mean, in camps a generous band),
From each low tool of power, content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though op-
pressed)

With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the muses deign'd a while to sport
In the short sun-shine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ,
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakspeare's force and fire!
Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor;

Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style ambition GREAT *
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Conde from an envious court withdrew †;
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury ‡:
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind?

O native isle, fair freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
When kiss, with vious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Ruffel birth?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood,
Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their
blood,

Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet, oh! what doubt, what sad prefiging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see;
And tells me, these, like England, once were free!

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS,
IN 1728.

Written at Paris.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warn me, and whose precept
guide;

Thou to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest need,
To favour'd man by smiling heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,

* The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in
the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly

‡ St. Cloud.

On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;
Who fears bright glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies labour won.
Him honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
Friendship and truth on all his moments wait.
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
And round the bower, where humbly great he
lies,

Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Though wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest:
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
Ev'n while I write, the name of love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!
Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what th' inspiring muses bid me tell,
For heaven shall ratify what they reveal:

“A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
“With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
“Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
“Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:

“Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share;
“Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care;
“Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
“And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
“Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would
“prove,
“That happiness is near allied to love.”

VERSES

To be written under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall find
A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere;
Wife without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distressed to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when misfortune sued, ne'er fought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit; [boast,
For now no more these climes their influence
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
From tyrants, and from priests, the muses fly,
Daughters of reason and of liberty!
Nor Baïze now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fates broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.
Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;

Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore:
Oft kifs, with lips devout, some mouldering stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see,
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:

"Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid

"These grateful rites to my attentive shade,

"When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,

"To Pope this message from his master bear:

"Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,

"To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,

"If, high exalted on the throne of wit,

"Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,

"No more let meaner satire dim the rays

"That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;

"In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,

"But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;

"Nor, when each soft engaging muse is thine,

"Address the least attractive of the nine.

"Of thee more worthy were thy task, to raise

"A lasting column to thy country's praise;

"To sing the land, which yet alone can boast

"That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;

"Where science in the arms of peace is laid,

"And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.

"Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,

"Such was the people whose exploits I sung;

"Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,

"With different bays by Mars and Phœbus

"Crown'd;

"Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,

"But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

"If these commands submissive thou receive,

"Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,

"Envy to black Cocytus shall retire;

"And howl with furies in tormenting fire;

"Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,

"And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

TO LORD HERVEY.

IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE.

"Strenua nos exercet inertia : navibus atque [est;

"Quadrigris petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic

"Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus."

HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore,
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat.

Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style;

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At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
But, in its proper channels gliding fair,
A common benefit, which all may share.
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their

search is vain.
So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,

We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;

Through various toils to seek content we roam,

Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.

For not the ceaseless change of shifted place

Can from the heart a settled grief erase,

Nor can the purer balm of foreign air

Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.

The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,

Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,

From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,

Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;

With equal pain each different clime he tries,

And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions

flow,

Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?

Or how can aught but powerful reason cure

What front unthinking folly we endure?

Happy is he, and he alone, who knows

His heart's uneasy discord to compose;

In generous love of others good, to find

The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;

To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;

To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious

fear;

This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,

This was the sovereign good they justly sought;

This to no place or climate is confin'd,

But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my lord, that courts to you deny

The useful practice of philosophy :

Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,

Not always chose from greatness to retire;

But, in the palace of Augustus, knew

The same unerring maxims to pursue,

Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,

His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,

View all the giddy scene with sober thought;

Undazzled every glittering folly see,

And in the midst of slavish forms be free;

In its own centre keep your steady mind,

Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind,

In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,

But be a country gentleman at heart.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

M.DCC.XXXI.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,

R

For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy,
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

S O N G.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

S O N G.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

All I of Venus ask, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON AND DELIA.

In Imitation of Horace and Lydis.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

Damon.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how! —
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

Delia.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

Damon.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me with it had been less;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

Delia.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast;
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

Damon.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just:
Reason this faith may disapprove;
But I believe, because I love.

O D E.

In Imitation of Pastor Fido.

("O primavera gioventu del anno.")

WRITTEN ABROAD IN 1729.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful spring,
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
The amorous nightingale and poet sing!

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possess;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

R ij

Thy faded charms, which winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine
Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the
green, [bear:
Though on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint: for Delia is not there.
Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
From thee while absent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULUS.

TRANSLATED, 1729-30.

("Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.")

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
And, much possessing, labour still for more;
Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure, and indolently blest;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
I'll waste the wintery hours in social mirth;
In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
Or, while the wintery clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber assisted by the beating shower!
Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;
But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat:
For what reward so rich could fortune give,
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let Great Messalla shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
Me beauty holds, in strong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
How would I slight ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy should I think the woodland bed!
The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair-one's
Detests the gilded couch's useless pride, [side,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repose.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could
leave
For all the honours prosperous war can give;

Though through the vanquish'd east he spread his
fame,
And Parthian tyrants tremble at his name;
Though, bright in arms, while hosts around him
bleed,
With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
No pomps like these my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faltering hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia then, thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair:
Would not thy form; left on th' Elysiac coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.
But now nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal
joy:
We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all business, but delightful love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,
This hour is love's—be fortune's all the rest.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move
Which can be just and kind?
Is it, because you fear to share
The ills that love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?
Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

VERSES,

*Written at Mr. Pope's House at Twickenham, whither
he had lent to Mrs. Greville.*

IN AUGUST 1735.

Go, Thames, and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery side:
Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
The muse's green retreat,
With every smile of nature grac'd;
With every art complete,
But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

Yet still, for beauteous Greville's sake,
The muse's here remain;
Greville, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of every swain.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair:
But love can hope, where reason would despair.

TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM*.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740.

FAIR nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.
To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the muse alone inspir'd
I sung my amorous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian choir
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of love can be express'd,
In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

To him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than flow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
Another day or year to live;
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

* See the Inscriptions in Mr. West's Poems.

TO THE SAME.

To ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my absent fair
His richest treasure careful love had stor'd.

In every word a magic spell I found
Of power to charm each busy thought to rest;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses every sorrow at the sight;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or secure delight.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS,

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

To the same.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious
take.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone;
No other wish nor other object knows:
Oh! make her, goddess, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart secure repose!

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
No walls of brass, no steel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet,
Beneath th' accusom'd lime:

She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

"It was not thus, inconstant maid!
"You acted once," (the shepherd said)
"When love was in its prime:"

She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ to ease his pain,
But that she had not time.

How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.—

We soon must part for months, for years—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
But that she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

Your shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the
same,

Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole,
With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul?

Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that love alone inspires?
These, these are lost; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.

Yet, still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
I ought, but dare not try, to love you less;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can
move,

Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I say to my heart, "Be at rest, and believe
"That whom, once she has chosen she never will
"leave."

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face;
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my
love;

But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME.

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies;
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy!

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow;
Then off with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Written at Wickham in 1746.

TO THE SAME.

Ye sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before, impart?

Is it glad summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
Of rural bliss, was here before:
Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.

No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

Is it to love these new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving sun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, th' Italian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,
While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this strange increase of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience tried
How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE SAME LADY,

A Monody. A. D. 1747.

"Ipse cavā solans ægrum testudine amorem,
"Te dulcis conjux, te solo in litore secum,
"Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

At length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care, [share,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:
 Nor will she now with fond delight
 And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
 Reason's pure light and virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice;
 For her despising, when the deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the Spring:
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And every shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell;
 For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospects ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she prefer'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
 To your sequester'd dales,
 And flower embroider'd vales,
 From an admiring world she chose to fly:
 With nature there retir'd, and nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of
 truth?

O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
 woe,

And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
 Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your favouring power, Aonian
 maids,
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 What'er your ancient fates taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit
 glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Agauippe's fount your steps detain,
 Nor in the Theopian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on * Mincio's bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where through hanging woods,
 Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where § Meles or § Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now be seem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be
 left.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece
 and Rome;
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of reason and of fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

§ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melissigenes.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Of all these treasures that enrich her mind,
To black oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd.

At least, ye nine, her spotless name

'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.

Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb:

But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad, [urn
Thou plaintive muse, whom o'er his Laura's
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;

O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace:
How eloquent in every look [spoke!

Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted innocence!

Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:

How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,

Her kindly-melting heart

To every want and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!

Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,

Her gentle tears would fall,

Tears from sweet virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,

But strong and elevated was her mind:

A spirit that with noble pride

Could look superior down

On fortune's smile or frown;

That could without regret or pain

To virtue's lowliest duty sacrifice

Or interest or ambition's highest prize;

That, injur'd or offended, never tried

Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,

But by magnanimous disdain.

A wit that, temperately bright,

With inoffensive light

All pleasing shone; nor ever past

The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,

And sweet benevolence's mild command,

And bashful modesty, before it cast.

A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,

That nor too little nor too much believ'd,

That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,

And without weakness knew to be sincere.

Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,

Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,

In life's and glory's freshest bloom, [tomb.

Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintery tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend, and th' Italian queen.
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,

Cold with perpetual snows: [and dies.

The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves,

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,

With never-fading myrtles twin'd,

And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,

Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;

Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,

Tun'd by thy skilful hand,

To the soft notes of elegant desire,

With which o'er many a land

Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;

To me resign the vocal shell,

And teach my sorrows to relate

Their melancholy tale so well,

As may ev'n things inanimate, [move.

Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?

To thee thy mistress in the blissful band

Of Hymen never gave her hand;

The joys of wedded love were never thine:

In thy domestic care

She never bore a share,

Nor with endearing art

Would heal thy wounded heart

Of every secret grief that fester'd there:

Nor did her fond affection on the bed

Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head

Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,

And charm away the sense of pain:

Nor did she crown your mutual flame

With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me

Than when thy virgin charms

Were yielded to my arms,

How can my soul endure the loss of thee?

How in the world, to me a desert grown,

Abandon'd and alone,

Without my sweet companion can I live?

Without thy lovely smile,

The dear reward of every virtuous toil,

What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?

Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unhar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
could raise.

For my distracted mind

What succour can I find?

On whom for consolation shall I call?

Support me every friend;

Your kind assistance lend,

To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.

Alas! each friend of mine,

My dear departed love, so much was thine,

That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all :
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy
dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind ;
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again ;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain :
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious concord did our wishes bind :
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had
form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke :—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay ;
Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain, [fade ;
That all thy full-blown joys at once should
Was his most righteous will—and be that will
obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss ;
Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss.
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his pow'r ne'er to divide you
more.

ON THE SAME LADY.

To the
Memory of Lucy Lyttleton,
Daughter of Hugh Fortescue of Filleigh,
In the county of Devon, Esq.
Father to the present Earl of Clinton,
By Lucy his wife,
The daughter of Matthew Lord Aylmer,
Who departed this life the 19th of Jan. 1746-7.
Aged twenty-nine,
Having employed the short time assigned to
her here
In the uniform practice of religion and virtue.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
Though meek, magnanimous ; though witty, wife ;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of love ;
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was virtue by the Graces dress'd.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IV.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, 1725 *.

“ *Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,*” &c.
As the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,
When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast ;
Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractic'd foe ;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The scaly snake and crested dragon know :
Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood :
Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight :
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd ;
So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.
Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian prudence guides the youthful
flame,
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame ;
A valiant son springs from a valiant fire :
Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove ;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.
But education can the genius raise,
And wise instructions native virtue aid ;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.
Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Funic blood,
Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.
Of this be witness that auspicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,

* First printed with Wiff's translation of Pindar.
See the Preface to that Gentleman's Poems.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up
Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetic History.

First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray, [light.
 And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning
 Since the dire African with wasteful ire
 Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
 As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
 Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian sea.

From this bright era, from this prosperous field,
 The Roman glory dates her rising power;
 From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to
 wield,

Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:

"Like flags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
 Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
 Whom to elude and 'scape were victory:

"A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
 Hostile Aufonia, to thy destin'd shore
 Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,
 Through hangry seas and adverse tempests bore:

"As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
 Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness
 feel,

Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
 Draws health and vigour from the wounding
 steel.

"Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head,
 So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;

"Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
 Pregnant of hills, and fam'd for prodigies.

"Plunge her in ocean like the morning sun,
 Brighter she rises from the depths below:

"To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
 Recruits her strength, and foils the wonder-
 ing foe.

"No more of victory the joyful fame
 Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
 Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name!
 With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

"What shall the Claudian valour not perform
 Which Power Divine guards with propitious
 care, storm,

"Which wisdom steers through all the dangerous
 Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful
 war?"

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
 Happen'd to cross each other's way;
 Said Virtue, "Hark ye! madam Fame,
 Your ladyship is much to blame;
 Jove bids you always wait on me,
 And yet your face I seldom see:
 The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
 Or thundering through the ranks of war,
 Ambition ties you to her car."
 Saith Fame, "Dear madam, I protest,
 I never find myself so blest

"As when I humbly wait behind you!
 But 'tis so mighty hard to find you!
 In such obscure retreats you lurk!
 To seek you is an endless work."
 "Well," answer'd Virtue, "I allow
 Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
 I know (without offence to others)
 I know the best of wives and mothers;
 Who never pass'd an useless day
 In scandal, gossiping, or play:
 Whose modest wit, chastity by sense,
 Is lively cheerful innocence;
 Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
 Whose duty is her sole delight;
 Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
 Her parents joy, her husband's passion."
 Fame smil'd and answer'd, "On my life,
 This is some country parson's wife,
 Who never saw the court nor town,
 Whose face is homely as her gown;
 Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
 "No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
 I beg you'll let me set you right—
 'Tis one with every beauty bright;
 Adorn'd with every polish'd art
 That rank or fortune can impart;
 'Tis the most celebrated toast
 That Britain's spacious isle can boast;
 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
 'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame."

ADDITION EXTEMPORE,

BY EARL HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—strait replied,
 First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
 My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to sound
 Her modest praise the world around!
 But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
 A muse to sing her face, her mind?
 Believe me, I can name but one,
 A friend of yours—'tis Lyttleton."

LETTER TO EARL HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks to your Lordship for your
 addition to my verses. If you can write such ex-
 tempore, it is well for other poets, that you chose
 to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat.
 They explain to me a vision I had the night be-
 fore.

METHOUGHT I saw before my feet,
 With countenance serene and sweet,
 The muse, who, in my youthful days,
 Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
 She smil'd, and said, "Once more I see
 My fugitive return to me;
 Long had I lost you from my bower,
 You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
 With me no more your genius sported,
 The grave historic muse you courted;
 Or, rais'd from earth, with streaming eyes;
 Pursued Urania through the skies;

MISS

SUCH
 Of file
 Of Sil
 Accor
 Glory
 Peace
 Chaun
 Its me

" But now, to my forsaken track,
 " Fair Egremont has brought you back :
 " Nor blush, by her and virtue led,
 " That soft, that pleasing path to tread ;
 " For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
 " Ev'n wisdom's self shall deign to play,
 " Lo ! to my flowery groves and springs
 " Her favourite son the goddess brings,
 " The council's and the senate's guide :
 " Law's oracle, the nation's pride :
 " He comes, he joys with thee to join,
 " In singing Wyndham's charms divine :
 " To thine he adds his nobler lays ;
 " Ev'n thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
 " Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
 " His fame with burghers or with cit ;
 " For sure one line from such a bard,
 " Virtue would think her best reward."

HYMEN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
 This ode upon your wedding-day,
 The first indeed I ever made,
 For writing odes is not my trade :
 My head is full of household cares,
 And necessary dull affairs ;
 Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
 Will put me into doleful dumps.
 And then no clown beneath the sky
 Was e'er more ungallant than I ;
 For you alone I now think fit
 To turn a poet and a wit :—
 For you whose charms, I know not how,
 Have power to smooth the wrinkled brow,
 And make me, though by nature stupid,
 As brisk, and as alert as Cupid.
 These obligations to repay,
 Whene'er your happy nuptial day
 Shall with the circling years return,
 For you my torch shall brighter burn
 Than you first my power ador'd,
 Nor will I call myself your lord,
 But am, (as witness this my hand)
 Your humble servant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
 You, who are such a judge of style,
 To think that he these verses made,
 Without an abler penman's aid ;
 Observe them well, you'll plainly see,
 That every line was writ by me.

CUPID

ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS IN MANUSCRIPT.

Such were the notes that struck the wondering ear
 Of silent night, when, on the verdant banks
 Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
 According to seraphic voices, sung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men.—Resume the lyre,
 Chauntreils divine, and every Briton call
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,

More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
 The savage heart of brutal vice, and bend
 At pure religion's shrine the stubborn knees
 Of bold impiety.—Greece shall no more
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton muse,
 Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
 Of Britain's poetess, the virtues twine
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
 Of ——— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE gods, on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes ;
 " That place is mine," great Neptune cries :
 " Behold ! how proud o'er all the main
 " Those stately turrets seem to reign !
 " No views so grand on earth you see !
 " The matter too belongs to me :
 " I grant him my domain to share,
 " I bid his hand my trident bear."
 " The sea is your's, but mine the land,"
 Pallas replies ; " by me were plann'd
 " Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
 " That fort, which crown those island rocks :
 " The lady too is of my choir,
 " I taught her hand to touch the lyre ;
 " With every charm her mind I grac'd,
 " I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste."
 " Hold, madam," interrupted Venus,
 " The lady must be shar'd between us :
 " And surely mine is yonder grove,
 " So fine, so dark, so fit for love ;
 " Trees, such as in th' Italian glade,
 " Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade."
 Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came ;
 Each nymph alleg'd her lawful claim.
 But Jove, to finish the debate,
 Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate :
 " Nor god nor goddess, great or small,
 " That dwelling his or hers may call ;
 " I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

}

INVITATION.

TO THE DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN peace shall, on her downy wing,
 To France and England friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which envy's self disarms
 Of jealous hatred : Come and love
 That nation which you now approve.
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er he paid)
 For having with seducing art
 From Britain stol'n her Hervey's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's shore
 Their conquering standards to Hiberna bore,

Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
From British fires deriv'd thy genius came:
Its force its energy, to these it ow'd,
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir,
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple cheek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask:
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To clothe the spirit of the British lays.
Thus every flower which every muse's hand
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
The grateful song to his immortal praise.
Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string,
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unsullied, genuine dignity;
A nobler and sublime simplicity.
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shown:
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own;
And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE; *

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747.

Ye weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sydney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honour; such ingenious truth,
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd;
He, too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
The secret wish of every female's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, for his country dy'd.

* These verses having been originally written when the Author was in Opposition, concluded thus:

"But nobler far, and greater is the praise
"So bright to shine in these degenerate days:
"An age of heroes kindled Sidney's fire:
"His inborn worth alone could Grenville's deeds
"inspire."

But some years after, when his Lordship was with Ministry, he erased these four lines. See GENT. MAG. Vol. XLIX. p. 601.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT ETON-SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes who spy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wife,
Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all must love.
This magic power can make ev'n folly please,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens every charm in Celia's face.

SOME ADDITIONAL STANZAS

TO ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

In *Ariglo*.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
Orlando's wits had safely brought away;
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.
Of finest crystal were those bottles made,
Yet what was there enclos'd he could not see:
Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be,
"A wondrous thing it is," the Saint replied,
"Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
"An airy essence, not to be descried,
"Subtle and thin, that Maidenhead is hight.
"From earth each day in troops they hither come,
"And fill each hole and corner of the moon;
"For they are never easy while at home,
"Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon.
"When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
"For fear they should evaporate again;
"And hard it is a prison to invent,
"So volatile a spirit to retain.
"Those that to young and wanton girls belong
"Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burst the
"glafs:
"But those that have below been kept too long
"Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas!"
So spake the Saint, and wonder seiz'd the Knight,
As of each vessel he th' inscription read;
For various secrets there were brought to light;
Of which report on earth had nothing said.
Virginities, that close confin'd he thought
In t' other world, he found above the sky;
His sister's and his cousins there were brought,
Which made him swear, though good St. John
was by.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he espied
That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear:
"Ah, false and treacherous fugitive!" he cried,
"Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here.

" Did not thy owner, when we parted last,
 " Promise to keep thee safe for me alone ?
 " Scarce of our absence three short months are past,
 " And thou already from thy post art flown.
 " Be not enrag'd, replied th' Apostle kind—
 " Since that this maidenhead is thine by right,
 " Take it away; and, when thou hast a mind,
 " Carry it thither whence it took its flight."
 " Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous Knight,
 " The moon shall be no loser by your grace:
 " Let me but have the use on't for a night,
 " And I'll restore it to its present place."

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF VENICE PRESERVED.

In tender Orway's moving scenes we find
 What power the gods have to your sex assign'd:
 Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
 A woman had not propt her sinking state:
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;
 But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
 Still o'er the subject main her towers she rears,
 And stands a great example to mankind,
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
 Skillful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
 And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
 A mind, to honour false, to virtue true,
 In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
 Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost;
 Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
 His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
 Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
 Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
 Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

* " Hence may we learn, what passion fain
 " would hide,

" That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied.
 " Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
 " If angry Fortune on their union frown:
 " Soon will the flattering dreams of joy be o'er,
 " And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
 " Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 " With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain;
 " And that fond love, which should afford relief,
 " Does but augment the anguish of their grief:
 " While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
 " Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in love and fortune's power
 Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
 On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
 And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
 May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
 Bestow some happier Jaffier to your arms,

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in "Advice to a Lady;" but, as Lord Lyttelton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
 Whose fondness never may through care decay:
 Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
 And force each modest beauty into sight:
 So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
 No tempest crush the tender buds of joy;
 But all your hours in one gay circle move,
 Nor reason ever disagree with love!

ELEGY.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
 And doom'd its woes, without its joys to prove,
 Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
 The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
 Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
 To place some meaner idol in her shrine?
 O task, for feeble reason too severe!
 O lesson, nought could teach me but despair!
 Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight,
 They've view'd so oft with languishing delight?
 Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming
 sound

Seem'd to relieve, while it increas'd, my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
 To the soft notes of elegant desire?
 Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
 Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
 Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine,
 'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

INSCRIPTION

For a Bust of Lady Suffolk, designed to be set up in a
 Wood at Stowe, 1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made;
 But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

IN HER SICKNESS. FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
 Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
 Alas! I only wish for health again,
 Because I think my lover shares my pain:
 For what would health avail to wretched me,
 If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
 Myself I torture, while the world I cheat:
 Though prudence bids me strive to guard my
 fame,

Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame:
 Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
 Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
 Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;
 Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS,

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

("Quid quaeri, Labiene, jubes," &c.)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire,
 Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine inquire?

Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
 Or safely live, and be a king in Rome?
 If life be nothing more than death's delay;
 If impious force can honest minds dismay,
 Or probity may fortune's frown disdain;
 If well to mean is all that virtue can;
 And right, dependant on itself alone,
 Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
 Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
 The secret dictates of the Almighty will;
 This is his voice, be this our oracle.

When first his breath the seeds of life infill'd,
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
 Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
 Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd,
 There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
 Is there a temple of the Deity,
 Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole:
 And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
 Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
 This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
 Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
 With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
 I credit not what lying prophets tell—
 Death is the only certain oracle.
 Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
 This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

TO MR. GLOVER;

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

Go on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
 And think thy genius is thy country's due;
 To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
 But liberty and virtue claim thy song.
 Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
 The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
 Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
 By great examples drawn from better days:
 No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
 What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
 Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
 Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
 No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
 No social care, no labour for mankind,
 Where mean self-interest every action guides,
 In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
 Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
 And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
 Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
 Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
 Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
 That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
 That suffers public wrongs and public shame,
 In council insolent, in action tame:
 Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
 Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
 Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
 Her trade to guard, her harais'd poor to spare?

Is it like honest Somers, to inspire
 The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire?
 Is it, like wife Godolphin, to sustain
 The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
 Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
 Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?
 On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
 With partial wantonness, the golden shower,
 And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
 An injur'd nation's unavailing cries!
 Rouse, Britons, rouse! if sense of shame be weak,
 Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
 Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
 Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
 Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
 A calm spectatress of the general fate;
 Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
 Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
 O let us seize the moment in our power,
 Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
 No later term the angry gods ordain;
 This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
 The native majesty of freedom shines,
 Accept this friendly praise; and let me prove
 My heart not wholly void of public love:
 Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
 To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
 But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
 With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION,

In the Year 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
 Far, far superior to a cornet's name;
 This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
 So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
 The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
 He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

PROLOGUE

TO THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

Spoken by Mr. Quin.

I COME not here your candour to implore
 For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confin'd,
 No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
 He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
 Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)
 He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
 Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
 No words can speak it; but our tears may tell—
 O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
 O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
 O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
 Where will you find another breast like his?
 Such was the man—the poet well you know:
 Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe;

Oft in his crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste muse employ'd her heaven-taught
lyre

None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immortal, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart;
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive;
That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

EPILOGUE TO LILLO'S ELMERICK.

You, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd unbias'd, sit,
The *palatines* and guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play
No useful sense, no generous warmth convey;
If *syftian* here, through each unnatural scene,
In *strain'd conceits found high*, and *nothing mean*;
If *lofty dullness* for your vengeance call:
Like *Elmerick* judge, and let the *guilty fall*.
But if simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire:
If, like the action which these scenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If master-strokes the nobler passions move;
Then, like the *king*, *acquit us*, and *approve*.

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY.

I. On a View from an Alcove.

Viridantia tempe!
Tempe, quae sylvae cingunt superimpendentes.

II. On a Rocky Fancy Seat.

Ego lavdo rvis amoeni,
Rivos, et musco circumlita faxa nemusque.

III.

To the memory of
William Shenstone, Esquire;
In whose verses
Were all the natural graces,
And in whose manners
Was all the amiable simplicity,
Of pastoral poetry,
With the sweet tenderness
Of the elegiac.

IV. On the Pedestal of an Urn.*

Alexandro Pope;
Poetarum anglicanorum
Elegantissimo dulcissimoque;
Virorum castigatori acerrimo,
Sapientiae doctori suavissimo,
Sacra esto.
Ann. Dom. MDCCXLIV.

V. On a Bench.

Libet iacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
Modo in tenace Gramine;
Labuntur altis interim rivis aquae;
Quaeruntur in sylvis aves:
Fontesque lymphis obstreperunt Manantibus
Somnos quod invitet leves.

VI. On Thomson's Seat †.

Ingenio immortalis
Iacobi Thomson,
Poetae sublimis,
Viri boni;
Aedificium hanc, quem vivus dilexit,
Post mortem eius constructam,
Dicat dedicatque
Georgius Lyttelton.

* A Doric Portico in another part of the Park is honoured with the name of "Pope's Building," and inscribed, *Quieti et musis*.

† A very handsome and well-finished building, in an oblong line.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD MOORE.

Containing

FABLES,
TRIAL OF SELIM,

I

ODES,
SONGS,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

While here the poet paints the charms
Which bless the perfect dame,
How unaffected beauty warms,
And art preserves the flame!
How prudence, virtue, sense, agree
To bless the happy wife;
In *Lucy* and her book I see
The picture and the life.

Garrick's Verses Written in a Copy of Moore's Fables.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
EDWARD MOORE.

Containing

SONNETS,
AND
SONGS.

THE
LIFE OF EDWARD MOORE.

BY
J. H. ST. JOHN.

The whole is printed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

While here the poet paints the scene,
Which bless the poet's name,
How unaltered beauty wears,
And art preserves the name!
How pureness, virtue, taste, agree
To bless the happy wife;
To live and love, and I see
The bliss and the life.

(London: W. H. St. John is a copy of Moore's life.)

EDWARD MOORE:

PRINTED BY W. H. ST. JOHN, AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1794.

THE LIFE OF MOORE.

OF the personal history of Moore, the particulars which have been recorded by his biographers are insufficient to satisfy curiosity, and disproportionate to his reputation among the periodical essayists and the writers of verse.

The additional intelligence which the present writer has obtained, is general and scanty; but he has this gratification from giving it to the world, that it affords him an opportunity of recording his obligations to the Rev. Joshua Toulmin, the able and judicious "Historian of Taunton," and continuator of "Neale's History of the Puritans," for a particular account of his descent, birth, and education, drawn up, principally, on the information of his only surviving sister.

Edward Moore was born at Abingdon, in Berkshire, March 22. 1711-12. He was the third son of the Rev. Thomas Moore, M. A. pastor of a society of Protestant dissenters in that town, by Mary, daughter of Thomas Alder, gentleman, of Drayton, a neighbouring village. His grandfather, the Rev. John Moore of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford, had the curacy of Holnest in Dorsetshire, from which he was ejected by the act of uniformity. He became afterwards pastor to a large congregation of Protestant dissenters at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire. His father, in conjunction with his brother, the Rev. John Moore, M. A. conducted the tuition of youth designed for the ministry, or desirous of going through a course of academical learning, at Bridgewater, till he removed to Abingdon, where he died in the end of 1721, or the beginning of 1722.

The seminary at Bridgewater was supported by Mr. John Moore, through a period of more than fifty years (a small interruption in the latter end of Queen Anne's reign excepted, when he was obliged to secrete himself), till the time of his death, Dec. 31. 1748, with great credit and honour to himself, and great benefit to the interests of literature and religion. The only publication attributed to his father, is a tract on the controversy of the day, between the established church and the dissenters, intitled, "The Honesty of Protestant Dissenters vindicated, in answer to Mr. Peer's Character of an Honest Dissenter, in twelve marks, with some Remarks on the additional Preface;" written on liberal principles, with temper, judgment, and ability, not without a seasoning of smartness and wit.

He left seven children. John, born July 3. 1708, a dissenting minister, settled first at Swaffham, in Cambridgeshire, and then at Abingdon, truly respectable for abilities and character. He died September 22. 1774. Thomas, born 1709; Edward, the poet; Samuel, born April 8. 1714; Mary, born September 8. 1716, who died at Taunton, December 6. 1761; Elizabeth, born April 30. 1719, still living, on whose information this account is drawn up, and with whom the family will become extinct; Jane, born October 14. 1721, who died at Bridgewater, November 1790. His widow died in London about 1771, eighty-nine years of age, expressing to the last an affectionate remembrance of the excellencies of his character, and a mournful sense of her great loss in the removal of a most beloved husband, after a most happy union of about 20 years.

His father dying when he was about ten years old, the direction of his education was kindly undertaken by his uncle at Bridgewater. With him he spent some years of his early life, and was then removed to the school of East Orchard, in Dorsetshire.

His original destination appears to have been for trade; and, at a proper age, he was placed with one Mr. Gibson, a wholesale linen-draper in London. When he left this house, he went to Ireland, in the capacity of a factor, to one Mr. Johnson a merchant in the city, where he resided some years.

On his return from Ireland, he entered into a partnership in the linen trade with an Irish gentleman in London; but his success in business, though he conducted himself in it with ability and expertise, not answering his expectations, the connection was dissolved.

Whether from a stronger attachment to the study than the counter, from a more ardent zeal in the pursuit of fame than in the search after fortune, or from the cause assigned by himself, in the preface to the quarto edition of his works, 1756, that "his marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages, was more from necessity than inclination," he relinquished the business for which he was bred, became a candidate for fame, and courted the Muses.

It has been generally supposed that he never was in business on his own account; but that he had been engaged in business, will appear from the following stanza in his *Ode to Garrick, on the Talk of the Town on his Marriage*.

And then there's Belmont to be sure—
Oho! my gentle Noddy Moore,
How does my good Lord Mayor?
And have you left Chesapeake, my dear?
And will you write again next year,
And show your favourite player?

Attached to the Muses, he early courted public attention; and in 1744 produced his first performance, intitled, *Fables for the Female Sex*, which was favourably received.

Three of these fables, *The Sparrow and the Dove*, *The Female Seducers*, and *Love and Vanity*, were the production of his ingenious and amiable friend Henry Brooke, Esq. whose assistance he acknowledges in the preface, without distinguishing his share.

"To avoid the misfortunes that may attend me from any accidental success, I think it necessary to inform those who know me, that I have been assisted in the following papers by the author of 'Gustavus Vasa.' Let the crime of pleasing be his whose talents as a writer, and whose virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance."

The eulogy of his poetical associate, whose fables are no small ornament to his collection, is not overcharged. Brooke, with many peculiarities, was a man of knowledge and genius, and, what is much better, a most worthy man, and an excellent citizen.

In 1748, he undertook the defence of Lyttleton, in an ironical poem, called *The Trial of Selim the Persian, for High Crimes and Misdemeanors*; in which he has shown himself a perfect master of the most elegant kind of panegyric, such as is couched under the appearance of accusation; and for which he was paid with kind words, which, as is common, raised great hopes, that were at last disappointed.

The same year, he produced his first dramatic performance, *The Foundling*, a comedy, acted at Drury-Lane; but which, though aided by the performance of Garrick, Barry, Yates, Macklin, Mrs. Woffington, and Mrs. Cibber, and highly applauded and commended by Cibber, had but a moderate degree of success. On the first night of its appearance, the character of Faddle (which, it is said, was intended for one Russell) gave great disgust, and was therefore considerably curtailed in all the ensuing representations. It has not since that time been continued as an acting comedy, being generally considered as bearing too near a resemblance to Steele's "Conscious Lovers;" yet in some respects it is preferable to that play, as the intricacy of the plot is more natural, the characters of a more sprightly turn, and drawn in general from higher life, unmixed with the perverseness of a chambermaid coquet and kitchen coxcomb, on which the liveliness of Steele's play principally depends. The prologue was written by Brooke.

About this time he wrote *The Trial of Sarah* * * *, alias *Slim Sal*, a *jeu d'esprit*, occasioned by the vivacity and good humour with which he spent an evening, in a lively party of friends, at the house of ——— Palmer, Esq. at Eaton, near St. Neot's in Huntingdonshire. The lady, his daughter, the subject of its genteel wit, is still living.

In 1749, he complimented Garrick in an *Ode*, on his marriage with Madam Violetti; and the same year, August 10. he united himself in marriage with Miss Jenny Hamilton, a beautiful and accom-

plished woman, daughter of Mr. Hamilton, table-decker to the princesses, on which occasion Lyttleton stood father.

Miss Hamilton, it is said, had a poetical turn, and had expressed her partiality towards him in the following song, addressed to Miss Duck, daughter of the famous Stephen Duck, in which she quibbles on his name with great ingenuity and delicacy, and yet in a manner that expresses a sincere affection. This specimen of her poetry was handed about before their marriage, and printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and other miscellaneous collections of the times.

According to Mr. Toulmin's information, his attachment to Miss Hamilton, and the encouragement his addresses received, gave birth to this song, which was written by Dr. Francklin, the celebrated translator of "Æschylus" and "Lucian," personating Miss Hamilton.

Would you think it, my Duck, (for the fault I must own),
Your *Jenny* at last is quite covetous grown;
Her millions, if fortune should lavishly pour,
I still should be wretched if I had not *More*.

As gay as I am, should I spend half my days
In dances, and op'ras, ridottos, and plays,
Her fate your poor *Jenny* with tears would deplore,
For alas! my dear girl, what are those without *More*.

'Tis the same thing with pleasure, with money, with men,
And I think I shall never be happy again.
I've lovers, and dangles, and praters, good store,
And yet, like true women, I still sigh for *More*.

Mama she cries, *Jenny*, why all this ado,
You may have a husband, you know child, or two;
But I pouted, and whimper'd, and fretted, and swore
That I would not have one unless I had *More*.

The giant, poor devil, has just now been here,
And has offer'd to settle eight hundred a-year;
But I answer'd the wretch as I once did before,
You know it won't do, Sir, for I must have *More*.

Though the fool I despise should bespatter my fame,
Yet I think I'm as wise as some folks I could name;
I but worship that idol which others adore,
For those that have thousands would gladly have *More*.

Now, in spite of this craving, I vow and protest
That avarice ne'er had a place in my breast;
For I swear I'd not envy the miser his store,
Had I but enough for myself and one *More*.

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest as me;
But you shan't know his name, though I told you before
It begins with an *M*, but I dare not say *More*.

He had relied hitherto on his pen for support; and had some hope, from the notice taken of him by Lyttleton, of receiving from his assistance some permanent support. In this he was disappointed. From Garrick's friendship, however, he obtained some advantages.

In 1751, his comedy of *Gil Blas* was acted at Drury-Lane; and, though violently opposed, was carried through nine nights. This is the least meritorious of his dramas. The design is taken from the story of *Aurora* in the novel of "Gil Blas;" but bears too near a resemblance to the plot of the "Kind Impostor;" and he has deviated greatly from truth in the manners of his characters.

In 1753, his *Gamester*, a tragedy, was acted at Drury-Lane, and met with but middling success. As his *Gil Blas* had been forced upon the town several nights after the strongest public disapprobation of it had been expressed, it was thought by his friends that any piece acted under his name would be treated with vindictive severity. Spence, therefore, permitted it for the first four nights to be imputed to him; but immediately afterwards threw aside the mask, as he supposed the

success of the play to be no longer doubtful; when some of the very persons who had applauded it as his work, were among the foremost to condemn it as the performance of Moore.

This tragedy is written in prose. Some part of it was originally composed in blank verse, of which several vestiges remain. It is his best dramatic performance; and still keeps possession of the stage, where it has lately received every possible recommendation, by the appearance of Mrs. Siddons in the character of *Mrs. Beverley*. The language is nervous, and yet pathetic; the plot is artful, yet well conducted; the characters are strongly marked, yet not unnatural; and the catastrophe is truly tragic, yet not unjust. The distress was censured, on its first appearance, as too great to be borne, and the catastrophe as too horrible; for no other apparent reason, but because it too nearly touched a favourite and fashionable amusement. It was shown in MS. to Young, who approved it greatly, with this remarkable expression, that "gaming wanted such a caustic as the concluding scene of the play presented." In his preface, he says, "I should humbly presume that the working it up to any uncommon degree of horror is the merit of the play, and not its reproach. Nor should so prevailing and destructive a vice as gaming, be attacked upon the theatre, without impressing upon the imagination all the horrors that attend it."

In each of these performances, Garrick exerted himself both as an actor and an author. In the latter, he "distinguished himself," says his biographer, "by uncommon spirit in some scenes, and by great agonizing feelings in the last." Moore, in his preface, expresses his admiration of this inimitable performer: who, in the character of *Beverley*, exceeded every idea he had conceived of it in writing, and acknowledges himself indebted to him for many popular passages in the play. The scene, in particular, between *Lewson* and *Stukely*, has been ascribed wholly to Garrick.

In January 1753, he began a periodical paper, called *The World*, by *Adam Fitz-Adam*, which he carried on in weekly numbers, till February 1757. The design, as he explains it in the first number, "was to ridicule, with novelty and good humour, the fashions, follies, vices, and absurdities, of that part of the human species which we call the *World*, and to trace it through all its business, pleasures, and amusements." The wits of the age were invited to join in it, and gave it their assistance. The Hon. Horace Walpole, the present Earl of Orford, Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. the Earl of Corke, Sir David Dalrymple Lord Hailes, the Earl of Chesterfield, Dr. Warton, Whitehead, Lovibond, Jenyns, and other writers of eminence, as he expresses it, "ornamented this publication with their bounty, and honoured it with essays." The demand for it greatly exceeded expectation; and, during its appearance, it was the only fashionable vehicle in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public.

The first paper that Lord Chesterfield sent, being without any notice from whence it came, underwent but a slight inspection, and was very near being excluded on account of its length. This neglect would have stopped any further communications; but fortunately Lyttleton happening to call at Doddsley's, the paper was shown to him. He immediately knew the hand, and still more the manner of writing. Moore, being informed of the discovery, read the paper more attentively, discerned its beauties, and thought proper not only to publish it directly, but to introduce it with an apology for the delay, and a compliment to the writer.

From this time, as Mr. Toulmin informs the present writer, on the authority of Dr. Farr of Taunton, Lord Chesterfield carried his politeness and confidence in the publisher's taste and judgment so far, that when he sent a paper to be inserted, he gave him the liberty to publish it entirely, to alter any part of it, or to suppress it altogether.

On the same authority, it is alleged, that when Moore collected the papers for publication, he solicited leave to dedicate one of the volumes to Mr. Cambridge, who permitted it, upon condition that he himself should write the dedication. The delicacy with which he executed the task, will be readily perceived by the intelligent reader acquainted with this fact.

It is much to be lamented, that either honour or emolument should have been missed by Moore. All his exertions were, however, barely sufficient to ward off the inconveniences of poverty.

In 1755, he settled with his family at South Lambeth, and occupied the house which is now the property of Mr. Graham, where he had Cooke, the translator of "*Hesiod*," for his neighbour, with whom he had been acquainted before the publication of his *Fables*.

They both met at a club held weekly at the Vine and Royal Oak inns; which was usually composed, among others, of several literary characters; Dr. Howard, H. Hatfield, Sir Joseph Mawbey, Bart. &c. They lived on friendly terms with each other, though their manners and habits were very dissimilar.

"Cooke," says Sir Joseph Mawbey, in the account of his life, "Gentleman's Magazine," 1792, began the world with little fortune, and he was early thrown upon that own with strong passions, which, it is supposed, he gratified very freely in the early part of his life. He was, when I knew him, regular and sober, though convivial. No one enjoyed the pleasures of the table more than he, nor was more entertaining at it. Though he spoke with much freedom of men and things, and we did not think his strictures of either well founded, he had such a fund of general knowledge and anecdotes, without being in reality ill natured, that it was impossible for such as knew him thoroughly to avoid being pleased.

"He was, however, not unfrequently dictatorial and assuming, which often disgusted strangers, and made him feared by many. Moore, H. Hatfield, Dr. Howard, and many other lively companions, were visibly restrained by Cooke, who excelled them in learning, and whose spirits generally induced him to take the lead in company at times with infinite humour; at the same time, it must be allowed, few exceeded him in sprightliness and witty conversation."

In 1756, he published his works in a quarto volume, by subscription, with a dedication to the Duke of Newcastle; which contains a delicate compliment to his brother Mr. Pelham, who had honoured him with his patronage.

"Defects in this work," he says in the preface, "there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to mend as I could wish. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it), is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good humour. I have sent this my offspring into the world in as decent a dress as I was able; a legitimate one I am sure it is; and if it should be thought defective in strength, spirit, or vigour, let it be considered, that its father's marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination."

He continued *The World* until near the close of his life. The last proof sheet of the complete edition of that work was waiting for his correction, when he died at his house in South Lambeth, February 28. 1757, in the 45th year of his age. He was interred in the new burying ground belonging to Lambeth parish, near the High-street, without a stone to mark the place of his dust.

His death, it is said, was owing to his apothecary's too closely and injudiciously adhering to the physician's prescription. He had been visited by a severe rheumatic fever, in which he had lost the use of his limbs, so as not to be able to move a finger; but his recovery was fast advancing, when the physician was called to a distance, and directing the use of the bark, left him, in confidence of his restoration, to a state of convalescence. A cold and inflammation of the lungs coming on, and the use of the bark being continued, a fever ensued, which soon terminated fatally.

He left behind him an only son, of his own Christian name. Lord Chesterfield, with a kindness and generosity which will reflect everlasting honour on his name, took upon himself the care and expence of his education, till he was sixteen years of age, when he gave him a fortune of 500 l. He had first a place in the Salt Office; but inclining to the sea service, he afterwards went on board a man of war as a midshipman, and died at sea in 1773.

Mrs. Moore, after his death, obtained the place of necessary woman to the queen's private apartments, and still survives; cherishing an indelible and mournful remembrance of the virtues of a most affectionate consort, and much respected by a numerous and genteel acquaintance.

The World, which he just lived to complete, was published in 6 vols. 12mo. 1757. The subsequent editions, in 4 vols. are too numerous to be specified. His *Fables* have been frequently reprinted, and with his other poems have been received into the collection of the "Works of the English poets," 1790. In the present edition, the *Temple of Hymen* is inserted among the *Fables* contributed by Brooke, omitted in the former editions.

Of Brooke, this brief memorial may suffice. He was born in 1706. His father, the Rev. William Brooke of Rantavan, was rector of the parishes of Killinkare, Mullough, Mybullough, and

Licowie, in the county of Cavan in Ireland. His mother was a Digby. He was educated at Dr. Sheridan's school, and from thence removed to the Temple, in his sixteenth year. The engaging sweetness of his temper, and peculiar vivacity of his genius, caught the notice and esteem of the reigning wits. Swift prophesied wonders of him. Pope affectionately loved him. Thus flattered and encouraged, he returned to Ireland, and married privately his cousin, Miss Means, who had her first child before she was fourteen. He went a second time to London; but poetry was as fatal there as love had been in Ireland. The study of the law appeared drier than ever. He renewed his intimacy with Pope, and wrote his poem of "Universal Beauty" under his eye and criticism. Soon, however, he was obliged to return; family affairs demanded his presence. He practised for some time as chamber counsel. In 1737, he went a third time to England, where Pope received him with open arms. Lyttleton soon distinguished and cherished a mind and genius similar to his own. Pitt was particularly fond of him, and introduced him to the Prince of Wales, who caressed him with uncommon liberality, and presented him with many elegant and valuable tokens of his friendship. Here, flushed with ambition, glowing with emulation, and elevated with praise, he produced his tragedy of "Gustavus Vasa." Government took offence at the spirit of liberty which it breathed, and closed the theatres against it, but could not prevent its publication. Encouraged by his success, he took a house at Twickenham, and sent for Mrs. Brooke, who was proposed by the Prince to be nurse to his present Majesty. While every prospect smiled, he was seized with a violent and unconquerable ague, and ordered to return to his native air. He spent the remainder of his life in Ireland. While barrack master under Lord Chesterfield, while writer of the "Farmers Letters," &c. he passed, no doubt, through many busy and interesting scenes, but the particulars are not sufficiently known to be related with certainty. He left the country, and rented a house and farm in Kildare, where he resided for a few years. He afterwards took and improved a farm in the vicinity of the family estate. Shortly after his wife died, and with her all his happiness, and the best part of his existence. At length he withdrew to his paternal seat, where he devoted himself wholly to the Muses. He wrote several tragedies, and formed golden dreams of their success upon the English stage. From his interest with Garrick, but was disappointed. He tried the Irish stage, and was tolerably successful, but not equal to his hopes and his occasions. He was compelled to mortgage, and at last to sell, his paternal estate. From this time he secluded himself entirely from the world. The powers of his mind decayed, and his genius flashed but by fits. This is perceivable in the latter volumes of the "Fool of Quality," and his subsequent novel of "Juliet Grenville," which were the last of his writings. He died October 10. 1783. in the 77th year of his age.

He died as he lived, a Christian. With the meekness of a lamb, and the fortitude of a hero, he supported the tedious infirmities of age, the languors of sickness, and the pains of dissolution; and his death, like his life, was instructive.

Of nineteen children, two only survived him; a son in the army, since dead; and a daughter, who inherited his genius. She published a quarto volume of poems in 1792, and died in 1793.

His "Poetical Works," including fifteen plays, were collected into 4 vols. 8vo, 1778. His *Universal Beauty*, a philosophical poem in six books, "Two Books of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered," *Constantia*, or the Man of Law's Tale, modernized from Chaucer, "Redemption," a poem, "Conrade, a fragment," "The Fox Chase, a poem," &c., were recommended by the compiler of this collection, to be inserted with his *Fables*, in the "Works of the British Poets;" but have been excluded, in consequence of some arrangement relative to the extent of the collection.

The character of Moore, who seems destined as a Fabulist, to be inseparably connected with Brooke, was truly amiable and respectable. He had a peculiar sweetness of temper, and was a most entertaining and pleasing companion. The simplicity of his manners much endeared him to all his acquaintances, and makes them always speak of him with particular fondness and attachment. From the names of his coadjutors in the *World*, and of the persons to whom his several pieces are addressed, it appears that he was honoured with the friendship of almost all his contemporaries, who were themselves remarkable for talents and for learning; and, it is but justice to observe, that the papers written by him, will suffer no injury by a comparison with those of his coadjutors.

The following letter, furnished by Mr. Toulmin, is a specimen of the vivacity and wit, mingled with a strong portion of the moral sense, which was on all occasions natural to Moore. It is addressed to the Rev. John Ward, a dissenting minister at Taunton, who, venerable as he is himself for learning, worth, piety, and years, deems it an honour to have his name, connected with that of Moore. It was occasioned by his being prevented by Fielding's illness, from appointing an evening on which he might invite Mr. Ward to meet at his lodgings, some of the first wits of the day.

"It is not owing to forgetfulness that you have not heard from me before. Fielding continues to be visited for his sins, so as to be wheeled about from room to room: When he mends, I am fare to see him at my lodgings; and you may depend upon timely notice. What fine things are wit and beauty, if a man could be temperate with one, or a woman chaste with the other! But he that will confine his acquaintance to the sober and the modest, will generally find himself among the dull and the ugly. If this remark of mine should be thought to shoulder itself in without an introduction, you will be pleased to note, that Fielding is a wit; that his disorder is the gout, and intemperance the cause."

"Moore," says Sir Joseph Mawbey, who knew him well, "was cousin german to Fuller the banker (partner with Honeywood). He told me he had been in Ireland, on some scheme of business, I believe in the linen trade. He was a well-bred amiable man, and a cheerful witty and entertaining companion. Cooke and Moore had often proposed to themselves, and to me, considerable pleasure, in attending me at the next assizes of Surrey, of which it was known I was to be Sheriff in February 1757. Before such assize meeting in March, I had, alas! to regret the death of both my neighbours and friends, Cooke being buried on the 1st of January in that year, and Moore on the 5th of March following."

As a poet, his compositions are characterized by a refined elegance of sentiment, and a corresponding happiness of expression. He writes with neatness and terseness, but without much elevation or spirit. Though not a first-rate dramatist, his pleasing tragedy of the *Gamester* entitles him to rank above the middling class. The plots of his pieces are interesting, his characters well drawn, his sentiments delicate, and his language pleasing; but his greatest recommendation is the purity that runs through all his writings, and the apparent tendency of every piece towards the promotion of morality and virtue.

His *Fables*, the most popular of all his works, are equal to the best compositions of that kind in our language. In the freedom and ease of the versification, and in the forcibleness of the moral, and the poignancy of the satire, they approach nearer to the manner of Gay than any of the numerous imitations of that popular fabulist. In poetical spirit, beautiful imagery, and harmony of numbers, they possess an unquestionable superiority. They have not only great merit of the moral kind, but they delight us as a just picture of human life.

The *Four Fables* of Brooke may vie with almost every production of the kind, for poetical colouring, facility of versification, and strength of sentiment. They have all the flowing ease, clearness of expression, and poignancy of satire, that are to be found in Gay, and Moore; with more warmth of poetry and glow of sentiment. But, with all their merit, they are perhaps too extensive for that kind of writing. Fable should be short, strong in the application, quick in the effect, and poignant in the moral. The *Temple of Hymen*, is properly an allegorical tale: It is flowing, clear, and poetical; and ends with a well turned compliment to Lord Charlemont. The *Sparrow* and the *Dove* breathes throughout the true spirit of poetry; but perspicuity is sometimes lost in the flight of the Muse. Perhaps the connection and conduct of the fable would not be injured by the omission of about 150 lines, beginning—*Freedom restrain'd by reason's force*, and ending—*While swelling with the darling theme*. The abstruse reasoning and philosophy, which might figure well in another place, are very improper in the character of the *Dove*. The *Female Seducers* is a superlative performance; perspicuity, without which genius wants its best support, is sometimes wanting; but all the pictures and descriptions are very highly coloured, and the versification is exquisitely polished and harmonious. *Love and Vanity* has great strength and vigour of poetry, and some of those peculiarities which run through the great variety of his performances.

The "verses written in a copy of Moore's fables," by Garrick, are not only a handsome compliment to the fair possessor of it, but truly descriptive of the nature and merit of the work, and indirectly a fine encomium on it.

While here the poet paints the charms

Which blest the perfect dame,

How unaffected beauty warms,

And art preserves the flame.

How prudence, virtue, sense, agree,

To form the happy wife;

In *Lucy*, and her book, I see

The picture and the life.

Sir Joseph Mawbey has transcribed, from Cooke's Common-place-book, his "remarks on Moore's Fables;" which the worthy baronet believes "will be allowed to be very just by every lover of poetry."

"June 1743, I read sixteen fables in manuscript, wrote by Mr. Edward Moore. The ninth, *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat*, is a very pretty fable; and there are great elegancies in the introduction. The sixteenth, and last fable, called *The Female Seducers*, is a charming, elegant poem. These two fables are far superior to the rest, and are unexceptionably good. The diction is such as the province of poetry requires; and there are many delicacies in sentiment and expression; and the imagery is strong and delightful. The other fables have their merit; but have many imperfections which, I doubt not, the author will remove before they are printed. The versification, through all, is sweet, with very few exceptions. His images are, some of them, lovely, and lovelily clothed. The following four verses are from the ninth fable, addressed to a lady.

Sweet are the flow'rs, that deck the field;

Sweet are the flowers the blossoms yield;

Sweet is the summer gale that blows;

And sweet, though sweeter you, the rose."

"Here is true simplicity and sweetness. Speaking in the last fable of the dissolution of things, he has some of the beautifullest images I desire to see in poetry; as these lines.

Gone like traces on the deep,

Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep;

Dews exhal'd from sunny glades,

Melting snows and gliding shades.

Sir Joseph Mawbey justly observes, that Cooke "might have given many other extracts from them, equally beautiful." He appears to have been unacquainted with the real author of *The Female Seducers*.

Of his miscellaneous pieces, the most considerable is, *The Trial of Selim*, which contains much fine irony, expressed in elegant versification. His *Odes* are pleasing and poetical; but have not the fire and enthusiasm, which belong to the higher kinds of lyric poetry. His *Songs* may be justly ranked among the best compositions of the kind in our language. They are simple, elegant, and sprightly in the highest degree.

"His poetical works," says Sir Joseph Mawbey, "have established his name for genius, though they did not procure him much fortune, nor patrons to place him in a state of independency. There is an easy elegance in his compositions, which renders them as pleasing as any in the English language."

THE WORKS OF MOORE.

To His Grace

THOMAS HOLLES, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

My Lord,

HAD I the honour of being personally known to your Grace, I had not thus presumptuously addressed you, without previous solicitation for so great an indulgence. But that your Grace may neither be surprised nor offended at the liberty I am taking, my plea is, that the great and good man, whose name is prefixed to the first of these poems, was a friend and benefactor to me. The favours I have received at his hands, and the kind assurances he was pleased to give to me of their continuance, which his death only prevented, have left me to lament my own private loss amidst the general concern. It is from these favours and assurances that I flatter myself with having a kind of privilege to address your Grace upon this occasion, and to entreat your patronage of the following sheets. I pretended to no merit with Mr. Pelham, except that of honouring his virtues, and wishing to have been serviceable to them: I pretend to no other with your Grace. My hopes are, that while you are fulfilling every generous

intention of the brother whom you loved, your Grace will not think me unworthy of some small share of that notice, with which he was once pleased to honour me.

I will not detain your Grace to echo back the voice of a whole people in favour of your just and prudent administration of public affairs. That the salutary measures you are pursuing may be as productive of tranquillity and honour to your Grace, as they are of happiness to these kingdoms, is the sincere wish of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

most humble,

most obedient,

and

most devoted Servant,

Tully's Head, Pall-Mall, }
Feb. 26. 1756.

EDWARD MOORE.

P R E F A C E.

MOST of the following poems have already made their appearance in detached pieces; but as many of them were printed without a name, I was advised by some particular friends to collect them into a volume, and publish them by subscription. The painful task of soliciting such a subscription was chiefly undertaken by those friends, and with such spirit and zeal, that I should be greatly wanting in gratitude, if I neglected any opportunity, either public or private, of making them my most sincere acknowledgments. I am also obliged to a very valuable friend in Ireland for a considerable number of subscribers in that kingdom, a list of whose names I have not been favoured with, and for which I was desirous not to delay publication. I mention this seeming neglect, that my friends on that side the water may not accuse me of any disrespect.

Such as the work now is, I submit it to the public. Defects in it there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to amend as I could wish. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good-humour. Those parts of it that have been published singly, had the good fortune to please; those that are now added will, I hope, be no discredit to them. Upon the whole, I have sent this my offspring into the world in as decent a dress as I was able; a legitimate one I am sure it is; and if it should be thought defective in strength, spirit, or vigour, let it be considered that its father's marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination.

P O E M S.

THE DISCOVERY:

AN ODE

To the Right Honourable
HENRY PELHAM.

—— Vir bonus est quis? Hor.

TAKE wing, my muse! from shore to shore
Fly, and that happy place explore
Where virtue deigns to dwell;
If yet she treads on British ground,
Where can the fugitive be found,
In city, court, or cell?

Not there, where wine and frantic mirth
Unite the sensual sons of earth
In pleasure's thoughtless train;
Nor yet where sanctity's a show,
Where souls nor joy nor pity know
For human bliss or pain.

Her social heart alike disowns
The race, who shunning crowds and thrones,
In shades sequester'd doze;
Whose sloth no generous care can wake,
Who rot like weeds on Lethe's lake,
In senseless, vile repose.

With these she shuns the factious tribe,
Who spurn the yet unoffer'd bribe,
And at corruption lour;
Waiting till discord havoc cries,
In hopes, like Cataline, to rise
On anarchy to pow'r!

Ye wits, who boast from ancient times,
A right divine to scourge our crimes,
Is it with you she rests?

No. Int'rest, slander are your views,
And virtue now, with every muse,
Flies your unhallow'd breasts.

There was a time, I heard her say,
Ere females were seduc'd by play,
When beauty was her throne;
But now, where dwelt the soft desires,
The suries light forbidden fires,
To love and her unknown.

From these th' indignant goddess flies,
And where the spires of science rise,
A while suspends her wing;

But pedant pride and rage are there,
And faction tainting all the air,
And pois'ning every spring.

Long through the sky's wide pathless way
The muse observ'd the wand'rer stray,
And mark'd her last retreat;
O'er Surrey's barren heaths she flew,
Descending like the silent dew
On Eiber's peaceful feat.

There she beholds the gentle Mole
His pensive waters calmly roll,
Amidst Elysian ground:
There through the windings of the grove
She leads her family of love,
And strews her sweets around.

I hear her bid the daughters fair
Oft to yon gloomy grott repair,
Her secret steps to meet;
Nor thou, she cries, these shades forsake,
But come, lov'd comfort, come and make
The husband's bliss complete.

Yet not too much the soothing ease
Of rural indolence shall please
My Pelham's ardent breast;
The man whom virtue calls her own
Must stand the pillar of a throne,
And make a nation blest.

Pelham! 'tis thine with temp'rate zeal
To guard Britannia's public weal,
Attack'd on every part:
Her fatal discords to compose,
Unite her friends, disarm her foes,
Demands thy head and heart.

When bold rebellion shook the land,
Ere yet from William's dauntless hand
Her barbarous army fled;
When valour droop'd, and wisdom fear'd,
Thy voice-expiring credit heard,
And rais'd her languid head.

Now by thy strong assisting hand,
Fix'd on a rock I see her stand,
Against whose solid feet,
In vain, through every future age,
The loudest, most tempestuous rage
Of angry war shall beat.

And grieve not if the sons of strife
Attempt to cloud thy spotless life;
And shade its brightest scenes;
Wretches, by kindness unobdu'd,
Who see, who share the common good,
Yet cavi'l at the means.

Like these, the metaphysic crew,
Proud to be singular and new,
Think all they see deceit;
Are warm'd and cherish'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heav'nly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

THE TRIAL
OF
SELIM THE PERSIAN*,

FOR DIVERS HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEAMEANORS.

THE court was met; the pris'ner brought;
The counsel with instructions fraught;
And evidence prepar'd at large,
On oath, to vindicate the charge.
But first 'tis meet, where form denies
Poetic helps of fancy'd lies,
Gay metaphors, and figures fine,
And similes to deck the line;
'Tis meet (as we before have said)
To call description to our aid.

Begin we then (as first 'tis fitting)
With the three chiefs in judgment sitting.
Above the rest, and in the chair,
Sat Faction with dissembled air;
Her tongue was skill'd in specious lies,
And murmurs, whence dissensions rise;
A smiling mask her features veil'd,
Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd;
With study'd blandishments she bow'd,
And drew the captivated crowd.
The next in place, and on the right,
Sat Envy, hideous to the sight;
Her snaky locks, her hollow eyes,
And haggard form forbade disguise;
Pale discontent and sullen hate
Upon her wrinkled forehead sat;
Her left hand, clench'd, her cheek sustain'd,
Her right (with many a murder stain'd)
A dagger clutch'd, in act to strike,
With starts of rage, and aim oblique.

Last on the left was Clamour seen,
Of stature vast, and horrid mien;
With blotted cheeks, and frantic eyes,
She sent her yellings to the skies;
Prepar'd with trumpet in her hand,
To blow sedition o'er the land.

With these, four more of lesser fame,
And humbler rank, attendant came;
Hypocrisy with smiling grace,
And Impudence with brazen face,

Contention bold, with iron lungs,
And Slander with her hundred tongues.

The walls in sculptur'd tale were rich,
And statues proud (in many a nich)
Of chiefs, who fought in faction's cause,
And perish'd for contempt of laws.
The roof in vary'd light and shade,
The feat of anarchy display'd.
Triumphant o'er a falling throne
(By emblematic figures known)
Confusion rag'd, and lust obscene,
And riot with distemper'd mien,
And outrage bold, and mischief dire,
And devastation clad in fire.
Prone on the ground a martial maid
Expiring lay, and groan'd for aid;
Her shield with many a stab was pierc'd,
Her laurels torn, her spear revers'd;
And near her, crouch'd amidst the spoils,
A lion panted in the toils.

With look compos'd the pris'ner stood,
And modest pride. By turns he view'd
The court, the counsel, and the crowd,
And with submissive reverence bow'd.

Proceed we now, in humbler strains,
And lighter rhymes, with what remains.

Th' indictment grievously set forth,
That Selim, lost to patriot worth,
(In company with one Will Pitt*,
And many more, not taken yet)
In forty-five, the royal palace †
Did enter, and to shame grown callous,
Did then and there his faith forsake,
And did accept, receive, and take,
With mischievous intent and base,
Value unknown, a certain place.

He was a second time indicted,
For that, by evil zeal excited,
With learning more than layman's share,
(Which parsons want, and he might spare)
In letter to one Gilbert West ‡,
He, the said Selim, did attest,
Maintain, support, and make assertion
Of certain points, from Paul's conversion,
By means whereof the said apostle
Did many an unbeliever jostle,
Starting unfashionable fancies,
And building truths on known romances.

A third charge ran, that knowing well
Wits only eat as pamphlets sell,
He, the said Selim, notwithstanding,
Did fall to answer, shaming, branding
Three curious letters to the Whigs §;
Making no reader care three figs
For any facts contain'd therein;
By which uncharitable sin

* Afterwards Earl of Chatham.

† Mr. Lyttleton was appointed a Lord of the Treasury, 25th Dec. 1744.

‡ Intituled, "Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul. In a Letter to Gilbert West, Esq." 8vo 1747.

§ Intituled, "Three Letters to the Whigs; occasioned by the Letter to the Tories," 8vo. 1748.

* George Lyttleton, Esq. afterwards Lord Lyttleton. The Persian Letters of this nobleman were written under the character of Selim, which occasioned Mr. Moore to give him the same name in this poem.

An author, modest and deserving,
Was destin'd to contempt and starving;
Against the king, his crown and peace,
And all the statutes in that case.

The pleader rose with brief full charg'd,
And on the pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd—
But not to damp the muse's fire.
With rhet'ric, such as courts require,
We'll try to keep the reader warm,
And sift the matter from the form.
Virtue and social love, he said,
And honour from the land were fled;
That patriots now, like other folks,
Were made the butt of vulgar jokes;
While Opposition dropp'd her crest,
And courted pow'r for wealth and rest.
Why some folks laugh'd, and some folks rail'd,
Why some submitted, some assail'd,
Angry or pleas'd—all solv'd the doubt
With who were in, and who were out.
The sons of Clamour grew so sickly,
They look'd for dissolution quickly;
Their weekly journals, finely written,
Were sunk in privies all both—n;
Old-England*, and the London-Evening,
Hardly a soul was found believing in;
And Caleb †, once so bold and strong,
Was stupid now, and always wrong.

Ask ye whence rose this foul disgrace?
Why Selim has receiv'd a place,
And thereby brought the cause to shame;
Proving that people, void of blame,
Might serve their country and their king,
By making both the self-same thing:
By which the credulous believ'd,
And others (by strange arts deceiv'd)
That ministers were sometimes right,
And meant not to destroy us quite.

That hart'ring thus in state affairs,
He next must deal in sacred wars,
The clergy's rights divine invade,
And smuggle in the gospel-trade:
And all this zeal to reinstate
Exploded notions, out of date;
Sending old rakes to church in shoals,
Like children, sniv'ling for their souls;
And ladies gay, from smut and libels,
To learn beliefs, and read their Bibles;
Erecting conscience for a tutor,
To damn the present by the future:
As if to evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal;
When all of human life we know
Is care, and bitterness, and woe,
With short transitions of delight,
To set the shatter'd spirits right.
Then why such mighty pains and care,
To make us humbler than we are?
Forbidding short-liv'd mirth and laughter,
By fears of what may come hereafter?

* An Opposition Paper at that time published, in which Mr. Lyttleton was frequently abused.

† Caleb D'Anvers, the name assumed by the writers of the Craftsman.

Better in ignorance to dwell;
None fear, but who believe a hell;
And if there should be one, no doubt,
Men of themselves would find it out.

But Selim's crimes, he said, went further,
And barely stopp'd on this side murder;
One yet remain'd to close the charge,
To which (with leave) he'd speak at large.
And, first, 'twas needful to premise,
That though so long (for reasons wife)
The press inviolate had stood,
Productive of the public good;
Yet still, too modest to abuse,
It rail'd at vice, but told not whole.
That great improvements, of late days,
Were made, to many an author's praise,
Who, not so scrupulously nice,
Proclaim'd the person with the vice;
Or gave, where vices might be wanted,
The name, and took the rest for granted.
Upon this plan, a champion * rose,
Unrighteous greatness to oppose,
Proving the man "inventus non est,"
Who trades in pow'r, and still is honest;
And (God be prais'd) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain junto soundly.
But chief his anger was directed,
Where people least of all suspected;
And Selim, not so strong as tall,
Beneath his grasp appear'd to fall.
But Innocence (as people say)
Stood by, and sav'd him in the fray,
By her assisted, and one Truth,
A busy, prating, forward youth,
He rally'd all his strength anew,
And at the foe a letter threw †:
His weakest part the weapon found,
And brought him senseless to the ground.
Hence Opposition fled the field,
And ignorance with her seven-fold shield;
And well they might, for (things weigh'd fully)
The pris'ner with his whore and bully,
Must prove for every foe too hard,
Who never fought with such a guard.
But Truth and Innocence, he said,
Would stand him here in little stead;
For they had evidence on oath,
That would appear too hard for both.
Of witnesses a fearful train
Came next, th' indictments to sustain;
Detraction, Hatred, and Distrust,
And party, of all foes the worst,
Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,
And Disappointment worn with grief,
Dishonour foul, unaw'd by shame,
And every fiend that vice can name.
All these in ample form depos'd,
Each fact the triple charge disclos'd,
With taunts and gibes of bitter sort,
And asking vengeance from the court.

* Author of the Letters to the Whigs.

† Probably, "A Congratulatory Letter to Selim on the Letters to the Whigs," 8vo. 1748.

The pris'ner said in his defence,
That he indeed had small pretence
To soften facts so deeply sworn;
But would for his offences mourn;
Yet more he hop'd than bare repentance
Might still be urg'd to ward the sentence.
That he had held a place some years,
He own'd with penitence and tears,
But took it not from motives base,
Th' indictment there mistook the case;
And though he had betray'd his trust
In being to his country just,
Neglecting Faction and her friends,
He did it not for wicked ends,
But that complaints and feuds might cease,
And jarring parties mix in peace.

That what he wrote to Gilbert West,
Bore hard against him, he confess'd;
Yet there they wrong'd him; for the fact is,
He reason'd for belief, not practice;
And people might believe, he thought,
Though practice might be deem'd a fault.
He either dream'd it, or was told,
Religion was rever'd of old,
That it gave breeding no offence,
And was no foe to wit and sense;
But whether this was truth, or whim,
He would not say: the doubt with him
(And no great harm he hop'd) was, how
Th' enlighten'd world would take it now;
If they admitted it, 'twas well;
If not, he never talk'd of hell;
Nor even hop'd to change men's measures,
Or frighten ladies from their pleasures.

One accusation, he confess'd,
Had touch'd him more than all the rest;
Three patriot-letters, high in fame,
By him o'erthrown, and brought to shame.
And though it was a rule in vogue,
If one man call'd another rogue,
The party injur'd might reply,
And on his foe retort the lie;
Yet what accru'd from all his labour,
But foul dishonour to his neighbour?
And he's a most unchristian elf,
Who others damns to save himself.
Besides, as all men knew, he said,
Those letters only rail'd for bread;
And hunger was a known excuse
For prostitution and abuse:
A guinea, properly apply'd,
Had made the writer change his side;
He wish'd he had not cut and carv'd him,
And own'd, he should have bought, not starv'd
him.

The court, he said, knew all the rest,
And must proceed as they thought best;
Only he hop'd such resignation
Would plead some little mitigation;
And if his character was clear
From other faults (and friends were near,
Who would, when call'd upon, attest it)
He did in humblest form request it,
To be from punishment exempt,
And only suffer their contempt.

The pris'ner's friends their claim prefer'd,
In turn demanding to be heard,
Integrity and Honour swore,
Benevolence, and twenty more,
That he was always of their party,
And that they knew him firm and hearty,
Religion, sober dame, attended,
And, as she could, his cause befriended.
She said, 'twas since he came from college,
She knew him introduc'd by knowledge:
The man was modest and sincere,
Nor farther could she interfere.
The Muses begg'd to interpose;
But Envy with loud hissings rose,
And call'd them women of ill fame,
Liars, and prostitutes to shame;
And said, to all the world 'twas known,
Selim had had them every one.
The pris'ner blush'd, the Muses frown'd,
When silence was proclaim'd around;
And Faction, rising with the rest,
In form the pris'ner thus address'd.

You, Selim, thrice have been indicted:
First, that by wicked pride excited,
And bent your country to disgrace,
You have receiv'd, and held a place:
Next, infidelity to wound,
You've dar'd, with arguments profound,
To drive freethinking to a stand;
And with religion vex the land:
And lastly, in contempt of right,
With horrid and unnat'ral spite,
You have an author's fame o'erthrown,
Thereby to build and fence your own.

These crimes successive, on your trial,
Have met with proofs beyond denial;
To which yourself, with shame, conceded,
And but in mitigation pleaded.
Yet that the justice of the court
May suffer not in men's report,
Judgment a moment I suspend,
To reason as from friend to friend.

And first, that you, of all mankind,
With kings and courts should stain your mind!
You! who were Opposition's lord!
Her nerves, her sinews, and her sword!
That you at last, for servile ends,
Should wound the bowels of her friends!
Is aggravation of offence,
That leaves for mercy no pretence.
Yet more——For you to urge your hate,
And back the church, to aid the state!
For you to publish such a letter!
You! who have known religion better!
For you, I say, to introduce
The fraud again!—there's no excuse.
And last of all, to crown your shame,
Was it for you to load with blame
The writings of a patriot-youth,
And summon Innocence and Truth
To prop your cause?——Was this for
you?

But justice does your crimes pursue;
And sentence now alone remains,
Which thus, by me, the court ordains:

"That you return from whence you came,
 "There to be stript of all your fame
 "By vulgar hands; that once a week
 "Old-England pinch you till you squeak;
 "That ribbald pamphlets do pursue you,
 "And lies and murmurs, to undo you;
 "With every foe that worth procures,
 "And only virtue's friends be yours."

ODE TO GARRICK,

UPON THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not
 "think I should live till I were married."

Much Ado about Nothing.

No, no; the left-hand box, in blue;
 There! don't you see her?—"See her! Who?"

Nay, hang me if I tell.

There's Garrick in the music box!
 Watch but his eyes; see there—"O pox!"

"Your servant, Ma'moiselle!"

But tell me, David, is it true?
 Lord help us! what will some folks do?

How will they curse this stranger!

What! fairly taken in for life!

A sober, serious, wedded wife!

O fie upon you, Ranger!

The clergy too have join'd the chat;

"A papist!—Has he thought of that?"

"Or means he to convert her?"

Troth, boy, unless your zeal be stout,

The nymph may turn your faith about,

By arguments experter.

The ladies, pale and out of breath,

Wild as the witches in Macbeth,

Ask if the "deed be done!"

O, David! listen to my lay!

I'll prophecy the things, they'll say,

For tongues you know, will run.

"And pray, what other news d'ye hear?"

"Marry'd!—But don't you think my dear,

"He's growing out of fashion?"

"People may fancy what they will,

"But Quin's the only actor still,

"To touch the tender passion.

"Nay, madam, did you mind, last night,

"His Archer? Not a line on't right?

"I thought I heard some hisses.

"Good God! if Billy Mills, thought I,

"Or Billy Havard would but try,

"They'd beat him all to pieces.

"'Twas prudent though to drop his Bayes—

"And (entre nous) the Laureat says,

"He hopes he'll give up Richard,

"But then it tickles me to see,

"In Hastings, such a shrimp as he

"Attempt to ravish Pritchard.

"The fellow pleas'd me well enough

"In — what d'ye call it? Hoadley's stuff;

"There's something there like nature:

"Just so, in life, he runs about,

"Plays at bo-peep, now in, now out,

"But hurts no mortal creature.

"And then there's Belmont, to be sure—

"O ho! my gentle Neddy Moore!

"How does my good Lord Mayor?

"And have you left Cheapside, my dear!

"And will you write again next year,

"To show your fav'rite player?

"But Merope, we own, is fine,

"Eumenes charms in every line;

"How prettily he vapours!

"So gay his dress, so young his look,

"One would have sworn 'twas Mr. Cook,

"Or Mathews, cutting capers!"

Thus, David, will the ladies flout,

And councils hold at every rout,

To alter all your plays;

Yates shall be Benedick next year,

Macklin the Richard, Taswell Lear,

And Kitty Clive be Bayes.

Two parts they readily allow

Are yours; but not one more, they vow;

And thus they close their spite:

You will be Sir John Brute, they say,

A very Sir John Brute all day,

And Fribble all the night.

But tell me, fair ones, is it so?

"You all did love him once *," we know;

What then provokes your gall?

Forbear to rail—I'll tell you why;

Quarrels may come, or madam die,

And then there's hope for all.

And now a word or two remains,

Sweet Davy, and I clofe my strains;

Think well ere you engage;

Vapours and ague-fits may come,

And matrimonial claims at home,

Unnerve you for the stage.

But if you find your spirits right,

Your mind at ease, your body tight,

Take her; you can't do better.

A pex upon the tatting town!

The fops that join to cry her down,

Would give their ears to get her.

Then if her heart be good and kind,

(And sure that face bespeaks a mind

As soft as woman's can be)

You'll grow as constant as a dove,

And taste the purer sweets of love,

Unvisited by Ranby.

ENVY AND FORTUNE:

A TALE.

TO MRS. GARRICK.

SAYS Envy to Fortune, "Soft, soft, Madam Flirt!

"Not so fast with your wheel, you'll be down in

"the dirt!

"Well, and how does your David? Indeed, my

"dear creature, [nature;

"You've shown him a wonderful deal of good—

"His bags are so full, and such praises his due,

"That the like was ne'er known—and all owing

"to you:

* *Julius Caesar.*

"But why won't you make him quite happy for
"life, [wife?"]

"And to all you have done add the gift of a
Says Fortune, and smil'd; "Madam Envy, God
save ye!

"But why always sneering at me and poor Davy?

"I own that sometimes, in contempt of all rules,

"I lavish my favours on blockheads and fools;

"But the case is quite different here, I aver it,

"For David ne'er knew me, till brought me by
"merit.

"And yet to convince you—nay, Madam, no
"hisses— [is—"]

"Good manners at least—such behaviour as this
(For mention but Merit, and Envy flies out
With a hiss and a yell that would silence a rout.

But Fortune went on)—"To convince you, I say,

"That I honour your scheme, I'll about it to-day;

"The man shall be marry'd, so pray now be easy,

"And Garrick for once shall do something to
"please ye."

So saying, she rattled her wheel out of sight,
While Envy walk'd after, and grinn'd with de-
light. [brewing,

It seems 'twas a trick that she long had been
To marry poor David, and so be his ruin:

For Slander had told her the creature lov'd self,

And car'd not a fig for a soul but himself;

From thence she was sure, had the Devil a daugh-
ter, [her:

He'd snap at the girl, so 'twas Fortune that brought

And then should her temper be fullen or haughty,

Her flesh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,

'T would fret the poor fellow so out of his reason,

That Barry and Quin would set fashions next
season.

But Fortune, who saw what the Fury design'd,

Resolv'd to get David a wife to his mind;

Yet afraid of herself in a matter so nice,

She visited Prudence, and begg'd her advice.

The nymph shook her head when the business she
knew,

And said that her female acquaintance were few;

That excepting Miss R * * —O, yes, there was
one,

A friend of that lady's, she visited none;

But the first was too great, and the last was too
good,

And as for the rest, she might get whom she cou'd.

Away hurried Fortune, perplex'd and half mad,

But her promise was pass'd, and a wife must be had:

She travers'd the town from one corner to t'other,

Now knocking at one door, and then at another.

The girls curtiy'd low as she look'd in their faces,

And bridg'd and primm'd with abundance of
graces:

But this was coquettish, and that was a prude,

One stupid and dull, t'other noisy and rude;

A third was affected, quite careless a fourth,

With prate without meaning, and pride without
worth;

A fifth, and a sixth, and a seventh were such

As either knew nothing, or something too much—

In short as they pass'd, she to all had objections;

The gay wanted thought, the good-humour'd af-
fections,

VOL X.

The prudent were ugly, the sensible dirty,
And all of them flirts, from fifteen up to thirty.

When Fortune saw this she began to look silly,

Yet still she went on till she reach'd Piccadilly;

But vex'd and fatigu'd, and the night growing late,

She rested her wheel within Burlington gate.

My lady rose up, as she saw her come in, [been?"]

"O ho, madam Genius! pray where have you

(For her ladyship thought, from so serious an air,

'T was Genius come home, for it seems she liv'd
there.)

But Fortune, not minding her ladyship's blunder,
And wiping her forehead, cry'd, "Well may you
wonder [case,

"To see me thus flurr'd;"—then told her the
And sigh'd till her ladyship laugh'd in her face.

"Mighty civil indeed!"—"Come, a truce, says
"my lady, [ye.

"A truce with complaints, and perhaps I may aid

"I'll show you a girl that—Here, Martin! go
"tell!

"But she's gone to undress; by and by is as
"well—

"I'll show you a sight that you'll fancy uncommon,
"Wit, beauty, and goodness, all met in a woman;

"A heart to no folly or mischief inclin'd,

"A body all grace, and all sweetness a mind."

"O, pray let me see her," says Fortune, and
"smil'd, [child—

"Do but give her to me, and I'll make her my

"But who, my dear, who?—for you have not
"told yet"—

"Who, indeed, says my lady, if not Violette?"

The words were scarce spoke when she enter'd
the room;

A blush at the stranger still brighten'd her bloom;

So humble her looks were, so mild was her air,

That Fortune, astonish'd, sat mute in her chair.

My lady rose up, and with countenance bland,

"This is Fortune, my dear," and presented her
hand:

The goddess embrac'd her; and call'd her her own,

And, compliments over, her errand made known.

But how the sweet girl colour'd, flutter'd, and
trembled,

How oft she said no, and how ill she dissembled;

Or how little David rejoic'd at the news,

And swore, from all others, 'twas her he would
chose;

What methods he try'd, and what arts to prevail;

All these, were they told, would but burden my
tale—

In short, all affairs were so happily carry'd,

That hardly six weeks pass'd away till they mar-
ry'd.

But Envy grew sick when the story she heard,

Violette was the girl that of all she most fear'd;

She knew her good-humour, her beauty and
sweetness, [ness;

Her ease and compliance, her taste and her neat-

From these she was sure that her man could not
roam,

And must rise on the stage, from contentment at
home:

So on she went hissing, and inwardly curs'd her,

And Garrick next season will certainly burst her.

To the Right Honourable
HENRY PELHAM,

*The Humble Petition of the Worshipful Company of
Poets and News-Writers,*

SHEWETH

THAT your Honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of scandal, for mending the times)
By losses in business, and England's well-doing,
Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That these their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,

Arise not from dulness, as some folks believe,
But from rubs in your way which your Honour
has laid,

And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of
their use,

And meant their last breath should go out in abuse;
But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears)
Since your Honour has sat at the helm of affairs,
No party will join them, no faction invite [write.
To heed what they say, or to read what they
Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord are fled,
And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—
In short, public business is so carry'd on,
That their country is sav'd, and the patriots undone.

To perplex them still more, and sure famine to
bring,

(Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting)
If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise,
Your Honour regards not, and nobody pays.

Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly entreat
(As the times will allow, and your Honour thinks
me) [complaint

That measures be chang'd, and some cause of
Be immediately furnish'd, to end their restraint:
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.

Or else (if your wisdom should deem it all one)
Now the Parliament's rising, and business is done,
That your Honour would please, at this dangerous
crisis,

To take to your bosom a few private vices,
By which your petitioners haply might thrive,
And keep both themselves and Contention alive.

In compassion, good Sir, give them something
to say,

And your Homer's petitioners ever shall pray.

THE

TRIAL OF SARAH * * * *, ALIAS SLIM SAL,

FOR PRIVATELY STEALING.

THE pris'ner was at large indicted,
For that by thirst of gain excited,
One day in July last, at tea,
And in the house of Mrs. P.
From the left breast of E. M. gent.
With base felonious intent,
Did then and there a heart with strings,
Rest, quiet, peace, and other things,
Steal rob and plunder; and all them
The chattels of the said E. M.

The prosecutor swore, last May

(The month he knew, but not the day)

He left his friends in town, and went
Upon a visit down in Kent:

That staying there a month or two,

He spent his time as others do,

In riding, walking, fishing, swimming;

But being much inclin'd to women,

And young and wild, and no great reasoner,

He got acquainted with the prisoner.

He own'd, 'twas rumour'd in those parts

That she had a trick of stealing hearts,

And from fifteen to twenty-two,

Had made the devil and all to do:

But Mr. W. the vicar,

(And no man brews you better liquor)

Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,

The frolics of a girl forsooth:

Things new were on another score,

He said; for she was twenty-four.

However, to make matters short,

And not to trespass on the court,

The lady was discover'd soon,

And thus it was. One afternoon,

The ninth of July last, or near it,

(As to the day, he could not swear it)

In company at Mrs. P.'s,

Where folks say any thing they please;

Dean L. and Lady Mary by,

And Fanny waiting on Miss Y.

(He own'd he was inclin'd to think

Both were a little in their drink)

The pris'ner ask'd, and call'd him cousin,

How many kisses made a dozen?

That being, as he own'd, in liquor,

The question made his blood run quicker,

And, sense and reason in eclipse,

He vow'd he'd score them on her lips.

That rising up to keep his word,

He got as far as kiss the third,

And would have counted t' other nine,

And so all present did opine,

But that he felt a sudden dizziness,

That quite undid him for the business:

His speech, he said, began to falter,

His eyes to stare, his mouth to water,

His breast to thump without cessation,

And all within one conflagration.

Bless me! says Fanny, what's the matter?

And Lady Mary look'd hard at her,

And stamp'd, and wish'd the pris'ner further;

And cry'd out, Part them, or there's murder!

That still he held the pris'ner fast,

And would have stood it to the last;

But struggling to go through the rest,

He felt a pain across his breast,

A sort of sudden twinge, he said,

That seem'd almost to strike him dead,

And after that such cruel smarting,

He thought the soul and body parting.

That then he let the pris'ner go,

And stagger'd off a step or so;

And thinking that his heart was ill,

He begg'd of Miss Y.'s maid to feel.

That Fanny steep'd before the rest,

And laid her hand upon his breast;

Sat, mercy on us! what a stare
The creature gave! No heart was there;
Soule went her fingers in the hole,
Whence heart, and strings, and all were stole.
That Fanny turn'd, and told the prisoner,
She was a thief, and so she'd christen her;
And that it was a burning shame,
And brought the house an evil name;
And if she did not put the heart in,
The man would pine and die for certain.
The pris'ner then was in her airs,
And bid her mind her own affairs;
And told his reverence, and the rest of 'em,
She was as honest as the best of 'em.
That Lady Mary and Dean L.
Rise up and said, 'Twas mighty well,
But that, in general terms they said it,
A heart was gone, and some one had it:
Words would not do, for search they must,
And search they would, and her the first.
That then the pris'ner dropp'd her anger,
And said, she hop'd they would not hang her;
That all she did was meant in jest,
And there the heart was, and the rest.
That then the Dean cry'd out, O fie!
And sent in haste for Justice I.
Who, though he knew her friends and pity'd her,
Call'd her hard names, and so committed her.

The parties present swore the same;
And Fanny said, the pris'ner's name
Had frighten'd all the country round;
And glad she was the bill was found.
She knew a man, who knew another,
Who knew the very party's brother,
Who lost his heart by mere surprise,
One morning looking at her eyes;
And others had been known to squeak,
Who only chanc'd to hear her speak:
For she had words of such a sort,
That though she knew no reason for't,
Would make a man of sense run mad,
And risk him of all he had.
And that she'd rob the whole community,
If ever she had opportunity.

The pris'ner now first silence broke,
And curtsy'd round her as she spoke.
She own'd, she said, it much incens'd her,
To hear such matters sworn against her,
But that she hop'd to keep her temper,
And prove herself "eodem sensu."
That what the prosecutor swore
Was some part true, and some part more:
She own'd she had been often seen with him,
And laugh'd and chatted on the green with him;
The fellow seem'd to have humanity,
And told her tales that sooth'd her vanity,
Pretending that he lov'd her vastly,
And that all women else look'd ghastly.
But then she hop'd the court would think
She never was inclin'd to drink,
Or suffer hands like his to daub her, or
Encourage men to kiss and slobber her;
She'd have folks know she did not love it,
Or if she did, she was above it.
But this, she said, was sworn of course,
To prove her giddy, and then worse;

As the whole conduct was thought "levis,"
Might very well be reckon'd thievish.
She hop'd, she said, the court's discerning
Would pay some honour to her learning,
For every day from four to past six,
She went up stairs, and read the classics.
Thus having clear'd herself of levity,
The rest, she said, would come with brevity;
And first, it injur'd not her honour
To own the heart was found upon her;
For she could prove, and did aver,
The paltry thing belong'd to her:
The fact was thus. This prince of knaves
Was once the humblest of her slaves,
And often had confess'd the dart
Her eyes had lodg'd within his heart:
That she, as 'twas her constant fashion,
Made great diversion of his passion;
Which set his blood in such a ferment,
As seem'd to threaten his interment:
That then she was afraid of losing him,
And so desisted from abusing him;
And often came and felt his pulse,
And bid him write to Doctor Hulse.
The prosecutor thank'd her kindly,
And sigh'd, and said she look'd divinely;
But told her that his heart was barling,
And doctors he had little trust in;
He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
And hop'd 'twould mend if once she kept it:
That having no aversion to it
she said, with all her soul, she'd do it;
But then she begg'd him to remember,
If he should need it in December,
(For winter months would make folks shiver;
Who wanted either heart or liver)
It never could return; and added,
'Twas her's for life, if once she had it.
The prosecutor said, Amen,
And that he wish'd it not again;
And took it from his breast and gave her,
And bow'd, and thank'd her for the favour;
But begg'd the thing might not be spoke of;
As heartless men were made a joke of.
That next day, whilp'ring him about it,
And asking how he felt without it,
He sigh'd, and cry'd, Alack! alack!
And begg'd, and pray'd to have it back;
Or that she'd give him her's instead on't;
But she conceiv'd there was no need on't;
And said, and bid him make no pother,
He should have neither one nor t'other.
That then he rav'd and storm'd like fury;
And said, that one was his "de jure,"
And rather than he'd leave pursuing her,
He'd swear a robbery, and ruin her.
That this was truth she did aver,
Whatever hap betided her;
Only that Mrs. P. she said,
Miss Y. and her deluded maid,
And Lady Mary, and his reverence,
Were folks to whom she paid some deference;
And that she verily believ'd
They were not perjurd, but deceiv'd.
Then Doctor D. begg'd leave to speak,
And sigh'd as if his heart would break.

He said, that he was madam's surgeon,
Or rather, as in Greek chyrurgeon,
From "cheir, manus, ergon, opus"
(As scope is from the Latin "scopus")
That he, he said, had known the prisoner
From the first sun that ever rise on her;
And griev'd he was to see her there;
But took upon himself to swear,
There was not to be found in nature
A sweeter or a better creature;
And if the King (God blefs him) knew her,
He'd leave St. James's to get to her:
But then as to the fact in question,
He knew no more on't than Hephæstion;
It might be false, and might be true;
And this, he said, was all he knew.

The judge proceeded to the charge,
And gave the evidence at large,
But often cast a sheep's eye at her,
And strove to mitigate the matter,
Pretending facts were not so clear,
And mercy ought to interfere.

The jury then withdrew a moment,
As if on weighty points to comment;
And right or wrong, resolv'd to save her,
They gave a verdict in her favour.

But why or wherefore things were so,
It matters not for us to know
: he culprit, by escape grown bold,
Pillfers alike from young and old,
The country all around her teazes,
And robs or murders whom she pleases.

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following Fables were written at intervals, when I found myself in humour, and disengaged from matters of greater moment. As they are the writings of an idle hour, so they are intended for the reading of those, whose only business is amusement. My hopes of profit, or applause, are not immoderate; nor have I printed through necessity, or request of friends. I have leave from her Royal Highness to address her, and I claim the fair for my readers. My fears are lighter than my expectations: I wrote to please myself, and I publish to please others; and this so universally, that I have not wished for correctness to rob the critic of his censure, or my friend of the laugh.

My intimates are few, and I am not solicitous to increase them. I have learnt, that where the writer would please, the man should be unknown.

An author is the reverse of all other objects, and magnifies by distance, but diminishes by approach. His private attachments must give place to public favour; for no man can forgive his friend the ill-natured attempt of being thought wiser than himself.

To avoid, therefore, the misfortunes that may attend me from any accidental success, I think it necessary to inform those who know me, that I have been assisted in the following papers by the author of *Gustavus Vasa* *. Let the crime of pleasing be his, whose talents as a writer, and whose virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance.

* *Henry Brooke, Esq.*

FABLE I.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, fair excellence, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart;
And show the paths, that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.
I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions understood;
Your monument if actions raise,
Shall I deface by idle praise?
I echo not the voice of fame,
That dwells delighted on your name;

Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain;
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent, in charity, my ipse.
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all, promiscuous as they pass;
Should folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror's true;
If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-soothing page,
While satire, that offends the ear
Of vice and passion, pleases her.

Premising this, your anger spare,
And claim the fable you who dare.

THE birds in place, by factions press'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd;
By specious lies the state was vex'd,
Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their suit. The eagle late,
Decider of the grand debate.

The pie, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard.
Says he, prolixity of phrase
You know I hate. This libel says,
"Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
"Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice,
"And skill'd to chatter out the hour,
"Rife by their emptiness to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you'll readily agree;
Yet well this sage assembly knows,
By parts to government I rose;
My prudent counsels prop the state;
Magpies were never known to prate.

The kite rose up. His honest heart
In virtue's suff'rings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew;
So far the libeller said true;
"Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
"Who knew no int'rest but their own;
"Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
"Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd."
This might be true, but if apply'd
To him, in troth, the slanderer ly'd.
Since ign'rance then might be mis'd,
Such things, he thought, were best unsaid.
The crow was vex'd. As yester-morn
He flew across the new-sown corn,
A screaming boy was set for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found out him in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.

The owl arose, with solemn face,
And thus harang'd upon the case.
That magpies prate, it may be true,
A kite may be voracious too,
Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease;
He libels not, who strikes at these;
The slander's here—"But there are birds,
"Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words;
"Blund'rers, who level in the dark,
"And always shoot beside the mark."
He names not me; but these are hints,
Which manifest at whom he squints;
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To question if he meant an owl.

Ye wretches, hence! the eagle cries,
'Tis conscience, conscience that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm;
While guilt, and his associate fear,
Are startled at the passing air.

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE man, who seeks to win the fair,
So custom says) must truth forbear;

Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raise the goddess to the sky.
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeness, which she cannot bear.
A rudeness? Yes. I speak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Cloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie!
And still to make you less my friend,
I strive your errors to amend!
But shall the senseless sop impart
The softest passion to your heart,
While he, who tells you honest truth,
And points to happiness your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot.
And lives neglected, and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease
Your taste for flattery I could please,
And smiles in each dull line,
Like glowworms in the dark, should shine.
What if I say your lips disclose
The freshness of the opening rose?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enrich'd by refreshing showers?
Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
Time every beauty will invade.
The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flow'r resembles you;
Fair, flut'ring, sickle, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing,
Gaily coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth should last?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known;
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth, that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms, which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and ask to what intent
This blunt address to you is sent?
I'll spare the question, and confess
I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude, while you are vain.

BENEATH a lion's peaceful reign,
When beasts met friendly on the plain,
A panther, of majestic port,
(The vainest female of the court)
With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every bosom with desire.
Where'er she mov'd, a servile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd;
Assemblies every week she held,
(Like modern belles) with cockcombs fill'd,
Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
And lies and scandal fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantastic thing,
Encircled by the spacious ring.
Low bowing, with important look,
As first in rank the monkey spoke.
"Gad take me, Madam, but I swear,
"No angel ever look'd so fair:
"Forgive my rudeness, but I vow,
"You were not quite divine till now;
"Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!
"O, close them, or the gazer dies."
Nay, gentle pug for goodness hush,
I vow, and swear, you make me blush;
I shall be angry at this rate.
'Tis so like flattery, which I hate.

The fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain,
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That pug was rival'd in his art.

The goat avow'd his anxious flame;
And burnt—for what he durst not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd; but yet she must confess,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The hog her neatness much admir'd;
The formal ass her swiftness fir'd;
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.

The horse, whose generous heart disdain'd
Applause, by servile flattery gain'd,
With graceful courage, silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke.

When flattery monkeys fawn, and prate,
They justly raise contempt or hate;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends;
From the vile flatterer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray.
Dismiss the train of sops, and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom's rules;
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an ape?

He said; and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and fought the plain.

FABLE III.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily, and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

ONE night, a glowworm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glittering train,
Cry'd, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth, to live and shine.
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glowworms of the sky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A nightingale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke.
Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

FABLE IV.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'y'e say? Nay, then 'tis time;
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay—The settlement! "That's made."
Why then's my simple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.

THE shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in the caverns hush'd,
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait.
Behind him, through the green-wood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd,
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
Out-went his pace, and join'd his side.
The chat on various subjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began.

Relentless Death, whose iron sway
Mortals reluctant must obey,
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts
All over stuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.

Shall not the bloody and the bold,
The miser, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle, and the kind,
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?

The monarch calmly thus reply'd:
Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be justly laid;
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus sends;
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife
Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me; more than all mankind,
Your vot'ries my compassion find;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
Who seek the wretched to release;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indissoluble but for me.

'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me, your crowded altars smoke:
For mortals boldly dare the noose,
Secure that death will set them loose.

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

Why, Cælia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Dittain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace,
As nature every morn bestows
The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that fours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then, and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But every woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd your husband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty power to bless?

Pursue it still: be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
A poet sung his tuneful lay;
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
Apollo, and the muses there.

Through all the town his praises rung,
His sonnets at the play-house sung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddesses Want her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth, of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Ditchard d his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,
Who, but the poet, and my lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the generous wines;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddess flew.

Now, dropt for politics, and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muse;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.

With just contempt his patron saw,
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late repenting fool bespoke.

Blind to the good that courts thee grows,
Whence has the sun of favour shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'st the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts, that taught them first to rise.

FABLE VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

Duty demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that, is due obedience shown;
To choose, belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A WOLF, rapacious, rough and bold,
Whose mighty plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.

His purpose known, the savage race,
In num'rous crowds, attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws,
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd, as at early dawn,
He follicary crofs'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew;
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimblest speed the wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the dam bespoke.

Stray, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near;
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder business brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter—Sweet, forgive
A wolf's address—in her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightning came,
And set my marrow all on flame;
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth, and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep.

Discourse like this, attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;
Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
Of settlements, and jointure talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her commands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
To Mi's her happy fate she tells;
And of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mania best knew
What inexperienced girls should do;
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
A formalist the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant-mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
Reluctant, meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;

But (as we find human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorise the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he fought;
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach balk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws;
Food must be had, and lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.
Is this (dissembling sage, he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride?

That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chase?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
To scent his footsteps on the ground?
Thou trait'ress vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!

So saying, on the lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

FABLE VII.

THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior grace enchants
The face, which nature's pencil paints
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good-humour sit,
And easy gaiety, and wit!

Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder, more than love,
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, less fair?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom that emulates the rose,
Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care the still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the crowd,
At every public show are seen,
With look awry, and awkward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may under-do her part,
But seldom wants the help of art;

Trust her; she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say, geese hobble in their pace;
Look here! the stand'rous lie detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder! Lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stript, I'd pawn my word.
A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting, crows the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,
Again, what arrogance we feel!
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall every fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd.

Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride;
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And show thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock.
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.

Learn hence to study wisdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
And striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

FABLE VIII.

THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

LOVE! thou divinest good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know!
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.

The bounteous God of nature made
The sexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he assign'd
That soft'ning goodness of mind,

That can, by sympathy, impart
Its likeness to the roughest heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish every blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay,

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould,
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste and sense,
And courage, for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies, when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's fow'reign, and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles, invade
The weakness he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence?

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tiger, or the pard
Meant the benighted traveller's guard;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance, to betray;
His strength against the weak employs,
And where he should protect, destroys.

PAST twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the studious lawyer ply'd;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to fight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook,
Loose every joint, and pale his look;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
(A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
Canst thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Justice grown so strange a name?
Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My sacred temple to protect.
That thou, and all thy venal tribe
Should spurn the goddess for the bribe?
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Justice has neither ears, nor eyes;

In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
And rarely issues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd.
The trembling lawyer thus return'd.

I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak th' excuse that can be made;
Yet search the spacious globe, and see
If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, skill'd in Romish lies,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes;
O'er confidence rides without controul,
And robs the man to save his soul.

The doctor, with important face,
By sly design, mistakes the case;
Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.

The soldier, rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour justice in my breast?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd,
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others' frauds excuse thy own?
For sickly souls the priest was made;
Physicians, for the body's aid;
The soldier guarded liberty;
Man woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithless to their trust.
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That justice from the law is fled.

She spoke; and hid in shades her face
Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace.

FABLE IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said, that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead frowns,
As if her merit lessen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All must be blind, because you see.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lily's inowy white,
That throws such beauties on the fight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That these are neither sweet, nor fair,

The crystal shines with fainter rays,
Before the diamond's brighter blaze;
And fops will say, the diamond dies,
Before the lustre of your eyes:

But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.
When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs, that deck the field;
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
And sweet, though sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you;
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

As at his board a farmer sate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat.
His favourite spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
'Till fated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
Her modest worth the master knew.
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw:
Enrag'd the snarling cur awoke.
And thus, with spiteful envy, spoke.

They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat.
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game;
Or, plunging in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves, his fleecy sheep;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breast with kindness glows;
For this, his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you?

I own (with meekness puffs reply'd)
Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well:
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pill'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me?

Thy words are just, the farmer cry'd,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

TABLE X.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

THE nymph, who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood,
With silken line, my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
Along the forest as we stray'd,
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
Left, heedless, we approach'd too near?
For as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?

The maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals,
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Cælia struts in man's attire,
She shows too much to raise desire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fox; for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook, and bait alike;
While salmon play regardless by,
Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

BENEATH a peasant's homely thatch,
A spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or flutt'ring, struggled in the toils,
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.

A straying bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more;
A thoughtless fly or two, at most,
Is all the conquest thou canst boast;
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.

The gaudy tulip, thus displays
Her spreading foliage to the gaze;
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to every wanton breeze,
Attracts not me; where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie;

Reluctant, she my ardour meets,
And bashful, renders up her sweets.

To wiser head-attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend.
She, who with modesty retires,
Aids fuel to her lover's fires,
While such incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own schemes undo.

TABLE XI.

THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

'Tis true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice,
And peevish grow, and sick to hear
His exclamations O how fair!
I listen not to wild delights,
And transports of expected nights:
What is to me your hoard of charms
The whiteness of your neck and arms
Needs there no acquisition more,
To keep contention from the door?
Yes: pass a fortnight, and you'll find,
All beauty cloy, but of the mind.

Sense and good humour ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love.
Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,
You never think but to perplex,
Coquetting it with every ape
That struts abroad in human shape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast:
To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey,
The tyrant-mistress change for life,
To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend.

Reluctant, hear the first address,
Think often, ere you answer, yes;
But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes.
With caution every look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the generous breast a wound,
Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
Nor use your power, unless to please;
For fools alone with rigour sway,
When soon, or late, they must obey.

THE king of brutes, in life's decline,
Resolv'd dominion to resign;
The beasts were summon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came; a day was fix'd: the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train.

Why cringe my friends with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And ere we feel it, own his power?
The counsels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wise;

Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn;
At others' woes be taught to melt,
And loathe the ills himself has felt.

He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride.
The youthful lion thus reply'd.

What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules;
To them return; in such a cause,
From only such expect applause;
The partial sex I not condemn,
For liking those, who copy them.

Would'st thou the generous lion bind,
By kindness bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessons not their debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good, from others he receives:
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays, with int'rest, scorn for scorn.

FABLE XII.

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
Why so averse, so coy to man?
Did nature, lavish of her care,
From her best pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?
And miser-like, withhold that store,
Which, by imparting, blestness more?

Beauty's a gift, by heav'n assign'd,
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And though by warring years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal?
The summer of your youth to rove,
A stranger to the joys of love?
Then, when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breast.
For blooming beauty, once possess'd:
How will you curse that stubborn pride,
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And sailing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind?

Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you, I write my tale.

A COLT, for blood, and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength, and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropp'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound;
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.

As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliverance near.
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat;
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woeful plight,
His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
And, friendly, to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
In slothful ease, all night he lay;
The servants rose at break of day;
The market calls. Along the road,
His back must bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he struggles, or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;
While scanty meals, at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
By arrogance and folly led,
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson nature taught,
Then had I, like my fires of yore,
The prize from every courser bore;
While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now lasting servitude's my lot,
My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot,
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.

FABLE XIII.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

To know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;

If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When mifs comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no curtly going out,
Depend upon't, mamma is one,
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.

If bottled beer her thirst assuage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts and workings of the spirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy, but death, remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet to such a wife.
At home, superior wit she vaunts,
And twists her husband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground:
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order, but of soul;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace
Fill up the intermediate space.
Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
Is never still, and always wrong;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands, with truth and sense, at bay.

If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there,
She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, Lord help us! what a creature!
Melissa, if the moral strike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.

An owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd every grocers shop;
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
And strip, for science, every pye.
For modern poetry, and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to every art and science,
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom with that haste,
That sits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,
One ev'ning, as he musing stood,
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And, creeching, interrupts the song.
Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplations soar.
What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance, and noise?

Be wise. True harmony, thou'lt find,
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And, if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men:
So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance and pride,
Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man.
No useless authors we molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their ev'nings with a song.

Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applause;
While nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An owl is scorn'd alike by both.

FABLE XIV.

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN*.

As on my couch supine I lay,
Like others, dreaming life away;
Methought, expanded to my sight,
A temple rear'd its stately height.
All ready built, without omitting
One ornament, for temples fitting.

Large look'd the pile, sublime and fair;
But "Who the Godhead worship'd there?"
This to inquire, appearing meet,
Imagination lent me feet,
And thither, without further cavil,
I fairly undertook to travel.

At once, in bright procession spied,
The female world was at my side,
Mingled, like many colour'd patterns,
Nymphs, mes dames, trollops, belles, and flatterers,
From point, and faucy ermine, down
To the plain coil, and russet gown;
All, by inquiry as I found,
On one important errand bound.

Their van, to either tropic spread,
Forerunning expectation led;
Pleasure the female-standard bore,
And youth danc'd lightly on before;
While prudence, judgment, sense, and taste,
The few directing virtues, plac'd

* This and the three following Fables were written by Henry Brooke, Esq., author of "Gustavus Vasa," the Earl of Essex, "Fool of Quality," &c. The three last were originally printed in Moore's Fables. The first is inserted in this present edition, from Brooke's "Plays and Poems," 8vo. 1778, as a suitable companion to the rest.

To form and guide a woman's mind,
Discarded, sigh'd and slunk behind.

At length in jubilee arriving,
Where dwelt the jolly god of wineing,
All prest promiscuously to enter,
Nor once reflected on the venture.
But here, the muse, affecting state,
Beckon'd her clamorous sex to wait,
Left such a rendezvous should hinder
To say what past, the while, within door.

Against the portal, full in sight,
His sable vesture starr'd like night,
High thron'd upon an ebon seat,
Beneath a canopy of state,

That o'er his dusky temples nodded,
Was fi'd the matrimonial godhead.

Low at his feet, in pomp display'd,
The world's collected wealth was laid:
Where bags of mammon, pil'd around,
And chests on chests, o'erwhelm'd the ground,
With bills, bonds, parchments, the appointers
Of doweries, settlements, and jointures;
From whence, in just proportion weigh'd,
And down, by special rail, convey'd,
The future progenies inherit
Taste, beauty, virtue, sense, and merit.

Whatever titles here may suit us
For this fame god, Hymen, or Plutus,
Who, from his trade of a gold-finder,
Might now become a marriage-binder,
And, haply, use that precious metal
To solder sexes, like a kettle;
No earthly god, in my opinion,
Claim'd such an absolute dominion.

To prove his right to adoration
Through every age, and every nation,
Around the spacious dome, display'd
By many a fabled light and shade,
Was emblematically told
The great omnipotence of gold.

And first, in yonder panel seen,
A lad, call'd Paris, strolled the green,
Poor, hungry, wretched, and dejected;
By country, and by kin, neglected;
Till fortune, as she croll'd the plain,
Conceiv'd a crotchet in her brain,
And, laughing at the bashful blockhead,
Took a huge pipkin from her pocket,
Of the true glittering tempting kind,
And gold throughout from core to rind;
This, in a whin, the dame bestow'd,
Then smiling, turn'd, and went her road.

The neighbours, now, when fame had shown
The youth had got the summum bonum, [em
From many a hut and hamlet crowd,
And duly at his levy bow'd.
His reputation spreads apace—
O, such a shape, and such a face!
His mouth he opens, and they swear
The Delphic oracle is there.

Now, see the King of Troy aspire
To be the wealthy shepherd's fire.
For him, the brightest nymphs contended;
To him, three goddesses descended,
And show'd, in fair and open day,
Where honour, wit, and beauty lay,

O'er which, our poem, to conceal
From vulgar optics, drops a veil.

In the next panel, you discover
Olympic Jove, that thundering lover,
Who, charm'd with old Acrisius' daughter,
In many a shape had vainly fought her,
And run the round of all his tricks,
Yet still was doubtful where to fix;
Till, by some wiser head inclin'd,
To cast his blustering bolt behind,
His duller light'ning to withhold,
And wear the brighter form of gold,
He took the hint, the storm'd the tower,
And dropt in yon omnific shower.

In the next board, the tale so common is,
'Twixt Atalanta and Hippomenes,
I shall but slightly stop a minute,
To drop one observation in it:
Remarking, that howe'er prefer'd to
Their sex, for many a course in virtue,
The bright allurements, well applied,
May tempt good nymphs to turn aside.

Next, Lybia's golden orchard grew
Blooming temptation to the view,
In which a dragon, call'd the Law,
Kept conscientious fools in awe:
Yet, power superior to the crime,
And tall ambition skill'd to climb,
With traitors of a new invention,
Who sell their country for a pension,
Through many a thicket won their way,
And spoil'd the grove, and shar'd the prey.

On the same golden system laid,
The world was in the fifth display'd:
The earth a golden axis turn'd;
The heavens, with golden planets, burn'd;
And thence, as astrologians know,
Derived their influence below:
A girdle, call'd the zodiac, grac'd
The glittering round of nature's waste,
Whole mystic charm from gold arises,
For this the Cæstus of the skies is;
And as in Homer's works, we read
(And Homer is the poet's creed)
Of a well-twisted golden tether,
That tied the heavens and earth together,
Such was the cord, or such the cable,
That tied the spheres within this table;
By which, the artist, underhand,
Would give the wife to understand,
That interest, in every creature,
Throughout religion, law, and nature,
From east to west, and pole to pole,
Moves, binds, suspends, and turns the whole.

While thus, in passing slightly o'er, I
Surveyed the scenes of ancient story;
Or eyed, with more minute attention,
What prudence here forbids to mention;
The muse my shoulder tapp'd, to mind me
Of things that pass'd, the while, behind me.
I turn'd, and view'd, with deep surprise,
The phantom that assail'd my eyes:
His hinder-head disrob'd of hair,
His sapless back, and shoulders bare,
Confeited the wrinkles of a sage
Who past ten Neitons in his age;

But clothed before, with decent grace,
And infant sweetness in his face,
Not Smintheus, with such vigour strong,
Nor blooming Hebe look'd so young.

On his left hand a palette lay,
With many a tint of colours gay;
While, guided with an easy flight,
The flying pencil graced his right.
Unnumber'd canvasses appear'd,
Before the moving artist rear'd,
On whose inspirited expanse he
Express'd the creatures of his fancy;
So touch'd, with such a swift command,
With such a magic power of hand,
That Nature did herself appear
Less real than her semblance here,
And not a mortal, so betray'd,
Could know the substance from the shade!

Whate'er the world conceives in life,
Worth toil, anxiety, and strife;
Whate'er by ignorance is bought,
By madness with'd, or folly fought,
The mitres, coronets, and garters,
To which ambition leads his martyrs;
With every joy, and toy, that can
Amuse the various child of man,
Was painted here in many a scene,
A rising, transient, charming train.

While I stood, in thought suspended,
To guess what these affairs intended;
When lo! the muse in whispers, told,
'Tis Father Time whom you behold;
"In part discovered to the wife,
"In part conceal'd from human eyes.
"A slave to yon gold-giving power,
"For him he spends each restless hour;
"The product of his toil intends
"As gifts to those his God befriends,
"And paints what other mortals view
"As substances, though shades to you."

She ceas'd, and turning to the sentry,
Desired he'd give the ladies entry;
And straight the portal open'd wide,
And in they delug'd like a tide.
So, to some grove by streets of weather,
Fast flock the fowl of every feather;
A mighty, pretty, prating rabble.
Like Iris rigg'd and tongu'd like Babel;
Then crowding toward the nuptial throne,
By bags of strong attraction known,
Low bending to their God they bow'd,
And vented thus their prayer aloud:

"Great Power! in whom our sex confides,
"Who rulest the turns of female tides.
"Who kenst while varying fancy ranges
"Through all its doubles, twirls and changes,
"To what a woman's heart is prone,
"A secret to ourselves unknown—
"O give us give us Mighty Power!
"The wedded joy of every hour:
"Assign thy favourites in marriage.
"To coaches of distinguish'd carriage;
"To all the frippery of dressing
"A nameless, boundless, endless blessing;
"To drums, ridottos, fights and sounds;
"To visits in eternal rounds;

"To card and counter, rake and rattle;
"To the whole lust of tongue and tattle;
"And all the dear delightful trances
"Of countless frolics, fits, and fancies.
"You've heard, that men, unpolish'd bores!
"Lay naughty passions at our doors;
"Tis yours to contradict the liar,
"Who are, yourself, our chief desire,
"O then, a widow, or as wife,
"To you we yield each choice in life;
"Or would you every prayer fulfil,
"Wed us. O! wed us, to our will!"

They ceas'd, and, without more addition,
The God confirm'd their full petition:
To Time he beckon'd, and desired
He'd give the good each nymph required;
And from his visionary treasure,
Wed every woman to her pleasure.

The first, who came resolv'd to fix
Upon a gilded coach and fix;
The suit was granted her on sight,
The nymph with ardour seiz'd her right.
A wonder! by possession banish'd,
The coach and creaked couriers vanish'd;
And a foul waggon held the fair
Full laden with a weight of care:
She sigh'd; her sisters caught the sound,
And one insulting laugh went round.

The second was a dame of Britain,
Who by a coronet was smitten;
With boldness she advanc'd her claim,
Exulting in so just a flame.
But ah! where bliss alone was patent,
What unsuspected mischief latent!
The worst in all Pandora's box,
Her coronet contain'd a —

With this example in her eye,
The third, a widow'd dame, drew nigh,
And fix'd her sight and soul together
Upon a raking hat and feather;
Nor sigh'd in vain, but seiz'd her due,
And clasp'd old age in twenty-two.

Thus, through the difference and degrees
Of sword-knots, mitres and toupees,
Prim bands, pert bobs and well hung blades,
Long robes, smart jackets, fierce cockades,
And all the fooleries in fashion
Whate'er became the darling passion,
The good for which they did importune,
Was straight revers'd into misfortune;
And every woman, like the first,
Was at her own entreaty, curst.

At length was introduced a fair,
With such a face, and such an air,
As never was on earth, I ween,
Save by poetic organs seen.

With decent grace and gentle cheer,
The bright adventurer drew near;
Her mild approach the Godhead spied,
And, "Farewell," with a smile, he cried,
"If aught you seek in Hymen's power,
"You find him in a happy hour."

At this, the virgin, half amazed
As round the spacious dome she gazed,
With caution every symbol eyed,
And, blushing, gracefully replied.

" If you are he, whose power controuls
 " And knits the sympathy of souls,
 " Then, whence this pomp of worthless geer,
 " And why this heap of counters here?
 " Is this vain show of glittering ore,
 " The bliss, that Hymen has in store?
 " Love sees the folly, with the gloss,
 " And laughs to scorn thy useless dross.
 " Where are the symbols of thy reign?
 " And where thy robe of Tyrian grain,
 " Whose tint, in virgin-colours dyed,
 " Derives its blushing from the bride?
 " Where is thy torch, serenely bright,
 " To lovers yielding warmth and light,
 " That from the heart derives its fire,
 " And only can, with life, expire?
 " Will this unactive mass impart
 " The social feelings of the heart?
 " Or can material fetters bind
 " The free affections of the mind?
 " Through every age, the great, the wise,
 " Behold thee with superior eyes:
 " Love spurns thy treasures with disdain,
 " And virtue flies thy hostile reign.
 " By love, congenial souls embrace,
 " Celestial source of human race!
 " From whence the cordial sense within,
 " The bosom'd amities of kin,
 " The call of nature to her kind,
 " And all the tunings of the mind,
 " That, winding Heaven's harmonious plan,
 " Compose the brotherhood of man."
 She said, and gracefully withdrew;
 Her steps the muse and I pursue.
 Along an unfrequented way
 The virgin led, nor led astray;
 Till, like the first, in form and size,
 A second fabric struck our eyes:
 We enter'd, guided by the fair,
 And saw a second Hymen there.
 A silken robe, of saffron hue,
 About his decent shoulders flew;
 While a fair taper's virgin light
 Gave Ovid to his soul and sight.
 An hundred Cupids wanton'd round,
 Whose useless quivers strew'd the ground;
 While, careless of their wonted trade,
 They with the smiling Graces play'd.
 Along the wall's extended side,
 With taints of varying nature dyed,
 In needled tapestry, was told
 The tale of many a love of old.
 In groves, that breath'd a citron air,
 Together walk'd the wedded pair;
 Or toy'd upon the vernal ground,
 Their beauteous offspring sporting round,
 Or, lock'd in sweet embracement, lay,
 And slept, and lov'd, the night away.
 There sat Penelope in tears,
 Besieg'd, like Troy, for ten long years:
 Her suitor, in a neighbouring room,
 Wait the long promise of the loom,
 Which she defers from day to day,
 Till death, determin'd to delay,
 With thoughts of fond remembrance wrung,
 Deep sorrowing, o'er her work she hung;

Where in the fields at Ilion fought,
 The labours of her lord the wrought,
 The toil, the dust, the flying foe,
 The rallied host, the instant blow;
 Then fighting, trembled at the view,
 Scar'd at the dangers which she drew.

There too, suspended o'er the wave,
 Alcione was seen to rave,
 When, as the foundering wreck she spied,
 She on her sinking Ceyx cried:
 Her Ceyx, though by seas oppress'd,
 Still bears her image in his breast;
 And, with his fondest, latest breath,
 Murmurs, " Alcione!" in death.

Panthea there, upon a bier,
 Laid the sole lord of her desire:
 His limbs were scatter'd through the plains;
 She join'd and kiss'd the dear remains.
 Too ponderous was her weight of woe
 For sighs to rise, or tears to flow;
 On the lov'd corse she fix'd her view,
 No other use of seeing knew;
 While high and steadfast as the gaz'd,
 Her snowy arm a poniard rais'd,
 Nor yet the desperate weapon staid,
 But for a longer look delay'd,
 Till, plung'd within her beauteous breast,
 She on his bosom sunk to rest.

But, Oh! beyond what'er was told
 In modern tales, or truths of old,
 One pair, in form and spirit twin'd,
 Out-lov'd the loves of human kind;
 She Hero, he Leander, nam'd,
 For mutual faith as beauty fam'd!
 Their story from its source begun,
 And to the fatal period run.

While bow'd at Cytherea's shrine,
 The youth adores her power divine,
 He sees her blooming priestess there,
 Beyond the sea-born goddess fair:
 She, as some god, the stripling eyes,
 Just lighted from his native skies—
 The god whose chariot guides the hour,
 Or haply love's immortal power.

At once their conscious glances spoke
 Like fate the strong and mutual stroke;
 Attracted by a secret force,
 Like currents meeting in their course,
 That thence one stream for ever rolls,
 Together rush'd their mingling souls,
 Too close for fortune to divide,
 For each was lost in either tide.

In vain, by ruthless parents torn,
 Their bodies are afunder borne,
 And towering bulwarks intervene,
 And envious ocean rolls between;
 Love wings their letters o'er the sea,
 And kisses melt the seals away.

And now the fable night impends,
 Leander to the shore descends,
 Exults at the appointed hour,
 And marks the signal on the tower—
 A torch, to guide the lover's way,
 Endear'd beyond the brightest day!

At once he plunges in the tide;
 His arms the Hellespont divide;

The danger and the toil he braves,
And dashes the contending waves.

While near and nearer to his light
The taper darts a ruddier light,
Recruited at the view, he glows:
Aside the whelming billow throws:
The winds and seas oppose in vain;
He spurns, he mounts, he skims the main.

Now from the tower, where Hero stood,
And threw a radiance o'er the flood,
Leander in the deep he spied,
And would have sprung to join his side;
Howe'er, her wishes make essay
And clasp and warm him on his way.

The main is cross'd, the shore is gain'd,
The long wish'd hour at last attain'd.
But, lovers, if there e'er arose
A pair so form'd and fond as those,
So lov'd, so beautiful, and so bliss'd,
Alone can speak or think the rest.
Nor will the weeping muse unfold
The close, too tragic to be told!

Long were the loving list to name
With Portia's faith, that swallow'd flame:
But much the longer list were those
Whose joys were unallay'd by woes;
Whose bliss no cruel parents cross'd,
Whose love not ages could exhaust,
Where not a cloud did intervene,
Or once o'ercast their bright serene,
But through the summer's day of life,
The husband, tender as the wife,
Like Henry and his nut-brown maid,
Their faith nor shaken nor decay'd,
Together ran the blissful race,
Together liv'd, and slept in peace.

Long time the much inquiring maid
From story on to story stray'd:
Joy'd in the joys that lovers know,
Or wept her tribute to their woe;
Till Hymen, with a placid air,
Approaching, thus address'd the fair:

"Hail to the nymph, whose sacred train
Of virtues shall restore my reign!
"Whate'er the wishes of thy soul,
But speak them, and possess the whole."

"Thanks, gentle power," the maid reply'd:
"Your bounty shall be amply try'd."

"I seek not titles, rank, or state,
Superfluous to the truly great;

"Nor yet to sordid wealth inclin'd,
The poorest passion of the mind;

"But, simply fix'd to nature's plan;
I seek the associate in the man."

"Yet, O beware! for much depends
On what that syllable intends."

"Give him a form that may delight
My inward sense, my mental sight;

"In every outward act design'd
To speak an elegance of mind."

"In him, by science, travel, taste,
Be nature polish'd, not defac'd;

"And set, as is the brilliant stone,
To be with double lustre shown."

"Sweet be the music of his tongue,
And as the lyre of David strung,

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"To steal from each delighted day
Affliction, care, and time, away."

"Within his comprehensive soul
Let Heaven's harmonious system roll."

"There let the great, the good, the wise,
Of fam'd antiquity arise,

"From ev'ry age and ev'ry clime
Eluding death, and circling time!"

"There let the sacred virtues meet,
And range their known and native seat."

"There let the charities unite,
And human feelings weep delight!"

"Kind power! if such a youth you know,
He's all the heaven I ask below."

"So wish'd the much aspiring maid,
Pale turn'd the power, and, sighing, said:

"Alas! like him you fondly claim,
Through every boasted form and name."

"That graces nature's varying round,
A second is not to be found!"

"Your suit, fair creature, much misferry,
Till Charlemont resolves to marry."

FABLE XV.

THE SPARROW, AND THE DOVE.

It was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat.

A sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease, bow'd round.

For every his bosom burns,
And this, and that he waxes by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill,
And here—those eyes, so form'd to kill!

And now, with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows, and demme's skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.

Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;

No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better;

But these he held as specious arts,
To show his own superior parts,

The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fair rite of a day;

With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;

A hint, which like the mason's sign,
The conscious can alone divine.

The fluttering nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir!—pray Sir, explain your meaning;

Go prate to thine, that may endure ye
To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!

Then off she glided, like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all further trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd, licentious, on the joy.

Hist, love! the male companion cry'd,
Retire a while; I fear we're spy'd.
Kind Sir, was the caution vain; he saw
A turtle, rustling in the straw,
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young.

Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair!
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wintry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare,
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel faulcons, stray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should I survive to see the day,
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all that heav'n could give,
The life, by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who, in the thought, already die!

Ye pow'rs, whom men, and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment; tall, and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess,
Enervates every pow'r to bliss;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
And life! what art thou, without love?

Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart,
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue, rising in his breast;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd.

Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come through pure good nature—
Upon my soul a charming creature!
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, moping life?
No doubt, that odious thing call'd duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other.

The greatest ill in the creation,
Is sure the want of education.

But think ye?—tell me without feigning,
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame, reject this mean employment,
Enter the world, and taste enjoyment;
Where time by circling bliss we measure;
Beauty was form'd along for pleasure:
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wife, be happy, and be free.

Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be bless'd
Is a deep thirst in every breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not, should heav'n give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.

Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation;
Where brats, and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention,
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the nurse of marriage;
That fly decoy, when vary'd snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to husband, and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm, and lasting;
The sin, by heav'n's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.
It is the double snake, that weds
A common tail to different heads,
That lead the carcass still astray,
By dragging each a different way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!

Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
And boundless track of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range;
There, liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;
Delights, still vary'd, and divine,
Sweet goddesses of the hills! are thine.

What say you now, you pretty pink you?
Have I, for once, spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never study for an answer;
Away, cast every care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.

Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
A question more, or so—and then, Sir,
You've rally'd me with sense exceeding;
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?
"No, no." How then? "Why, dare I tell,
"What does the business full as well."

Do you ne'er love? "An hour at leisure."
Have you no friendships? "Yes, for pleasure."
No care for little ones? "We get 'em,
"The rest the mothers mind, and let 'em."

Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling dove,
Quite lost to life, as lost to love!
Where'er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortune surely must;
In the dread season of dismay,
In that, your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?

Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;
For times, at no persuasion, stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
That soul of pertness, whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest'd;
No friends, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall seek thy cold, unfocial side;
No chirping prattlers, to delight
Shall turn the long-enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.

Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course,
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union every creature
Subsists, through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in space, primæval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The source of endless good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love
Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
Then motion first exulting came;
Each atom sought its separate clasp,
Through many a fair enamour'd mass;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form, and order o'er the sky,
First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The fun display'd his orb to sight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
And scal'd the breathing steep of air;
Then infant stems, of various use,
Imbib'd her soft, maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form, and hue;
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloth'd their parent ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, subliming, and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind.
Caught in the fond, celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire,
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heaven-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

Here ever blessing, ever blest'd,
Resides this beauty of the breast;
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad,
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring, by which the world is bound,
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart and spirit live,
Enrich'd by every joy they give;
Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty fold.
Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade;
But as the stem, and scion stand,
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wint'ry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.
A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaste desire,
Fan, and support the mutual fire.
Whose flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor yet the nuptial fætion ends,
Like Nile it opens, and descends,
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The fire, first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life, and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow,
In fondness down on sons below:
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremest verge they glide,
While kindred streams, on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch! no liping babe shall name;
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
No sister greet thy cent'ring voice,
With partial eyes no parents see,
And blest'd their years restor'd in thee.

In age reject'd, or declin'd,
An alien, ev'n among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face,
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side,
Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving pow'r! great source of life!
 O hear the parent! hear the wife!
 That life, thou lendest from above,
 Though little, make it large in love.
 O bid my feeling heart expand
 To every claim, on every hand;
 To those, from whom my days I drew,
 To thee, in whom those days renew;
 To all my kin, however wide,
 In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd;
 To friends, with steely fetters twin'd,
 And to the cruel not unkind!

But chief, the lord of my desire,
 My life, myself, my soul, my fire,
 Friends, children, all that with can claim,
 Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name;
 O spare him, spare him, gracious pow'r!
 O give him to my latest hour
 Let me my length of life employ,
 To give my sole enjoyment joy.
 His love, let mutual love excite,
 Turn all my cares to his delight,
 And every needless blessing spare,
 Wherein my darling wants a share.

When he with graceful action wooes,
 And sweetly bills, and fondly cooes,
 Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
 With charms attractive as his own,
 And in my circling wings care's'd,
 Give all the lover to my breast.
 Then in our chaste, connubial bed,
 My bosom pillow'd for his head,
 His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
 And watch, with me, my lord's repose,
 Your peace around his temples twine,
 And love him with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
 Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
 Me too to your protection take,
 And spare me for my husband's sake.
 Let one unruffled, calm delight
 The loving, and below'd unite;
 One pure desire our bosoms warm,
 One will direct, one wish inform;
 Through life, one mutual aid sustain,
 In death, one peaceful grave contain.

While, swelling with the darling theme,
 Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
 The well-known wings a sound impart,
 That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart!
 Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue;
 And forth, with eager joy, she sprung.
 As swift her enter'ing consort flew,
 And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
 Their wings their souls embracing meet,
 Their hearts with answer'ing measure beat;
 Half lost in sacred sweets, and blest'd
 With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Strait to her humble roof she led
 The partner of her spotless bed;
 Her young, a flutter'ing pair, arise,
 Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
 Transported, to their sire they bound,
 And hang with speechless action round.
 In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
 And see their little wings expand;

The sire, his life-sustaining prize
 To each expecting bill applies,
 There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
 With transport giv'n, though won with toil;
 While, all collected at the sight,
 And silent through supreme delight,
 The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
 And on her lord, and infants smiles.

The sparrow, whose attention hung
 Upon the dove's enchanting tongue,
 Of all his little flights disarm'd,
 And from himself, by virtue, charm'd,
 When now he saw, what only seem'd,
 A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
 His soul to envy he resign'd,
 His hours of folly to the wind,
 In secret wish'd a turtle too,
 And sighing to himself, withdrew.

FABLE XVI.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
 That honour is a woman's life;
 Unhappy sex! who only claim
 A being, in the breath of fame,
 Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
 That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
 Nor all the healing sweets restore,
 That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The traveller, if he chance to stray,
 May turn uncur'd to his way;
 Polluted streams again are pure,
 And deep'st wounds admit a cure;
 But woman! no redemption knows,
 The wounds of honour never close.

Though distant every hand to guide,
 Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
 If once her feeble bark recede,
 Or deviate from the course decreed,
 In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
 Her swifter folly flies before;
 The circling ports against her close,
 And shut the wand'rer from repose;
 Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
 Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
 For but a single error? None.
 Though woman is avow'd, of old,
 No daughter of celestial mould,
 Her temp'ring not without alloy,
 And form'd but of the finer clay,
 We challenge from the mortal dame
 The strength angelic natures claim;
 Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
 That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
 Of humid earth, and ambient air,
 With varying elements endu'd,
 Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,
 Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,
 The moon repletes her waning face,
 All-beauteous, from her late disgrace,
 And furs, that mourn approaching night,
 Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death, and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in every heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green,
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from every latent root
The bladed stem, and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er, like ev'ning suns, decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste, and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendour burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore,
And woman falls, to rise no more.

WITHIN this sublunary sphere,
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all, who tread poetic ground.
A stream call'd life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies,
And there, the hills of virtue rise.
Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect, as repose:
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And temp'rance, and religion, nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambskins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature, yearly, took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd.

O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter, too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dangerous way;
A painful journey, all must go,
Whose doubtful period none can know,
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Through such a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wife,
And learn what love, and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo, there the arduous paths in view,
Which virtue, and her sons pursue!
With toil o'er leaping earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies;
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk, for pleasure smoothy spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigour flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright, celestial shore,
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness, leading up to light;
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train,
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,

And matter's gross encumbering mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly the wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O! thither wing thy speed,
Though pleasure charm, or pain impede!
To such th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n;
For present earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
And endless bliss, for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;

There sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'n'ing at the taste;
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow;
Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the bafeul plain,
The idly wife, and lightly vain,
Till verging on the gulfy shore,
Sudden they sink, and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
And every foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While honour, hand-maid, late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awo-struck, the much admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtues at the sight:
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame,
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands, where she moves, attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New-melts the frost in every breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And locks kind things from chafest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds fet free,
Springs out, and gives a loofe to glee,

And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd sleep repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When strait the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk, and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd.
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung.

Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys, too mighty to be told;
Taste what ecstasies they give,
Dying raptures taste and live.

In thy lap, disdainful measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires, that sweetly languish,
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

List not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry, and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
Ev'n against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, past the painting;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And, O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulysses on the main,
I hat so our fair-one might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity with prying eyes,
And hands of busy, bold emprise;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like forerunning fancy, fleet.
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty the still aspir'd,
Tasteless of every good possess'd,
And but in expectation bless'd.

With her, associate, pleasure came,
Gay pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien, all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around,
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,

A dire reverſion here they felt;
And in the eye of pleaſure melt;
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd;
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying find;
Who vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd;
With ſmiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd;
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd;
While half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidſt a war of hopes, and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling, yielding fair.

As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground;
Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land,
Lurk'd the dire rock, and dangerous ſand;
The pilot warns with ſail and oar,
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore,
In vain; the tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
Till found'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling every bar to fin,
And heaven's own pilot, plac'd within,
Along the devious, ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The dames, accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long-reluctant maid.

Here ſtop, ye fair-ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you, and heav'n, reſtor'd;
Till then, with weeping honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate;
With honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend, and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch, betray'd;
But o'er her failing caſt a veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourſelves are frail.

And now, from all-inquiring light
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The damſel, from a ſhort repoſe,
Confound'd at her plight, aroſe.

As when, with ſlum'rous weight oppreſs'd,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where ſelons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glee to ore,
And ſtands all wrapt amidſt his ſtore,
But wakens, naked, and deſpoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the nymph, her treaſure ſrown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone;

Within, without, obſcure, and void;
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroi'd;
And, O thou curs'd, inſidious coaſt!
Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
Theſe, virtue! theſe the joys they find;
Who leave thy heaven-topp'd hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide
Ye mountains, cover me, the cry'd;

Her trumpet ſlander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky;
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face,
And ſoil'd, and blaſted every grace;
Officiouſ ſhame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While thoſe, in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd, to whiten at her ſide;
And every lewd, inſulting dame,
Upon her folly roſe to fame.

What ſhould ſhe do? attempt once more
To gain the late-deſerted ſhore
So truſting, back the mourner flew,
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.

Again the farther ſhore's attain'd;
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhows her inſtant ſoes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed the tends,
Where late the left a hoſt of friends;
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coaſt,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.

From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hoſtile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendſhip driv'n,
The nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant ſate, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, effluence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n, and ſolar flames,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw,
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, care, and melancholy, made.

Through this her all-inquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;

And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still;
To numbes bow'd each dist'ning hill;
Uncurl'd the surging of the main;
And smooch'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung.

Lovely penitence, arise, which sequents rest
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sisters angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide,
'Twixt the good and evil tri'd;
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found;
Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
Sands, that trip the slitting streams;
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys, that in possession pass;
Transient, flicker, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain
Like all its circles, vain, but sweet and vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the willow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak, and bladeless shore?
Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way,
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' encumb'ring world shall pass,
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where
Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a scepter, grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world; and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe depriv'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd;
Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal days,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembles, fear no more,
Thou hast piteous crops in store,
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.

What though hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Chear thy hours, and guard thy side.
When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,

Heav'n shall thy return attend,
Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise,
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait
On my cares, a period blest;
On my toils, eternal rest.

Come, with virtue at thy side,
Come, be every bar defy'd,
Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come, and turn no more.

FABLE XVII.

LOVE AND VANITY.

The breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The waking flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health and luby labour rose,
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale;
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A nymph, who lightly tript it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale;
Her study'd negligence and ease;
And, curious to inquire what meant
This thing of prettiness and paint,

Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The Lady, lightly—Sir, your servant.
Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair-one, you do the country grace;

At court, no doubt, the public care,
But love has small acquaintance there.
Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;

Within my court all honour centers,
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Epdow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.

As vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives its weight and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.

Rest'd how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in where nature fails,
And every breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still, where heav'n is sparing.

But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and prayers,

Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From six to sixty, sick, or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide;
Was there no province to invade,
But that by love, and meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign,
But be the sphere of beauty mine.

For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I choose to live, and choose to reign.

Far-fighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army strong;
And chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And lowliness, to whose mild brow,
The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
And modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye,
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dream'd of yore;
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three,
And rosy peace, the cherub bless'd,
That nightly sings us all to rest.

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted every shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To every heart, and every eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mafs, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.
The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confest,
And like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.

The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt,
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul;
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by heav'n assign'd,
And rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The nymph impatient stood,
And laughing, thus her speech renew'd,
And pray Sir, may I be so bold,
To hope your pretty tale is told?

And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?
Upon my word, these highflown fancies
Show depth of learning—in romances;
Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tipstoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for soft'ning, and for fainting!
Guefs now, who can, a single feature,
Through the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looser hand may fix
The lines, too coarse for love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Through all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright;
Trackless, and shifting as the wind,
A sea, whose fathom none can find,
A moon, still changing, and revolving,
A riddle, past all human solving,
A blifs, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
A—something, which no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your counsel, and attend.

Though in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the difference of a name,
And every woman is the same.
For as the world, however vary'd,
And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Though in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution,
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste to all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.
And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad;
Fraids'd for her shape, her face, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise.

High on the floating lappet sail,
Or curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale,
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And show the lively idol there,
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.

Then all for parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading,
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what passion!
And churches, sometimes—if the fashion;
For woman's sense of right and wrong,
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of every stream,
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects,
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly, her wisest acquisition,
And ev'n from pity and disdain,
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from every form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice which you'd admire,
I gather jewel to my fire,
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.

Those shining virtues which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre?
From native honour and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!

Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, who'er make sinners;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;
For female worth as I inspire,
In just degrees still mounts the higher,
And virtue so extremely nice,
Demands long toil and mighty price;
Like Samson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tottering state;
Sap these, and in a moment's space,
Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles and from toys,
I spring, the fount of female joys;
In every widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss.
For them each tropic I explore;
I cleave the sand of every shore;
To them uniting Indias fall,
Sabaz breathes her farthest gale;
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention,
Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
They hold the sov'reign balm of woe;
Beyond the Stoic's boasted art,
I sooth the heavings of the heart;
To pain give splendour and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace, and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign;

Through every age, in every nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
Alike I fill, and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags,
With light coquets through folly range,
And with the prude disdain to change.

And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply—
But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,
Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.

When every pleasure's run a-ground,
And folly tir'd through many a round;
The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church or cloyster;
Then on I lead her with devotion,
Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
Inspire the heav'nly-breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony, and grace.

Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour;
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head,
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not, with her parting breath;
Then do I set, in order bright,
A length of funeral pomp to fight,
The glittering tapers, and attire,
The plumes, that whiten o'er her bier;
And last, presenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoind love's gentle god,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And strange, in all the toilsome way,
No house of kind refreshment lay,
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her sex exempted.

For once, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since every fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected,
And so my system stands protected.

O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
The godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd.
Then sweatly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypsipile, who sav'd her fire;
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire,
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catherine, smiling on the wheel

But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient things call'd fables!
And thus the goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view
A goddess, whom our grandames knew,
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,
As heav'n's autumnal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene,
Once prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.

Quick at a venture, both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related;
The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion?
When thus the goddess, answering mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd.

Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I shar'd the fickle sex with you,
But from their preference long precluded,
Or held as one, whose form intruded,
Full fifty annual fups can tell,
Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, still bias'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperience'd gait, and air,

Who ne'er had cross'd the neighboring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond awake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

Now, now! cry'd love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
If vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence may be soon decided:
Behold yon wench; a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented;
And well our goddess seem'd contented;
Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile the godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then, bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to sight;
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world, reveal'd to her alone:
Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres every fond desire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A HYMN TO POVERTY.

O POVERTY! thou source of human art,
Thou great inspirer of the poet's song!
In vain Apollo dictates, and the nine
Attend in vain, unless thy mighty hand
Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid
The canvas breathes no longer. Music's charms,
Uninfluenc'd by thee, forget to please:
Thou giv'st the organ sound; by thee the flute
Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owns
Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine:
Thou gav'st to Nicolini every grace,

And every charm to Farinelli's song:
By thee the lawyer pleads. The soldier's arm
Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gownman
feels,

And, urg'd by thee, unfolds heav'n's mystic truths,
The haughty fair, that swells with proud disdain,
And smiles at mischiefs, which her eyes have made.
Thou humblest to subvert and bless mankind.

Hail, pow'r omnipotent! me uninvok'd
Thou deign'st to visit, far, alas! unfit
To bear thy awful presence. O, retire!
At distance let me view thee; lest too nigh,
I sink beneath the terrors of thy face!

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O THOU, for whom my lyre I string,
Of whom I speak, and think, and sing!
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness every wish employs!
Thou dearest of thy sex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring strain;
No idle praise my verse shall stain;
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not distant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my hopes away:
Then frown not, fairest, if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye,
Or force your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what arose from love and you;
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindness, or disdain:
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame,
And suffer'd ills, that want a name:
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept;
Till grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

I saw you still. Your gen'rous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part;
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,
But mildly bid me cease to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain:
Thou lovely maid, to thee I cry,
Heal me with kindness, or I die!
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

Curs'd be all wealth that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts, O fortune! I resign,
Let her and poverty be mine!
And every year that life shall lend,
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
To keep a dying hope alive;
The last sad remedy remains,
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

Vain thought! though seas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart,
And death's decisive stroke must end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

SONGS, &c.

SONG I.

Thus I said to my heart, in a pet th' other day,
I had rather be hang'd than go moping this way;
No throbbings, no wishes your moments employ,
But you sleep in my breast without motion or joy.
When Cloe perplex'd me 'twas sweeter by half,
And at Thais's wiles I could oftentimes laugh;
Your burnings and achings I strove not to cure,
Though one was a jilt, and the other a whore.

When I walk'd up the Mall, or stroll'd through
the street,

Not a petticoat brush'd me, but then you could
Or if hang went the hoop against corner or post,
In the magical round you were sure to be lost.

But now if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,
Like Adam, unfallen, you never perceive;
Or the seat of delight if the tippet should hide,
You tempt not my fingers to draw it aside.

Is it caution, or dread, or the frost of old age,
That inclines you with beauty no more to engage?

Tell me quickly the cause, for it makes me quite
mad,

In the summer's gay season to see you so sad.

Have a care, quoth my heart, how you tempt me
to stray;

He that hunts down a woman must run a d—
Like a hare she can wind, or hold out with the fox,
And, secure in the chafe, her pursuers she mocks.

For Cloe I burn'd with an innocent flame,
And beat to the music that breath'd out her name;
Three summers flew over the castles I built,
And beheld me a fool, and my goddess a jilt.

Next Thais, the wanton, my wishes employ'd,
And the kind one repair'd what the cruel destroy'd:
Like Shadrach, I liv'd in a furnace of fire,
But, unlike him, was scorch'd, and compell'd to
retire.

Recruited once more, I forgot all my pain,
And was jilted, and burn'd, and bedevil'd again;

Not a petticoat fring'd, or the heel of a shoe,
Ever pass'd you by day-light, but as it flew.

Thus jilted, and wounded, and burnt to a coal,
For rest I retreated again to be whole;
But your eyes, ever open to lead me astray,
Have beheld a new face, and command me away.

But remember, in whatever flames I may burn,
'Twill be folly to ask for, or wish my return;
Neither Thais nor Cloe again shall enflame;
But a nymph more provoking than all you can name.

This said, with a bound from my bosom he flew;
O, Phillis! these eyes saw him posting to you;
Enslav'd by your wit, he grows fond of his chain,
And vows I shall never possess him again.

SONG II.

Collin.

Be still, O ye winds, and attentive, ye swains,
'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my strains;
The sun never rose on, search all the world through,
A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true.

Phebe.

Glide softly ye streams, O ye nymphs round me throng,

'Tis Collin commands, and attends to my song;
Search all the world over, you never can find
A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so kind.

Both.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

Collin.

With Phebe beside me, the seasons how gay!
Then winter's bleak months seem as pleasant as May;

The summer's gay verdure springs still as she treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

Phebe.

When Collin is absent 'tis winter all round,
How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground!
Instead of the linnet and nightingale's song,
I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long.

Both.

'Tis love, like the sun, &c.

Collin.

O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
Together will wander, and love shall be by:
Her Collin shall guard her safe all the long day,
And Phebe at night all his pains shall repay.

Phebe.

By moonlight, when shadows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or sleep in a church-yard, if Collin is near.

Both.

'Tis love, like the sun, &c.

Collin.

Ye shepherds, that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain!

Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy of Phebe and me.

Phebe.

Ye nymphs, who the pleasures of love never try'd,
Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide;
Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy
free,
And learn to be happy of Collin and me.

Both.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

SONG III.

As Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
Went forth to the meadows a maying,
A clown lay asleep by a river so deep,
That round in meanders was straying.

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
Her heart it was gone without warning,
With cheeks of such hue, that the rose wet with dew,
Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning.

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him she lay,
Her wishes too warm for disguising;
She play'd with his eyes, till he wak'd in surprise,
And blush'd like the sun at his rising.

She sung him a song, as he leant on his prong,
And rested her arm on his shoulder;
She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,
And taught his two arms to enfold her.

The rustic grown kind, by a kiss told his mind,
And call'd her his dear and his blessing:
Together they stray'd, and sung, frolic'd, and play'd,
And what they did more there's no guessing.

SONG IV.

Ha.

Let rakes for pleasure range the town,
Or misers doat on golden guineas,
Let plenty smile, or fortune frown,
The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

Sbe.

Let wanton maids indulge desire,
How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is!
The joys of virtue never tire,
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

Both.

Together let us sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

Let roving swains young hearts invade,
The pleasure ends in shame and folly;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
The poor, believing, simple Molly.

Sbe.

So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry;
But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithless Harry.

Both.

But we'll together sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

He.

By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies;
Or fondly stray where love shall lead,
And every joy be mine and Jenny's.

She.

Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,
The constant heart is always bonny;
Content, and peace, and sweet delight,
And love, shall live with me and Johnny.

Both.

Together still we'll sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

SONG V.

STAND round, my brave boys, with heart and
with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,
And let the world know we'll be free.

Chorus.

The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
And echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, long live the king!
Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to
our shore,
And plenty and peace bless the isle;
The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.

Chorus.

The rebels, &c.
Kind love shall repay the fatigues of the day,
And melt us to foster alarms;
Coy Phillis shall burn at her soldier's return,
And bless the brave youth in her arms.

Chorus.

The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
And echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, long live the king!

SONG VI.

To make the wife kind, and to keep the house still,
You must be of her mind, let her say what she
will;

In all that she does you must give her her way,
For tell her she's wrong, and you lead her astray.

Chorus.

Then, husbands, take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves.

Abroad all the day if she chooses to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to come
home;

The man she likes best, and longs most to get at,
Be sure to commend, and she'll hate him for that.

Chorus.

Then, husbands, &c.
What virtue she has, you may safely oppose,
Whatever her follies are, praise her for those;
Applaud all her schemes that she lays for a man,
For accuse her of vice, and she'll sin if she can.

Chorus.

Then, husbands, take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves.

SONG VII.

Damon.

HARK, hark, o'er the plains how the merry bells
ring,
Asleep while my charmer is laid!
The village is up, and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid.

Phillis.

'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away,
O Damon! I'm young and afraid;
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid.

Damon.

The bride-maids are met, and mamma's on the fret,
All, all my coy Phillis upbraid;
Come upon the door, and deny me no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

Phillis.

Dear shepherd, forbear, and to-morrow, I swear,
To-morrow I'll not be afraid;
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

Damon.

No, no, Phillis, no, on that bosom of snow
To-night shall your shepherd be laid;
By morning my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a maid.

Phillis.

Then open the door, 'twas unbolts before,
His bliss silly Damon delay'd;
To church let us go, and if there I say no,
O then let me die an old maid!

SONG VIII.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my
pride,

I always have boasted, and seek not to hide;
I dwell on her praises wherever I go,
They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no.

At ev'ning oft times with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below!
But say not 'tis love, for I answer no, no.

She sings me a song, and I echo each strain,
Again I cry, Jenny! sweet Jenny, again!
I kiss her soft lips, and if there I could grow,
And fear I'm in love, though I answer no, no.

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :
My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so ;
Who knows but she loves, though she tells me
no, no ?

Yet such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
I ask not her heart, but would conquer my own :
Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
And wish to persuade, while I answer no, no ?

From beauty, and wit, and good humour, ah ! why
Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly ?
Thy bounties, O fortune ! make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I say no.

SONG IX.

You tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true,
And easy, and chatty, and good humour'd too ;
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in
tune :

All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me, must flatter me more.
If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !
My ease and good humour short raptures will
bring, [spring.
And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a
For charms such as these, then, your praises give
o'er,

To love me for life, you must love me for more.
Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
For Cloe, the wanton, can rival me there :
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good humour, as sunshine the day ;
For that if you love me, your flame shall be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

SONG X.

How blest has my time been, what days have I
known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own !
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks, grown with woodbines, as often
we stray,

Around us our boys and girls frolic and play ;
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green ;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she be-
guiles,

And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year
through ;

Time still as he flies brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her
youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,

In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam !
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

SONG XI.

HARK ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb

Come, Lucy, it cries, come away ;

The grave of thy Colin has room,

To rest thee beside his cold clay.

I come, my dear shepherd, I come ;

Ye friends and companions, adieu ;

I haste to my Collin's dark home,

To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,

When Lucy, sad Lucy arose ;

And forth to the green-turf she sprung,

Where Collin's pale ashes repose.

All wet with the night's chilling dew,

Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,

While stormy winds over her blew,

And night ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, she cry'd,

How long must thy Lucy complain ?

How long shall the grave my love hide ?

How long ere it join us again ?

For thee thy fond shepherds liv'd,

With thee o'er the world would she fly,

For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,

For thee would she lie down and die.

Alas ! what avails it how dear

Thy Lucy was once to her swain !

Her face like the lily so fair,

And eyes that gave light to the plain !

The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,

That face and those eyes charm no more,

And Lucy forgot and alone,

To death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,

And mourn'd to the echoes around,

Inflam'd all at once grew the air,

And thunder shook dreadful the ground :

I hear the kind call, and obey,

Oh, Colin, receive me, she cry'd !

Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,

She hung on his tomb-stone and dy'd.

SONG XII.

For a shape and a bloom, and an air and a mien,
Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay green ;
But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,
Those her beauties invited, her pride would destroy.

By the flocks as she stray'd with the nymphs of the
vale,

Not a shepherd but woo'd her to hear her soft tale ;

Though fatal the passion, she laugh'd at the swain,

And return'd with neglect, what she heard with
disdain.

But beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,

And love unrewarded, soon sickens and dies.

The nymph cur'd by time of her folly and pride,

Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she denied.

No longer she frolics it wide o'er the plain,
To kill with her coyness the languishing swain;
So humbled her pride is, so softened her mind,
That, though courted by none, she to all would be kind.

SONG XIII.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But ah! how swift they flew!
The funny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.
But heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the spirit there.

THE NUN;

A CANTATA.

Recitative.

Or Constance holy legends tell,
The softest sister of the cell;
None sent to heav'n so sweet a cry,
Or roll'd at mafs so bright an eye.
No wanton taint her bosom knew,
Her hours in heav'nly vision flew,
Her knees were worn with midnight pray'rs,
And thus she breath'd divinest airs.

AIR.

In hallow'd walks and awful cells,
Secluded from the light and vain,
The chaste ey'd maid with virtue dwells,
And solitude, and silence reign.

The wanton's voice is heard not here,
To heav'n the sacred pile belongs;
Each wall returns the whisper'd pray'r,
And echoes but to holy songs.

RECITATIVE.

Alas, that pamp'ring monks should dare
Intrude where faintest vestals are!
Ah, Francis! Francis! well I weat
Those holy looks are all deceit.
With shame the muse proclaims her tale,
The Priest was young, the Nun was frail,
Devotion fault'ring on her tongue,
Love tun'd her voice, and thus she sung.

AIR.

Alas, how deluded was I,
To fancy delights as I did!
With maidens at midnight to sigh,
And love, the sweet passion, forbid!
O, father! my follies forgive,
And still to absolve me be nigh;
Your lessons have taught me to live,
Come teach me, O! teach me to die!

To her arms in a rapture he sprung,
Her bosom, half-naked, met his;
Transported in silence he hung,
And melted away at each kiss.
Ah, father! expiring, she cry'd,
With rapture I yield up my breath;
Ah, daughter! he fondly reply'd,
The righteous find comfort in death.

SOLOMON.

A SERENATA.

Set to Music by Dr. Boyce.

PART I.

CHORUS.

BEHOLD, Jerusalem, thy king,
Whose praises all the nations sing!
To Solomon the Lord has giv'n
All arts and wisdom under heav'n;
For him the tuneful virgin throng
Of Zion's daughters 'twell the song:
While young and old their voices raise,
And wake the echoes with his praise.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. From the mountains, lo! he comes,
Breathing from his lips perfumes;
While zephyrs on his garments play,
And sweets through all the air convey.

AIR.

Tell me, lovely shepherd, where
Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care?
Dire'st me to the sweet retreat,
That guards thee from the mid-day heat:
Left by the flock, I lonely stray,
Without a guide, and lose my way:
Where rest at noon, thy bleating care,
Gentle shepherd, tell me where?

AIR.

HE. Fairest of the virgin throng,
Dost thou seek thy swain's abode?
See yon fertile vale along
The new-worn path the flocks have trod:
Pursue the prints their feet have made,
And they shall guide thee to the shade.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. As the rich apple on whose boughs
Ripe fruit with streaky beauty glows,
Excel the trees that shade the grove,
So shines, among his sex, my love.

AIR.

Beneath his ample shade I lay,
Defended from the sultry day:
His cooling fruit my thirst assuag'd,
And quench'd the fires that in me rag'd;
Till sated with the luscious taste,
I rose and blest the sweet repast.

RECITATIVE.

HE. Who quits the lily's fleecy white,
To fix on meaner flow'rs the sight?
Or leaves the rose's stem untorn,
To crop the blossom from the thorn?
Unrival'd thus thy beauties are;
So shines my love among the fair.

AIR.
 Balmy sweetness, ever flowing,
 From her dropping lips distils;
 Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
 And her voice with music thrills.
 Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,
 Wafting sweets from every tree,
 Sick'ning sense with odours cloying,
 Breathe not half so sweet as she.

RECITATIVE.
She. Let not my prince his slave despise,
 Or pass me with unheeding eyes.
 Because the sun's discolouring rays
 Have chas'd the lily from my face,
 My envious sisters saw my bloom,
 And drove me from my mother's home;
 Unshelter'd all the scorching day
 They made me in their vineyard stay.

AIR.
 Ah simple me! my own, more dear,
 My own, alas! was not my care;
 Invading love the fences broke,
 And tore the clusters from the stock,
 With eager grasp the fruit destroy'd,
 Nor rested till the savage cloy'd.

AIR.
He. Fair and comely is my love,
 And softer than the blue-ey'd dove;
 Down her neck the wanton locks
 Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;
 Her teeth like flocks in beauty seem,
 New shorn, and dropping from the stream;
 Her glowing lips by far outvie
 The plaited threads of scarlet dye;
 When'er she speaks the accents wound,
 And music floats upon the sound.

RECITATIVE.
She. Forbear, O charming swain, forbear!
 Thy voice enchants my list'ning ear;
 And while I gaze my bosom glows,
 My fluttering heart with love o'erflows,
 The shades of night hang o'er my eyes,
 And every sense within me dies.

AIR.
 O fill with cooling juice the bowl!
 Alluage the fever in my soul!
 With copious draughts my thirst remove,
 And sooth the heart that's sick of love.

PART III.

RECITATIVE.
He. The cheerful spring begins to-day,
 Arise, my fair one, come away!

RECITATIVE.
She. Sweet music steals along the air—
 Hark!—my beloved's voice I hear!

AIR.
He. Arise, my fair, and come away,
 The cheerful spring begins to-day:
 Bleak winter's gone with all his train
 Of chilling frosts, and dropping rain.
 Amidst the verdure of the mead
 The primrose lifts her velvet head:
 The warbling birds, the woods among,
 Salute the season with a song:

Vol. K.

The cooing turtle in the grove
 Renews his tender tale of love:
 The vines their infant tendrils shoot:
 The fig-tree bends with early fruit:
 All welcome in the genial ray:
 Arise, my fair, and come away!

CHORUS.
 All welcome in the genial ray,
 Arise, O fair one, come away!

DUET.
 Together let us range the fields,
 Impearled with the morning dew;
 Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
 Or the apple's clust'ring bough:
 There in close-embower'd shades,
 Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
 By tinkling rills, on rosy beds,
 We'll love the sultry hours away.

RECITATIVE.
He. How lovely art thou to the sight,
 For pleasure form'd, and sweet delight!
 Tall as the palm-tree is thy shape,
 Thy breasts are like the clust'ring grape.

AIR.
 Let me, love, thy bole ascending,
 On the swelling clusters feed:
 With my grasp the vine-tree bending,
 In my close embrace shall bleed.
 Stay me with delicious kisses
 From thy honey-dropping mouth;
 Sweeter than the summer breezes
 Blowing from the genial south.

RECITATIVE.
She. O that a sifter's specious name
 Conceal'd from prying eyes my flame!
 Uncensur'd then I'd own my love,
 And chaste virgins should approve:
 Then fearless to my mother's bed
 My seeming brother would I lead:
 Soft transports should the hours employ,
 And the deceit should crown the joy.

AIR.
 Soft! I adjure you by the fawns
 That bound across the flow'ry lawns,
 Ye virgins, that ye lightly move,
 Nor with your whisper wake my love!

RECITATIVE.
He. My fair's a garden of delight,
 Enclos'd and hid from vulgar sight;
 Where streams from bubbling fountains stray,
 And roses deck the verdant way.

AIR.
 Softly arise, O southern breeze!
 And kindly fan the blooming trees;
 Upon my spicy garden blow,
 That sweets from every part may flow.

CHORUS.
 Ye southern breezes gently blow,
 That sweets from every part may flow.

PART III.

AIR.
He. Arise, my fair, the doors unfold;
 Receive me, shivering with the cold!

RECITATIVE.

Sbe. My heart amidst my slumbers wakes,
And tells me my beloved speaks.

AIR.

He. Arise, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me, shivering with the cold:
The chill drops hang upon my head,
And night's cold dews my cheeks o'er-spread:
Receive me dropping to thy breast;
And lull me in thy arms to rest.

RECITATIVE.

Sbe. Obedient to thy voice I hie;
The willing doors wide open fly.

AIR.

Ah! whither, whither art thou gone?
Where is my lovely wand'rer flown?
Ye blooming virgins, as you rove,
If chance you meet my straying love,
I charge you tell him how I mourn,
And pant and die for his return.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Who is thy love, O charming maid!
That from thy arms so late has stray'd?
Say what distinguish'd charms adorn,
And finish out his radiant form?

AIR.

Sbe. On his face the vernal rose,
Blended with the lily, glows;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets waving down his back;
His eyes with milder beauties beam
Than billing doves beside the stream;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs;
His lips are of the rose's hue,
Dropping with a fragrant dew;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.
This, O ye virgins, is the swain,
Whose absence causes all my pain.

RECITATIVE.

He. Sweet nymph, whom ruddier charms adorn,
Than open with the rosy morn;
Fair as the moon's unclouded light,
And as the sun in splendour bright;
Thy beauties dazzle from afar,
Like glitt'ring arms that gild the war.

RECITATIVE.

Sbe. O take me! stamp me on thy breast!
Deep let the image be imprest!
For love, like armed death, is strong,
Rudely he drags his slaves along:
If once to jealousy he turns,
With never-dying rage he burns.

DUET.

Thou soft invader of the soul!
O love, who shall thy pow'r controul?
To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,
Thy burning heat shall still remain.
In vain we trace the globe to try
If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
The treasures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

CHORUS.

In vain we trace the globe to try
If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:

The treasures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

PROLOGUE TO GIL BLAS,

Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a Critic, with a Catcall in his Hand.

Are you all ready? Here's your music! here*!
Author, sneak off, we'll tickle you, my dear.
The fellow stopp'd me in a hellish fright—
Pray, Sir, says he, must I be damn'd to-night?
Damn'd! surely, friend—Don't hope for our com-
pliance,

Zounds, Sir!—a second play's downright defiance.
Though once, poor rogue, we pitied your condition,
Here's the true recipe—for repetition.
Well, Sir, says he, e'en as you please, so then
I'll never trouble you with plays again.
But hark! poet!—won't you though? says I.
'Pon honour.—Then we'll damn you, let me die.
Sha'n't we, my Bucks? Let's take him at his
word—

Damn him—or by my foul he'll write a third,
The man wants money, I suppose—but mind ye—
Tell him you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we Bloods had bowels for a bard!
Besides, what men of spirit now a-days
Come to give sober judgments of new plays?
It argues some good nature to be quiet—
Good nature! Ay—but then we lose a riot.
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis sport to us.
Don't mind me though—for all my fun and jokes,
The bard may find us Bloods good-natur'd folks;
Not crabbed critics—foes to rising merit—
Write but with fire—and we'll applaud with
spirit—

Our author aims at no dishonest ends,
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends;
He takes no methods down your throat to cram it;
So if you like it, save it; if not—damn it.

AN ELEGY†.

*Written among the Ruins of a Nobleman's Seat
in Cornwall.*

AMIDST these venerable drear remains
Of ancient grandeur, musing sad I stray;
Around a melancholy silence reigns,
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.
Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race,
Aloft his mansion rose; around were seen
Extensive gardens, deck'd with every grace,
Ponds, walks, and groves, through all the sea-
sons green.

Ah, where is now its boasted beauty fled!
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky,
And broken columns in confusion spread,
A rude misshapen heap of ruins lie.
Of splendid rooms no traces here are found:
How are these tottering walls by time defac'd!

* *Blowing his catcall*

† From the "Poetical Calendar" for August 1763.

Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
Once hung with tapestry, with paintings grac'd!

In ancient times, perhaps, where now I tread,
Licentious riot crown'd the midnight bowl,
Her dainties luxury pour'd, and beauty spread
Her artful snares to captivate the soul.

Or here, attended by a chosen train
Of innocent delight, true grandeur dwelt,
Diffusing blessings o'er the distant plain,
Health, joy, and happiness, by thousands felt.

Around now solitude unjoyous reigns,
No gay-gilt chariot hither marks the way,
No more with cheerful hopes the needy swains
At the once bounteous gate their visits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled,
Which every clime was ransack'd to supply?
O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,
And the dismantled walls in ruins lie!

Dead are the trees that once with nicest care
Arrang'd, from opening blossoms shed perfume,
And thick with fruitage food, the pendent pear,
The ruddy-colour'd peach, and glossy plumb.

Extinct is all the family of flowers:
In vain I seek the arbour's cool retreat,
Where ancient friends in converse pass'd the hours,
Defended from the raging dog-star's heat.

Along the terrass-walks are straggling seen—
The prickly bramble, and the noisome weed,
Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,
And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

The groves, where pleasure walk'd her rounds,
decay,

The mead untill'd a barren aspect wears;
And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play,
O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waste appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,
Where osiers spread, a pond capacious stood;
From far by art the stream was taught to flow,
Whose liquid stores supplied th' unfailing flood.

Oft here the silent angler took his place,
Intent to captivate the scaly fry—
But perish'd now are all the numerous race,
Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here then, ye great! behold th' uncertain state
Of earthly grandeur—beauty, strength, and
power,

Alike are subject to the stroke of fate,
And flourish but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,
Still permanent, though ages roll away;
Who builds on her immortal basis, rears
A superstructure time can ne'er decay.

X ij

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BOYSE.

Containing

DEITY,
VISION OF PATIENCE,
ODES,



ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
PARAPHRASES,

U. S. S.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Far hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancy'd nymphs, that haunt the Grecian shades;
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourselfes producing fictions as untrue:
But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,
Daughter of Heaven, whose offspring still are light;
Oh condescend! celestial sacred guest,
To purge my sight, and consecrate my breast;
While I presume OMNIPOTENCE to trace,
And sing that POWER who peopled boundless space.

DEITY.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE

Anno 1794.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL JOYNSON.

Containing
A
VIEW OF HIS
LIFE AND
WRI-
TINGS.
BY
JOHN
JOYNSON.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.
To which is prefixed,
A
VIEW OF HIS
LIFE AND
WRI-
TINGS.

And thus the POWELL who people's passions
While I presume to venture on to trace
To purge my sight, and cleanse my heart
Of conduct, and celestial laws
Daughter of Heaven, whole offspring wilt be
Not come, I pray thee, I divine thee
Yourself, producing others as you are
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew
Ye fancy's nymphs, that haunt the Götter's shades
For better, or otherwise, I would

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,
EDINBURGH.

THE LIFE OF BOYSE.

SAMUEL BOYSE was born in Dublin, in 1708. His father, the Rev. Joseph Boyse, was pastor of a congregation of Protestant dissenters in Woodstreet, and had for his coadjutor the Rev. Thomas Emlyn, so well known for his writings and sufferings. He was one of the sixteen children of Matthew Boyse of Leeds in Yorkshire. He was considered as a learned, pious, and useful divine; he was an assiduous preacher; and his credit was such as procured him general esteem. He had a principal share in promoting the act of toleration in Ireland. He concurred in the orthodox persecution of the excellent Emlyn, yet he was the only one of the Dublin dissenting ministers who visited him in prison, and it was in consequence of his solicitations that the fine was mitigated. He died in 1728. The same year his works were published in 2 vols. folio. He is chiefly distinguished, as a writer, by his controversy with Archbishop King, concerning the office of a scriptural bishop.

Young Boyse received the rudiments of his education at a private school in Dublin. At eighteen years of age, he was sent to the University of Glasgow, probably with a design of being educated for the ministry. His indolence and dissipation, however, soon rendered this design abortive. He had not been a year at Glasgow, before he unfortunately fell in love with Miss Atchison, the daughter of a tradesman in that city; and imprudently interrupted his studies, by marrying her before he had entered into his twentieth year.

The natural extravagance of his temper soon exposed him to the inconveniencies of indigence; and as he had now the additional charge of a family, the scantiness of his finances obliged him to remove with his wife, who also carried her sister with her, to Dublin; where he expected assistance and support from his father; who, notwithstanding the imprudence of his conduct, received him with paternal kindness.

His conduct in this dependent state, was the very reverse of what it should have been. He directed his studies to no useful pursuit, by which he might have supported himself and family, but gave himself up to abject trifling and dissipation; which drew many heavy expences upon his father, who was supported by the subscriptions of his congregation, and an estate which he possessed of four-score pounds a-year, in Yorkshire. The behaviour of his wife also, was not commendable; her levity and extravagance contributed to accelerate his ruin. The good man was obliged to sell his estate, to pay his son's debts; and when he lay in his last sickness, he was entirely supported by presents from his congregation, and buried at their expence.

Being deprived, by his father's death, of any farther prospect of support from him, he repaired to Edinburgh, where his poetical genius raised him many friends, and some patrons of considerable eminence.

In 1731, he published, by subscription, a volume of *Poems on several occasions*, in 8vo; to which was subjoined a translation of the *Tablature of Cebes*, and a *Letter upon Liberty*, inserted in the "Dublin Journal," 1727. In the list of subscribers, which is numerous and respectable, are the names of Tickell, Philips, and Brooke.

He acquired a great reputation by this publication, which he dedicated to the Countess of Eglington, a lady of great accomplishments, both of body and mind; who was a patroness of men of wit, and very much distinguished Boyse while he resided in Scotland.

He also wrote an elegy on the death of the Viscountess Stormont; which he intitled, *The Tears of the Muses*; because the deceased lady was a woman of taste in the sciences, and a great admirer of poetry.

Lord Stormont was so much pleased with this mark of respect paid to the memory of his lady, that he ordered a very handsome present to be given to Boyse, by his agent at Edinburgh.

But though his writings had procured him some celebrity in that city, yet his person was very little known there, and especially among persons of fashion and figure; for he was rather of an unsocial turn, and had but few acquaintances. It was, therefore, some time before he could be found out: and he would have reaped no benefit from Lord Stormont's generosity, if an advertisement had not been inserted in one of the Edinburgh newspapers, desiring the author of the *Tears of the Muses* to call at the house of the agent.

One of his most intimate and respectable acquaintances in Edinburgh, was a Mr. Stewart, a merchant or bookseller, who had two beautiful and accomplished daughters, to whom he addressed some poems, under the names of *Hilaria* and *Clarissa*, inserted in the the second volume of his poems, published in 1738.

The notice which Lady Eglinton and Lord Stormont took of Boyse, was the means of recommending him to the patronage of the Duchefs of Gordon, who was a lady of literary taste, and cultivated a correspondence with some of the most eminent poets then living.

She was so desirous to raise Boyse above necessity, that she employed her interest in procuring the promise of a place for him; and accordingly gave him a letter, which he was next day to deliver to one of the Commissioners of the Customs at Edinburgh. But it unluckily happened that he was then some miles distant from the city; and the morning on which he was to have ridden to town with her Grace's letter of recommendation, proved to be rainy. This trivial circumstance was sufficient to discourage Boyse, who was never accustomed to look beyond the present moment; he declined going to town, on account of the rainy weather; and while he let slip the opportunity, the place was bestowed upon another; which the Commissioner declared he kept for some time vacant, in expectation of seeing a person recommended by the Duchefs of Gordon.

Such imprudence and such indolence, were naturally productive of indigence and distress; and at length, having defeated all the kind intentions of his patrons towards him, he fell into contempt and poverty, which obliged him to quit Edinburgh, as his creditors began to solicit the payment of their debts in a manner too importunate to be easily resisted.

Having resolved to go to London, he communicated his design to the Duchefs of Gordon; who still retaining a high opinion of his poetical abilities, gave him a recommendatory letter to Pope, and obtained another for him to Lord Chancellor King. Lord Stormont also recommended him to his brother the Solicitor-General, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, and other persons of rank and fashion.

Upon his arrival in London, he repaired to Twickenham, in order to deliver the Duchefs of Gordon's letter to Pope; but not finding him at home, he never gave himself the trouble to repeat his visit. He did, however, as he said himself, wait upon the Lord Chancellor; by whom he was well received, and with whom he occasionally dined: but the truth of this was questioned by his friends; for he was always averse to the company of persons of rank and figure, among whom he had not spirit enough to support a share in the conversation.

It indeed appears, that his imprudent conduct prevented his deriving any advantage from the recommendations which he brought with him from Scotland; so that he was soon reduced to a state of great indigence; from which he attempted no means of extricating himself, but by writing mendicant letters.

He frequently applied for assistance to some of the more eminent Dissenters; from whom he received many benefactions, in consequence of the respect which they paid to the memory of his father. But the pecuniary supplies which he received were soon dissipated; for he was not only indolent and imprudent, but luxurious and extravagant.

He had no taste for any thing elegant, and yet was to the last degree expensive. Often when he had received half-a-guinea, in consequence of a supplicatory letter, he would go into a tavern, order a supper to be prepared, drink of the richest wines, and spend all the money that had just been given him in charity, without having any one to participate the luxury with him, and while his wife and child were starving at home.

This is an instance of base selfishness, which was perhaps never practised by the most sensual epicure, except, with some variation of circumstances, by Savage, whom Boyse resembled as well in his genius as in his vices and poverty.

All his friends were at length wearied out with his perpetual applications. About the year 1740, he had brought himself to such a state of wretchedness, that he had not any clothes in which he could appear abroad; and therefore was wholly confined at home for some weeks; procuring, in the mean time, some scanty subsistence, by writing verses for Mr. Cave, the proprietor of the "Gentleman's Magazine;" who paid him by the hundred lines; which, after a while, he wanted to make what is called the long hundred.

"He had not," says Shiels, from whom this account is chiefly taken, "a shirt, a coat, or any kind of apparel to put on, the sheets in which he lay were carried to the pawn-broker's, and he was obliged to be confined to bed with no other covering than a blanket. Whoever had seen him in his study, must have thought the object singular enough. He sat up in bed with the blanket wrapped about him, through which he had cut a hole large enough to admit his arm, and placing the paper upon his knee, scribbled in the best manner he could, the verses he was obliged to make. For the future, wherever his distresses so pressed as to induce him to dispose of his shirt, he fell upon an artificial method of supplying one. He cut some white paper in slips, which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad, with the additional inconvenience of want of breeches."

His connection with Mr. Cave, naturally made him acquainted with Dr. Johnson; who informed Mr. Nichols, that he once collected a sum of money to redeem his clothes, which he had pawned; and which, in two days after, were pawned again. Mr. Nichols relates, from the same respectable authority, that Boyse translated *well* from the French; but if any one employed him, by the time one sheet of the work was done, he pawned the original. If the employer redeemed it, a second sheet would be completed, and the book again be pawned; and this perpetually.

From this period, he wrote many poems; but these, though excellent in their kind, were lost to the world, by being introduced with no advantage.

From an original letter, which, in July 1741, he sent to a friend, with some passages from his poem, called *Deity*, it appears to have been published about this time.

"I have no great reason to brag of the success of the poem, though the "Champion" early recommended it. Divine poetry is not the taste of the age; but I hope shall be the support of mine. It is the only subject I now take pleasure in. I have all last summer been employed by Mr. Cave, in French translations; a province highly agreeable to me, and the most profitable business stirring. I have been, since last September, almost constantly with Dr. Douglas, in the slavish work of indexing, *alias* word-catching, and am only now interrupted by his "Osteology," which takes up his whole attention. I have the prospect of having a new translation from the French, in a few days; but book-sellers are so undistinguishing, and authors, or rather scribblers, so plenty, that learning, unless supported, bids fair to starve between them. I hope the best, as I begin to be a little known; and would endeavour, as far as I could, to support a good character in the literary way."

In 1742, his distresses brought him into a spunging-house, in Grocer's-alley in the Poultry; from whence he wrote the following letter to Mr. Cave (Sylvanus Urban), soliciting for assistance.

"Inscription for ST. LAZARUS' CAVE.

Hodie, teste cælo summo;
Sine pane, sine nummo,
Sorte positus infeste,
Scribo tibi dolens meste
Fame, bile tumet jecur
Urbane, mitte opem precor
Tibi enim cor humanum
Non a malis alienum;
Mihi mens nec male grata,
Pro a te favore data.

Ex gehenna debitoria,
Vulgo, Domo Spongiatoria. *Alcaeus.*

"I am every moment," he adds, "threatened to be turned out here, because I have not money to pay for my bed two nights past, which is usually paid before hand; and I am loth to go into the

Compter, till I can see if my affairs can possibly be made up. I hope, therefore, you will have the humanity to send me half-a-guinea for support, till I finish your papers in my hands. I humbly entreat your answer, having not tasted any thing since Tuesday evening I came here; and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of the bed; so that I must go into prison naked, which is too shocking for me to think of."

How long he was in confinement, does not appear; however, he at length obtained his liberty: but his wants and his imprudence still continued; and he often had recourse to the meanest arts, in order to procure occasional benefactions.

In 1741, he wrote the *Vision of Patience*, an allegorical poem, to the memory of Mr. Alexander Cuming, unfortunately lost in the Northern Ocean, on his return from China, 1740.

Mr. Cuming was elder brother of his friend the late Dr. William Cuming of Dorchester, to whom he addressed an *Ode on his going to France*, in 1735.

In 1743, he published, without his name, an ode on the battle of Dettingen, intituled, *Albion's Triumph*.

In 1745, he was invited to Reading, by Mr. David Henry, the late worthy proprietor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," to compile an historical work, which was printed in that town, in 1747, in two vols. 8vo, under the following title: *An Historical Review of the Transactions of Europe, from the commencement of the War with Spain in 1739, to the Insurrection in Scotland in 1745, with the proceedings in Parliament, and the most remarkable domestic occurrences during that period. To which is added, an Impartial History of the late Rebellion, interspersed with characters and memoirs, and illustrated with notes.* This work is not destitute of merit, and contains much useful information respecting the history of that period.

It appears that Boyse was paid for this work at a very low rate.

"My salary," he writes a friend, in June 1746, "is wretchedly small (half-a-guinea a week), both for writing the history, and correcting the press." In the same letter, he affectingly laments the loss of his wife Emilia, who died while he was at Reading; and was buried at the expence of the parish. She is said by Shiels to have been also vicious and dissolute; but other accounts are more favourable, and probably more just. He afterwards describes his situation as "not wholly uncomfortable."

"I bleis God I enjoy a greater degree of health than I have known for many years, and a serene melancholy, which I prefer to the most poignant sensations of pleasure I ever knew. All I sigh for is a settlement, with some degree of independence, for my last stage of life, that I may have the comfort of my poor dear girl to be near me, and close my eyes. I am now beginning the *History of the Rebellion*, a very difficult and invidious task. All the accounts I have yet seen, are either defective, confused, or heavy. I think myself, from my long residence in Scotland, not unqualified for the attempt; but I apprehend it is premature; by waiting a year or two, better materials would offer. I am about a translation (at my leisure hours) of an invaluable French work, intituled, "L'Histoire Universelle," by the late M. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. I propose only to give his dissertations on the ancient empires, viz. the Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian, and Roman; which he has described with surprising conciseness, and with equal judgment and beauty. I design to inscribe it to Mr. Lyttleton, one of the Lords of the Treasury; one of the most amiable men I have ever known, and to whose uncommon goodness, if you knew my obligations, you would esteem him as much as he deserves."

After his return from Reading, his behaviour was more decent than it had been before, and some hopes were entertained of his reformation. He was employed by Mr. Sandby the bookseller, to translate Fenelon's *Demonstration of the being of a God*. He began now to support a better appearance than that to which he had lately been accustomed, and seemed to have some regard to his character. But while his circumstances were mending, and his irregular appetites losing ground, his health visibly declined. During his illness, he had the satisfaction to observe his *Deity* commended by two eminent writers, Fielding and Hervey. The latter, touched with the story of his misfortunes, and pleased with the design of his poem, deposited two guineas with a friend, to give him as his necessities required. Of this favour, Boyse expressed his grateful sense, in a letter

to Hervey; which shows that he was neither in his last moments void of real religion, nor an elegant taste.

"For your tender admonition, and excellent advice, I am truly indebted to you, as they discover a generous and compassionate concern for my better part. I bless God I have reason to hope that great work is not to do; for of all the marks of infatuation I know amongst men, there can be none equal to that of trusting to a death-bed repentance.

"I do not pretend to vindicate my own conduct; nor can I ever forget the very Christian sense of my condition and misfortunes, which (notwithstanding all my misbehaviour) you have so pathetically expressed. The follies of my youth have furnished a plentiful harvest of reflection for my latter years. As I have been now for a long time in a manner buried from the world, so it has been my endeavour to spend that time in lamenting my past errors, and in pursuing a course of life void of offence towards God and man.

"I have learned to trust in God as my portion; to bless him for his fatherly correction, which have been much gentler than my demerits; and by which I have been taught to know him and myself, his infinite mercy and goodness, my own ingratitude and unworthiness; so that I may truly say with the returning prodigal, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and against thee, and am not worthy to be called thy son.'

"My health is in a very precarious state; and the greatest hopes of recovery I have (which are very small), arise from warm weather and the country air. I thank God I am absolutely resigned to his holy and blessed will. I have seen enough of the vanity and folly of earthly things, and how insufficient they are to satisfy the desires of an immortal soul. I am sensible of my own wretchedness and nothingness; and that my only hope of salvation is through that blessed Redeemer, who died to save lost sinners. This is my rock of hope against an approaching eternity."

From this letter, may be easily deduced his real character. Happy it would have been, had he sooner expressed these sentiments and principles! His mind, indeed, was often religiously disposed; he frequently talked upon that subject, and probably suffered a great deal from the remorse of his conscience. The early impressions of his good education, were never entirely obliterated; and his whole life was a continued struggle between his will and reason, as he was always violating his duty to the one, while he fell under the subjection of the other. In consequence of this war in his mind, he wrote a poem, called the *Recantation*.

After a lingering illness he died, in the month of May 1749, in obscure lodgings near Shoe-lane, in the 51st year of his age. He was buried at the expence of the parish.

Mr. Giles, a late collector of poems, says, he was informed by Mr. Sandby, that he was found dead in his bed, in a garret in White-Friars, with the pen in his hand, and in the act of writing.

Dr. Johnson assured Mr. Nichols, that the account of his death, by Mr. Sandby, is not true; it being supposed that, in a fit of intoxication, he was run over by a coach; at least, he was brought home in such a condition, as to make this probable, but too far gone to give the least account of the accident.

Mr. Francis Stewart, the son of a bookseller in Edinburgh, (probably the brother of *Hilaria*), and one of Dr. Johnson's amanuenses, who had been long intimately acquainted with Boyse, gives the following account of his death.

"Poor Mr. Boyse was one evening last winter attacked in Westminster by two or three soldiers; who not only robbed him, but used him so barbarously, that he never recovered the bruises he received; which might very probably induce the consumption of which he died.

"About nine months before his death, he married a cutler's widow, a native of Dublin, with whom he had no money; but she proved a very careful nurse to him during his lingering indisposition.

"She told me, that Mr. Boyse never imagined he was dying, as he always was talking of his recovery; but perhaps his design in this might be to comfort her; for one incident makes me think otherwise. About four or five weeks before he breathed his last, his wife went out in the morning, and was surprised to see a great deal of burnt papers upon the hearth, which he told her were old bills and accounts; but I suppose were his manuscripts, which he had resolved to destroy; for no-

thing of that kind could be found after his death. Though, from this circumstance, it may be inferred that he was apprehensive of death, yet I must own that he never intimated it to me; nor did he seem in the least desirous of any spiritual advice.

"For some months before his end, he had left off drinking all fermented liquors, except now and then a glass of wine, to support his spirits; and that he took very moderately.

"After his death, I endeavoured all I could to get him decently buried, by soliciting those Dissenters who were the friends of him and his father, to no purpose; for only Dr. Grosvenor, in Hoxton-square, a dissenting teacher, offered to join towards it. He had quite tried out those friends in his lifetime; and the general answer that I received was, "That such a contribution was of no service to him; for it was a matter of no importance how or where he was buried." As I found nothing could be done, our last resource was an application to the parish; nor was it without some difficulty, occasioned by the malice of his landlady, that we at last got him interred on the Saturday after he died. Three more of Dr. Johnson's amanuenses, and myself, attended the corpse to the grave. Such was the miserable end of poor Sam, who was obliged to be buried in the same charitable manner with his first wife; a burial of which he had often mentioned his abhorrence."

Another friend, in a letter to Mr. Nichols, gives the following supplementary narrative.

"I knew Mr. Boyse well, from the year 1732 to the time of his death; have often relieved his necessities, and frequently corresponded with him. I have preserved at least thirty pieces of his, and have in manuscript some of his poems that were never published. I never saw any thing in his wife's conduct that deserved censure. He published a second volume of poems, in 1738. He was a man of learning; when in company with those by whom he was not awed, an entertaining companion; but so irregular and inconsistent in his conduct, that it appeared as if he had been actuated by two different souls on different occasions."

"Boyse," says another friend, "was a man of no party whatever; even his private sentiments, and his public political creed, was influenced by his necessities. In regard to his person, he was of a middle size, of a thin habit, slovenly in his dress, which was increased by his necessities, very near-sighted, and his hearing imperfect. These circumstances added to his natural diffidence, and his not having been accustomed to appear in good company but as necessitous, and a mendicant, gave him an awkward, sheepish air, which by no means prejudiced strangers in his favour."

As Boyse depended for subsistence on his pen, it must be expected that his productions would be more numerous than excellent. His poetical pieces, if collected, would make six moderate volumes. Many of them are scattered in the "Gentleman's Magazine," marked with the letter T, and others are subscribed *Alcanus*. Two volumes of his poems were collected together, and published in London; which, as they never had any great sale, are now difficult to be found. He was employed by Mr. Ogle to translate some of *Chaucer's Tales* into modern English, which he performed with great spirit. He received, it is said, at the rate of three pence a-line for his trouble. His liberal translation of *Voltaire's three Epistles on Happiness, Freedom of Will, and Envy*, is well executed. They were published in 1738, without his name; and as his clothes were then at the pawn-broker's, the manuscript was sold to Dodsley for two guineas.

An ode of his, in the manner of Spenser, intitled *The Olive*, was addressed to Sir Robert Walpole, which procured him a present of ten guineas. He also translated a poem from the High Dutch of Van Haren, in praise of peace, upon the conclusion of that made at Aix-la-Chapelle. His genius was not confined to poetry only; he had a taste for painting, music, and heraldry; with the latter of which he is said to have been well acquainted. Some of his friends advised him to turn his thoughts towards the drama, as that species of poetical composition is more lucrative than any other: and they thought him qualified for it: but he appears never to have attempted any thing of that kind.

The most celebrated of his performances was his poem called *Deity*; the third edition of which was printed in 1752. It has been frequently reprinted in the poetical miscellanies; and is now, with the *Vision of Patience*, and a few other pieces selected from the mass of his miscellaneous poetry, received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The subject of his *Deity* is the attributes of the Supreme Being; a theme the most noble and ex-

tensive, and capable of the highest poetical ornament. Though nothing short of the simple grandeur of David's lyre, or the exalted majesty of Milton's epic muse, can satisfy the mind on this hallowed theme, yet he may be reckoned among the most successful of those writers who have ventured to tread the hallowed ground of sacred poetry. The poem is without a plan, or any connection of parts but it is executed, upon the whole, with great spirit and elegance, and bears marks of real genius. It abounds with beautiful and magnificent images, elevated sentiments, animated descriptions, and flowing lines; but the poetical diction is not throughout consistently supported, nor the harmony of the verse uniformly preserved. Several of the lines are flat and prosaic. The *Vision of Patience* exhibits, with similar inequalities of language, a tenderness of sentiment, a fertility of imagination, and a facility of expression, equal to the most successful imitations of Spenser.

The *Ode to Dr. Cuming*, is a pleasing and poetical performance, though it breathes not the ardour of spirit which lyric poetry requires. His *Horace and Lydia*, is a happy imitation of that celebrated dialogue. It was written on a slight temporary jarring between Boyse and his wife, whom he thought too much attached to Miss Atchison, her sister, a woman of an equivocal character.

His *Epistle to Brooke*, is truly penitentiary and poetical. Boyse and Brooke had been long acquainted, and visited each other frequently. While Brooke was composing his "*Gustavus Vasa*," Boyse by his irregularities, some how, gave offence to Brooke, who for some time declined his visits. Boyse, sensible of his fault (for no man's repentance was more poignant for the time, but it was brief and fleeting), addressed to Brooke this epistle; which, with a solemn promise of amendment, restored him to favour.

His *Elgies* are equally valuable, as effusions of poetry, and as monuments of gratitude and piety. The *Anniversary Ode, to the memory of a Daughter*, contains an affectionate tribute to the memory of his father. If his daughter's death is correctly dated in 1726, he must have been born before 1708, or married before he was eighteen; the age at which, it is said, he was sent to Glasgow.

The testimonies to his merits are few, but respectable. Fielding, in his "*Tom Jones*" (book vii. ch. 1.), gives a quotation from his *Deity*, which he styles "a very noble one;" and then adds: "It is taken from a poem called the *Deity*, published about nine years ago, and long since buried in oblivion; a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always survive the bad."

Hervy, in his "*Meditations*" (vol. ii. p. 239), calls it "a very beautiful, sublime, and instructive poem." And in his "*Letters*" (vol. i. p. 191), says, "It is a noble piece, quite poetical, truly evangelical, admirably fitted to delight and comfort the heart, to alarm and improve the reader."

Boyse himself said, that, upon the first publication of the *Deity*, a gentleman acquainted with Pope took occasion to ask him if he was not the author of it; to which Pope replied: "That he was not the author; but that there were many lines in it of which he should not be ashamed." This Boyse considered as a very great compliment.

Such are the testimonies in favour of this unfortunate poet; who was a melancholy instance of the wretchedness and disgrace which the most ingenious persons may bring upon themselves, by imprudence, indolence, and an indiscriminate indulgence of their appetites and passions. Had he employed the powers with which nature endowed him, in a manner suitable to the duties of reason and virtue, he might have been a happy and respectable man; instead of which, he was exposed to all the miseries of the most extreme indigence; nor could the eminent talents which he possessed rescue him from contempt.

The unhappy fate of Boyse will bring to the recollection of those who are but slightly acquainted with the lives of our English writers, many instances of men of the brightest parts, whose lives, after an uninterrupted course of misery, have terminated under the pressure of want. Otway, Savage, Parnell, and Chatterton, were admired, and at the same time neglected; praised, and at the same time starved.

"This relation," to use the forcible language of Dr. Johnson on a similar occasion, "will not be wholly without its use, if it remind those, who in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, that nothing can supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

THE WORKS OF BOYSE.

DEITY.

"Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
"Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum."

HOR.

FROM earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues,
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the nine!
Recal, fond bard, thy long-enchanted fight,
Deluded with the visionary light!

A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?
Do thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips did once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial wisdom, come;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came;
Till heav'n and nature in the concert join,
And own the author of their birth divine.

I. Eternity.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or whence
arose

The various forms the universe compose?
From what Almighty cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?
Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
Adores a Pow'r beyond the reach of thought.

First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of earth!
Whose word from nothing call'd this beauteous
whole,

This wide expanded All from pole to pole!
Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee?
Or fix the era of eternity!

Should we, deceiv'd by error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—that nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
That nothing rais'd this beauteous all below!
When from disclosing darkness splendor breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks!

When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals?—not to own the skies!

If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change?
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
Could nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
Here reason its eternal author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those pow'rs ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;

These from a cause superior date their rise,
"Abstract in essence from material ties."
An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
In whom all possible perfections shine,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!

From this great spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendent orb of vital light!
Whence all created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies!
Profusely-wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heav'n enrich, and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind!

Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear,
(Let unbelief attend, and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er begun, nor e'er shall end.

In him from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose;
Assur'd, on his eternity depend,
"Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!"
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break;
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

II. Unity.

Thus recognis'd, the spring of life and thought!
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot!

Approach, celestial muse, th' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!
Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creatures sprung to hail his wide command;
Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!

Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
Again would vanquish'd Arimanius bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!

In diff'rent individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But should two beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r, and parted empire claim;
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue,
The links dis sever, or the chain renew;
Matter from motion cross impressions take,
As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,
Would view the never ending strife increase,
And bless the contest that secur'd his peace!
While new creations would opposing rise,
And elemental war deform the skies!
Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
Eclipse the heav'n's, and waste the ruin'd world.

Two independent causes to admit,
Destroys religion, and debases wit;
The first by such an anarchy undone,
The last acknowledges its source but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous through the flow'ry lawn;
So mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
Exploring, till they find their native deep!

Exalted Pow'r! invisible, supreme,
Thou sov'reign, sole unutterable name!
As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold;
Transported with the ardors of thy praise,
The holy, holy, holy, anthem raise!
To them, responsive, let creation sing,
Thee, indivisible eternal King!

III. Spirituality.

O SAY, celestial muse! whose purer birth
Didstains the low material ties of earth!
By what bright images shall be defin'd
The mystic nature of th' eternal Mind?
Or how shall thought the dazzling height ex-
plore,

Where all that reason can—is to adore!
That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;

Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth severe:
Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'r,
From all the gross alloy that tempers ours;
In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!
Impervious to the man's, or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high;
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
Object of faith!—he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit! and whose essence thought!
Are truths inscrib'd by wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day.

Reason confess'd, (howe'er we may dispute)
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and ally'd to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is ether, and whose substance mind;
Yet all from him, supreme of Causes, flow,
To him their pow'rs and their existence owe;
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on
earth;

From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Through spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce through infinitude in quest of God!
Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!
So its bright orb, th' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.

If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand a greater rise,
Produce a matter and resign his skies!
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of th' eternal name!
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray,
Aspire to question God's all-perfect day!
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand,
The reason of its form might so demand,
As man presume to question his dispose,
From whom the pow'r, he thus abuses, flows.

Here point, fair muse! the worship God re-
quires,

The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires!
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought's express'd;
Where genuine piety and truth refin'd,
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below!

IV. Omnipresence.

Through the unmeasurable tracks of space,
Go, muse divine! and present Godhead trace;
See where by place, uncircumscrib'd as time,
He reigns extended, and he shines sublime!

Should'st thou above the heav'n of heav'ns ascend,
 Could'st thou below the depth of depths descend;
 Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere,
 The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear!
 There should his brighter presence shine confes'd
 There his almighty arm thy course arrest!
 Could'st thou the thickest veil of night assume,
 Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!
 Yet there, all patent to his piercing sight,
 Darkness itself would kindle into light:
 Not the black mansions of the silent grave,
 Nor darker hell from her perception save;
 What pow'r, alas! thy footsteps can convey
 Beyond the reach of omnipresent day!

In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
 Immediate, worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:
 Systems enclos'd in his perception roll,
 Whose all-informing mind directs the whole:
 Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they
 know;

Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.
 On earth his footstool fix'd, in heav'n his seat;
 Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his shining images below,
 In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
 His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
 Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood;
 Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,
 Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!

Should man his great immensity deny,
 Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:
 For were he limited in date, or view,
 Thence were his attributes imperfect too;
 His knowledge, pow'r, his goodness all confin'd,
 And lost th' idea of a ruling Mind!
 Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense,
 Of a defective partial Providence!
 Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
 Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;
 Dejected virtue list its hopeless eye;
 And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh!
 An absent God no abler to defend,
 Protect, or punish, than an absent friend;
 Distant alike, our wants or griefs to know,
 To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow!
 If he, supreme Director, were not near,
 Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
 Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
 And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
 The moral world a second chaos lie,
 And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye!

Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
 From his high pow'r its slender texture takes;
 While in his book the various parts inroll'd,
 Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,
 But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul!
 Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
 Or the faint purpore dawns within the heart!
 His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
 Ere yet to us the new idea lives!

Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
 And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed!

But conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
 Asserts its author, and restores the scene!

VOL. X.

Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
 "And vindicates the ways of God to man."

Then sacred muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
 From heav'n descended, as by heav'n inspir'd;
 His all-enlight'ning Omnipresence own,
 Whence first thou feels thy dwindling presence
 known;

His wide omniscience, justly grateful sing,
 Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!
 And blest th' eternal—all-informing soul,
 Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the
 whole!

V. Immutability.

As the Eternal and Omnipotent Mind,
 By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd;
 Is always independent, always free,
 Hence shines confes'd immutability!
 Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
 Or birth of force,—is imperfection still.
 But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
 Pow'r self-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns!
 If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
 That God his fix'd stability should lose;
 How startles reason at a thought so strange!
 What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change?
 If from his own divine productive thought,
 Were the yet stranger alteration wrought;
 Could excellence supreme new rays acquire?
 Or strong perfection raise its glories higher?
 Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,
 Never decreases, never overflows!
 Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
 The blaze of incommunicable day!

Below, through different forms does matter
 range,

And life subsists from elemental change,
 Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
 Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;
 While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
 Inconstant as the shadows we survey!
 With them, along time's rapid current pass,
 And haste to mingle with the parent mass;
 But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!
 In youth immortal shalt for ever shine!
 No change shall darken thy exalted name,
 From everlasting ages still the same!

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
 His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
 Desponding faith would droop its cheerless wing,
 Religion deaden to a lifeless thing!
 Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
 But in a pow'r immutable as just?
 How judge of revelation's force divine,
 If truth unerring gave not the design;
 Where, as in nature's fair according plan,
 All smiles benevolent and good to man.

Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,
 We darkly see around, and darkly know!
 Religion lends the salutary beam,
 That guides our reason through the dubious gleam,
 Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
 Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
 Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
 And show his creatures—all his ways are right!

Y

Then when astonish'd nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd time shall know his latest date!
When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire!
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess th' Almighty sway!
Immortal he, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted permanently pure!
As in the sacred bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

VI. *Omnipotence.*

FAR hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancy'd nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!
Your birth, who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourselfes producing phantoms as untrue;
But come, superior muse! divinely bright,
Daughter of heav'n, whose offspring still are light;
Oh! condescend, celestial sacred guest!
To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace.

Oh! condescend, celestial sacred guest!
To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace.

And sing that pow'r who peopled boundless space!
Thou present wert, when forth th' Almighty
rode,

While Chaos trembled at the voice of God!
Thou saw, when o'er th' immense his line he drew.
When nothing from his word existence knew.
His word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
While conscious light was kindled at the sound!
Creation fair! surpris'd the angelic eyes,
And sov'reign wisdom saw that all was wise!

Him, sole Almighty, nature's book displays,
Distinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or earth below;
He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfess'd!
Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought!

What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine
Could give the model of this vast design?
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole?
And bid contenting systems beauteous roll
What hand but thine supply the solar light?
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe!
What hand but thine the wintry flood asswage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage!

Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r;
There could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy unity, for he were thou!
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou ev'ry where art present to the eye!
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!

Go! all the sightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the planetary way!
The sun, that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repose!
And view yon lunar satellite that glows!
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around, behold earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long-extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threaten o'er the flood!
And say, are these the wild effects of chance?
Oh, strange effect of reasoning ignorance!

Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet, or the painted skies!
Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dress,
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
With the small insect in the crowded grass;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee!
Ev'n the blue down the purple plumb surrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows!

Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling might,
Through wide creation beams divine: y bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine.
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,
How languid nature would almost stand!
Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank—where systems smil'd before!

See in corruption, all-surprising state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate;
Shock'd at the scene, though sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wondrous process to descry;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty wisdom views!
The brute, the vegetable worlds surveys,
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays!
Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spins his thin shroud, and living builds his tomb!
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And drest him for the business of the grave!
Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd he
springs,

Admires the skies, and tries his silken wings!
With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod!

Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice, awfully severe!
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land?
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command?
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot!
When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,
And men and infants breath'd at once their last,

How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
 Thy light conducting point the patent way?
 Obedient ocean to their march divide
 The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;
 While through the deep the long procession led,
 And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!
 Nor long they march'd, till black'ning in the rear,
 The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!
 Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
 And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea!

Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
 When through Arabia's sands their way they took;
 By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
 Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
 Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
 With feather'd vands, and with heav'nly bread:
 When the dry wilderness no streams supply'd,
 Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide:
 What limits can Omnipotence confine?
 What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
 Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
 Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

On Sinai's top, the muse with ardent wing
 The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing,
 When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
 Involv'd the nations in its awful shade!
 When thrunk the earth from thy approaching face,
 And the rock trembled to its rooted base;
 Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
 Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
 Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
 Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
 Oh shame to thought!—Thy sacred throne invade,
 And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

VII. *Wisdom.*

O thou, who when th' Almighty form'd this all,
 Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;
 And as his hand completed each design,
 Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;
 O wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
 Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
 What tongue shall make thy charms celestial
 known?

What hand, fair goddess! paint thee but thy own?
 What though in nature's universal store,
 Appear the wonders of Almighty pow'r?
 Pow'r unattended, terror would inspire,
 Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
 But when fair wisdom joins in the design,
 The beauty of the whole reful's divine!

Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
 And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
 Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
 Now fix'd to quiet, now ally'd to thought;
 Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
 Hence rises harmony, and order springs,
 Else had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
 Nor ever felt the dawn of wisdom's day!

See, how associate round their central sun,
 Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
 Still equi distant, never yet too near,
 Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
 Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
 While from the sun her monthly light renews;

Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
 And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
 View how in course the constant seasons rise,
 Deform the earth, or beautify the skies:
 First spring advancing, with her flow'ry train,
 Next summer's hand that spreads the sylvan scene,
 Then autumn with her yellow harvests crown'd,
 And trembling winter close the annual round.
 The vegetable tribes observant trace,
 From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
 The chain of animated beings scale,
 From the small reptile to th' enormous whale,
 From the strong eagle swooping through the skies,
 To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!
 And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
 Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same:
 As proper organs to the least assign'd,
 As proper means to propagate the kind,
 As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
 As in this lord of all—debating man!

Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,
 Nor longer to the ways of heav'n be blind.
 Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
 But outward beauty points a charm behind.
 What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
 The plain, the river, or the wood to please?
 Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
 The beautifier, or the beautify'd?
 There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
 Beyond the ken of all created eyes!
 His works our love, and our attention steal,
 His works (surprising thought!) the Maker veil;
 Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
 Where wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd!

O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
 Unerring Lord, and ruler of the skies;
 All-condescending to my feeble heart,
 One beam of thy celestial light impart;
 I seek not fordid wealth, or glittering pow'r,
 O grant me wisdom—and I ask no more!

VIII. *Providence.*

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
 With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
 Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
 But gets a transient vista as it strays;
 The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
 Whence opens all the scene as he ascends:
 So Providence the friendly height supplies,
 Where all the charms of Deity surprise;
 Here goodness, power, and wisdom all unite,
 And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight!

Almighty Cause 'tis thy preserving care,
 That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair!
 The sun from thy superior radiance bright,
 Eternal sheds his delegated light,
 Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
 And paints the silver moon's alternate ray:
 Thy hand the waste of eating time renews,
 Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews;
 When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
 Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
 Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
 While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face;

When light'nings through the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke,
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are bury'd in the yawning grave;
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail,
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rocks thou send'st the cheerful
gleam;

O'er Libya's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
Thy watchful Providence o'er all intends,
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice pursu'd,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were
seen,

The dove pacific brought the olive-green.
On Arrarat the happy patriarch tolt,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The earth all verdant, and the air serene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tintur'd bow,
The promise of a safer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel heav'n with pride survey'd;
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.

From thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy Providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—*The things have been!*

"But (questions doubt) whence sickly nature
The ague fits her face so oft reveals? [feels
"Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd
breast? [feels?

"Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues in-
"Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store?
"Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?"

Go, sceptic mole! demand th' Eternal Cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws?
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?

Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate.
To ask why prosp'rous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds!
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and disgrace a throne!

Why faints and sages, mark'd in ev'ry age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell:
In vain by reason is the maze pursu'd,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good.
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame;
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say that sov'reign wisdom governs wrong.

Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!
Oft sacred justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career;
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall:
Or when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up;
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare:
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!

But fast as time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes,
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant, all her acts be shown,
And blushing doubt eternal wisdom own!

Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign Director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
Fashion the hearts, and views the ways of men,
Whether thy hand the plectreous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy Providence, their constant friend,
Through life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

IX. Goodness.

Ye seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censers fill;
Ye flaming ministers to distant lands,
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal—now a happier train!
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads and amaranthine bow'rs,
Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire,

And aid the muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!

Though all thy attributes divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh let thy goodness fairest be confes'd:
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.

This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When pleas'd, thy eye thy matchless works re-
view'd,

And goodness, placid, spoke that all was good!
Nor only does in heav'n thy goodness shine;
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam;
As day and night, alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.

See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion and the brindled boar,
As nightly through the forest walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unfared go away:
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee, the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field, or plough the
main,

Receive with constant course th' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good;
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint;—thou smil'st, and they
revive!

On virtue's acre, as on rapine's stores,
See heav'n impartial, deal the fruitful show'rs!
"Life's common blessings all her children share,"
Tread the same earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!
Without distinction, boundless blessings fall,
And goodness, like the sun, enlightens all!

Oh man, degenerate man! offend no more;
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall these, through ev'ry tribe, his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind, when sov'reign goodness charms the
eyes!

Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
His pity spares,—his clemency reclaims!
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live:
Recall the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!
Amazing tendernefs—amazing moist,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!

But would'st thou view the rays of goodness
join,

In one strong point of radiance all divine!
Behold, celestial muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethle'em's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!

Hear the glad message to the shepherds giv'n,
"Good-will on earth to man, and peace in
"heav'n."

Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!

Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan!
Thou salutary source of life to man!
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay?
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the light'ning just prepar'd to fly!
(O strange effect of unexampled love!)

View him descend the heav'nly throne above;
Patient, the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, though revil'd, and innocent, though poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good:
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed!
Look! to the cross the Lord of life is ry'd,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side!
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While nature trembles at his parting groan!

Advance, thou hopeless mortal, feel'd in guilt,
Behold, and if thou can'st, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood!
Whole virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace:
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raise thee from a rebel, to a son!

O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!
(Where, from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious
head,

Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine!

Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light display;
Fair Sun of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies!
To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
Oh great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
O'er earth as wide, thy saving warmth diffuse,
As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews,
And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy
pow'r,

Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

X. *Requies.*

Hence distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain;
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!

But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze;
Your grateful voices aid the muse to sing
The spotless justice of th' Almighty King!

As only rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and sanctity his thought compose;
So these the dictates which th' *Eternal Mind*
To reasonable beings has assign'd:
These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
The conscious seals the hand of heav'n attest!
When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,
He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;
Demands the strict atonement should be made,
And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head!

But doubt demands—'Why man dispos'd this way?

"Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray?
"If heav'n that made him did the fault foresee,
"Thence follows, heav'n is more to blame than
"he."

No—had to good the heart al'ne inclin'd,
What toil, what prize had virtue been assign'd?
From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
Her spirits languish, when she finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
Happy, without the privilege of will,
And just, because his hands were ty'd from ill!
O wond'rous scheme to mend th' Almighty plan,
By sinking all the dignity of man!

Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happiness and choice ally'd;
See virtue from herself her bliss derive,
A bliss beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;
See vice of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unblest'd.
And say, were yet no farther marks assign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is heav'n unkind?

"Yes, all the woes from heav'n permissively fall,
"The wretch adops—the wretch improves them
"all."

From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed;
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice, famine takes her birth;
Had nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!
To angels make the pigny's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.

Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales;
With eye unbiased all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial, ev'ry crime the weighs;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;
For soon or late, eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.

'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day!
When high Omniscience shall her books display;

When justice shall present her strict account,
While conscience shall attest the due amount;
That all who feel, condemn'd, the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!

Oh then while penitence can fate disarm,
While ling'ring justice yet withholds its arm;
While heav'nly patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—left to-night he die!

But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt;
Remorseless murder! drop thy hand severe,
And barbe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forake the mansion of defiling night;
Quit, dark hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!

Unsocial avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!
Restore, injustice, the defrauded gain!
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow,
And drive you to the realms of night below!

But doubt resumes—"If justice has decreed
"The punishment proportion'd to the deed;
"Eternal misery seems too severe,
"Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
"Too harsh—that endless torments should re-
"pay

"The crimes of life,—the errors of a day!"
In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heav'n's counsels are beyond conception high;
In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan!
His ways, how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee, his secrets are to know,
Inquire not but more wisely shun the woe;
Wa'n'd by his threat'nings, to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!

Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends;
Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,
Warp from the text, exceeding reason's line;
Strikes, bias'd, at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!

But God alone, with unimpassion'd fight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while, subservient, as his will ordains,
Obedient nature yields the present means;
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
Ev'n evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring, the source of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction, at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.

Thus human justice—(far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;
But rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole!
Directs the issues of each moral strife,
And sees creation struggle into life!

And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise!

Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts,
No fears can darken, and no guilt infects,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (blest'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal justice be fulfill'd:
Ye sons of life! whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching heav'n,
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you out to light;
So let your piety reflective shine,
As men may thence confess his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust,
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown!

XI. *Glory.*

But oh! advent'rous muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light:
Before whose glorious throne, with dread surprise,
Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colours can describe, or words express!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours;
Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray!

See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant east!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field!
Obcur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey, confounded and outdone,
By the superior lustre of the sun:
That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From thee, the glorious author of his frame!

Transcendent Pow'r! sole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love!)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the heav'n, or beautify the earth;
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.

Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist ye orbs that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend concertive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of nature! whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day;
Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises through the vast profound:
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean through her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise ye misty vapours wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews;

His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale,
His praise, ye feather'd choirs distinguish'd sing
As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
Or ye fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ease,
The universal hymn of worship hear!
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine!
While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious, and supremely blest'd
Great Lord of life: from whom this humble
frame

Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,
Forgives the lowly muse, whose artless lay
Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey
Delighted oft through nature's beauteous field,
Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret fong,
But awful reverence still withheld her tongue,
Yet as thy beauty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way,
Thy goodness own, thy Providence adore,
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

THE VISION OF PATIENCE,

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM,

Sacred to the Memory of Mr Alexander Cuming, a
Young Gentleman unfortunately lost in the Northern
Ocean, on his Return from China, 1740.*

"Ne jaceat nullo, vel ne meliore sepulchro."

LUCAN, lib. viii.

'Twas on a summer's night I lay repos'd,
In the kind arms of hospitable rest,
When fancy to my waking thought disclos'd
And deep the visionary scene impress'd:
Close by my side, in robes of morning grey,
A form celestial stood, or seem'd to stand;
Intranc'd in admiration as I lay,
She rais'd with aspect calm my feeble hand;
And while through all my veins the tumult ran,
With mild benignity the placid thus began.

* Mr. A. Cuming was first supercargo of the *Suecia*, a Swedish East India ship, which was wrecked on a rock about two miles east of the island of North Ronalds, the northernmost of the Orkney Islands, Nov. 18. 1740. Immediately on the ship's striking, Mr. Cuming went off in the barge, accompanied by the surgeon and six of the boldest seamen, in order to discover what the island was, but were never more heard of. Thirty-one of the sailors were saved out of a hundred, the ship's complement.

"Patience my name—of Lachesis the child,
Nor art thou unacquainted with my voice;
By me afflicted virtue suffers mild,
And to th' eternal will submits its choice.
Behold, commission'd from the heavenly sphere,
I come to strengthen thy corrected fight;
To teach thee yet continued woes to bear,
And eye misfortune in a friendly light:
Nor thou my present summons disobey, 19
But cheerfully prepare to wait me on my way."

"Daughter of heaven (methought I straight re-
ply'd), if thou be'st my friend, I'll obey;
Gladly by me thy summons is obey'd;
Content I follow thee; celestial guide,
Beneath thy sure protection undismay'd:
Oft in sharp perils and surrounding woes
Thy salutary presence have I found;
Then lead wherever thy direction shows,
To distant seas, or earth's remotest bound:
Ready am I to wait thy purpos'd flight,
Thine be the care to act the sovereign will aright."

Sudden, enfolded in a fleecy cloud, 31
Through yielding air we cut our rapid way,
While the pale moon a dubious light bestow'd,
Lands as we pass'd and intermingled sea:
Nor ceas'd our voyage, till the blushing dawn
Dispell'd the glimmering of the starry host;
And night's dark curtain by degrees withdrawn,
We found ourselves on Thulé's sky-girt coast:
Where Silence sits on her untroubled throne,
As if the left the world to live and reign alone.

Here no invading noise the goddess finds, 41
High as she sits o'er the surrounding deep;
But pleas'd she listens to the hollow winds,
Or the shrill mew, that lulls her evening-sleep;
Deep in a cleft-worn rock we found her laid,
Spangled the roof with many an artless gem:
Slowly the rose, and met us in the shade,
As half disturb'd that such intrusion came:
But at her sister's sight, with look discreet,
She better welcome gave, and pointed each a seat.

Wide from her grotto to the dazzled eye 51
A boundless prospect! lay the azure waste,
Lost in the sightless limit sea and sky;
By measurable distance faintly trac'd;
Whence now arising from his wat'ry bed,
The sun emerging spread his golden ray;
When sweetly Patience rais'd her pensive head,
And thus the goddess said, or seem'd to say:
"Mark, mortal, with attention's deepest care,
The swift approaching scene the hands of Heaven
prepare." 60

With look intent, across the shining void,
(An object to the weak beholder lost!)

Ver. 11. Patience, the first allegorical figure introduced, is here represented as the daughter of Necessity, or Lachesis, one of the three Destinies.

Ver. 38. Thulé is here taken for the Orkney Isles.

Ver. 39. Silence, the second allegorical person, and sister of Patience.

Just in the horizon dim a sail I spied,
As if she made some long-expected coast:
Kind to her wishes blew the western breeze,
As, swift advancing o'er the placid main
She shap'd her course, increasing by degrees,
Till nearer sense made all her beauties plain;
And show'd her on the yielding billows ride,
In all the gallant trim of ornamental pride! 70

Thus flew she onward with expanded sail,
A sight delightful to the pleasur'd eye!
Borne on the wings of the propitious gale,
Heedless, alas! of hidden danger nigh:
The joyful sailor, long on ocean tost,
Already thought his tedious sufferings o'er;
Already hail'd the hospitable coast,
And trod in thought along the friendly shore:
When, dreadful to behold!—disastrous shock!
Shipwreck'd, at once she struck on a wave-cover'd
rock! 80

O Heaven!—it was a piteous sight to view
The wild confusion suddenly took place!
The different gestures of the frighted crew!
The fear that mark'd each death-distracted face.
All one impassion'd scene of woe appear'd,
Some wildly rav'd, while others scarce could
speak.

No order was observ'd, no reason heard,
For mortal passions sat on every cheek!
I look'd at Patience, as she sat me nigh, 89
And wonder'd, as I look'd, to see her tearless eye!

Again I turn'd—when, o'er the vessel's side,
Distinct I saw a manly youth appear.
Launch the oar'd pinnacle to the swelling tide,
Nor show'd his steady brow a guilty fear!
The sad remainder with a mournful hail
His just design and bold departure blest;
With lifted eye he spread the slender sail,
As if he trusted Heaven to guide the rest;
Swift o'er the main the bark retreating flew,
And the tall ship at once was taken from my view.

Immediate Patience from her seat arose, 101
And all abrupt the transient visit broke;
While Silence, pleas'd, return'd to her repose,
With air compos'd, for never word she spoke:
Again cloud-wafted we pursu'd our way
Westward, as gave the alter'd wind to ride,
When thus, methought, I heard the goddess say,
"Tis mine to wait yon boat that braves the tide,
For well, alas! too well I now foresee, [me."
Much need yon voyagers will quickly have for

Driven on the pinions of the eastern wind 111
O'er many a sea-girt isle and rocky coast,
We left bleak Shetland's shadowy hills behind,
To watch the little bark in ocean tost:
For now from sight of land diverted clear,
They drove uncertain o'er the pathless deep,

Ver. 113. The pinnacle was probably driven into the great ocean that lies to the westward of the isles of Orkney and Shetland, where it perished.

Nor gave the adverse gale due course to steer,
Nor durst they the design'd direction keep:
The gathering tempest quickly rag'd so high,
The wave-encaps'd boat but faintly reach'd
my eye. 120

Yet could I mark, amidst the noisy waste,
The peaceful exit blameless virtue gave;
Calm sat the youth in the loud threatening blast,
And firm prepar'd him for his wat'ry grave!
One fond regard, his latest debt, he paid,
Eastward, to Caledonia's native shore;
And thus (methought) in dying accents said,
"Farewel my country!" he could say no more,
For the wild surge with rage devouring spread,
And whelm'd the hapless youth in ocean's liquid
bed. 130

Then Patience meek, as from my rending heart,
She heard deep utter'd the expressive sighs,
"Sce'st thou (she said) that youth's undaunted
part,
Who yonder ev'n in death unvanquish'd lies?
There view the blest effects from virtue flow,
The cow'rd from fate to shameful safety flies;
The truly valiant dares to meet the foe,
Nor shrinks from danger, but with honour dies:
For guilt of all defence disarms the slave,
But innocence in death supports the good and brave.

"Yet, ere yon setting sun his light renew, 141
Shalt thou behold the decent honours paid
To the pale corse now floating in thy view,
And see it in the earth lamented laid;
For though he dies from each expecting friend,
Whose vows were offer'd for his safe return,
The mournful stranger o'er his grave shall bend,
The blushing virgins weep around his urn!
Such privilege his spotless truth shall boast,
Though to your distant world in dark oblivion
lost!" 150

The tempest ceas'd—and all the sober night
Intent our course aerial we pursu'd;
Till as Aurora dawn'd with ruddy light,
An island we perceiv'd that stemm'd the flood;
No hills nor trees adorn'd the level soil,
Where bleating flocks a plentiful herbage found;
Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle,
With here and there a spot of tillage-ground:
By which the humble village stood desecr'd,
Where never enter'd arts, or luxury, or pride! 160

O'er many a sea-green holm we wasted went,
Where undisturb'd the feather'd nations lay!
Till lighting on the plain with soft descent,
We saw a reverend form advance our way;
And now approaching with an easy pace,
The venerable sage before us stands;
White were his hairs, and cheerful was his face,
At once delights his aspect and commands:
I felt all care suspended at his view,
Whom better far than I his kindred goddess knew.

Of homespun russet was the garb he bore, 171
Girt with a velvet seal's divided skin;
Of woollen yarn the mittens which he wore,
To keep him from the breath of Boreas thin:
An easy path along the verdant ground
Soon to his hospitable cottage led,
Ere yet instructed I my error found,
Nor knew the cause my first emotion bred,
Till, as into his clean abode we went,
Kind Patience whisper'd me our host was call'd
Content. 180

Sweet was his earthen floor with rushes spread,
Sweet was each shell-wrought bowl and wooden
dish,
Sweet was the quilt compos'd his healthy bed,
Nor wanted he for fowl or sun-dried fish,
And milk of sheep, and turf, a plentiful store,
Which lay beneath his comfortable roof;
No storms, no accidents, could make him poor,
He and his house I ween were weather-proof.
A bachelor he wonder'd, devoid of care, [fair.
Which made him now appear so healthy and so

Long time with Patience fair discourse he held,
(Oft had the goddess been his welcome guest)
Nor she the friendly intercourse repell'd,
But the good fire familiarly address'd:
Thus were we happily conversant set,
When from the neighbouring village rose a cry,
And drew our hasty steps where numbers met,
Like us, appear'd to know the reason—why?
Nor needed answer: on the sea-weed spray,
Too visible reply!—the wave-toss'd body lay. 200

How flood I shock'd, when in the semblant face
(By death unalter'd, or the cruel flood),
I could of Lycidas each feature trace,
Young Lycidas, the learned and the good!
"O Heaven (cried I) what sorrows will he feel,
Debarr'd the promis'd hope of thy return?
Not all his skill the mental wound can heal,
Or cure a loss he must so justly mourn!
How will he weep, when in the ocean grave
He hears a brother lost he could have died to save!"

Here with observant eye, and look serene, 211
Thus check'd the good old man my plaintive
speech;
"Best in submission piety is seen,
That lesson let thy kind conductress teach:
But lest the youth thy friend bewails should
want
The rites departed merit ought to find,
Let these assembled natives kindly grant
The unpolluted grave, by Heaven assign'd:
A corpse that claim'd a due interment more,
Yet never wasted wave to Faroe's guiltless shore!"

He said—obedient to his just commands 221
The zealous youth the breathless body bear,
Some form the sepulchre with careful hands,
While round the virgins drop the artless tear.

Ver. 157. The Faroe Isles, subject to Denmark.
See Bede's Description of them.

Ver. 180. Content, the third allegorical figure
introduced.

Such flowers as Nature grants the ruder clime,
Such flowers as und with pious care they shed,
And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme,
Allotted to the sage or warrior dead:
While as the fruitless honours are bestow'd,
Content with sober speech his purpose thus avow'd:

"What boots thee now, lost youth! that cros-
the main, 231

Thou spread the daring sail from pole to pole,
Wealth to acquire, and knowledge to attain:
Knowledge, the nobler treasure of thy soul!
Beneath the scorching of the medial line,
On Afric's sand, and India's golden coast;
Virtue gave thee with native truth to shine,
Drest in each excellence that youth could boast,
And now she gives thee from the wave to rise,
And reach the safer port prepar'd thee in the skies.

"Yet take these honours, thy desert reward!
Call this untroubled spot of earth thy own;
Here shall thy ashes find a due regard,
And annual sweets around thy grave be thrown.
Directing Heaven ordain'd thy early end.

From fraud and guilt to save thy blameless
youth,

To show that death no terrors can attend,

Where piety resides and holy truth:

Here take thy rest within this hallow'd ground,
Till the last trump emit the dead awakening
sound!" 250

He ceas'd—attentive to the words he said,
In earth the natives place the honour'd clay;
With holy rites they cover up his head,
A spotless grave, where never mortal lay!
Charm'd with the simple manners of the isle,
I wish'd some further knowledge to receive:
Here could have dwelt with old Content awhile,
And learn'd of him the happiness to live!

When Patience from my side abruptly broke.

And, starting at the loss, I suddenly awoke! 260

JOB. CHAP. III.

TRANSLATED.

Thus Job began.—Curst be the fatal morn
In which distinguish'd wretchedness was born:
From the fair round of the revolving year
Perish that day! nor let the night appear,
In which this speck of entity began
To swell to misery, and promise man!
Let darkness stain it o'er, no friendly ray
Pierce through the gloom of that affrighted day!
But shades of terror o'er its circuit spread,
And fold it in the mantle of the dead:
O'er that curst night may double horrors dwell,
Such as enwrap the punishments of hell!
No cheerful sounds its solitude awake,
But such as fiends and tortur'd wretches make;
Such as may wound the soul, and shock the ear,
The groans of death, and howlings of despair!

Ver. 227. The inhabitants of all these northern
isles observe the custom of singing over the dead.

Ver. 254. Virgin.

May all its stars with rays diminish'd show,
And through the dusky air obscurely glow!
No glimpse of hope the dreadful scene adorn,
Nor let it see the promise of a morn:—
Because it shut not up my mother's womb,
And join'd at once my cradle and my tomb:
Why dy'd I not? Why did preventive care
My destin'd life for future sorrows spare?
Then had I found that ease I seek in vain,
Nor known this load of unexampled pain!

O grave! thou refuge of the soul distressed!
When shall I sink into thy downy rest?
There kings and mighty ones neglected rot,
In their own mould'ring monuments forgot:
(Though once of grandeur and of pow'r possess'd,
And all the treasures of the shining east)
There men no longer vain distinctions boast,
In common dust the prince and slave are lost:
Low lies th' oppressor bound in lasting chains,
There of his rod the wretch no more complains!
There cease the wailings of the heart distressed,
And there the weary find eternal rest!

Why sparest thou, O Lord! a life like mine?
While with incessant prayer for death I pine:
Why is that blessing given to wealth and pride?
But to the wretch, distress'd like me, deny'd.
While o'er my head thy awful terrors brood,
Beset my path, and mingle with my food.
In vain my cries and groans continual rise,
In vain my tears I pour, and waste my sighs:
While all my fears upon my soul are come,
By thee forsaken, hopeless and undone!

VERSES

Sacred to the memory of the Reverend
MR. JOHN ANDERSON*,

MINISTER AT GLASGOW, OB. ANNO 1721.

SHALL streaming tears a nation's eyes o'erflow,
And not a muse partake the general woe?
Shall we be dumb because he speaks no more,
Who charm'd attentive multitude before,
Clos'd are those eyes, and silent is that tongue
Where sparkled zeal and mild instruction hung.
By nature form'd to shine in ev'ry scene,
To charm the ambitious, or allure the vain:
Early he learn'd the prospect to despise
And make his nobler choice his kindred skies:
For this himself and rising hopes resign'd,
To live to heav'n, and live for human kind;
Hard trial to the mind, could ought controul
A Roman virtue in a Christian soul?

Oh could the muse his generous labours say!
To justify the debt of tears we pay:
No streams of grief should be immoderate thought,
Excess of sorrow is an honest fault.

His widow'd flock best know his pious care,
Taught by his words and guarded by his prayer;
No more shall in his eyes his ardour shine
No longer from his lips flow truths divine.

* Author of "A Dialogue on the Common prayer
Book," 4to 1711. "Letters upon Presbyteries," 8vo.
1720 and grandfather of the learned and in-
genious John Anderson, F. R. S. Professor of Natural
Philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

How wont the willing crowd to gather round,
 Hang on his lips, and catch th' enchanting sound;
 While in such terms his thoughts he still express
 The love of virtue rose in every breast
 And ev'ry heart its secret faults confess.
 Then with what ease the tumult would he calm,
 And to the wounds he search'd apply the balm!
 So first their danger to mankind he taught,
 Then, like some guardian angel, comfort brought.
 Nor had his speech alone such wondrous pow'r,
 Though wondrous that—but still his life was more;
 Where all the charms of virtue were display'd;
 And taught the world even more than all he said;
 Where all was open, unreserv'd and fair,
 A generous bosom, and a heart sincere,
 Firm to truth, to reason so resign'd,
 At once impartial, and at once so kind, [mend,
 That scarce we knew which most we should com-
 The free reprove, or the tender friend:
 Such were the pastors that in ancient days,
 Reclaim'd mankind, and led in virtue's ways,
 Such Asia boasted, and such Rome of old,
 E'er souls were barter'd for unrighteous gold;
 Such great Erasmus, gentle Cranmer shone,
 And such a man, O Glasgow! late thy own:
 Whose life like theirs, in generous labours past,
 Was still the same and lovely to the last.
 So in calm evenings and unclouded skies
 Not less resplendent in his fall than rise;
 The western sun into the main declines,
 Bright and more bright, and as he sets he shines!

WRITTEN

IN MR. WATTS'S HOME LYRICE.

HERE let th' attentive reader learn
 On heavenly wings to rise;
 And all-contemplative discern
 The wonders of the skies!

Compassion kind, and boundless love,
 Here seem divinely bright:
 And mercy like the silver dove
 Allures the ravish'd sight.

Thy soul, great Watts! forsakes the earth,
 And scorns the glitt'ring toy:
 While conscious of her higher birth
 She seeks immortal joy.

Thy melting numbers touch the soul,
 And kind devotion warm;
 Each jarring thought with ease controul,
 And bleis us while they charm.

O happy whose seraphic mind,
 Such heights sublime can rise!
 Can leave the lessening world behind,
 And mingle with the skies

But happier far shall be thy fate,
 When death shall break the chain;
 And set thee loose to bliss complete,
 To joys that know no pain.

There shalt thou thy immortal lyre,
 In songs of praise employ!
 And feel the sacred task inspire
 Thy breast with endless joy.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. M—S—,

At Glasgow, May 28. 1730.

INSCRIBED TO MR. A—S—

WHILE thy torn heart with varied woe is prest,
 And all the friend lies bleeding in thy breast:
 Forgive the muse who would our loss deplore,
 And mourn with thee—that Marcus is no more!

The cruel tyrant, whose restless rage
 Alike employs itself on youth and age;
 Smiles at our tears—and as our grief runs high,
 Points Marcus out; and bids us learn to die!
 Shows all the op'ning virtues of the youth,
 His native goodness, modesty, and truth:
 What early worth just blasted in its bloom!
 How many graces shrouded in the tomb!
 See Caledonia weeping o'er the urn!
 As if she seem'd her fav'rite son to mourn;
 Oft for her sake he read th' historic page,
 And trac'd the mazes of remotest age;
 Earlier assertor of her glorious cause,
 Fond of her freedom, zealous for her laws:
 Great liberty inspir'd his honest breast,
 And his dear country all his soul possess'd:
 In youth a patriot—steady to the right,
 In manners humane, and in arts polite.
 His heart all-generous, candid, and serene,
 Sweet as his look, engaging as his mien:
 To friendship faithful, to misfortune kind,
 His life a lovely copy of his mind.

So near perfection in his early day,
 Why should we weep to see him snatch'd away?
 To see him reach at once th' immortal prize,
 And rise triumphant to his native skies.
 Behold th' exalted youth with smiles survey,
 The fond mistaken debt of grief we pay!
 Behold him seated on the blissful shore,
 Hear from afar the noisy tempest roar!
 Safe from the taint of a corrupted age,
 From vicious manners, and from party-rage.
 No passions there his purer bosom move;
 But harmony divine, and peace, and love;
 Such as on earth were wont to sooth his breast,
 The pleasing foretaste of his heav'nly rest.

See him point out the path he left in view,
 And bid his friends the noble race pursue!
 Display the fair example to their eyes,
 And bid them live like him—like him to rise!
 So the bright all-enlivening orb of light,
 When he withdraws himself from mortal sight;
 With fairer glories shines in milder skies,
 And sets to us, for better worlds to rise!

Thou dear departed friend! if greatly blest,
 One meaner thought can touch thy peaceful breast.
 Look on a heart, by passions rent like mine,
 That weeping waits to mingle joys with thine!
 Fir'd by the sight—that struggles to be free,
 And join society with heav'n and thee.

TO MR. THOMSON,

UPON HIS TRAGEDY OF SOPHONISBA.

FORGIVE the muse, that with unpractis'd string,
 And fond ambition dares thy praise to sing;

Pleas'd who behold thy tow'ring genius rise,
And sees thy merit shine in southern skies.

When nature first inspir'd thy early strain,
To paint the beauties of the flow'ry plain;
The charming page I read with soft delight,
And every lively landscape charm'd my sight:
Now led by thee, while I again explore,
New patriots rising on a barbarous shore;
A beauteous breast that glows with love of fame,
A female Cato, with a softer name!
My ravish'd heart exults in being free,
And burns with love of sacred liberty!

Let Rome the blessing arrogate no more,
The goddess reigns upon a distant shore;
And there in all her native charms confest,
She fires immortal Saphonisa's breast:
Great Carthage rises from oblivion's womb,
By thee reviv'd, she quits her awful tomb;
And emulates again her haughty rival Rome.

So when great Titian rose, immortal man!
With rural scenes his pencil first began;
Employ'd all genial nature's laws to trace,
And copy from her ever-blooming face;
Here paint the precipice and falling flood,
There strike the vale—or mark the distant wood;
Till rising in his skill by just degrees,
He form'd th' idea of th' historic piece;
Where some great hero boldly he design'd,
And touch'd th' exalted passions of the mind:
Of art with nature such the generous strife,
That all the speaking canvas swell'd with life!
So strong the figures strike the ravish'd eye,
We quite forget the hand that gives the joy!
Till by reflection warm'd, we feel those joys,
Still from one great original arise;
Who follows nature charms without design,
Who follows her like you—like you must shine.

TO MRS. OLDFIELD,

ON HER ACTING CLEOPATRA.

OST has my soul with strong compassion strove,
To think of Antony's ill-fated love;
To see him shrink before th' ambitious boy,
Fame, life, and honour, given for transient joy!
Thus once I thought—but now my error see,
And the lost hero stands absolv'd by thee.

Had Cleopatra's charms like Oldfield's shone!
Had she the tuneful magic of thy tongue!
Well might the Roman of his softness boast,
And think that love aton'd for empire lost:
Well might he from the glorious war remove,
And barter crowns and provinces for love!
For oh! who would not make the fate his own?
And wish to be so gloriously undone!

ANNIVERSARY ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A DAUGHTER.

Ob. An. 1726.

BEGIN my muse, and strike the lyre,
Let grief the melting notes inspire!
And sadly consecrate the day,
That snatch'd my soul's delight away!

When first the beauteous infant maid,
The early seeds of sense display'd,
With her dear prattle sooth'd my cares,
And charm'd my fond transported ears.

How did her op'ning bloom arise!
And as it struck my ravish'd eyes,
Oft promis'd to my years increase,
A store of innocence and peace.

But soon, too soon, these flattering joys,
Fate's interposing hand destroys;
And lost in death's all-gloomy shade,
The dear delusive vision fled.

So does the early-budding rose,
Its blushing fragrantcy disclose,
Allure the touch, and smell, and sight,
And yield each sense a soft delight.

Till some rash foe its pride invade,
And ravish'd from its native bed,
Its odour and its hue decay,
And all its beauties fade away.

Thus were my dreams of comfort cross'd,
And with the fav'rite virgin lost;
And all my schemes of bliss to come,
Enclos'd within her early tomb!

Thence clouds of new afflictions rise,
And brooding o'er the darken'd skies;
With their sad melancholy shade,
The horizon of life o'erspread.

While o'er the young Sabina's urn,
Thus with paternal grief I mourn:
Around my soul new sorrows break,
And leave my woes no room to speak.—

On Atticus' delightful age,
Fate next employed his cruel rage;
With ease dissolv'd life's feeble chain,
And freed the suffering saint from pain.

O ever honour'd sacred name!
If in the bright immortal train
One thought of earth can touch thy rest,
Look down on this afflicted breast.

Teach me, like thee, through life to steer,
Patient and calm my lot to bear;
Teach me thy heav'nly steps to trace,
And reach like thee the realms of peace!

ODE TO MR. WILLIAM CUMING,

ON HIS GOING TO FRANCE, AUGUST 31. 1735.

“ ————— Finibus [Gallicis]
“ Reddes incolumem precor,
“ Et serves animæ dimidium meæ!”

O blow serene! ye soft Etesian gales,
Curl the gay main, and fill the swelling sails!
The guardian vessel through the deep attend:
Shine every favourable planet bright,
To guide the prosperous navigation right,
And bear to Gallia's shore my happy friend!

Thence to Lutetia's walls, a pleasing way,
Through scenes by nature dress'd profusely gay!
Auspicious fortune still his passage guide;
Till safe arriv'd he views the wond'rous town,
Which all agree unprejudic'd to own
At once fair Europe's envy and its pride!

There while his thoughts explore th' amazing
plan
Of pow'r divine—the microcosm of man;
From every danger shield his spotless youth
With manly strength his growing virtue arm,
To break the force of every siren charm,
And keep untainted all his native truth.
When views of pomp or bright processions rise,
When Louvre or Versailles enchants the eyes,
The grand assembly or the royal train!
Oh liberty! thy faithful prospect lend,
To Britain's isle his calm reflection bend,
And say, that slav'ry makes the splendour mean.

When artful beauty lays the secret snare,
Instruct him, friendly goddess, to beware,
Defend him from each captivating art!
For there fair Venus holds her sov'reign court,
There all her wanton sportive loves resort,
And in a thousand forms surprise the heart.

Yet, goddess! let him, as intent he sees
That airy nation's native skill to please,
Shun the reflection of the mimic glass!
Of all the Britons I have ever seen,
Who ap'd the graces of the Gallic mien,
Scarce one but chronicled himself an ass.

Yet that politeness of the truest kind,
Which both adorns and cultivates the mind,
This let his careful study borrow thence!
Manners from hence new ornament receive,
To knowledge this does double lustre give,
And travel finishes the man of sense.

Sometimes from crowds retir'd if chance he strays,
Where Seine along th' Elysian meadows plays,
Let some kind genius whisper in his ear,
How many vows for his success are paid,
How many for his safe return are made,
How many think his absence tedious here.

But oh, too harsh, my friend! these precepts flow,
The specious coverings of my secret woe,
While fortune's partial favour I accuse:
Who, when my sorrows needed most a friend,
Was pleas'd in thee the precious gift to send,
Malicious bounty! but bestow'd to lose.

Oh no, forgive, the sacred tie I wrong!
Where virtue binds, the mutual union strong.
Distance, misfortune, time, and fate defies;
From pole to pole, from Ganges to the Thame,
Immortal friendship spreads th' ethereal flame
For ages still the same, and never dies!

Edin., Aug. 21. 1735.

Amico opt. W. C. mœstus hoc doloris
et gratitudinis monumentum P.

HORACE AND LYDIA,

BOOK III. ODE IX. IMITATED.

Alexis.

While, Phyllis, transport'd I lay in your arms,
And, possess'd of your fondness, was blest'd in
your charms,

On wealth and ambition with scorn I look'd down,
Nor envy'd great Lewis that bauble, his crown.

Phyllis.

While faithful with me you delighted at home,
As happy was I, as the Pope is at Rome;
But now new acquaintance your fancy mislead,
And Peter's folk * never are out of your head.

Alexis.

The charge I submit to—I own they're my friends,
Their agreeable converse fair virtue commends.
With their sense and good humour my woes I re-
lieve,

And with them for an age I unwear'd could live.

Phyllis.

Miranda's fine voice and good humour for me,
My comrade she is, and my comrade shall be!
In spite of all scandal, I'll live with her still,
And let the world censure, or say what it will.

Alexis.

But what if, dear Phyllis, this difference should
end,

Suppose, for your sake, I abandon'd my friend,
And, in spite of my judgment, too bias'd my view,
Relinquish'd the world to be bury'd with you.

Phyllis.

Though Miranda's still constantly pleasing and
gay,

Though her notes far exceed all the music of May,
And though you, like old ocean, look muddy
and four,

Our ancient alliance I'll gladly restore, [more.]
And resolve that till death we will differ no

Alexis.

No, Phyllis, though kind, that concession won't
take,

I ne'er can consent our joint friends to forsake,
Who in making of treaties forget their allies,
Will never be reckon'd or honest or wise.

Phyllis.

Then be judg'd by the rule you've so gravely laid
down,

Nor hope that Miranda my heart shall disown.
With her, gentle heav'n, grant me freedom to rove,
While friendship shall pay me the interest of love.

Alexis.

Beware, charming Phyllis, a fatal mistake,
Where interest's the motive, there friendship is
weak.

'Tis virtue alone can establish the tie, [we die.
Through life still unbroken, which holds when
The taste may be modish, yet ne'er can last long,
To lose an old lover, to hear a new long.

* By "Peter's folk," is meant the hospitable and agreeable family of a Mr. Stewart, a merchant in Edinburgh; who had two amiable daughters, to whom Boys address'd some poems.

If novelty charms you, delighted in change,
From pleasure to pleasure, oh long may you range!
For me, from henceforth on some quieter shore,
Where fortune and love shall disturb me no more,
I'll seek in retirement the noblest of joys,
'Tis time must discover the truth of each choice.

EPISTLE TO HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

THOUGH 'midst the cruel storm of passion tost,
I view the shore, and sigh for safety lost,
While every distant hope of good is gone,
And left by thee! 'tis joy to be undone,
Oh! read the thought where no design has part,
The last faint purpose of my wretched heart;
Long had between us (in a moment torn)
The holy band of friendship's faith been worn:
I claim'd the bliss, so happy once was I,
Dear to your breast, and cherish'd in your eye:
Now lost the privilege, shall one short day
Snatch all the labour of our lives away?
But oh, I err! I am not what I seem,
Friendship can ne'er subsist without esteem;
Death were my choice, if heaven my choice ap-
prov'd,
More easy than to lose the friend I lov'd:
Happy in this, that to your better care
I gave a friend, will never lose his share,
Whose truth will still increase, the longer known,
Whose faith, whose goodness, are fo like your own:

Forget, I bless you,—if this wish succeeds,
Then live Gustavus, though Arvida bleeds

ON THE

EXTRAORDINARY EXECUTION

OF CAPT. JOHN PORTEOUS, SEPT. 7. 1736.

"—— Nec lex est justior ulla,
"Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

"By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
"The dire artificers of death shall bleed."

PORTEOUS! thou strong example, timely given,
How sovereigns should employ the power of hea-
ven;

Thy wanton hands a sanguine deluge spread,
Thy country's equal voice pronounc'd thee dead:
But tools like thee were thought such useful things,
That sordid greatness mov'd all secret springs;
In vain the great applied, the court repriev'd,
Eternal Justice thought too long you liv'd:
Mercy grew vain; when such a crime grew slight,
'Twas time the people should assert their right.
Yet let the muse the just encomium draw,
Self-injur'd, how they kept the sight of law,
The gentleness, denied their fellows, gave,
And left thee time to arm thee for the grave:
Let none behold thy exit with regret,
You died, the noblest way, a public debt:
May the auspicious omen rise in you,
And villains (screen'd however) meet their due!

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM THOMPSON.

Containing

SICKNESS,
HYMN TO MAY,
THE NATIVITY,
THE MAGI,
CORESUS AND CALLIRHOE,



ODES,
EPISLES,
SONGS,
GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS,
EPITAPHS,

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Come, *Spenser*, awful genius, come along,
Mix with the music of th' aerial throng;
O reath a pensive stillness through my breast,
While balmy breezes pant the leaves among,
And sweetly sooth my passions into rest,
Hint purest thoughts in purest colours drest;
Even such as angels prompt in golden dreams,
To holy hermits high in raptures blest,
His bosom burning with celestial beams;
No less the raptures of my summer day,
If *Spenser* deign with me to moralize the lay.

GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

WILLIAM THOMPSON

THE BIRD OF THE WATSON

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY HENDERSON & SONS, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

William

THE LIFE OF THOMPSON.

Of the personal history of THOMPSON, the present writer is sorry that the intelligence which his inquiries have obtained, is so scanty, that he must give his life to the world much more briefly than his qualifications deserve. A few detached dates and notices, less ample and satisfactory than the inscription on a common grave-stone, collected chiefly from his writings, compose the slender memorials of his life.

William Thompson, was second son of the Rev. Francis Thompson, B. D. Senior Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and thirty-two years vicar of Brough in Westmoreland.

Of the time and place of his birth there are no memorials. But it is probable, he was born at Brough, about 1712. His mother was first married to Joseph Fisher, M. A. Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, Vicar of Brough, and Arch-deacon of Carlisle, by whom she had no children. His father died August 31. 1735, aged 70. His mother died October 25. 1737, aged 65.

After passing through the usual course of elementary learning in the country, he was sent to the University of Oxford, and entered at Queen's College, where he afterwards became a Fellow.

Early in life, he discovered a propensity to poetry, and wrote, as he himself informs us, *Six Pastorals*, in 1734.

His early conceptions of love, of friendship, and of virtue, were very warm and elevated, and prompted a variety of poetical effusions, amatory, sentimental, and serious.

In his retirement in Westmoreland, on the banks of his native Eden, which "first heard the Doric reeds" of the unfortunate Pattison, and the amiable Langhorne, he wrote his *Stella*, five *Amores*, *Elegiarum tres Libri*, in 1736.

These *Pastorals* and *Love Elegies*, written when the young poet's soul was high-tuned to the tender emotions of nature, without any design of printing them, have not been collected into his works.

In 1736, he wrote an *Epithalamium on the Royal Nuptials*, as a college exercise; which procured him considerable reputation.

He took the degree of Master of Arts, February 26. 1738; and entering into orders, was presented to the rectory of South Weston and Hampton-Pyle, in Oxfordshire.

About this time, on his recovery from the small-pox, he wrote his poem called *Sickness*; which was published in 1746, and very favourably received by the polite and religious world.

Not long after, he published his *Hymn to May*, in the manner of Spenser, which completely established his poetical reputation.

In 1751, he was a candidate for the poetry professorship at Oxford; but did not succeed in his application.

Soon after, he published *Gratitude, a Poem*, on the Countess of Pomfret's benefactions to the University of Oxford, which has eluded the inquiries of the present writer.

In 1757, he published, by subscription, a collection of his *Poems on Several Occasions*; and *Gondibert and Birtha*, a tragedy, with a dedication to the Countess of Northumberland. In a short advertisement, he informs the reader, "that the greater part of the poems were written when the author was very young, and without any design of printing them, which," he says, "is only men-

tioned with hopes to procure the reader's pardon for the imperfection of some, and the lightness of others. Yet

Non ego mordaci distinxī carmine quemquam
Nulla venenato litera mista joco est."

OVID.

"The tragedy," he adds, "was likewise chiefly composed when the author was an under-graduate in the University, as an innocent relaxation from those severer and more useful studies; for which the College, where he had the benefit of his education, is so deservedly distinguished. I have caused it (with all its juvenile imperfections on its head) to be printed as it was first written, and have even added the original motto, that it might be all of a piece"

This seems to be the language of unaffected modesty; some of the earlier little pieces might probably have admitted of some improvements, if he had judged it proper to retouch them afterwards: but as a spirit of ingenuousness is manifest throughout his sentiments, he has probably given his most private productions, as they were first conceived and written; upon which supposition, there appears very little reprehensible in them, and not a little, for their quantity, that may be justly commended.

"The poem called *Sickness*," he says, "was republished at the request of several of my subscribers; to which, without regarding the additional expence, I very readily agreed. I have made some alterations, which, in the divisions of the books, I hope will be thought improvements."

He survived this publication several years, and intended to republish "Browne's Britannia's Pastorals," upon which he left some short notes, inserted in T. Davies's edition, 1772; but the present writer has not been able to discover when he died.

This is all that is known of Thompson, an amiable and ingenious poet, whose writings seem not hitherto to have received so much attention as they deserve.

His *Poems on Several Occasions*, with the omission of a few trifling songs, and his *Garden Inscriptions*, published in the "Poetical Calendar" for August 1763, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry. The reader may perhaps wish, for the sake of his reputation, that some more of his lighter pieces had been omitted. The majority of them are, however, worthy of him.

As a poet, his compositions are characterized by fertility of invention, splendour of imagination, tenderness of sentiment, facility of expression, and harmony of numbers. He is of the school of Spenser and Milton; but he imitates the former more than the latter. He seems to have been an enthusiastic admirer, and an attentive observer of the charms of nature, as his compositions abound in minute rural imagery, and picturesque description. His faults are those of his master. Rich in native stores, he sometimes employs traditional imagery, and hereditary similes. His descriptions are sometimes puerile and extravagant, and sometimes overwrought, and lost in a profusion of colours.

His capital performance is *Sickness*, a poem, in five books, in blank verse. In this work, boldness of personification, energy of language, sublimity of sentiment, pathetic representation, and the most exquisite beauties of poetry, are ennobled with Christian and moral truths. Almost every line glows with devotion, rises into the most exalted apprehensions of the Creator, and is animated with the most lively faith in the all-sufficient mediation of the Redeemer of mankind. In the first book, which bears only the general title of *Sickness*, after proposing his subject, he thus reflects on the levity of some of his earlier poetical amusements.

— Too long the muse,
Ah! much too long, a libertine diffus'd,
On Pleasure's rosy lap, has idly breath'd
Love-sighing elegies, and pastoral strains,
The soft seducers of our youthful hours,
Soothing away the vigour of the mind,
And energy of virtue. But farewell,
Ye myrtle walks, ye lily-mantled meads
Of Paphos, and the fount of Acidale.

The second book is called the *Palace of Disfast*. This palace is very poetically imagined and executed, and the malignant power inhabiting it is very correspondently pourtrayed. He thus describes one of her six attendant furies, the small-pox, whose severe infection occasioned the poem.

The last, so turpid to the view, affrights
Her neighbour hags. Happy herself is blind,
Or madness would ensue, so bloated black,
So loathsome to each sense, the sight or smell,
Such foul corruption on this side the grave,
Varicella yclep'd; ragged and rough,
Her couch perplex'd with thorns. What heavy scenes
Hang o'er my head, to feel the theme is mine!

In the third book, called the *Progress of Sickness*, after a succession of dreams of different complexions, which are very poetically enumerated and contrasted, on waking affrighted from the imaginary blast of *Astolpho's* horn, in "Orlando Furioso;" he thus energetically exclaims:

Pain empties all her vials on my head,
And steepes me o'er and o'er. Th' envenom'd shirt
Of Hercules enwraps my burning limbs
With dragon's blood: I rave and roar like him,
Writhing in agony. Devouring fires
Eat up the marrow frying in my bones,
O whether, whether shall I turn for aid!

The metaphorical display of friendship at the close of this book is warm and delicate.

Friendship's

—————a holy fire,
Where honour beams on honour, truths on truths,
Bright as the eyes of angels, and as pure.
An altar whence two gentle loving hearts
Mount to the skies in one conspiring blaze,
And spotless union——

The fourth book is called the *Recovery*. In this, Mercy sends *Hygia* or Health, to the well of life, in which he ingeniously feigns the angel who descended into the pool of Bethesda, to have previously moistened his wings. His surprise at the first return of sight, and his succeeding exultation on it, are finely expressed.

I thank thee Sleep!—Heav'ns! is the day restor'd
To my desiring eyes? Their lids, unglew'd,
Admit the long-lost light, now streaming in
Painfully clear!—O check the rapid gleam
With shading silk, till the weak visual orb,
Stronger and stronger, dares imbibe the sun,
Nor, wat'ring, twinkle at unfolded day.
Sight, all-expressive! Though the *feeling* sense
Thrills from Ianthe's hand; at Handel's lyre
Tingles the ear; though smell from blossom'd beams
Arabian spirit gathers; and the draught,
Sparkling from Burgundy's exalted vines,
Streams nectar on the palate; yet, O *sight*!
Weak their sensations, when compar'd with thee.

The last book, styled the *Thanksgiving*, is replete with much devout and animated gratitude. The following parody of a very poetical passage in the "Psalms," is well executed.

—————For me (who late
A neighbour of the worms) when I forget
The wonders of thy goodness ray'd on me,
And cease to celebrate with matin harp
Or vesper song, thy plenitude of love,
And healing mercy; may the *nightly Pow'r*,
Which whispers on my slumbers, cease to breathe
Her *modulating* impulse through my soul;

Untun'd, unhallow'd! Discord, string my lyre,
 Idly, my finger, press the fretted gold,
 Rebellious to the dictates of my hand,
 When indolent, to swell the notes for thee,
 FATHER of heav'n and earth!—

The *Hymn to May*, is a professed imitation of Spenser; and without ostentatious praise, it is but just to observe, that in opulence of imagery, brilliancy of colouring, distinctness and propriety of attribute, and harmony of numbers, it challenges every modern production, and rivals, if not surpasses every thing of the kind, even in Spenser, from whom he caught his inspiration. The diction is florid and luxuriant, and the sentiments rapturous and tender in the highest degree. He gives a loose to the luxuriance of his imagination, and indulges himself in every extravagance that poetry allows. The exuberance of his diction invests his thoughts with splendour, through which, perhaps, they are not always easily discerned. Spenser being not less celebrated for his description of the beauties of nature, than for his dress and portraiture of allegorical personages, Thompson has thus charmingly delineated and arrayed his poetical *May*.

She comes!—A filken camus, emerald-green,
 Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,
 (Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen)
 And with the labours of the needle glows,
 Purpled by nature's hand! The amorous air
 And musky western breezes fast repair,
 Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her hair.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)
 With the gay honours of the spring entwin'd,
 Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,
 Floats glitt'ring on the sun, and scents the wind,
 Love-sick with odours!—Now to order roll'd,
 It melts upon her bosom's dainty mould,
 Or, curling round her waist, disparts its wavy gold.

Young circling roses, blushing round them throw
 The sweet abundance of their purple rays,
 And lilies dipt in fragrance, freshly blow,
 With blended beauties, in her angel face.
 The humid radiance beaming from her eyes,
 The air and seas illumine, the earth and skies,
 And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

On zephyr's wing the laughing goddess view
 Distilling balm. She cleaves the buxom air,
 Attended by the silver-footed dew,
 The ravages of winter to repair.
 She gives her naked bosom to the gales,
 Her naked bosom down the ether falls;
 Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the spring exhales.

In stanzas 47, 48, 49, 50, and 51, the supposition of Venus being born in this month, and celebrating her birth-day near Acidalus, a fountain in Bœotia, is happily imagined, and expressed with that softness of sentiment which he professes to have indulged in this poem, though with an avowal of the purest intention. The stanzas 19, 20, 21, &c. show him a great master in the descriptive. The *Nativity*, a college exercise, and the *Epithalamium* on the royal nuptials, are also fine imitations of Spenser. In the *Nativity*, the lines beginning, *Hark, the jolly pipe and rural lay*, and ending, *Hell groan'd through all her dens, and grim death dropp'd down dead*, are remarkably fine. The verses on *Pope's Works* are agreeably various and spirited. Those especially on his translation of "Homer," are exquisitely animated. The *Epistle to the Author of Leonidas*, The fall of *Corefus* and *Callirhoe*, from Pausanias; and the *Magi*, a Sacred Eclogue are all masterly. The lines in the Eclogue in which the sages are introduced paying their adoration to the infant Saviour, are eminently beautiful. His *Epitaphs*

on both his parents, comprise two most worthy characters pourtrayed by filial poetry. The verses *Written on the Holy Bible*, in his grave religious character, have an original air. The *Garden Inscriptions*, prove him no languid admirer, but a fervent worshipper of the excellencies of his favourites, particularly Spenser, Milton, Thomson, and Young. The eulogy is sometimes overcharged; yet the overflowing fulness with which he measures out to others, springs from a most amiable source. It is the very contrast of narrow self-love, of envy and detraction, and entitles him to the most liberal regard from every lover of candour and benevolence.

His *Love verses* are, for the most part, tender and unaffected; dictated by his own feelings, when the passion is quite new, romantically sweet, and, perhaps, at the utmost purity which is compatible with desire.

His two Latin odes on *Winter* and *Summer*, rank with the best compositions of our English writers, who have cultivated Latin poetry with success. Poetical versions, by Mr. Tattersal, fellow of Trinity-College, Cambridge, were published along with the originals; which I believe," says he, "will be thought the best verses in the collection: they are finished in so easy and masterly a manner, that I must own, that I had rather have been the author of them than of the originals themselves."

His tragedy of *Gondibert* and *Birtba*, taken from Davenant's poem of "Gondibert," seems very little adapted to the stage, being much more poetical than dramatic. The sentiments are warm and elevated; but seem rather such as he had collected from an acquaintance with the illustrious dead, than from being "hackneyed in the ways of men," as he appears more delighted with what *Syphax* malignantly calls the "extravagance of virtue," than experienced in a knowledge of the world, and the ordinary conduct of mankind.

and, then from being "battered in the wave of men," we are again more delighted with what Spinoza indignantly calls the "extraneous use of virtue," than astonished in a knowledge of the

THE WORKS OF THOMPSON.

SICKNESS, A POEM: IN FIVE BOOKS.

The Lord comfort him, when he lieth sick upon his bed; make thou all his bed in his sickness.

Psalm.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

SUBJECT proposed. The folly of employing poetry on wanton or trifling subjects. Invocation of Urania. Reflections on the instability of life itself: Frailness of youth, beauty, and health. The suddenness and first attacks of a distemper, in particular of the small-pox. Moral and religious observations resulting from sickness.

Of days with pain acquainted, and of nights
Unconscious of the healing balms of sleep,
That burn in restless agonies away;
Of sickness, and its family of woes,
The feeblest enemies of life, I sing,
Horizon'd close in darkness. While I touch
The ebon instrument, of solemn tone,
Pluck'd from the cypress' melancholy boughs,
Which, deep'ning, shade the house of mourning,
groans 9

And hollow wailings, through the damps of night,
Responsive wound the ear. The sprightly pow'rs
Of musical enchantment wave their wings,
And seek the fragrant groves and purple fields,
Where pleasure rolls her honey-trickling streams,
Of blooming health and laughter-dimpled joy.

Me other scenes than laughing joy, and health
High-blooming, purple-living fields and groves,
Fragrant with spring, invite. Too long the muse,
Ah! much too long, a libertine, diffus'd
On pleasure's rosy lap, has idly breath'd 20
Love-sighing elegies, and pastoral strains,
The soft seducers of our youthful hours,
Soothing away the vigour of the mind,
And energy of virtue. But farewell
Ye myrtle walks, ye lily-mantled meads
Of Paphos, and the fount of Acidale,
Where oft in summer, Grecian fables tell,
The daughters of Eurynome and Jove,
Thalia and her sister-graces, cool
Their glowing features, at the noontide hour, 30
Farewel!—But come, Urania, from thy bow'rs
Of everlasting day; O condescend
To lead thy votary (with rapt'rous zeal
Adoring nature's God, the great Three-One!)

To Salem, where the shepherd-monarch wak'd
The sacred breath of melody, and swell'd
His harp, to angels kindred notes attun'd,
With music worthy heaven! O bathe my breast,
With praises burning, in the morning dew,
Which sparkle, Sion, on thy holy hill. 40

The prophets, eagle-ey'd, celestial maid,
Those poets of the sky! were taught to chaunt
The glories of Messiah's reign by thee!
Kindled by thee, the eastern pages flame
With light'ning, and with thunder shake the soul;
While from the whirlwind God's all-glorious voice
Bursts on the tingling ears of Job: the writ
Of Moses, meek in spirit, but his thoughts
Lofty as heav'n's blue arch. My humble hopes
Aspire but to the alpha of his song; 50
Where, roll'd in ashes, digging for a grave,
More earnest than the covetous for gold
Or hidden treasures, crust'd o'er with boils,
And roaring in the bitterness of soul,
And heart-sick pain, the man of Uz complains.
Themes correspondent to thy servant's theme.

I sing to you, ye sons of men! of dust
Say rather: What is man, who proudly lifts;
His brow audacious, as confronting Heav'n,
And tramples with disdain his mother earth, 60
But moulded clay? an animated heap
Of dust, that shortly shall to dust return?

We dream of shadows, when we talk of life,
Of Pelops' shoulder, of Pythagoras' thigh,
Of Sirius's faints, and Ovid's gods;
Mere tales to cheat our children with to rest;
And, when the tale is told, they sink to sleep,
Death's image! so inane is mortal man!
Man's but a vapour, tosd' by every wind,

The child of smoke, which in a moment flies, 70
And, sinking into nothing, disappears.
Man's a brisk bubble, floating on the waves
Of wide eternity: He dances now
Gay-gilded by the sun (though empty, proud;)
Phantastically fine! and now he drops
In a broad sheet of waters deep involv'd,
And gives his place to others. O, ye sons
Of vanity, remember, and be wise!

Man is a flow'r, which, in the morning, fair
As day-spring, swelling from its slender stem, 80
In virgin-modesty, and sweet reserve,
Lays out its blushing beauties to the day.
As Gideon's fleece, full with the dews of heav'n.
But if some ruder gale, or nipping wind,
Disastrous blow too hard, it weeping mourns
In robes of darkness; it reclines its head
In languid softness; withers every grace;
And, ere the ev'ning-star the west inflames,
It falls into the portion of those weeds
Which with a careless hand we cast away— 90
Ye thoughtless fair ones, moralize my song!

Thy pulse beats music; thou art high in health;
The rather tremble. When the least we fear,
When folly lulls us on her couch of down,
And wine, and lutes, and odours, fill the sense
With their soft affluence of bewitching joys;
When years of rapture in thy fancy glow
To entertain thy youth; a sudden burst
Of thunder from the smallest cloud of fate, 99
Small as the prophet's hand, destroys, confounds,
And lays thy visionary hopes in dust.
By my example taught, examples teach
Much more than precepts, learn to know thy end.

The day was Valentine's: when lovers wounds
Afresh begin to bleed, and sighs to warm
The chilly rigour of relenting skies:
Sacred the day to innocence and mirth,
The festival of youth! in seeming health
(As custom bids) I hail'd the year's fair morn,
And with its earliest purple braid my brows, 110
The violet or primrose breathing sweets
New to the sense. Ianthe by my side,
More lovely than the season! rais'd her voice,
Observant of his rites, in festal lays,
And thus address'd the patron of the spring:

"Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Profuse of gems, the bosom of the earth
Her fragrant stores unfolds: the fields rejoice,
And, in the infancy of plenty, smile: 119
The vallies laugh and sing: the woods, alive,
Sprout into floating verdure, to embow'r
Those happy lovers who record thy praise.

Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Inhaling genial raptures from the sun,
The plummy nations swell the song of joy,
Thy soaring choiristers! The lark, the thrush,
And all th' aerial people, from the wren
And linnet to the eagle, feel the stings
Of amorous delight, and sing thy praise.

Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign, 130
Quick o'er the soft'ning soul the gentle gales
Of spring, awaking bliss, instinctive move
The ardent youth to breathe the sighs of faith
Into the virgin's heart; who, sick of love,

With equal fires, and purity of truth,
Consenting, blushes while she chaunts thy praise."

So sung Ianthe: to my heart I prest
Her spotless sweetness: when (with wonder hear!)
Though she shone smiling by, the torpid pow'rs
Of heaviness weigh'd down my beamless eyes, 140
And prest'd them into night. The dews of death
Hung clammy on my forehead, like the damps
Of midnight sepulchres; which silent op'd
By weeping widows, or by friendship's hand,
Yawn hideous on the moon, and blast the stars
With pestilential reek. My head is torn
With pangs insufferable, pulsive starts,
And pungent aches, griding through the brain,
To madness hurrying the tormented sense,
And hate of being.—Poor Ianthe wept 150
In bitterness, and took me by the hand
Compassionately kind: "Alas! she cry'd,
What sudden change is this? (Again she wept.)
Say, can Ianthe prove the source of pain
To Thamalin? forbid it, gracious Heav'n!"
No, beauteous innocence! As soon the rose
Shall poison with its balm; as soon the dove
Become a white dissembler, and the stream
With lulling murmurs, creeping through the grove,
Offend the shepherd's slumber.—Scarce my tongue
These fault'ring accents stammer'd, down I sink,
And a lethargic stupor sleeps my sense 164
In dull oblivion: till returning pain,
Too faithful monitor! and dire disease,
Bid me remember pleasure is a dream,
That health has eagle's wings, nor taries long.

New horrors rise. For in my pricking veins
I feel the forked flame: the rapid flood
Of throbbing life, excurfise from the laws
Of sober nature and harmonious health, 170
Boils in tumultuary eddies round
Its bursting channels. Parching thirst, anon,
Drinks up the vital maze, as Simois dry,
Or Xanthus, by the arm-ignipotent,
With a red torrent of involving flames
Exhausted; when Achilles with their floods
Wag'd more than mortal war: the god of fire
Wide o'er the waters pour'd th' inundant blaze,
The shrinking waters to the bottom boil,
And hiss in ruin. O! ye rivers, roll 180
Your cooling crystal o'er my burning breast,
For Ætna rages here! Ye snows, descend;
Bind me in icy chains, ye northern winds,
And mitigate the furies of the fire!

Good Heav'n! what hoards of unrepented guilt
Have drawn this vengeance down, have rais'd this
fiend

To lash me with his flames? But, O! forgive
My rashness, that dares blame thy just decrees.
It is thy rod: I kiss it with my heart
As well as lips: like Aaron's may it bloom 190
With fruits of goodness; not, like Moses' turn
A serpent; or to tempt me to accuse
The kind oppression of thy righteous hand,
Or sting me to despair.—Affliction, hail!
Thou school of virtue! open wide thy gates,
Thy gates of ebony! Yet, O! correct
Thy servant but with judgment, not in wrath,
But with thy mercy, Lord! thy stripes will heal.

Thy, without heresy, afflictions prove
A purgatory; save us as by fire: 200
And purifying off the dross of sin,
Like old Elijah's chariot, rap the foul,
On wings of meditation, to the skies.

In health we have no time to visit truth:
Health's the disease of morals: few in health
Turn o'er the volumes which will make us wise.
What are ye now, ye tuneful triflers! once
The eager solace of my easy hours,
Ye dear deluders of Greece or Rome,
Anacreon, Horace, Virgil, Homer, what? 210

The gay, the bright, the sober, the sublime?
And ye of softer strain, ye amorous souls,
Correctly indolent, and sweetly vain,
Tibullus, Ovid, and the female verse
Of her, who, plunging from Leucadia's heights,
Extinguish'd with her life her hopeless fires,
Or rose a swan, as love-struck fancy deem'd.
Who would not, in these hours of wisdom, give
A vatic of wits for one Saint Paul? 219
Dare Tully, with the golden mouth of Greece,
With Chrysostom in rhetoric-thunder join
Advent'rous now? as soon the feeble sound,
Salmonus, of thy brazen bridge contends
With Jove's ethereal peal, and bursting roar
Fulminous, rending earth, o'erturning air,
And shaking heav'n. Or shall the pointed pen

Of Corduba, with hostile labour bend
Its sentences obscure against the force
Of Hierom's noble fire? as soon the moon, 229
With blunted horn, dares pour her pallid beams
Against the boundless majesty of day,
The sun's resplendent throne, when high in noon
He kindles up the earth to light and joy.
My best instructor, sickness, shuts the eye
From vanity; she draws the curtains round
The couch, nor gives admittance to the world:
But to Harpocrates consigns the door,
And, silent, whispers me, that "life is vain."

If life be vain on what shall man depend?
Depend on virtue. Virtue is a rock 249
Which stands for ever; braves the frowning flood,
And rears its awful brow, dire&, to heaven.
Though virtue save not from the grave, she gives
Her votaries to the stars; she plucks the sting
From the grim king of terrors; smooths the bed
Of anguish, and bids death, though dreadful, smile.
Death smiles on virtue: And his visage, black,
Yet comely seems. A Christian scorns the bonnets
Where limited creation said to time, 249
"Here I have end." Rapt'rous, he looks beyond
Or time or space; he triumphs o'er decay;
And fills eternity: the next to God!

* Seneca was born at Corduba in Spain.

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS TO BOOK I.

Ver. 3. Thus Horace:

Barbiton hic Paries habebit. *Lib. iii. Ode 26.*

And, a greater than Horace in lyric poetry, the royal Psalmist, represents the same image:

As for our harps we hanged them up, upon the trees that are therein. *Psal. cxxxvii. 2.*

Ver. 26. Paphos, a city of Cyprus; formerly dedicated to Venus.

Acidale, a fountain in Orchomenus, a city of Boeotia, where the graces were supposed to bathe themselves. The genealogy of the graces is very diversly related. But Hesiod says, they were the offspring of Jupiter and Eurynome. Theog.

Ver. 47. The book of Job is ascribed to various authors, and amongst the rest to Moses. I am proud to observe, that Dr. Young has strengthened this opinion in his notes to his admirable poem on Job. Most of the arguments on each side of the question may be found in Pole's Synopsis Critic. in the beginning of his notes on the book of Job; and in Mr. S. Wesley's curious dissertation on the same subject.

Ver. 63.

Σκηνὴν ὡς ἐν Σφίρωτι.

Pind. Pith. Ode 3.

Sophocles has much the same thought in his Ajax; and, to dignify the sentiment, he puts it into the mouth of Ulysses:

Ὅρα γὰρ ἡμεῖς ὡδὴν ὅντας ἀλλοι πάλιν
Ἐδιδῶλ' ὅσοι πρὸς Σφίρωτι, ἢ Κυφῶν σκηνῶν.

The Scholiast observes, that he borrowed the sentiment from Pindar.

Ver. 63. The poets feign that Tantalus served up his son Pelops to the table of the gods: They reunited the fragments, and formed his shoulder, which was lost, of ivory. Ovid. Met. Lib. vi.

— Humeroque Pelops insignis eburno.

Virg. Georg. iii.

I shall add this beautiful passage from Tibullus:

— Carmina ni fuit,

Ex humero Pelops non intuisset ebur.

Lib. i. Eleg. 4.

Ver. 64. This is told with so much humour by Mr. Addison, in one of his finest works, that I rather choose to give an authority from him, than any of the ancients. "The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: He was slow, solemn, and silent, in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted the fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence," &c.

The Table of Fame, Tatler, Vol. II. No. 31.

Ver. 65. Surius writ the voluminous legend of the Romish saints, in six volumes in folio. Dr.

Donne, in his satires, has given him this character:

outlie either
Jovius, or Surlus, or both together. Sat. 4.

Ver. 112. Sickness being a subject so disagreeable, in itself, to human nature, it was thought necessary, as fable is the soul of poetry, to relieve the imagination with the following, and some other episodes. For to describe the anguish of a dissemper without a mixture of some more pleasing incidents, would, no doubt, disgust every good-natured and tender reader.

Ver. 223. Salmoneus king of Elis, a province in the Peloponnesus. He was so arrogant as to affect being thought a god: for which end he built a bridge of brass, by driving over which in his chariot, he endeavoured to make himself be believed the thunderer. But Jupiter, enraged at his impiety, struck him dead with a real thunderbolt.

Vidi crudeles dantem Salmoneæ pœnas,
Dum flammas Jovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi—
Demens qui nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen
Ære et cornipedum cursu imitatur equorum.

Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.

Ver. 237. Harpocrates, the god of silence amongst the Egyptians.

Si quicquam tacite commissum est fido ab amico,
Me unum esse invenies illorum jure sacratum,
Corneli, et factum esse puta Harpocratem.

Catull.

Hence Erasmus, Lib. Adag. tells us, that, *vide Harpocratem*, is the same as, *mutum reddere*. So Catullus in another place:

Patrum reddidit Harpocratem.

Ovid describes him in the same manner, without taking notice of his name, amongst the attendants of Isis:

Quique premit vocem, digitoque silentia suadet,
Metam. Lib. ix.

This description entirely agrees with the several medals and statues of Harpocrates, which the learned antiquary Gish. Cuperus exhibits in his laborious dissertation on that subject, printed with *Monumenta Antiqua*.

But upon another account likewise, Harpocrates may justly be appointed to attend upon the sick; for he is numbered amongst the salutary gods, who assisted in extreme dangers, as appears from Artemidorus, Oneir. l. ii. c. 44. where, after having mentioned Serapis, Isis, Anubis, and Harpocrates, he goes on thus: "Semper enim servatores crediti sunt hi dii, eorum qui per omnia exercitati sunt, et ad extremum periculum pervenerunt," &c. Kircher also, in his *Oedip. Egypt.* p. 2. vol. ii. p. 315. amongst others to the same purpose, has these remarkable words:

"Reverebantur Egypti, præter cætera numina maxime Isin et Osirin, ac horum five Harpocratem, tanquam latricos genios."

THE PALACE OF DISEASE.

Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear.

Milton.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS. Invocation of the genius of Spenser. Apostrophe to the Dukes of Somerset. The palace of disease. War. Intemperance. Melancholy. Fever. Consumption. Small pox. Complaint on the death of Lord Beauchamp.

DEATH was not man's inheritance, but life
Immortal, but a paradise of bliss,
Unfading beauty, and eternal spring,
(The cloudless blaze of innocence's reign):
The gifts of God's right hand! till monstrous sin,
The motly child of Satan and of hell,
Invited dire disease into the world,
And her distorted brood of ugly shapes,
Echidna's brood! and fix'd their curs'd abode
On earth, invisible to human sight,
The portion and the scourge of mortal man.

Yet though to human sight invisible,
If she, whom I implore, Urania deign,
With Euphrasy to purge away the mists
Which, humid, dim the mirror of the mind;
(As Venus gave Æneas to behold
The angry gods with flame o'erwhelming Troy,
Neptune and Pallas), not in vain, I'll sing
The mystic terrors of this gloomy reign:
And, led by her, with dangerous courage press
Through dreary paths, and haunts, by mortal foot
Rare visited; unless by thee, I ween,

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Father of fancy, of descriptive verse,
And shadowy beings, gentle Edmund, hight,
Spenser! the sweetest of the tuneful throng,
Or recent, or of * eld. Creative bard,
Thy springs unlock, expand thy fairy scenes,
Thy unexhausted stores of fancy spread,
And with thy images enrich my song.

Come † Hertford! with the muse, awhile,
vouchsafe 30

(The softer virtues melting in thy breast,
The tender graces glowing in thy form)
Vouchsafe in all the beauty of distress,
To take a silent walk among the tombs:
There lend a charm to sorrow, smooth her brow,
And sparkle through her tears, in shining woe.
As when the ‡ dove (thy emblem, matchless
dame!

For beauty, innocence, and truth are thine),
Spread all its colours o'er the boundless deep
(Empereal radiance quivering round the gloom),
Chaos reform'd, and bade distraction smile! 41

Deep in a desert vale, a palace frowns
Sublimely mournful; to the eye it seems
The mansion of despair, or ancient night.
The graces of the season's never knew
To shed their bounty here, or smiling, blest,
With hospitable foot, its bleak domain,
Uncultivated. Nor the various robe
Of flushing spring, with purple gay, invests
Its blighted plains; nor summer's radiant hand 50
Profuse, scatters o'er its baleful fields
The rich abundance of her glorious days;
And golden autumn here forgets to reign.

Here only hemlock, and whatever weeds
Medea gather'd, or Canidia brew'd,
Wet with Avernus' waves, or Pontus yields,
Or Colchos, or Thessalia, taint the winds,
And choke the ground unhallow'd. But the soil
Refuses to embrace the kindly feeds
Of healing vegetation, sage, and rue, 60
Dittany, and amello, blooming still
In Virgil's rural page. The bitter yew,
The church-yard's shade! and cypress' wither'd
arms

In formidable ranks surround its courts
With umbrage dun; administ'ring a roof
To birds of ominous portent; the bat,
The raven boding death, the screaming owl
Of heavy wing, while serpents, rustling, hiss,
And croaking roads the odious concert aid.

The peevish east, the rheumy south, the north 70
Pregnant with storms, are all the winds that blow:
While, distant far, the pure Etesian gales,
And western breezes fan the spicy beds
Of Araby the blest, or shake their balm
O'er fair Britannia's plains, and wake her flow'rs.
Eternal damps, and deadly humours, drawn
In pois'nous exhalations from the deep,
Conglomerated into solid night,

* Old.

† I be present Dukes of Somerset.

‡ The Platonists suppose that Love, or the celestial
Venus (of whom the dove is likewise an emblem)
created the world out of Chaos.

And darkness, almost to be felt, forbid
The sun, with cheerful beams, to purge the air,
But roll their suffocating horrors round 81
Incessant, banishing the blooming train
Of health, and joy, for ever, from the dome.

In sad magnificence the palace rears
Its mouldering columns; from thy quarries, Nile,
Of sable marble, and Egyptian mines
Embowell'd. Nor Corinthian pillars, gay
With foliag'd capitals and figur'd frize,
Nor feminine Ionique, nor, though grave,
The fluted Doric, and the Tuscan plain, 90
In just proportions rise: but Gothic, rude,
Irreconcil'd in ruinous design:
Save in the centre, in relief high,
And swelling emblematically bold,
In gold the apple rose*, "whose mortal taste
" Brought death into the world, and all our
" woe."

Malignantly delighted, dire disease
Surveys the glittering pest, and grimly smiles
With hellish glee. Beneath, totters her throne,
Of arring elements; earth, water, fire; 100
Where hot and cold, and moist and dry, main-
tain

Unnatural war. Shapeless her frightful form,
(A chaos of distemper'd limbs in one)
Huge as Megæra, cruel as the grave,
Her eyes, two comets; and her breath, a storm.
High in her wither'd arms, she wields her rod,
With adders curl'd, and dropping gore; and
points

To the dead walls, besmear'd with cursed tales
Of plagues red-spotted, of blue pestilence,
Walking in darkness; havoc at their heels; 110
Lean famine, gnawing in despite her arm:
Whatever Egypt, Athens, or Messine,
Constantinople, Troynovant, Marseilles,
Or Cairo felt, or Spagnolet could paint.
A sickly taper, glimmering feeble rays
Across the gloom, makes horror visible,
And punishes, while it informs, the eye.
A thousand and ten thousand monstrous shapes
Compose the group; the execrable crew
Which Michael, in vision strange, disclos'd 120
To Adam, in the Lazar-house of woe;
A colony from hell. The knotted gout,
The bloated dropsy, and the racking stone,
Rolling her eyes in anguish; lepra foul,
Strangling angina; epialtic starts;
Unnerv'd paralysis; with moist catarrhs;
Pleuritis bending o'er its side in pain;
Vertigo; murderous apoplexy, proud
With the late spoils of Clayton's honour'd life:
Clayton the good, the courteous, the humane;
Tenacious of his purpose, and his word 131
Firm as the sabled throne of Grecian Jove.

Be just, O memory! again recal
Those looks illumin'd by his honest heart,
That open freedom, and that cheerful ease,
The bounteous emanations of his soul:
His British honour, Christian charity,
And mild benevolence for human kind.

* Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I.

From every quarter, lamentations loud,
 And sighs resound, and rueful peals of groans 140
 Roll echoing round the vaulted dens, and screams
 Dolorous, wrested from the heart of pain,
 And brain-sick agony. Around her throne
 Six favourite furies, next herself accurst,
 Their dismal mansions keep; in order each
 As most destructive. In the foremost rank,
 Of polish'd steel, with armour blood-diffus'd,
 Helmets, and spears, and shields, and coats of mail,
 With iron stiff, or tin, or brass, or gold,
 Swells a triumphal arch; beneath grim war 150
 Shakes her red arm: for war is a disease,
 The fellest of the fell! Why will mankind,
 Why will they, when so many plagues involve
 This habitable globe (the curse of sin),
 Invent new desolations to cut off
 The Christian race? At least in Christian climes
 Let olives shade your mountains, and let peace
 Stream her white banner o'er us, blest from war,
 And laurel: only deck your poets brows.
 Or, if the fiery metal in your blood, 160
 And thirst of human life your bosom sting,
 Too savage! let the fury loose of war,
 And bid the battle rage against the breasts
 Of Asian infidels: redeem the tow'rs
 Where David sung, the Son of David bled;
 And warm new Tassos with the epic flame.
 Right opposite to war a gorgeous throne
 With jewels flaming, and embofs'd with gold.
 And various sculpture, strikes the wond'ring eye
 With jovial scenes (amid destruction gay), 170
 Of instruments of mirth, the harp, the lute,
 Of costly viands, of delicious wines,
 And flow'ry wreaths to bind the careless brow
 Of youth or age; as youth or age demand
 The pleasing ruin from th' enchantress, vile
 Intemperance: than Circe subtler far;
 Only subdu'd by wisdom; fairer far
 Than young Armida, whose bewitching charms
 Rinaldo fetter'd in her rosy chains;
 Till by Ubaldo held, his diamond shield 180
 Blaz'd on his mind the virtues of his race,
 And quick dissolv'd her wanton mists away.
 See, from her throne flow-moving, she extends
 A poison'd goblet! fly the beauteous bane:
 The adder's tooth, the tiger's hungry fang,
 Are harmless to her smiles; her smiles are death,
 Beneath the foamy lustre of the bowl,
 Which sparkles men to madness, lurks a snake
 Of mortal sting: fly: if you taste the wine,
 Machaon swears that moly cannot cure: 190
 Though innocent and fair her looks, she holds
 A lawless commerce with her sister pests,
 And doubly whets their darts: away—and live.
 Next, in a low-brow'd cave, a little hell,
 A pensive hag, moping in darkness, sits
 Dolefully sad: her eyes (so deadly dull!)
 Stare from their stonied sockets, widely wild;
 For ever bent on rusty knives and ropes;
 On poignards, bowls of poison, daggers red
 With clotted gore. A raven by her side 200
 Eternal crows; her only mate despair;
 Who, scowling in a night of clouds, presents
 A thousand burning bells, and damned souls,

And lakes of stormy fire, to mad the brain
 Moon-stricken. Melancholy is her name;
 Britannia's bitter bane. Thou gracious pow'r,
 (Whose judgments and whose mercies who can tell!)
 With bars of steel, with hills of adamant,
 Crush down the sooty fiend; nor let her blast
 The sacred light of Heav'n's all-cheering face, 210
 Nor fright from Albion's isle the angel hope.
 Fever the fourth: adust as Afric wilds,
 Chain'd to a bed of burning bras: her eyes
 Like roving meteors blaze, nor ever close
 Their wakeful lids: she turns, but turns in vain
 Through nights of misery. Attendant thirst
 Grasps hard an empty bowl, and shrivell'd strives
 To drench her parched throat. Not louder groans
 From Phalaris's bull, as fame reports,
 Tormented with distressful din the air, 220
 And drew the tender tear from pity's eye.
 Consumption near; a joyless meagre wight,
 Panting for breath, and shrinking into shade
 Eludes the grasp: thin as th' embodied air,
 Which, erst, deceiv'd Ixion's void embrace,
 Ambitious of a goddess! scarce her legs
 Feeble she drags, with wheezing labour on,
 And motion slow: a willow wand directs
 Her tottering steps, and marks her for the grave.
 The last so turpid to the view, affrights 230
 Her neighbour hags. Happy herself is blind,
 Or madness would ensue; so bloated black,
 So loathsome to each sense, the sight or smell,
 Such foul corruption on this side the grave;
 Variola yclep'd, ragged and rough, [scenes
 Her couch perplex'd with thorns.—What heavy
 Hang o'er my heart to feel the theme is mine!
 But Providence commands; His will be done!
 She rushes through my blood; she burns along,
 And riots on my life!—Have mercy, Heav'n!
 Variola, what art thou? whence proceeds 240
 This virulence, which all but we escape?
 Thou nauseous enemy to human kind:
 In man, and man alone, thy mytic seeds,
 Quiet, and in their secret windings hid,
 Lie unprolific! till infection rouse
 Her pois'nous particles, of proper size,
 Figure, and measure, to exert their pow'r
 Of impregnation; atoms subtle, barb'd,
 Infrangible, and active to destroy; 250
 By geometric or mechanic rules
 Yet undiscover'd: quick the heaven runs,
 Destructive of the solids, spirits, blood
 Of mortal man, and agitates the whole
 In general conflagration and misrule.
 As when the flinty seeds of fire embrace
 Some fit materials, stubble, furze or straw,
 The crackling blaze ascends: the rapid flood
 Of ruddy flames, impetuous o'er its prey, 260
 Rolls its broad course, and half the field devours.
 As adders deaf to beauty, wit, and youth,
 How many living lyres, by thee unstrung,
 E'er half their tunes are ended, cease to charm
 Th' admiring world? So ceas'd the matchless
 name,
 By Cowley honour'd, by Roscommon lov'd,
 Orinda: blooming Killigrew's soft lay:
 And manly Oldham's pointed vigour, curs'd

By the gor'd sons of Loyola and Rome,
And he who Phædra sung, in buskin'd pomp,
Mad with incestuous fires, ingenious Smith : 270
Oxonia's sons ! And, O, our recent grief !
Shall * Beauchamp die, forgotten by the muse,
Or are the muses with their Hertford dumb !
Where are ye ? weeping o'er thy learned Rhine,
Bononia, fatal to our hopes ! or else
By Kenet's chalky wave, with tresses torn,
Or rude, and wildly floating to the winds,
Mute, on the hoary willows hang the lyre,
Neglected ? or in rural Percy-lodge, 279
Where innocence and he walk'd hand in hand,
The Cypress crop, or weave the laurel-bough
To grace his honour'd grave ! Ye lilies, rise
Immaculate ; ye roses, sweet as morn ;
Less sweet and less immaculate than he.

His op'ning flow'r of beauty softly smil'd,
And, sparkling in the liquid dews of youth,
Adorn'd the blessed light ! with blossoms fair,
Untainted ; in the rank Italian soil
From blemish pure. The virgins stole a sigh,
The matrons lifted up their wond'ring eyes, 290
And bless'd the English angel as he pass'd,
Rejoicing in his rays ! Why did we trust
A plant so lovely to their envious skies,
Unmercifully bright with savage beams ?
His were the arts of Italy before,
Courting, and courted by the classic muse.
He travell'd not to learn, but to reform,
And with his fair example mend mankind.

Why need I name (for distant nations know,
Hesperia knows ; O would Hesperia sing ! 300
As Maro erst, and late Marino rais'd
The blooming Beauchamps of the former times,
Marcellus and Adonis to the stars,
On wings of soaring fire ! so would she sing !)
His uncorrupted heart ; his honour clear
As summer suns, effulging forth his soul
In every word and look : his reason's ray
By folly vanity, or vice unstain'd,
Shining at once with purity and strength,
With English honesty, and Attic fire : 310

* Lord Beauchamp, only son of the Earl of Hertford,
died at Bologna, of the small-pox, Sept. 11. 1744, aged 19.

His tenderness of spirit, high-inform'd
With wide benevolence, and candid zeal
For learning, liberty, religion, truth ;
The patriot-glories burning in his breast,
His king and country's undivided friend !
Each public virtue, and each private grace ;
The Seymour dignity, the Percy flame ;
All, all—Ere twenty autumns roll'd away
Their golden plenty. Further still ! behold
His animated bloom ; his flush of health ; 320
The blood exulting with the balmy tide
Of vernal life ! so fresh for pleasure form'd
By nature and the graces : yet his youth
So temperately warm, so chastely cool,
Ev'n Seraphims might look into his mind,
Might look, nor turn away their holy eyes !

Th' unutterable essence of good heav'n,
That breath of God, that energy divine
Which gives us to be wife, and just, and pure,
Full on his bosom pour'd the living stream, 330
Illum'd, inspir'd, and sanctify'd his soul !

And are these wonders vanish'd ? are those eyes,
Where ardent truth, and melting mildness, shone,
Clos'd in a foreign land ? no more to bless
A father, mother, friend ! no more to charm
A longing people ? O, lamented youth !
Since fate and gloomy night thy beauties veil'd
With shade mysterious, and eclips'd thy beams,
How many Somersets are lost in thee ? 339

Yet only lost to earth !—For trust the muse,
(His virtues rather trust) she saw him rise,
She saw him smile along the tist'd clouds,
In colours rich embroider'd by the sun,
Engirt with cherub wings, and kindred forms,
Children of light, the spotless youth of heav'n ?
They hail their blest companion, gain'd so soon
A partner of their joys ! and crown with stars,
Almost as fair the radiance of his brows,
Ev'n where the angel host, with tongues of fire,
Chaunt to their glittering harps th' Almighty's
praise, 350

And, in a burning circle, shout around
The jasper-throne, he mingles flames with them ;
He springs into the centre of the choir,
And drinking in the spirit most divine,
He sings as sweet, and glows as bright as they.

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS ON BOOK II.

Ver. 14. Eyebright. This herb was unknown to the ancients ; at least, it is not mentioned by them. It is of extraordinary service to the eye, curing most of its distempers.

— Cum debilitat morbi vis improba visum,
Aut vinum, aut cœcus, luminis osor, amor, &c.
Tunc ego, non frustrâ, vocar—

Couleur Lib. Plant. p. 39.

— Purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve. Milton.

Ver. 16. See Virgil. Æn. Lib. ii. Which seems to be borrowed from Homer, Iliad. Lib. v. We have

several of the like instances in the sacred volumes. Gen. xxi. 19. " And God opened her eyes, and " she saw a well of water." Numbers, xiii. 31. " Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and " he saw the angel of the Lord," &c.

Ver. 21. See Virgil.
Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor : Juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum,
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita chivo.

Georg. Lib. iii.

Which is imitated by Lucretius, lib. ii.
Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Frita pede, &c.

Ver. 24. The date of our English poetry may with great justice begin with Spenser. It is true, Chaucer, Gower, and Ludgate, were masters of uncommon beauties, considering the age they lived in; and have described the humours, passions, &c. with great discernment. Yet none of them seem to have been half so well acquainted with the very life and being of poetry, invention, painting, and design, as Spenser. Chaucer was the best before him; but then he borrowed most of his poems, either from the ancients, or from Boccace, Petrarch, or the Provençal writers, &c. Thus his Troilus and Cressida, the largest of his works, was taken from Lollius; and the Romaunt of the Rose was translated from the French of John de Meun, an Englishman, who flourished in the reign of Richard II.; and so of the rest. As for those who followed him, such as Heywood, Scogan, Skelton, &c. they seem to be wholly ignorant of either numbers, language, propriety, or even decency itself. I must be understood to except the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Philip Sidney, several pieces in the Mirror of Magistrates, and a few parts of Mr. G. Gascoigne's and Turbervill's works.

Ver. 55. Medea, notorious for her incantations in Ovid, &c. as Canidia in Horace.

Ver. 56. Pontus, Colchos, and Theffalia, well known for producing noxious and pois'nous herbs and plants.

Has herbas; atque hæc Ponto mihi læta vèna,
Ipse dedit Mœris; nascuntur plurima Ponto.

Virg. Ecl. 8.

Herbasque quas et Colchos et Iberia mittit,
Venenorum ferax.

Hor. Epod. 5.

Theffala quinetiam tellus herbasque nocentes.
Rupibus ingenuit.

Lucan. Lib. v.

Ver. 61.
Est etiam flos in pratis cui nomen Amello
Fecerit agricolæ.

Virg. Georg. Lib. vi.

Besides there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
Its name amellus, easy to be found:

A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves.

The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue, &c.

Addison's Works, Vol. I. 4to.

Ver. 114. A famous painter, eminent for drawing the distresses and agonies of human nature.

Ver. 120. See Milton's Paradise Lost, B. xi.

Ver. 129. Sir William Clayton, Bart. died at Marden in Surrey, December 28. 1744.

Ver. 165. Though a crusade may seem very romantic (and perhaps it is so), yet it has been applauded by the greatest writers of different ages; by Æneas Sylvius, by Bessaron, by Naugerius, &c. who have each writ orations upon that subject. And here I cannot help observing, that Casimire and Jac. Baldé, the two most celebrated of the modern lyric poets, have writ several of their finest odes to

animate the Christian princes to such a design; and that Tasso has adorned the expedition of Godfrey of Bullogin with the most beautiful and perfect poem since the Æneis (for I prefer Milton to Virgil himself.)

Ver. 176. See Homer's Odyssey, Lib. 10.

Ver. 178. See Tasso's Il Godfredo, cant. iv. stan. 29, &c. cant. xiv. stan. 68. cant. xvi. stan. 29.

Ver. 190. Machaon celebrated in Homer; but here used, in general, for any physician. So Ovid: Firma valent per se, nullumque Machaonæ querunt.

And Martial:

Quid tibi cum medicis? dimitte Machaonæ omnes.

Ibid. Mercury is said to have presented moly to Ulysses, to preserve him from the charms of Circe.

Homer's Odyssey, Lib. x.

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew.
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And show'd its nature and its wond'rous pow'r;
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r:
Moly the name.

POPE.

Laudatissima herbarum est Homero, quam vocari a diis puta moly, et inventionem ejus Mercurio assignat, contraque summa veneficia demonstrat, &c.

Plinius, Lib. xxv. Chap. 4.

Ver. 219. Amongst several instruments of torment that Phalaris caused to be contrived, there was a bull of brass, in which people being cast, and a fire placed under it, they bellowed like oxen. Perillus the artist, demanding a great reward for his invention, was put in it himself to try the first experiment. Upon which Pliny makes this good-natured reflection: "Perillum nemo laudat, sævioram Phalaride tyranno, qui taurum fecit, mugitus hominis pollicitus, igne subdito, et primus eum expertus cruciatum justiore sævitia," &c.

Plinius, Lib. 34. Chap. 8.

Ver. 225. Ixion being invited to dine with Jupiter, fell in love with Juno, and endeavoured to debauch her, who acquainted her husband. He, to try Ixion, formed a cloud into Juno's likeness, upon which he satisfied his lust. *Hygini Fab. Didor. vi. &c.*

Ver. 266. Mrs. K. Philips, styled the matchless Orinda. See her poems in folio. Cowley has two odes upon her, in the 2d vol. of his works, 8vo.

Ibid. See her poems in 4to. Mr. Dryden celebrates her death in an excellent ode. See his works, vol. iii. folio, p. 186. See likewise Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol. ii.

Ver. 268. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits; against whom Mr. Oldham writ those satires, which are the best of his works.

Ver. 275. Bologna, a city in Italy, the first school of the Lombard painters, and a famous university. — Parvique Bononia Rhœni.

Silius Ital. Lib. viii.

Ver. 291. At Bologna he went by the name of "L'Angelo Inglese." The same compliment

seems to have been paid by that people to our great Milton in his travels, as we learn by this epigram of a learned Italian nobleman, in the 2d volume of Milton's poetical works :

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Angelus, verum herc'le Angelus, Ipse, fores.

Ver. 336.

Hæu miserande Peur, siqua fata aspera rumpas,

Tu Marcellus eris—

Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.

Virg. Æn. Lib. vi.

THE PROGRESS OF SICKNESS.

When I waited for light there came darkness.

My skin is black upon me ; and my bones are burnt with heat.

My harp also is turned to mourning.

Job.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS. The progress of the disease. Blindness. Delirious Dreams. Remedies for the mind. 1. Patience. 2. Hope. 3. Prayer. Human aid and relief in sickness. 1. Physic; Eulogium on that Science. 2. Friends; Digression on Friendship.

THE fair, the bright, the great, alas ! are fall'n,
Nipt in the bloom of beauty, wit, and youth,
Death's undistinguish'd prey. Shall I complain
(When such th' establish'd ordinance of Heav'n)
If sickness at my bosom lay the siege ?

A worm to them ! and to their light a shade,
Ungilded with one beam, which melted down
The tear fast trickling o'er their honour'd tombs :
We all must die ! Our every pulse that beats,
Beats toward eternity, and tolls our doom. 10

Fate reigns in all the portions of the year.
The fruits of autumn feed us for disease ;
The winter's raw inclemencies bestow
Disease on death ; while spring, to strew our herse,
Kindly unbosoms, weeping in their dews,
Her flow'ry race ! and summer (kinder still)
With the green turf and brambles binds our graves.

But am I wake ? or in Ovidian realms,
And Circe holds the glass ? What odious change,
What metamorphose strikes the dubious eye ? 20
Ah ! whither is retir'd the scarlet wave,
Mantling with health, which floated through the
check, [where

From the strong summer-beam imbib'd ? And
The vernal lily's softly-blended bloom ?
The forehead roughens to the wond'ring hand.
Wide o'er the human-field, the body, spreads
Contagious war, and lays its beauties waste.
As once thy breathing harvest, Cadmus, sprung,
Sudden, a serpent-brood ! an armed crop
Of growing chiefs, and sought themselves to death.
One black-incrusted bark of gory boils, 31
One undistinguish'd blister, from the soal
Of the foot sore, to the head's forer crown.
Job's punishment ! With patience like his own,
O may I exercise my wounded soul,
And cast myself upon his healing hand,
Who bruiseeth at his will, and maketh whole !

Ah, too, the lustre of the eyes is fled !

Heavy and dull, their orbs neglect to roll,
In motionless distortion stiff and fix'd ;
Till by the trembling hand of watchful age 40
(A weeping matron, timorous to affright,
And piously fallacious in her care,
Pretending light offensive, and the sun)
Clos'd ; and, perhaps, for ever ! ne'er again
To open on the sphere, to drink the day,
Or (worse !) behold Ianthe's face divine,
And wonder o'er her charms.—But yet forbear,
O dare not murmur ! 'tis heav'n's high behest
Though darkness through the chambers of the
grave 50

This dust pursue, and death's sad shade involve,
E'er long, the Filial-light himself shall shine ;
(The stars are dust to him, the sun a shade)
These very eyes, these tunicles of flesh,
Even though by worms destroy'd, shall see my God,
And, seeing, ne'er remember darkness more,
Environ'd with eternity of day.

Though, at their visual entrance, quite shut out
External forms, forbidden, mount the winds,
Retire to chaos, or with night commix ; 60
Yet, fancy's mimic work, ten thousand shapes,
Antic and wild, rush sweeping o'er my dreams,
Irregular and new ; as pain or ease
The spirits teach to flow, and in the brain
Direction diverse hold : Gentle and bright
As hermits, sleeping in their mossy cells,
Lull'd by the fall of waters ! by the rills
From Heliconian cliffs devolv'd ; or where
Thy ancient river Kishon, sacred stream !
Soft murmurs on their slumbers : peace within,
And conscience, ev'n to ecstacy sublim'd 71
And beatific vision. Sudden, black,
And horrible as murderers ; or hags,
Their lease of years spun out, and bloody bond

Full-flashing on their eyes; the gulf, beneath,
Mad'ning with gloomy fires; and heav'n, behind,
With all her golden valves for ever clos'd.

Now in Elysium lapp'd, and lovely scenes,
Where honey-suckles rove, and eglantines,
Narcissus, jess'min, pinks, profusely wild, 80
In every scented gale, Arabia breathe:
As blissful Eden fair; the morning-work
Of heav'n, and Milton's theme! where innocence
Smil'd, and improv'd the prospect.—Now, anon,
By Isis' favourite flood supinely laid,
In tuneful indolence, behold the bards
(Harps in each hand, and laurel on each brow)
A band of demigods, august to fight,

In venerable order sweetly rise, 89
(The muses sparkling round them) who have trod
In meaasur'd pace its banks, forever green,
Enamell'd from their feet! harmonious notes,
Warbled to Doric reeds, to Lesbian lyres,
Or Phrygian minstrelsy, steal on the ear
Enamour'd with variety: and loud
The trumpets shrilling clangours fill the sky
With silver melody.—Now, happier still!
Round thy Italic cloisters, musing slow,
Or in sweet converse with thy letter'd sons,
Philosophers, and poets, and divines, 100
Enjoy the sacred walk, delighted, * Queen's!
Where Addison and Tickell lay inspir'd,
Inebriated from the classic springs,

And tun'd to various-sounding harps the song,
Sublime, or tender, humorous, or grave,
Quaffing the muses' nectar to their fill.
Where Smith in hoary reverence presides,
(Crown'd with the snow of virtue for the skies)
With graceful gravity, and gentle sway;
With perfect peace encircled and esteem. 110
Whose mild and bright benevolence of soul,
By reason cool, and by religion warm,
And generous passion for the college-weal,
More than a muse inspire.—Momentary bliss!
For sudden rapt, the midnight howl of wolves,
The dragon's yell, the lion's roar, astound
My trembling ear. Ha! down a burning mount
I plunge deep, deep: sure Vulcan's shop is here—
Hark, how the anvils thunder round the dens
Flammivorous! What? are those chains to bind
This skeleton! the cyclops must be mad: 121

Those bolts of steel, those adamantine links
Demand Typhæus' strength to burst.—Away—
Venus and Mars—beware.—In giddy whirls
I ride the blast, and tow'ring through the storm
Enjoy the palace of the morn. The sun
Relinquish the reins of Phlegon to my hands:
His mane waves fire: he scorches me to dust:
Avaunt, thou fiend! I'll hurl thee down the deep
Of heav'n, with bolted thunder, and enwrap 130
With forked light'ning.—Now staggering I reel,
By murderers pursu'd: my faithless feet
Scarce shift their pace: or down rushing amain,
I cease to recollect my steps, and roll
Passive on earth.—Sure, 'twas Aëtolpho's horn
Pour'd on my ear th' annoying blast: at which,
Roger trembled, Bradamant grew pale,

* Queen's College in Oxford.

And into air dissolv'd th' enchanted dome.

Now starting from this wilderness of dreams,
I wake from fancy'd into real woe, 140
Pain empties all her vials on my head,
And sleeps me o'er and o'er. Th' envenom'd
shirt

Of Hercules enwraps my burning limbs
With dragon's blood: I rave and roar like him,
Writhing in agony. Devouring fires
Eat up the marrow, frying in my bones.
O whither, whither shall I turn for aid?—
Methinks a seraph whispers in my ears,
Pouring ambrosia on them, "Turn to God;
So peace shall be thy pillow, ease thy bed, 150
And night of sorrow brighten into noon.
Let the young cherub patience, bright-ey'd hope,
And rosy finger'd pray'r, combining hold
A sure dominion in thy purpos'd mind,
Unconquer'd by affliction."—I receive
The mandate as from heav'n itself.—Expand
Thyself, my soul, and let them enter in.

Come, smiling angel, patience, from thy seat;
Whether the widow's cot, or hermit's cell,
By fasting strong, and potent from distress; 160
Or midnight-student's taper-glimmering roof,
Unwearied with revolving tedious tomes,
O come, thou Panacea of the mind!
The manna of the soul! to every taste
Grateful alike: the universal balm
To sickness, pain, and misery below.
She comes! she comes! she dissipates the gloom;
My eyes she opens, and new scenes unfolds
(Like Moses' bush, though burning, not consum'd)
Scenes full of splendour, miracle, and God. 170
Behold, my soul, the martyr-army, who
With holy blood the violence of fire
Quench'd, and with ling'ring constancy fatigu'd
The persecuting flame: or nobly stop'd
The lion's mouth, and triumph'd in his jaws.
Hark, how the virgin white-rob'd tender train
Chaunt hallelujah to the rack; as dear
And pleasing to the ear of God, as hymns
Of angels on the resurrection-morn,
When all the host of heaven hosanna sing! 180

Yet further; lift thy eyes upon the cross,
A bleeding Saviour view, a dying God!
Earth trembles, rend the rocks, creation groans:
The sun, asham'd, extinguishes the day:
All nature suffers with her suffering Lord.
Amidst this war of elements, serene,
And as the sun-shine brow of patience, calm,
He dies without a groan, and smiles in death.
Shall martyrs, virgins, nay, thy Saviour bleed
To teach thee patience? and yet bleed in vain?
Forbidden it, reason; and forbid it, heav'n. 191
No; suffer: and, in suffering, rejoice.
Patience endureth all, and hopeth all.

Hope is her daughter then. Let hope distil
Her cordial-spirit, as Hybla-honey sweet,
And healing as the drops of Gilead-balm.
Cease to repine, as those who have no hope;
Nor let despair approach thy darkest hour.
Despair! that triple death! th' imperial plague!
Th' exterminating angel of th' accurst, 309
And sole disease of which the damn'd are sick,

Kindling a fever hotter than their hell—
O pluck me from despair, white-handed hope!
O interpose thy spear and silver shield
Betwixt my bosom and the fiend! detrude
This impious monster to primeval hell:
To its own dark domain—bur light my soul,
Imp'd with thy glittering wings, to scenes of joy,
To health and life; for health and life are thine:
And fire imagination with the skies. 210

But whence this confidence of hope? in thee,
And in thy blood, my Jesus! (bow, O earth!
Heav'n bends beneath the name, and all its sons,
The hierarchy! drop low the prostrate knee,
And sink, in humble wise, upon the stars.)
Yes, on thy blood and name my hope depends.—
My hope? nay, worlds on worlds depend on
thee;

Live in thy death, from thy sepulchre rise.
Thy influential vigour reinspir's 219
This feeble frame; dispels the shade of death;
And bids me throw myself on God in prayer.

A Christian soul is God's beloved house;
Let pray'r the incense which perfumes the soul:
Let armies then of supplications rise,
Besiege the golden gates of heav'n, and force,
With holy violence, a blessing down
In living streams. If Hezekiah's pray'r
The sun arrested in his prone career,
And bade the shadow ten degrees return
On Ahaz' dial, whirling back the day: 230

Pour out thyself, my soul, with fervent zeal,
With overflowing ardour, and with faith
Unwav'ring. To assist me, and to swell
My fainting spirits to full-lime desires,
Wouldst Taylor from his starry throne descend,
How fear would brighten! by his sacred aid,
To live were happiness, and gain to die.—
No: let him still adorn his starry throne,
Well-merited by labours to divine:
For, lo! the Man of God, and friend of man, 240
Theron, the purest breast, and warmest heart,
Flies on the wings of charity and love
To join me in the saving task, and raise
My weaker pow'rs with his abundant zeal;
Pure, sweet, and glowing as the incens'd fires,
Of Solomon, thy golden-altar, fann'd
By wings of cherubims into a flame;
Till on the skies the aromatic gale
In pyramids of fragrance softly stole,
A grateful offering to the throne of grace. 250

Still, though I feel these succours from the skies,
In operation mighty! still remain
Inferior aids behind: terrestrial stores
Medicinal: the instruments of God.
For God created the physician! God
Himself on earth, our great Physician! spread
O'er sick and weak, shadowing, his healing wings:
Each miracle a cure!—before disease,
Off-spring of sin, infested human-kind,
In Paradise, the vegetable seeds 260
Sprung from their Maker's hand, invigorate strong
With med'cine. He foresaw our future ills;
Foreseeing, he provided ample cure;

Fossils, and simples: Solomon, thy theme,
Nature's historian; wisest of the wise!
Though Paradise be lost, the tree of life
In med'cine blooms; then pluck its healing fruits,
And with thanksgiving eat; and, eating, live.

Ev'n pagan wisdom bade her sons adore,
As one, the God of physic and the day, 270
Fountain of vegetation and of life,
Apollo, ever blooming, ever young,
And from his art immortal! thus, of yore,
The prime of human race from heav'n deduc'd
The bright original of physic's pow'r:
And, nor unjustly, deem'd that he who sav'd
Millions from death, himself shou'd never die.

An instrument of various pipes and tubes,
Veins, arteries, and sinews, organiz'd, 279
Man, when in healthy tune, harmonious wakes
The breath of melody, in vocal praise,
Delighting earth and heav'n! discordant, oft,
As accident, or time, or fate prevail,
This human-organ scarce the bellows heaves—
Of vital respiration; or in pain,

With pauses sad: what art divine shall tune
To order and reset this shatter'd frame?
What fingers touch into a voice again?
Or music reinspire? who, but the race
Of Pæan? who but physic's saving sons? 290
A Ratchiff, Frewin, Metcalf, or a friend?
But something yet, beyond the kindly skill
Of Pæan's sons, disease, like mine, demands
Nepenthe to the soul, as well as life.

O for a mother's watchful tenderness,
And father's venerable care!—but * they,
In life immortal, gather endless joys,
Reward of charity, of innocence,
Of pleasing manners, and a life unblam'd!
The tears of poverty and friendship oft 300
Their modest tombs bedew, where Eden's flood,
(Ituna 'clep'd by bards of old renown,
Purpled with Saxon and with British blood)
Laves the sweet vale, that first my prattling muse
Provok'd to numbers, broken as the ruins
Of Roman towers which deck its lofty banks,
And shine more beauteous by decay.—But hark!
What music glads my ear? 'tis Theron's voice,
Theron a father, mother; both, a friend!—
Pain flies before his animating touch: 310

The gentle pressure of his cordial hand,
A burning mountain from my bosom heaves!
What wonders, sacred friendship, flow from thee!
One period from a friend enlivens more,
Than all Hippocrates and Galen's tombs,
Than all the med'cines they unfold. I feel
Myself renew'd! not only health, but youth,
Roll the brisk tide, and sparkles at my heart.
As the live-atoms of Campanian wines
Dance in the virgin crystal, and o'erlook 320
With glorifying foam, the nectar'd brim;
Smiling, and lending smiles to social wit,
The jocund hearth, and hospitable board.

Friendship is a religion, from the first,
The second-best—it points, like that, to heav'n,
And almost antedates on earth its bliss.

But vice and folly never friendship knew;
 Whilst wisdom grows by friendship still more wise.
 Her fetters are a strong defence; her chains
 A robe of glory; Ophir gold her bands; 330
 And he who wears them, wears a crown of joy.

Friendship's the steel, which struck, emits the
 sparks
 Of candour, peace, benevolence, and zeal;

Spreading their glowing feeds.—A holy fire
 Where honour beams on honour, truth on truth;
 Bright as the eyes of angels and as pure.
 An altar whence two gentle-loving hearts
 Mount to the skies in one conspiring blaze
 And spotless union. 'Tis the nectar-stream
 Which feeds and elevates seraphic love— 340
 Health is disease, life death, without a friend.

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS TO BOOK III.

Ver. 28. Cadmus is reported by the poets to have slain a monstrous serpent in Boeotia, at the command of Minerva; and sowed its teeth in a field, which produced an host of armed soldiers; who, fighting, slew one other. See Ovid: Met. l. iii. Suidas, Pausanias, &c. It is said, that he sowed serpents teeth, and that soldiers in armour sprung up from them; because, as Bochart observes, in the Phœnician language, to express men armed with brazen darts and spears of brass, they made use of words, which might be translated, "armed with the teeth of a serpent."

Ver. 61. The following lines upon delirious dreams may appear very extravagant to a reader, who never experienced the disorders which sickness causes in the brain; but the author thinks that he has rather softened than exaggerated the real description, as he found them operate on his own imagination at that time.

Ver. 68. Sir G. Wheeler, in his voyages, has given a very beautiful description of an hermitage on the borders of Mount Helicon, belonging to the convent of Saint Luke the hermit, not the Evangelist, called Stiriotes, from his dwelling in those deserts. See Wheeler's Journey into Greece, Fol. B. iv. P. 325.

Ver. 93. Those different instruments are de-

signed to express the several parts of poetry, to which they were adapted, viz. pastoral, ode, heroic, &c.

Ver. 119. See Hom. Iliad, B. xviii. Virg. Æn. B. viii.

Ver. 135.

A horn, in which if he do once but blow,
 The noise thereof shall trouble men so fore,
 That all both stout and faint shall fly therefro,
 So strange a noise was never heard before.

*Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, translated by
 Sir John Harrington, B. xv. Stan. 10.*

With this horn Astolpho affrighted the Amazons. See B. xx. Stan. 60, &c. and even Rogero, Bradamant, &c. in dissolving the enchanted palace, B. xxii. Stan. 18, &c. Drives away the hapies from Senapo, B. xxxiii. Stan. 114, &c.

Ver. 301.

—Eden, though but small,
 Yet often stain'd with blood of many a band
 Of Scots and English both, that tined on his strand.
Spenser's Faery Queen, B. iv. Can. 11.

Ver. 327. It was an observation of Socrates, that wicked men cannot be friends either amongst themselves or with good men

Xenoph. Memorab. l. ii.

THE RECOVERY.

Thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living.
Psalms.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS. Sickness at the worst. Hopes of recovery cast on Heaven alone. Prospect of futurity at this juncture. Guardian Angel's hymn to Mercy. Description of her. She sends Hygeia to the well of life; both described. Her descent. The effects. Abatement of the distemper. Apostrophe to sleep. Recovery of sight; and pleasure flowing from thence. Health by degrees restored. Comparison between sickness and health in regard to the body and mind.

SWIFT too, thy tale is told: a sound, a name,
 No more than Lucian, Butler, or Scarron.

Fantastic humour drop'd the feeling sense,
 Her empire less'n'ing by his fall. The shades

Of frolic Rabelais, and him of Spain,
Madrid's facetious glory, join his ghost;
Triumvirate of laughter!—Mirth is mad;
The loudest languishing into a sigh:
And laughter shakes itself into decay.

"Lord! what is man?" the prophet well might
ask;

We all may ask, "Lord! what is mortal man?"
So changeable his being, with himself
Diffimilar; the rainbow of an hour!

A change of colours, transient through his life,
Brightens or languishes;—then fades to air.

Ev'n e'er an artful spider spins a line

Of metaphysic texture, man's thin thread

Of life is broken: how analogous

Their parallel of lines! slight, subtle, vain.

Man, in a little hour's contracted round

Perplexes reason: now to triumph swell'd,

To joyous exultations, to a blaze

Of ecstacy; and now deprest'd again,

And drooping into scenes of death and woe.

That sudden flow of spirits, bright and strong,
Which play'd in sprightly fallies round my heart;

Was it a gleam, forewarning me from heav'n,
Of quick-approaching fate? As tapers mount

Expiring into wide-diffusive flame,

Give one broad glare, into the socket sink,

And sinking disappear.—It must be so!

The soul, prophetic of its voy'ge, descry'd

The blissful shore, exulting on the wing,

In a glad flutter: then, o'erwhelm'd with joy,

She warn'd her old companion of her flight,

(The feeble tenement of mould'ring clay)

Who fadden'd at their parting—Yes,—I feel

Thy leaden hand, O death! it presses hard,

It weighs the faculties of motion down,

Inactive as the foot of a dull rock,

And drags me to thy dusty chains: the wheels

Of life are fast'ned to the grave, nor whirl,

Longer, the fiery chariot on. The war,

The struggle for eternity begins.

Eternity! illimitable, vast,

Incomprehensible! For heav'n and hell,

Within her universal womb, profound,

Are center'd.—Sleep or death are on my heart:

Swims heavily my brain:—My senses reel.

What scenes disclose themselves! What fields

of joy!

What rivers of delight! What golden bow'rs!

Sweetly oppress'd with beatific views,

I hear angelic instruments, I see

Primeval ardours, and essential forms;

The sons of light, but of created light,

All energy, the diligence of God!

Might I but join them! Lend your glitt'ring

wings,

Waft me, O quickly, waft me to yon crown,

Bright with the flaming roses of the zone

Sidereal: Gracious, they beck'ning, smile,

They smile me to the skies! Hope leads the way:

Mounting I spring to seize!—What fury shakes

Her fiery sword, and intercepts the stars?

Ha! Amartia? Conscience, conscience sends

Her grievly form, to blast me at my end.

Behold! she points to burning rocks, to waves

Sulphureous, molten lead, and boiling gulfs,

Tempestuous with everlasting fire.—

'Tis horrible!—O save me from myself!

O save me, Jesu!—Ha! a burst of light

Blends with the empyreum's azure tide,

While faith, triumphant, swells the trump of God,

And shouting, "Where's thy victory, O grave?"

And where, O death, thy sting?" I see her spread

Her saving banner o'er my soul (the cross!)

And call it to its peers. Thick crowds of day,

Immaculate, involve me in their streams,

And bathe my spirit, whiten'd for the sky.

While on this isthmus of my fate I lie,

Uttering into eternity's wide sea,

And leaning on this habitable globe,

The verge of either world! dubious of life,

Dubious, alike, of death; to mercy thus,

Inspirited with supplicating zeal,

My guardian angel rais'd his potent pray'r.

(For angels minister to man, intent

On offices of gentleness and love.)

"Hear, Mercy sweetest daughter of the skies;

Thou loveliest image of thy Father's face,

Thou blessed fount, whence grace and goodness

flow,

Auspicious, hear! extend thy helping arm,

With prying readiness, with willing aid,

O lift thy servant from the vale of death,

Now grovelling in the dust, into the fields

Of comfort, and the pastures green of health.

Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!

If e'er thy servant to the poor his soul

Drew out, and taught the fatherless to sing;

If e'er by pity warm'd, and not by pride,

He cloth'd the naked, and the hungry fed;

If e'er distress, and misery, forelorn,

Deceiv'd his cheek, and stole his untaught tear,

An humble drop of thy celestial dew!

Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies.

Sprung from the bosom of eternal bliss,

Thy goodness reaches farther than the grave;

And near the gates of hell extends thy sway.

Omnipotent! All, save the cursed crew

Infernal, and the black rebellious host

Of Lucifer, within thy sweet domain

Feed on ambrosia, and may hope the stars.

Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies.

By thee, the great Physician from the bed

Of darkness call'd the sick, the blind, the lame;

He burst the grave's relentless bars by thee,

And spoke the dead to life and bloom again.

His miracles, thy work; thy glory, thine:

Then, O thou dearest attribute of God!

Thy saving health to this thy servant lend!

Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!

Inclin'd upon a dewy-skirted cloud

Purpled with light, and dropping fatness down,

Plenty and bliss on man, with locks as mild

As ev'ning funs (when flowry-footed May

Leads on the jocund hours, when love himself

Flutters in green) effusing heart-felt joy

Abundant, Mercy shone with sober grace,

And majesty at once with sweetness mix'd

Ineffable. A rainbow o'er her head,

The covenant of God, betok'ning peace

'Twixt Heaven and earth, its florid arch display'd,
High bended by th' Almighty's glorious hand;
The languish of the dove upon her eyes
In placid radiance melted, from the throne
Of grace infus'd, and fed with light: her smiles
Expansive cheer'd the undetermin'd tracks
Of all creation, from th' ethereal cope,
August with moving fires, down to the shades
Infernal, and the reign of darkness drear.
Ev'n men refine to angels from her gaze, 140
Gracious, invigorating, full of heav'n!

This daughter of the Lamb, to fervent pray'rs
And intercession, opens her ready ear,
Compassionate, and to Hygeia thus:
"Hygeia, hie thee to the well of life;
There dip thy fingers; touch his head and breast;
Three drops into his mouth infuse, unseen,
Save by the eye of faith: he yonder lies—
Descend, and take the ev'ning's western wing."

She said, Hygeia bow'd; and bowing, fill'd 150
The circumambient air with od'rous streams,
Pure essence of ambrosia! Not the breath
Of Lebanon, from cedar alleys blown,
Of Lebanon, with aromatic gales
Luxuriant, spikenard, aloes, myrrh and balm;
Nor the wise eastern monarch's garden vy'd
In fragrance, when his fair Circassian spouse,
Enamour'd, call'd upon the south to fan
Its beds of spices, and her bosom cool, 159
Panting with languishment and love-sick fires.

Forth from th' eternal throne the well of life,
Pouring its crystal, laves the streets of God,
(Where sickness never comes, nor age, nor pain)
Fast-trickling o'er the pebble-gems. Beneath
Unfading Amaranth and Alphodel,
A mirror spreads its many-colour'd round,
Mosaic work, inlaid with bands divine
In glitt'ring rows, illuminating each,
Each shading: beryl, topaz, chalcedon,
Emerald and amethyst. Whatever hues 170
The light reflects, celestial quarries yield,
Or melt into the vernal-showery bow,
Profusely, vary here in mingling beams.
Collected thus the waters, dimpling, end
Their soft-progressive lapse. The cherubs hence
Immortal vigour quaff and bliss unblam'd.
Nor only flow for you, ye sons of light,
The streams of comfort and of life, but flow
To heal the nations. Wonderful to tell,
The aged they renew, the dead revive, 180
And more, the festers of the wounded soul,
Corrupted, black, to pristine white relume
And saint-like innocence. The mystic dove
Broods, purifying o'er them, with his wings.
The angel, who Bethesda's troubled pool
Stirr'd, first his pinions with these vital drops
Sprinkled; then pour'd himself into the flood,
Instilling health and nutriment divine,
Its waves to quicken, and exalt its pow'rs.

Here lights Hygeia, ardent to fulfil 190
Mercy's behest. The bloom of Paradise
Liv'd on her youthful cheek, and glow'd the spring.
The deep carnations in the eastern skies,
When ruddy morning walks along the hills,
Illustriously red, in purple dews,

Are languid to her blushes; for the blush'd
As through the op'ning file of winged flames,
Bounding, the light'ned, and her sapphire eyes
With modest lustre bright, improving heav'n,
Cast sweetly round, and bow'd to her compeers,
An angel amid angels. Light she sprung 201
Along th' empyreal road: Her locks distill'd
Salubrious spirit on the stars. Full soon
She pass'd the gate of pearl, and down the sky,
Precipitant, upon the ev'ning wing
Cleaves the live ether, and with healthy balm
Impregnates, and fecundity of sweets.

Conscious of her approach, the wanton birds,
Instinctive, carol forth, in livelier lays,
And merrier melody, their grateful hymn, 210
Brisk-flutt'ring to the breeze. Eftsoons the hills,
Beneath the gambols of the lamb and kid,
Of petulant delight, the circling maze
(Brush'd off its dews) betray. All nature smiles,
With double day delighted. Chief on man
The goddess ray'd herself: He, wond'ring, feels
His heart in driving tumults, vig'rous, leap,
And gushing ecstacy: bursts out his tongue
In laud, and unpremeditated song,
Obedient to the music in his veins. 220
Thus, when at first, the instantaneous light
Sprung from the voice of God, and, vivid, threw
Its golden mantle round the rising ball,
The cumb'rous mafs, shot through with vital
warmth

And plastic energy, to motion roll'd
The drowsy elements, and active rule:
Sudden the morning stars, together, sang,
And shouted all the sons of God for joy.

Enters Hygeia, and her task performs,
With healing fingers touch'd my breast and head;
Three drops into my mouth infus'd, unseen, 231
Save by the eye of faith: Then reascends.

As snow in Salmon, at the tepid touch
Of southern gales, by soft degrees, dissolves
Trickling, yet slow, away; and looten'd frosts
The genial impress feel of vernal funs,
Relenting to the ray; my torpid limbs
The healing virtue of Hygeia's hand

And salutary influence perceive,
Instant to wander through the whole. My heart
Begins to melt, o'er-running into joy, 241
Late froze with agony. Kind tumults seize
My spirits, conscious of returning health,
And dire disease abating from the cells
And mazy haunts of life. The judging leech
Approves the symptoms, and my hope allows.

The hostile humours cease to bubble o'er
Their big-distended channels; quiet now
And sinking into peace. The organs heave
Kindlier with life: And nature's fabric near 250
To dissolution shatter'd, and its mould
To dust dissolv'd, though not its pristine strength
(The lusty vigour of its healthy prime)
Yet gentle force recovers; to maintain
Against the tyrant-death's batt'ring assaults,
The fort of life.—But darkness, present still,
And absent sweet repose, best med'cine, sleep,
Forbid my heart the full carouse of joy.

"Soft pow'r of slumbers, dewy-feather'd sleep,

Kind nurse of nature ! whither art thou fled, 260
 A stranger to my senses, weary'd out
 With pain, and aching for thy presence ? Come,
 O come ! embrace me in thy liquid arms ;
 Exert thy drowsy virtue, wrap my limbs
 In downy indolence, and bathe in balm,
 Fast-flowing from th' abundance of thy horn,
 With nourishment replete, and richer stor'd
 Than Amalthea's ; who (so poets feign)
 With honey and with milk supply'd a god,
 And fed the thunderer. Indulgent quit 270
 Thy couch of poppies ! steal thyself on me,
 (In rory mists suffus'd and clouds of gold)
 On me, thou mildest cordial of the world ?

The shield his pillow, in the tented field,
 By thee, the soldier, bred in iron war,
 Forgets the mimic thunders of the day,
 Nor envies luxury her bed of down.
 Rock'd by the blast, and cabb'd in the storm,
 The sailor hugs thee to the doddering mast,
 Of shipwreck negligent, while thou art kind. 280
 The captive's freedom, thou ! the labourer's hire ;
 The beggar's store ; the miser's better gold ;
 The health of sickness ; and the youth of age !
 At thy approach the wrinkled front of care
 Subsides into the smooth expanse of smiles.
 And, stranger far ! the monarch, crown'd by thee,
 Beneath his weight of glory gains repose.

What guilt is mine, that I alone am wake,
 Ev'n though my eyes are seal'd, am wake alone ?
 Ah seal'd, but not by thee ! The world is dumb ;
 Exhal'd by air, an awful silence rules, 291
 Still as thy brother's reign, or foot of time ;
 Ev'n nightingales are mute, and lovers rest,
 Steep'd in thy influence, and cease to sigh,
 Or only sigh in slumbers. Fifteen nights
 The moon has walk'd in glory o'er the sky ;
 As oft the sun has shone her from the sphere,
 Since, gentle sleep, I felt thy cordial dews.
 Then listen to my moaning ; nor delay
 To sooth me with thy softness ; to o'ershade 300
 Thy suppliant with thy pinions : or at least,
 Lightly to touch my temples with thy wand.

So, full and frequent, may the crimson fields
 With poppies blush, nor feel a Tarquin's hand.
 So may the west wind's sigh, th' murmur'ing brook,
 The melody of birds, lanthe's lute,
 And music of the spheres, be all the sounds
 That dare intrude on thy devoted hour.
 Nor Boreas bluster, nor the thunder-roar,
 Nor screech-owl flap his wing, nor spirit yell, 310
 As 'neath the trembling of the moon he walks,
 Within the circle of thy still domain.
 He comes ! he comes ! the reconciling pow'r
 Of pain, vexation, care, and anguish comes !
 He hovers in the lazy air :—He melts,
 With honey heaviness, my senses down.

—I thank thee sleep !—Heav'n's ! is the day
 restor'd

To my desiring eyes ? their lids, unglow'd,
 Admit the long-lost light, now streaming in
 Painfully clear !—O check the rapid gleam 320
 With shading silk, 'till the weak visual orb,
 Stronger and stronger, dares imbibe the sun,
 Nor, wat'ring, twinkles at unfolded day.

As, where, in Lapland, night collects her reign,
 Oppressive, over half the rounded year
 Uninterrupted with one struggling beam ;
 Young Orre-Moor, in furry spoils enroll'd,
 Shagged and warm, first spies th' imperfect blust
 Of op'ning light, exulting ; scarce her eyes
 The lustre bear, though faint ; but, wid'ning fast
 Th' unbounded tide of splendour covers, fair, 331
 Th' expanded hemisphere ; and fills her sight
 With gladness, while her heart, warm-leaping,
 burns.

Sight, all expressive ! though the feeling sense
 Thrills from lanthe's hand ; at Handel's lyre
 Tingles the ear ; though smell from blossom'd
 beans

Arabian spirit gathers ; and the draught,
 Sparkling from Burgundy's exalted vines,
 Streams nectar on the palate : Yet, O fight !
 Weak their sensations, when compar'd with thee.
 Without thee, nature lies unmeaning gloom. 341
 Whatever smiles on earth, or shines in heav'n,
 From star of Venus to Adonis flow'r ;
 Whatever spring can promise ; summer warm
 To rich maturity ; gay autumn roll
 Into the lap of plenty, or her horn ;
 Winter's majestic horrors ;—all are thine.
 All varying in order's pleasing round,
 In regular confusion grateful all !

And now progressive health, with kind repair,
 My fever-weaken'd joints and languid limbs 351
 New brace. Live vigour and auxiliary nerves
 Sinew the freshest frame in bands of steel.
 As in the trial of the furnace ore,
 From baser dregs refin'd, and drossy scum,
 Flames more refulgent, and admits the stamp
 Of majesty to dignify the gold,
 Cæsar or George ! the human body, thus,
 Enamel'd, not deform'd, from sickness' rage
 More manly features borrows, and a grace 360
 Severe, yet worthier of its sovereign form.
 The patriarch of Uz, son of the morn,
 Envy'd of Lucifer, by sores and blanes
 Sharply improv'd, to fairer honours rose,
 Lest his beginning blest than latter end,
 How late a tortur'd lump of baleful pain,
 The soul immerg'd in one inactive mass
 Of breathing blanes, each elegance of sense,
 Each intellectual spark and fiery feed 371
 Of reason, mem'ry, judgment, taste, and wit,
 Extinct and smother'd in unwieldy clay
 Scarce animated : and (O blessing !) now
 I seem to tread the winds ; to overtake
 The empty eagle in her early chase,
 Or nimble-trembling dove, from preyful beak,
 In many a rapid, many a cautious round,
 Wheeling precipitant : I leave behind,
 Exulting o'er its aromatic hills,
 The bounding Beher-roe. The poet's mind,
 (Effluence essential of heat and light !) 380
 Not mounts a loftier wing, when fancy leads,
 The glitt'ring track, and points him to the skies,
 Excursive : He empyreal air inhales,
 Earth fading from his sight ! triumphant soars
 Amid the pomp of planetary worlds,
 Ranging infinitude, beyond the stretch

Of Newton's ken, reformer of the spheres,
And, gaining on the heav'ns, enjoys his home !
The winter of disease all pass'd away,
The spring of health, in bloomy pride, calls forth
Embosom'd blifs, of rosy-winged praise 391
The rising incense, the impassion'd glance

Of gratitude, the pant of honour, quick
With emulating zeal ; the florid with
For sacred happiness, and cordial glow
From conscious virtue felt : all the sweet train
Of vernal solitude's refining walks
Best gift of Heav'n, and source of nameless joys !

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS ON BOOK IV.

Ver. 55. Light is the first-born of all creatures, and it is commonly observed, that the angels were created at the same period of time. St. Austin thinks them meant under *fiat lux*, "let there be light;" *De civitate Dei*, l. xi. c. 9. This indeed is only conjectural, and we have no article of the Apostles' creed which directs upon any considerations of angels; because perhaps it exceeds the faculties of men to understand their nature, and it may not conduce much to our practical edification to know them. Yet, however, this observation may serve to illustrate that beautiful passage in the book of Job: When "the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Ver. 182. White has been accounted in all ages the peculiar tincture of innocence, and white vestments worn by persons delegated for sacred offices, &c. When our Saviour was transfigured before his disciples, his raiment became shining, "exceeding white as snow," Mark, ix. 3. When he ascended into heaven, the angels descended in "white apparel," Acts i. 10. "And to the spouse of the Lamb was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints," Rev. xix. 8. 14. Hence the custom of the primitive church of clothing the persons baptized in white garments.

*Inde parens sacro ducens de fonte sacerdos
Infantes, niveo corpore, mente, habitu.*

Paulinus, Epist. xii.

The heathens paid likewise a great regard to white :

Color albus præcipue Deo charus est.

Cicero de Leg. Lib. ii.

— Ante aras stat veste sacerdos

Effulgens nivea. Silius Ital. Lib. iii.

Delius hic longè candenti veste sacerdos

Occurrit. Valerius Flacc. Lib. ii.

And not only the priests, but likewise those who attended at the sacrifices and paid their devotions to their gods :

*Cernite fulgentes ut eat sacer agnus ad aras,
Tinctaque post oleâ candida turba comas.*

Tibull. Lib. ii. Eleg. i.

And Ovid :

Linguis candida turba faver. Fast. Lib. ii.

I shall only add one passage from Plautus :

*Ergo æquius vos erat
Candidatas venire, hostiatisque ad hoc
Fanum.*

Rudens. Act. i. Sc. 5.

Ver. 230. Hygeia here performs her office in the very manner she was ordered by Mercy. I have, after the manner of Homer, used the same expressions over again, as when she received the mandate. The father of poetry constantly makes his envoys observe this practice, as a mark of decency and respect.

Ver. 268. Amalthea the daughter of Melissus King of Crete, and nurse of Jupiter, who fed him with goat's milk and honey. But this story is differently related. See Strabo, l. x. Diodor. Sicul. l. iv. c. 5. and Ovid. Fast. l. v. It is very remarkable, that the translation of the Septuagint uses the expression Amalthea's horn, for the name of Job's third daughter, Keren-happuc (so called from her beauty), alluding to a Grecian fable invented long after, Job ch. the last, ver. 14. The same translation likewise mentions Arachne in the ninetieth Psalm, and 9th verse, which image is left out in all our late versions. A Christian poet, therefore, may surely be excused for using the word Ambrosia, &c. or drawing metaphors or comparisons from the Pagan mythology in a serious composition; which is the practice of Milton and some of the best poets. The fault only is, when the poet weaves the heathen fables with the Jewish and Christian truths. As when Sannazarius introduces the furies, Cerberus, &c. into his poem (which is otherwise a very fine one) *De partu Virginis*. And likewise when Camoens blends the adventures of Bacchus with the miracles of Christ, &c. in his *Lusiad*. But this is by the by.

THE THANKSGIVING.

The grave cannot praise Thee; death cannot celebrate Thee.—The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The effects which the restoration of health ought to have in the solitudes of spring. Rural prospect. Excursion to the battle at Tournay. Reflections on the abuses of modern poetry. Hymn to the ever-blessed and glorious Trinity: 1st, To God the Father, as Creator and Preserver: 2dly, To God the Son, as Mediator and Redeemer: 3dly, To God the Holy Ghost, as Sanctifier and Comforter. Conclusion.

COME, contemplation! therefore, from thy haunts,
From Spenser's tomb, (with reverent steps and
flow

Oft visited by me; certès, by all,
Touch'd by the muse :) from Richmond's-green
retreats,

Where * Nature's bard the seasons on his page
Stole from the year's rich hand: or Welwyn
groves,

Where Young, the friend of virtue and of man,
Sows with poetic stars the nightly song,
To Phœbus dear as his own day! and drowns
The nightingale's complaint in sadder strains 10
And sweeter elegance of woe, O come!
Now ev'ning mildly still and softer suns
(While every breeze is flowing balm) invite
To taste the fragrant spirit of the spring
Salubrious; from mead or hawthorn-hedge
Aromatiz'd, and pregnant with delight
No less than health. And what a prospect round
Swells greenly grateful on the cherish'd eye!
A universal blush! a waste of sweets!

How live the flow'rs, and, as the zephyrs blow,
Wave a soft lustre on their parent-sun, 21
And thank him with their odours for his beams;
Mild image of himself! reflected fair,
By faintness fair, and amiably mild!

Hark! how the airy echoes talk along
With undulating answer, soft or loud,
The mocking semblance of the imag'd voice,
Babbling itinerant from wood to hill,
From hill to dale, and wake their sisters round,
To multiply delight upon the ear. 30

As float the clouds, romantic fancy pours
The magazines of Proteus forth, and builds
Huge castles in the air; while vessels sail
Spacious, along the fluid element:
And dragons burn in gold, with azure stains
Speckled: Ten thousand inconsistent shapes
Shift on the eye, and through the welkin roll.

* Mr. James Thomson.

Here tufted hills! there shining villas rise,
Circling; and temples, solemn, fill the mind:
With beauty, splendour, and religious awe 40
Peace o'er the plains expands her snowy wing,
Dove-ey'd; and buxom plenty laughs around!

Far different objects mortify the eye,
Along thy borders, Sheldt: (with William's tears)
Ennobled, tears from brave humanity
And royal pity drawn! nor of his blood
Less prodigal!) instead of herbage'd plains,
Of fields with golden plenty waving wide,
Of lowing vallies, and of fleecy hills:
What magazines of death! what flaming swords
Destruction brandish; what a burnish'd glare 51
Of horror wanders round; what carnage vile
Of dubitable limbs; what groaning piles
Of dying warriors on th' ensanguin'd earth
(Ev'n sons of Britain, chiefs of high renown)
Gro'ling in dust, and with unmartial fires
Sheer blasted! O 'tis pitiful to sight!
It smites the honest brain and heart! The cloud,
Belch'd from the brazen throat of war, would
hide,

Industrious, the ruin which it spreads,
As if ashamed of massacre—But hark!—
What dire explosion tear th' embowel'd sky,
And rumbles from th' infernal caves? The roar
Of Ætna's troubled caverns, when she heaves
Trinacria from her marble pillars, fix'd
On the foundations of the solid earth,
And Thetis' bellows from her distant dens,
O'erwhelm the ear!—A mine with deadly stores
Infuriate, burst; and a whole squadron'd host 69
Whirl'd through the riven air. A human shower
With smouldry smoke enroll'd and wrapt in fire,
To cover earth with desolation drear!—

Curst be the man, the monk, the son of hell,
The triple Moloch! whose mechanic brain,
Maliciously inventive, from its forge,
Of cruel steel, the sulphur seeds of wrath
Flash'd on the world, and taught us how to kill;
To hurl the blazing ruin, to disgorge

A a iiij

From smoking brass the ragged instruments
Of fate, in thunder, on the mangled files 80
Of gallant foes :---the cowardice of hell !
And, what the barb'rous nations never knew,
(Though nourish'd by the tigers, and their tongues
With the gore of lions) to involve
The holy temples, the religious fanes,
To hallelujahs sacred and to peace,
With dreadless fires. Shudd'ring the angels weep
At man's impiety, and seek the skies :
They weep ! while man, courageous in his guilt,
Smiles at the infant writhing on his spear ; 90
The hoary head pollutes the flinty streets
With scanty blood ; and virgins pray in vain.
Blush, blush ! or own Deucalion for thy fire.

Yet should rebellion, bursting from the caves
Of Erebus, uprear her Hydra form,
To poison, liberty, thy ligat divine ;
If she, audacious, stalk in open day,
And hiss against the throne by heav'n's own
hand

Establish'd, and religion heav'n-reform'd,
Britannia ! rescue earth from such a bane : 100
Exert thy ancient spirit ; urge thyself
Into the bowels of the glowing war,
Sweep her from day to multiply the fiends,
And scare the damn'd !---and thou ! the God of
hosts,

Supreme ! the Lord of lords, and King of kings !
Thy people, thy anointed with thy shield
Cover and shade ; unbare thy righteous arm,
And save us in the hollow of thy hand !
Michael send, as erst against the host
Of Lucifer, and let his sword be drunk 110
With rebel-blood. The battle is thy own ;
When virtue, liberty, religion call :
Thine is the victory : the glory thine !

Turn, contemplation, from this savage scene
Of violence and waste : my swimming eyes
Have lost the beauties of the vernal view !

Sweet are the beauties of the vernal view !
And yet devotion waits to nobler themes,
And lifts the soul to heav'n : for who, untouch'd,
With mental adoration, feeling laud, 120
Beholds this living-vegetable whole,
This universal witness of a God !

Though silent, yet convincing, uncontrol'd,
Which meets the sense, and triumphs in the soul ?
Let me, by Isaac's wife example fir'd,
When meditation led him through the fields,
Sweetly in pious musings lost, adore
My God ! for meditation is too poor,
Below the sacrifice of Christian hearts :
Plato cou'd meditate ; a Christian, more : 130
Christians, from meditation, soar to pray'r.

Methinks I hear, reprov'd by modern wit,
Or rather pagan : " though ideal sounds
Soft-wafted on the zephyr's fancy'd wing,
Steal tuneful soothings on the easy ear,
New from Ilissus' gilded mists exhal'd ;
Though gently o'er the academic groves,
The magic echoes of unbodied thoughts
Roll their light billows through th' unwounded
air,

In mildest undulations ! yet a * priest, 140
Tasteless and peevish, with his jargon shrill,
Scorns Academus ; though its flow'rs bestow
On Hybla nectar, purer than her own,
From Plato's honey-dropping tongue distill'd
In copious streams, devolving o'er the sense
Its sweet regalement ! " Philodemus, yes :
(Though learn'd Lycæum's cloisters lead the
mind

Attentive on, as far as nature leads :
And Plato, for a heathen, nobler dreams
Than dream some modern poets) : yes, a priest, 150
A priest dares tell you, Salem's hallow'd walks,
And that illum'd mountain, where a God,
The God of my salvation, and I hope
Of thine, unutterable beauty beam'd,
(Though shaded from excess of deity,
Too fierce for mortal-aching eyes to prove
The rush of glory) me, desirous, draw
From Athen's owls, to Jordan's mystic dove.

Thou ling of nature, and the moral charms
Gild with thy painted muse : my fingers lift 160
The lyre to God ! Jehovah ! Eloim !
Truth is my leader ; only fancy, thine :
Sweet Farinelli of enervate song !
I quit the myrtle, for a starry crown.

And know, if sickness shed her bluish plagues
From fog, or fen, or town-infected damp,
(And, sure I'd pity thee) among thy veins :
Then, then no Platonist ! thy inmost soul
Will thank me for this preaching ; nor disdain
To breathe itself in pray'r, as low as mine ; 170
From God begin, with God conclude the song ;
Thus glorifying with a Christian zeal.

Father of heav'n and earth ! coeval Son !
And co-existing Spirit ! Trinal-One !
Mysterious Deity ; invisible ;
Indefinite, and Omnipresent God,
Inhabiting eternity ! shall dust,
Shall ashes, dare presume to sing of thee ?
O for a David's heart, and tongue of fire
To rival angels in my praise and zeal ! 180
Yet love immense, and gratitude, with awe
Religious mix'd, shall elevate the hymn,
My heart enkindle, and inspire my tongue.

Father-Creator ! who beholds thy works,
But catches inspiration ! thou the earth
On nothing hung, and balanc'd in the void
With a magnetic force, and central poise.
Ocean of brightness thou ! thy grand behest
Flung on thy orb, the sun, a sparkling drop,
To light the stars, and feed their silver urns 190
With unexhausted flame ; to bid them shine
Eternal in their courses, o'er the blue
Which mantles night, and woo us to repose
With roscid radiance. They harmonious roll,
In majesty of motion, solemn, loud,
The universal hallelujah : sphere,
In lucid order, quiring sweet to sphere,
Deep-felt and loftier than a seraph's song ;
The symphony of well-according worlds ! 199

* The very expressions of one of our disciples of Se-
ocrates.

But man, thy beam, thy breath, thy image, shines
The crown, the glory, and the lord of all;
Of all below the stars! a plant, from heav'n
Traduc'd, to spread the riches of its bloom
O'er earth, and water'd with ethereal dews;
Incorruptible aliment! the birds
Warble among his boughs; the cattle, safe,
Pasture within his shade; and earth beneath
Th' imperial umbrage of his branches smiles.
The smiling earth, the spangled spheres, and man
Their great Creator praise! but praise how
long, 210

Unless by thy Almighty arm upheld,
Preserver infinite? by thee unless
Upheld, the earth wou'd from her basis reel;
The spheres forego their courses (off their orbs
The silver softness melted into shade),
Obscurely dissonant; and mortal man
(Void of thy fostering fires) his stately form
To dust be moulder'd: chaos wou'd resume
Her ancient anarchy; confusion, rule;
And darkness swallow all. In thee we live, 220
In thee we move: our beings in thy chain,
Linkt to eternity, fasten on thee,
The pillar of our souls! for me, (how late
A neighbour of the worm)! when I forget
The wonders of thy goodness ray'd on me,
And cease to celebrate, with matin-harp
Or vesper-song, thy plenitude of love,
And healing mercy; may the nightly pow'r,
Which whispers on my slumbers, cease to breathe
Her modulating impulse through my soul; 230
Untun'd, unhallow'd! discord, string my lyre,
Idly, my finger, press the fretted gold,
Rebellious to the dictates of my hand,
When indolent, to swell the notes for thee,
Father of heav'n and earth!—Coeval Son!
(His word, his essence, his effulgence pure!)
Not less thy filial likeness I adore,
Nor from thy Father's glory aught disjoin,
Redeemer! Mediator! from the birth
Of uncreated time, thy Father's wrath 240
(Sprung from Omniscience): to appease, for man,
Upright as yet, to mediate, mercy wak'd
Unbounded love in thee; unbounded love
Contracted to the measure of a span
Immensities of Godhead, and thy crown
Rest from thy faded brow. Listen, O earth!
And wonder, O ye heav'ns! shall he, whose feet
Are cloth'd with stars, (the glory of his head
For who can tell)? whose looks divine illumine
The dazzl'd eyes of cherubs, and the youth 250
Of saints with everlasting bloom renew:
Shall he, whose vital smiles with splendor fill
The circuits of creation, and sustain
Th' abodes of all existence, from the depths
Of hell beneath, above heav'n's highest orb,
With life, and health, and joy! shall he, to God
Dear as his eye and heart, engraven there
Deep from eternity; alone belov'd,
Alone begotten! say, shall he become
A man of grief—for man? nay more his foe, 260
Rebellious next the fiends?—astonishment
Had chain'd my tongue to silence, if the pow'rs
Of tenderest pity and of warmest love

Provok'd not pensive measures, sadder strains
Of elegiac sorrow, with the theme
Mournfully-varying. Take, my soul redeem'd!
O take the moaning dove's dew-dropping wing,
Fly, fly to Solyma! and melt thy woe
To Cedron's murmurs. Thence, extend thy flight
To Golgotha's accursed tree. Behold! 270
Clouds roll'd on clouds of wrath (the blackest
wrath

Of an offended God)! his beauties shade:
But shade not long: it soon in drops dissolves,
Sweet to the soul as manna to the taste,
As pride of summer-flow'r to sight or smell!
Behind this shadowing cloud, this mystic gloom,
The Sharon rose, dy'd in the blood of heav'n,
The lily of the valley, white from stain,
Bows the fair head, in loveliness declines,
And, sweetly languishing, it droops and dies. 280
But darkness veils the sun: a curtain draw
Before the passion: beyond wonder great,
Great beyond silence!—(Awe-struck pause a
while—)

And heavy as the burden of our sins!—
'Tis finish'd!—Change the lyre, the numbers
change;

Let holy anthem-airs inspire the hymn.
Glory in heav'n! redemption to mankind,
And peace on earth! dominion! blessing! praise!
Thanksgiving: pow'r: salvation to our God!
Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb! 290
And, co-existing Spirit! thou, whose breath
My voice informs, shall it be mute to thee,
Eternal Paraclete? in order, last,
Equal in glory to Omnipotence
The first, as to the second; and from both
Proceeding; (O inexplicable name!)
Mytical link of the unnumber'd Three!
To learning, night; to faith, the noon-tide day.
Soul of the universe: thy wisdom, first,
The rage compos'd of warring * elements, 300
(The subject of a nobler future song)
Yon all-surrounding heav'ns with crystal orbs
Garnish'd, and living gems, in goodly ranks
And disciplin'd array; dividing night
From day, their ordinances 'tablish'd sure.
Moving the waters saw thee o'er their face;
O God, the waters saw thee, and, afraid,
Into their channels shrunk, (capricious bed
Of liquid element)! and own'd their bounds
Impassable, as that eternal gulf 310
'Twixt bliss and woe.—The Prince of peace thy
beams

Largely imbib'd, when, dovelike, o'er his head,
Fast by the banks of Jordan's sacred stream,
Thy mantling wings diffus'd their heav'nly hues;
And Abba glorify'd his only Son,
Well pleased. From thy tongues of cloven fire
Kindled, the nations burn'd in flaming zeal,
And unextinguish'd charity, dispers'd
And glowing as the summer blaze at noon. 319
The rushing winds on all their wings convey'd
Thy doctrine, strong to shake the guilty soul;
As erst the dome, low-stooping to its base,

* *The Elements. A poem in four books.*

Before thy mighty presence learn'd to bend.
 Thou, from the morning womb, upon our souls,
 Barren and dry, thy sanctifying dew
 Abroad in silent softness sheds: the dew
 Of love unspotted, uncorrupted joy,
 Obedient goodness, temperance subdu'd,
 Unshaken faith, and meekness without guile.
 Hence flow the odours out, our pray'rs perfume,
 Like incense, rising fragrant on the throne, 331
 From golden vials pour'd by elder hands!
 Extinct thy influential radiance sin,
 Incumbent on the soul, as black as hell,
 Holds godless anarchy: by thee refin'd,
 Incens'd, sublim'd, and sanctify'd, the soul
 Invites the Holiest (O abyss of love!)
 To choose a temple, purer than the sun,
 Incorruptible, formed not by hands, 339
 Where best he loves to dwell—Thou all my bed,

Most holy Comforter! in sickness smooth'd,
 And violet buds and roses without thorn
 Shower'd round the couch. From darkness and
 the vale
 Of shadowy death, to pastures fair, and streams
 Of comfort, thy refreshing right hand led
 My wearied soul, and bath'd in health and joy!
 To light restor'd, and the sweet breath of heav'n,
 Beneath thy olive boughs, in plenteous flow,
 The golden oil effusing on my head,
 Of gladness, let me ever sit and sing, 350
 Thy numerous Godhead sparkling in my soul,
 Thyself instilling praises, by thy ear
 Not unprov'd! For wisdom's steady ray
 Th' enlight'ning gift of tongues, the sacred fires
 Of poetry are thine, united Three!
 Father of heav'n and earth! coeval Son!
 And coexisting Spirit! Trinal One!

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS ON BOOK V.

Ver. 44. This was written at the time of the siege of Tournay.

Ver. 130. Far be it from me to speak with disrespect of this Pagan philosopher. For my part, I could almost declare my admiration of Plato's beautiful descriptions, &c. in the words of B. Johnson on Shakspeare: "To justify (says he) my own candour, I honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any." See his Discoveries, vol. ii. fol. of his works, p. 98.

I only here would observe how falsely, not to say impiously, some modern writers seem to take pains to recommend Plato's ideal morality, in opposition to the glorious doctrines so fully revealed in the holy scriptures.

Ver. 146. Alluding to Q. Sæctanus's admirable satires; who introduces much such another character under this name. The true author, as we are informed by Mons. Blainville in his curious travels, is Mons. Sergardi, one of the finest and politest gentlemen of Rome; by Philodemus, he means one Gravina, an atheistical pretender to philosophy, the Greek language, &c. He thus makes him boast of himself, as if he drew the principles of his system from Socrates.

Nos etenim (puto jam nostri) docti sumus, et quos Socraticæ cæpi tractandos molliter arte Sordibus emergunt vulgi, totaque probantur Urbe.

See Q. Sæctani Satyr, 4to. vol. i. sat. i. lib. i. v. 108, &c.

Ver. 299. The Heathens frequently give the appellation of Soul or Spirit to God.

Thus Virgil:

Cælum et terram camposque liquentes,
 Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra
 Spiritus intus agit.

That he means God by Spirit, appears from another place.

Deum ire per omnes
 Terrasque tractusque maris cælumque profundum,
 And Zeno's opinion is very remarkable;

Θεός ἐστὶ παντα διπύον δι' ὅλην τὴν κοσμον.

See Lactantius, B. vii. c. 3. and Diogenes Laertius in the life of Zeno.

Ver. 306. Cicero tells us that it was Thales's opinion that God was the Spirit which created all things from the water. Thales aquam dixit esse initium rerum, Deum autem esse mentem quæ ex aqua cuncta fingeret. De Nat. Deor. l. i.

Ver. 323. The very Heathens imagined a commotion in nature at the presence of the Deity.

Vibratus ab æthere fulgor
 Cum sonitu venit, ruere omnia visa repente.

Æneis, lib. 8.

And in another place, Virgil:

Vix ea fatus eram, tremere omnia visa repente
 Liminaque laurusque Dei, totusque moveri
 Mons circum.

Æneis, lib. 3.

So likewise Statius:

Mirabor cur templa mihi tremuere Dianæ.

Theb. lib. 4.

And Seneca:

Imo mugit è fundo solum,
 Tonat dies ferenus, ac totis domus
 Ut fracta tellus crepuit.

Thyestes, Act. 2.

Ver. 324. Psalm cx. 3. This is a noble metaphor to express the beauties and graces of the Holy Spirit. So that "from the womb of the morning" in the Psalmist, signifies this: From the heavenly light of the gospel, which is the wing or beam whereby the Sun of Righteousness revealeth himself, and breaketh out upon the world, the people shall adorn themselves from the first forming of Christ in them, with the dew of grace, and the gifts and emanations of the Holy

Ghost; which are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Gal. v. 22, &c. When the Spirit of Christ bloweth thus upon us, and the dews of grace are poured into our hearts, then the spices flow out, which arise from the holy duties and spiritual infusions mentioned above.

Ver. 332. Rev. v. 8. The four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints; that is, the prayers of good men are as grateful to God as incense from the tabernacle. So David, Ps. xiv. 2. "Let my prayer be directed to thee as incense."

Ver. 348. Alluding to the two olive branches in Zechariah; ch. iv. ver. 11. and 12. which empty the golden oil out of themselves. Amongst other expositions of which words, Junius and Tarnovius interpret them to mean the various gifts and effusions of the Holy Spirit, which are by Christ derived upon the church. For Christ is called the Messiah, on account of his being anointed with the "oil of gladness," Ps. xiv. 8. And St. John, speaking thus of the Holy Ghost: "Ye have an unction from the Holy One," 1 John ii. 20. "The anointing which ye received from him abideth in you," John ii. 27.

To conclude; a recovery from the small-pox, a few years ago, gave occasion to the preceding poem. I only at first (in gratitude to the great Physician of souls and bodies) designed to have published this hymn to the Trinity upon a recovery from sickness. But the subject being very extensive, and capable of admitting serious reflections on the frail state of humanity, I expatiated farther upon it. It cannot be supposed that I should treat upon sickness in a medicinal, but only in a descriptive, a moral, and religious manner: the verification is varied accordingly; the descriptive parts being more poetical, the moral more plain, and the religious, for the most part, drawn from the holy scriptures. I have just taken such notice of the progress of the small-pox, as may give the reader some small idea of it, without offending his imagination. These few notes are not intended for the learned reader, but added to assist those who may not be so well acquainted with the classical and other allusions. I do not remember to have seen any other poem on the same subject to lead me on the way, and therefore, it is to be hoped, the good-natured reader will more readily excuse its blemishes.

I have here added, by way of conclusion to the notes, a short hymn, written (when very young) in the great epidemical cold in 1732.

A HYMN IN SICKNESS.

O LORD! to thee I lift my soul,
To thee direct my eyes,
While fate in every vapour rolls,
And sick'ning nature sighs.

Ev'n air, the vehicle of life,
The soft recess of breath,
Is made the harbinger of fate,
And poison'd dart of death.

No gentle strains relieve my ears:
But hark! the passing toll,
In a long sadly solemn knell,
Alarms anew my soul.

No lovely prospect meets my eye,
But melancholy fear,
Attended with the hollow pomp
Of sickness and despair.

My sins wide-staring in my face,
In ghastly guise alarm;
The pleasing sins of wanton youth,
In many a fatal charm.

I sink beneath their black approach:
My God! thy mercy lend;
Let hope her healing wings diffuse;
O snatch me from the fiend!

I feel, I feel thy saving health:
New raptures fill my heart:
A shining train of bliss succeeds;
The gloomy scenes depart.

Though straining coughs this mortal frame
To dissolution bring,
Yet dreary death in vain affrights
And points in vain his sting:

If gracious Heaven at that sad hour
Its guardian arm extend:
If angels watch my parting soul,
And save me at my end.

O Lord, or let me live or die,
Thy holy will be done!
But let me live alone to thee,
And die in thee alone.

AN HYMN TO MAY.

Nunc formosissimus annus. VIRGIL.

P R E F A C E.

As Spenser is the most descriptive and florid of all our English writers, I attempted to imitate his manner, in the following vernal poem. I have been very sparing of the antiquated words,

which are too frequent in most of the imitations of this author; however, I have introduced a few here and there, which are explained at the bottom of each page where they occur. Shakspeare is the poet of nature, in adapting the affections and passions to his characters; and Spenser in describing her delightful scenes and rural beauties. His lines are most musically sweet, and his descriptions most delicately abundant, even to a wantonness of painting; but still it is the music and painting of nature. We find no ambitious ornaments or epigrammatical turns in his writings, but a beautiful simplicity; which pleases far above the glitter of pointed wit. I endeavoured to avoid the affectation of the one, without any hopes of attaining the graces of the other kind of writing.

*Te sequor, O nostræ gentis decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod te imitari avel: Quid enim contendat hirundo
Cycnis?—*
Lucretius.

A modern writer has, I know, objected against running the verse into alternate and stanza: But Mr. Prior's authority is sufficient for me, who observes that it allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse. As I professed myself in this canto to take Spenser for my model, I chose the stanza; which I think adds both a sweetness and solemnity at the same time, to subjects of this rural and flowery nature. The

most descriptive of our old poets have always used it from Chaucer down to Fairfax, and even long after him. I followed Fletcher's measure in his *Purple Island*; a poem printed at Cambridge in twelve cantos in quarto, scarce heard of in this age, yet the best in the allegorical way (next to the *Faery Queen*) in the English language. The Alexandrine line, I think, is peculiarly graceful at the end, and is an improvement on Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*. After all, Spenser's hymns will excuse me for using this measure; and Scaliger, in the third book of his *Poetics*, tells us (from *Dydimus*) that the hymns of the Athenians were sung to the lyre, the pipe, or some musical instrument: And this, of all other kinds of verse, is certainly lyrical. But enough of the stanza: For (as Sir William Davenant observes in his admirable preface to *Gondibert*) numbers in verse, like distinct kinds of music, are composed to the uncertain and different taste of several ears. I hope I have no apology to make for describing the beauties, the pleasures, and the loves of the season, in too tender or too florid a manner. The nature of the subject required a luxuriosity of versification, and a softness of sentiment; but they are pure and chaste at the same time, otherwise this canto had neither been ever written or offered to the public. If the sentiments and verse be florid and tender, I shall excuse myself in the words of Virgil (though not in his sense)

— Nunc mollissima fandi
Tempora!

THE ARGUMENT.

SUBJECT proposed. Invocation of May. Description of her: Her operations on nature. Bounty recommended; in particular at this season. Vernal apostrophe. Love the ruling passion in May. The celebration of Venus her birth-day in this month. Rural retirement in spring. Conclusion.

ETHEREAL daughter of the lusty Spring,
And sweet Favonius, ever gentle May!
Shall I, unblam'd, presume of thee to sing,
And with thy living colours gild my lay?
Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain;
My numbers languish in a sister vein:
I pant, too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,
With storms when winter blackens nature's face;
When whirling winds the howling forest tear,
And shake the solid mountains from their base:
Say, what resplendent chambers of the sky
Veil thy beloved glories from the eye,
For which the nations pine, and earth's fair children die?

Where * Leda's twins, forth from their diamond
tow'r,
Alternate o'er the night their beams divide;
In light embosom'd, happy, and secure
From winter rage, thou choosest to abide.

* *Caster and Pollux.*

Blest residence! For, there, as poet's tell,
† The power's of poetry and wisdom dwell;
Apollo wakes the arts; the muses strike the shell.
‡ Certes o'er Rhedicyna's laurel'd mead,
(For ever spread, ye laurels, green and new!)
The brother stars their gracious nurture shed,
And secret blessings of poetic dew.
They bathe their horses in the learned flood,
With flame recruited for the ethereal road,
And deem fair Isis' swans || fair as their father god.

No sooner April, trimm'd with girlands § gay,
Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly show'rs;
But, in the eastern pride of beauty, May,
To gladden earth, forsakes her heav'nly bow'rs,

† The Gemini are supposed to preside over learned men. See Pontanus in his beautiful poem called *Urania*. Lib. 2. de Geminis.

‡ Surely, certainly. Ibid.—Rhedicyna, &c. Oxford.
|| Jupiter deceived Leda in the shape of a swan, as she was bathing herself in the river Eurotas.

§ Garlands.

Restoring nature from her palsy'd state.
April, retire; ne * longer nature wait;
Soon may she issue from the morning's golden
gate.

Come, bounteous May! in fulness of thy might,
Lead briskly on the mirth-insufing hours,
All-recent from the bosom of delight,
With nectar nurtur'd; and involv'd in flow'rs:
By spring's sweet blush, by nature's teeming womb;
By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom;
By Venus' self (for Venus' self demands thee)
come!

By the warm sighs, in dewy even-tide,
Of melting maidens in the woodbine groves,
To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride;
By billing turtles, and by cooing doves;
By the youth's plainings stealing on the air,
(For youths will plain, though yielding be the fair)
Hither to bless the maidens and the youths repair.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn buds,
With freshness breathing, by the daisy'd plains,
By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,
And jovial † roundelays of nymphs and swains;
In thy full energy, and rich array,
Delight of earth and heaven! O blessed May!
From heav'n descend to earth: on earth vouch-
safe to stay.

She comes!—A silken † camus, em'ral'd-green,
Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,
(Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen)
And with the labours of the needle glows,
‡ Purged by nature's hand! The amorous air
And musky western breezes fast repair, [hair.
Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)
With the gay honours of the spring entwinn'd,
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,
Floats glitt'ring on the sun, and scents the wind,
Love-sick with odours!—Now to order roll'd,
It melts upon her bosom's dainty mould,
Or, curling round her waste, disparts its wavy gold.

Young circling roses, blushing round them throw
The sweet abundance of their purple rays,
And lilies, dipp'd in fragrance, freshly blow,
With blended beauties in her angel face.
The humid radiance beaming from her eyes
The air and seas illumines, the earth and skies;
And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

On zephyr's wing the laughing goddess view,
Distilling balm. She cleaves the buxom air,
Attended by the silver-footed dew,
The ravages of winter to repair.
She gives her naked bosom to the gales,
Her naked bosom down the ether falls;
Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the spring
exhales.

All as the Phoenix in Arabian skies,
New burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,

At large, in roseal * undulation flies;
His plumage dazzles and the gazer tires:
Around their king the plummy nations wait,
Attend his triumph, and augment his state:
He tow'ring, claps his wings, and wins th' ethereal height.

So round this phoenix of the gawdy year
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sports and smiles,
Fluttering in gold, along the hemisphere,
Her praises chaunt: her praises glad the isles.
Conscious of her approach (to deck her bow'rs)
Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours
A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flow'rs.

† Narcissus fair, in snowy velvet gown'd;
Ah fool! still to love the fountain-brim:
‡ Sweet hyacinth, by Phœbus || erst bemoan'd;
And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim.
Whate'er, § Arraida, in thy gardens blew;
Whate'er the sun inhales, or sips the dew;
Whate'er compose the chaplet on lanthes' brow.
He who ¶ undaz'd can wander o'er her face,
May gain upon the solar blaze at noon!—
What more than female sweetness and a grace
Peculiar! save, lanthe, thine alone,
Ineffable effusion of the day!
So very much the same, that lovers say,
May is lanthe; or the dear lanthe May.

So far as doth the harbinger of day
The lesser lamps of night in ** sheen excel;
So far in sweetness and in beauty May
Above all other months doth bear the bell
So far as May doth other months exceed,
So far in virtue and in †† goodwillhead,
Above all other nymphs lanthe bears the †† mead.
Welcome! as to a youthful poet, wine,
To fire his fancy and enlarge his soul:
He weaves the laurel chaplet with the vine,
And grows immortal as he drains the bowl.
Welcome! as beauty to the lovesick swain,
For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain;
He darts into her arms; quick vanishes his pain.

* Pliny tells us, Lib. II. that the phoenix is about the bigness of an eagle: The feathers round the neck shining like gold, the body of a purple colour, the tail blue, with feathers resembling roses. See Claudian's fine poem on that subject, and Marcellus Donatus, who has a short dissertation on the phoenix, in his *Observation. on Tacitus*. Annal. Lib. 6. Westley on Job, and Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*.

† A beautiful youth, who, beholding his face in a fountain, fell in love with himself, and pining away was changed into a flower which bears his name. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. 3.

‡ Beloved and turned into a flower by Apollo. See the story in Ovid, *Met.* lib. 10. There is likewise a curious dialogue in Lucian between Mercury and Apollo on this subject. Servius, in his notes on Virgil's second *Bucolic* takes the hyacinth to be the vacinium of the Latins, bearing some similitude with the name.

|| Formerly: long ago.

§ See Tasso's *Il Goffredo*. Canto. 16.

¶ Undazzled. ** Brightness. Shining.

†† Beauty. †† Prize.

* Nor.

† Songs.

‡ A light gown.

|| Flourished with a needle.

The drowzy elements, arouz'd by thee,
Roll to harmonjous measures, active all!
Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,
Exult to celebrate thy festival.
Fire glows intenser; softer blows the air;
More smooth the waters flow; earth smiles more
fair:
Earth, water, air, and fire, thy glad'ning impulse
share.

What boundless tides of splendour o'er the skies,
O'erflowing brightness! stream their golden
rays!

Heav'n's azure kindles with the varying dyes,
Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze.
Air whitens; wide the tracks of ether been
With colours damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,
And all above is blue, and all below is green.

At thy approach, the wild waves' loud uproar
And foamy surges of the mad'ning main,
Forget to heave their mountains to the shore;
Diffus'd into the level of the plain.
For thee, the Halcyon builds her summer's nest;
For thee, the ocean smooths her troubled breast;
Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple
drest.

Have ye not seen, in gentle even tide,
When Jupiter the earth hath richly shower'd,
Striding the clouds, a bow * dispredd'n wide
As if with light inwove, and gayly flower'd
With bright variety of blending dyes?
White, purple, yellow melt along the skies;
Alternate colours sink, alternate colours rise.

The earths embroidery then have ye ey'd,
And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white;
Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious, dy'd
In Flora's liv'ry, painted by the light.
Lights' painted children in the breezes play,
Lay out their dewy bosoms to the ray,
Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

From the wide altar of the foodful earth
The flow'rs, the herbs, the plants, their incense
roll;

The orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd birth;
The vermilion gardens breathe the spicy soul.
Grateful to May, the nestar-spirit flies,
The wafted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,
The zephyr's balmy burthen, worthy of the
skies.

The bee, the golden daughter of the spring,
From mead to mead, in wanton labour, roves,
And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing
With all the essence of the flushing groves:
Extracts the aromatic soul of flow'rs,
And, humming in delight, its waxen bow'rs
Fills with the luscious spoils, and lives ambrosial
hours.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves
That low in pastures, or on mountains bleat,
Revive their frolics and renew their loves,
Stung to the marrow with a generous heat.

* Spread.

The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,
Shakes to the winds the honours of his mane,
(High-arch'd his neck) and, snuffing, hopes the
dappled train.

The æreal songsters sooth the list'ning groves:
The mellow thrush, the * ouzle sweetly shrill,
And little linnet celebrate their loves
In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill;
The soaring lark, the lowly nightingale,
A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,
And melancholy music dies along the dale.

This gay exuberance of gorgeous spring,
The gilded mountain, and the herbag'd vale,
The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,
The murmuring fountain and the breathing dale:
The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,
The vales, the mountains and the spring invite,
Yet unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

When nature laughs around, shall man alone,
Thy image, hang (ah me!) the sickly head?
When nature sings, shall nature's glory groan,
And languish for the pittance poor of bread!
O may the man that shall his image scorn,
Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,
Die † unanell'd, and dead, by dogs and kites be
torn.

Curs'd may he be (as if he were not so).
Nay doubly curs'd be such a breast of steel,
Which never melted at another's woe,
Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel.
His heart is black as hell, in flowing store
Who hears the needy crying at his door,
Who hears them cry, ‡ ne reck; but suffers them
be poor.

But blest, O more than doubly blest be he!
Let honour crown him and eternal rest,
Whose bosom, the sweet fount of charity,
Flows out to § nurse innocence distressed.
His ear is open to the widow's cries,
His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries;
Like mercy's self he looks on want with pity's
eyes.

In this blest season, pregnant with delight,
|| Ne may the boading owl with screeches wound
The solemn silence of the quiet night,
Ne croaking raven, with unhallow'd sound,
Ne damned ghost ¶ affray with deadly yell
The waking lover, rais'd by mighty spell,
To pale the stars, till Helper shine it back to hell.

Ne witches rifle gibbets, by the moon,
(With horror winking, trembling all with fear)
Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone:
Nor imp in visionary shape appear,
To blast the thriving verdure of the plain;
Ne let hobgoblin, ne the punk, profane
With shadowy glare the light, and mad the burst-
ing brain.

* Blackbird.

† Nor is concern'd.

|| Nor.

‡ Without a funeral knell.

§ To nurse.

¶ Affright.

* Celebrated.
§ To nurse.
¶ Drayton's
master-pie
† Bright.

Yet fairy-elves (so * ancient custom's will)
The green-gown'd fairy elves, by starry † sheen,
May gambol or in valley or on hill,
And leave their footsteps on the circled green.
Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around;
Full ‡ featly, Ob'ron, thou, o'er grass-turf bound:
Mab brushes off no dew-drops, Ob'ron prints no
ground.

§ Ne bloody rumours violate the ear,
Of city's sack'd, and kingdoms desolate,
With plague or sword, with pestilence or war;
Ne rueful murder stain thy era-date;
Ne shameless calumny, for fell despight,
The foulest fiend that e'er blasphem'd the light,
At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,
Ne voice of misery assault the heart;
Ne fatherless from table be debar'd;
Ne piteous tear from eye of sorrow start;
But plenty, pour thyself into the bowl
Of bounty-head; may never want controul
That good, good-honest man, who feeds the fam-
ish'd soul.

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep;
The viol wake alone, and tender flute:
The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,
And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian lute.
Yet Clio frets, and burns, with honest pain,
To rouse and animate the martial strain, [plain.
While British banners flame o'er many a purpled

The trumpet sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake,
Illustrious chief: to sound thy mighty name,
(Snatch'd from the malice of Lethæan lake)
Triumphant swelling from the mouth of fame.
Meanwhile, disdain nor (so the virgins pray)
This rosy crown, with myrtle wove and bay:
(Too humble crown I ween): the offering of May.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,
Heaping thy crowded way with greens and flow'rs,
And in the fondness of their heart rejoice
To sooth, with dance and song, thy gentler hours;
Indulge the season, and with sweet repair
Embay thy limbs, the vernal beauties share:
Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war

Britannia's happy isle derives from May
The choicest blessings liberty bestows:
When royal Charles (for ever hail the day!)
In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes.
Restor'd with him, the arts the drooping head
Gaily again uprear'd, the muses shade [array'd.
With fresher honours bloom'd, in greener trim

* The Lemuria, or rites sacred to the Lemures, were celebrated by the Romans in May. See Ovid, Fast. l. 5. &c. They imagined the Lemures (in English, Fairies) to be like ghosts of deceased persons: but our traditional accounts are very different in respect to the nature of fairies. Shakspeare's *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, Dryden's *Fairy Tale* and a celebrated Old Ballad, are master-pieces in their kind.

† Brightness. ‡ Nimbly. § Ner.

And thou, the goodliest blossom of our isles!
Great Frederick's and his Augusta's joy,
Thy native month approv'd with infant smiles,
Sweet as the smiling May, imperial boy:
Britannia hopes thee for her future lord,
Lov'd as thy parents, only not ador'd!
Whene'er a George is born, Charles is again re-
stor'd.

O may his father's pant for finer fame,
And boundless bountyhead to humankind;
His grandfire's glory, and his uncle's name,
Renown'd in war! inflame his ardent mind:
So arts shall flourish 'neath his equal sway,
So arms the hostile nations wide affray;
The laurel, victory; Apollo, wear the bay.

Through kind infusion of celestial pow'r,
The dullard earth May quick'neth with delight:
Full suddenly the seeds of joy * rectify
Elastic spring, and force within † empight.
If senseless elements invigorate prove
By genial May, and heavy matter move,
Shall shepherdesse cease, shall shepherds fail to
love?

Ye shepherdesse, in a goodly round,
Purpled with health, as in the greenwood shade,
Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground
And ‡ dextly lead the dance along the glade;
(O may no show'rs your merry-makes affray!)
Hail at the op'ning, at the closing day,
All hail, ye § bonnibels, to your own season, May.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd-swains,
But lend to dance and song the liberal May,
And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,
Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,
Frisking in glee. To May your garlands bring,
And ever and anon her praises sing: [ring.
The woods shall echo May, with May the vallies

Your May-pole deck with flow'ry coronal;
Sprinkle the flow'ry coronal with wine;
And in the nimble-footed galliard, all,
Shepherds and shepherdesse, lively join.
Hither from village sweet and Hamlet fair,
From bordering cot and distant ¶ glen repair
Let youth indulge its sport, to ¶ eld bequeath its
care.

Ye wanton dryads and light-tripping fawns,
Ye jolly satyrs, full of ** lustyhead,
And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns,
O come with rural chaplets gay dispread:
With heel so nimble wear the springing grass,
To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brats,
Or foot it to the reed: Pan pipes himself apace.

In this soft season, when creation smil'd,
A quivering splendor on the ocean hang,
And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,
The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.

* Recover.

† Placed, fixed.

‡ Finely.

§ Pretty women.

¶ A country hamlet.

¶ Old age.

** Vigour.

Swell the green gems and teem along the vine,
A fragrant promise of the future wine,
The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine!

Let us our steps direct where Father Thames.
In silver windings draws his humbled train,
And pours, where'er he rolls his naval stream,
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,
(Ah why so long from Isis banks away!)
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand
shepherds play.

Or choose you rather Theron's calm retreat,
Embosom'd, Surrey, in thy verdant vale,
At once the mules and the graces seat!
There gently listen to my faithful tale.
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,
Or taste the odours of the mazy-grove: [love.
Hark how the turtles coo! I languish too with

Amid the pleasure of Arcadian scenes,
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;
Nor falls of water, nor enamell'd greens,
Can soothe my anguish, or invite to rest.
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,
And from the water's crystal bosom steal
Upon the grassy bank the sinny prey:
The perch, with purple speckled manifold;
The eel, in silver labyrinth self roll'd, [gold.
And carp, all-burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris hues
And nature's pencil gay-diversify'd,
(For now the sun has lick'd away the dews)
Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like virgin bride?
Thither (for they invite us), we'll repair,
Collect and weave (what'er is sweet and fair)
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Fair is the lily, clad in balmy snow;
Sweet is the rose, of spring the smiling eye;
Nipt by the winds, their heads the lilies bow;
Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and die.
Though now in pride of youth and beauty drest,
O think, Ianthe, cruel time lays waste
The roses of the cheek, the lilies of the breast.

Weep not; but, rather taught by this, improve
The present freshness of thy springing prime:
Bestow thy graces on the god of love,
Too precious for the wither'd arms of time.
In chaste endearments, innocently gay,
Ianthe! now, now love thy spring away;
Ere cold October blasts despoil the bloom of May.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,
With grateful diligence, we wind our way;
What op'ning scenes our ravish'd senses fill.
And, wide, their rural luxury display! [spires,
Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots and
Villa's of learned clerks, and gentle squires;
The villa of a friend the eye sight never tires.

VOL. X.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I strung [veins
The gladsome lyre, when ' livelood swell'd my
And Eden's nymphs and Isis damsels sung
In tender † elegy, and † pastoral-strains;
Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bow,
O green his gardens, O perfume his flows,
O bless his morning walks and sooth his evening
hours.

Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy
The walks of nature, still to virtue kind,
For sacred solitude can never cloy;
The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind!
O very long may Hymen's golden chain
To earth confine you and the rural reign;
Then soar, at length, to heaven! nor pray, O
muse, in vain.

Where'er the muses haunt, or poets muse,
In solitary silence sweetly tir'd,
Unloose thy bosom, May! thy stores effuse,
Thy vernal stores, by poets most desir'd,
Of living fountain, of the woodbind shade,
Of Philomela, warbling from the glade.
Thy bounty, in his verse, shall certes be repay'd.

On Twit'nam bow'rs (Aonian-Twit'nam bow'rs)
Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,
Thick as the winter stars, or summer flow'rs;
§ Albè the tuneful master (ah!) be dead.
To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,
My reed to warble, to resound my string:
The king of shepherd's he, of poet's he the king.

Hail, happy scenes, where joy wou'd choose to
dwell;
Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;
Hail music, which the muses † scant excel;
Hail flowrets, not unworthy Venus' crown;
Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales;
Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye vales;
Ye ever happy scenes! all you, your poet hails.

All hail to thee, O May! the crown of all!
The recompence and glory of my song:
Ne small the recompence, ne glory small,
If gentle ladies, and the tuneful-throng,
With lovers-myrtle, and with poet's-bay
Fairly † bedight, approve the simple lay
And think on Thomalin when'er they hail thee,
May!

EPITHALAMIUM

On the Royal Nuptials, in May 1736.

ON Themis' banks, where many a flow'ry gem
Blooms wanton-wild, advanc'd a jovial crew,
Thick as the daisies which his meadows hem,
And with sweet herbs the liquid crystal frew;

* *Liveline.*

† *Stella; five Amores: Elegiarum Tres Libri.*
Written in the year 1736.

‡ *Six pastorals: written in the year 1754.*

§ *Although.* — *Scarcely.*

¶ *Adorned.*

B b

For on the liquid crystal gaily flew
A painted * gondelay, bedecked fair
With gold and purple, gorgeous to the view!
While loud approving shouts divide the air,
"Hail, happy future bride of Albion's worthy
" heir."

† Eftoons the father of the silver flood,
The noble Thames, his azure head uprais'd,
And shook his dewy locks, worthy a God!
A lambent glory round his temples blaz'd,
On which the Naiads all with wonder gaz'd.
So sparkle Thetis purple-trembling streams,
When Phœbus, for his golden car yprais'd,
Strikes the calm surface with his morning beams.
And sprinkles spangles round, and the wide blue
inflames.

The wanton Naiads, Doris' daughters all,
Range in a ring: Pherusa, blooming-fair,
Cymodocë dove-ey'd, with flormal [hair,
Sweet-smelling flowret, deck'd their long green
And Erato, to love, to Venus dear,
Galene drest in smiles and lily-white,
And Phœn, with her snowy bosom bare,
All these, and more than these, a dainty fight!
In daunce and merriment and sweet † belgards
delight.

Around the bark they daunce, wherein their fat
A lady fresh and fair, ah! such a one,
So fresh and fair, so amiably great,
So goodly-gracious seem'd as never none.
And like thy sweet-beam'd planet, Venus, shone.
They much admire, O very much her face,
Her shape, her breast, for love a downy throne!
Her beauty's glorious shine, her every grace;
An angel she appear'd, at least of angel race.

Her Thamis (on his golden urn he lean'd)
Saluted with this Hymeneal song,
And hail'd her safe. Full silent was the wind,
The river glided gently-soft along,
§ Ne whispered the breeze the leaves among,
Ne love-learn'd Philomel out-trill'd her lay;
A stillness on the waves attentive hung,
A brighter gladness blest the face of day,
All nature gan to smile, her smiles diffus'd the
May.

" Ah sacred ship, to Albion wafting good,
Our wish, our hope, our joy! who safe convey'd
Through perilous sea, from fla's little flood,
This beauty's paragon, this royal maid,
Isprung, i' swift, of high empyreal seed;
The child of heaven, the daughter of delight,
Nurs'd by a grace, with milk and honey fed!
Oh Frederick! oh, † certes, blessed wight,
To whom the gods consign the nymph Augusta †
wight.

Ah sacred ship! may favourable gales,
The kindest breath of heav'n attend thy way,
And swell the winged canvass of thy sails:
May calmness be thy path, and pleasure lay

* A Boat. † Presently. ‡ Beautiful looks.
§ Nor. || Certainly. ¶ Named.

On the soft bosom of the yielding sea,
Where'er thou wind, or to the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest, or Indias bay,
Where diamonds kindle, and the golden ore
Flames into purity to deck Augusta more!

Augusta, fairest princefs under sky,
Welcome to Albion's renowned land,
Albion well known to thy great ancestry,
Made dearer far to thee by Hymen's band,
The band of love, of honour and command!
Deign to receive the nation's public voice,
Of heartiness unfeign'd, who gleeful stand
In meet array; and thus exprefs their joys
In peals of loud acclaim, and mirth's confused
noise.

With warmer raptures, and more passionate,
Though hard to be! the Royal Youth, I trow
Shall thee embrace: him tenfold fires elate,
And sacred passions in his bosom glow,
Which from thy picture erst began to flow.
For thee he burns, for thee he sighs and prays,
Pours out his soul to thee, nor rest can know;
But dreams of thee long, livelong nights and days,
By beauty led through all love's rosy thorny ways.

To heal his pains soft music does divide
Most heavenly melody in soothing strains;
Nor heavenly melody, nor ought beside,
Save thee, ah dearest dread! can heal his pains;
Thy form too deeply in his breast remains.
So ever and anon he chides the gales,
That slowly seem to brush the liquid plains;
Oh! fly on all the wings of heav'n, ye sails,
Oh fly! he cries; and lo! a lover's pray'r pre-
vails

Now cease thy sighs. She comes, (oh blessed
day!)
She comes, by all the loves and graces drest,
In proud humility See, Hymen play,
With furrion robe and flame-embroider'd vest,
(Such colours * slyly suit Hymen best)
And Cupid catches rosy wafts of air
To stretch the sails and fan the royal guest.
Nor chastity, meek ey'd, is wanting there,
For she, and modesty, sweet blushing, guide the
steer.

Not Venus, queen of beauty and of bliss
So goodly shone, when † erst the goddess sprung
From ocean's sparkling foam, sweet nakedness!
A thousand smiles and loves upon her hung,
And all the gods for joy and wonder hung.
The waves so proud the beamy burden bore
Exulting she, around her odours flung,
And bade the billows laugh and cease to roar;
They gladly her obey, and gently kiss the shore.

So fair she looks, nay fairer could it be;
Did never mortal man such charms behold
In bow'r or hall. Spring waits upon her eye;
Lo! Flora has her richest stores out-roll'd
Of variable flow'rs and blooming gold.

* Surely. † Formerly.

he meadows smile, the birds renew their love;
And throw themselves in pairs the young and old;
All nature glows where'er her glances move,
And beauty paints each field, and music fills each
grove.

But who is you, each other youth excelling
As much as orient gold surmounteth brass?
Sure honour in his visage chose her dwelling,
And sacred truth, * perdie, adorns his face;
Such goodlihead and humbleness never was.
Blest be the sight! full well whose looks I kenn,
Where joyaunce sits and ever-smiling grace;
Frederick! 'tis he! the first and best of men,
Our dearing prince to meet Augusta † well-be-
seen.

And lo! what medled passions in him move,
He gazes—wonders—(great is beauty's pow'r)!
And, sweetly lost in ecstacy and love,
His eyes her whole, his lips her lips devour,
Which Venus had bespreat with nectar-show'r.
Her slippery charms allow his eyes no rest,
But thousand arrows; nay ten thousand pour
Into his wounded and transported breast;
Sure none like her is fair, sure none like him is
blest!

O blessed youth! receive thy ‡ bonnibel,
Eternal fount of virtue, love, and grace!
O kneel to all the gods and pray to all,
Who sparkle so divinely in her face,
And with celestial fires her bosom blest.
So shines Aurora in her rich attire,
When the Hyperion would fain carefs:
Gaze all the host of stars, and all admire,
Then twinkle in their urns, and into night retire.

O blessed maid! receive thy § belamour,
With glee receive him and o'erflowing heart:
Ne in high monarch's court, ne lady's bow'r,
A youth so form'd by nature and by art,
Conspiring both, ere cherish'd Cupid's dart.
So Phœbus, lusty bridegroom of the sky,
With native splendours shine on every part;
From east to west his pointed glories fly,
He warmeth every heart, he dazzleth every eye."

Here Themis ended. Now the goodly train
Of all the Naiads, in most comely wife,
A present make of myrtle-girland green,
Entrail'd with flow'rets and with rare device.
The graces eke, with laughter-swelling eyes,
A rosy chaplet, steep'd in nectar bring,
(The roses gather'd in the morning skies)
Then, joining with the Naiads, form a ring,
And round them deftly daunce, and round them
blithely sing.

"As roses and as myrtles kindly weave
Their sweets in one, much sweeter as they blend;
Emblem of marriage-love! So you receive
Sweets interchang'd, and to each other lend;
Then, in a blest perfume to heav'n, ascend,

* An affirmation. † Handsome.
‡ Beautiful virgin. § Charming lover.

And mingle with the gods! While here below,
New myrtles, roses new, withouten end,
From your luxurious stock full plenteous grow,
And with their patent-sweets, and parent beauty
glow."

Next-Albion's genius came, bedite in gold,
An oaken chaplet nodded on his head;
The crown he held was glorious to behold;
And royally he taught his feet to tread,
Soon as he spy'd the prince's goodlihead,
He pointed to the crown, and rais'd his voice
To hail the royal pair and blest their bed;
The jolly chorus catch the grateful noise,
Echo the words and vales, and heav'n and earth
rejoice.

Next liberty, the fairest nymph on ground;
The flowing plenty of her golden hair
Diffusing lavishly ambrosia found;
Her hands a flow'ry cornucopia bear,
Which scatters joy and pleasure through the air.
Earth smil'd, and gladness danc'd along the sky:
Before her vanish'd grief and pale-ey'd care,
And * eft, in courteous guise, she cast her eye
On that same gentle twain, her glory and her joy.

And these beside, a sacred per'nage came,
Immaculate and sweet as Sharon-rose,
Upon her breast a bloody cross did flame,
Aumail'd with gold and gems in goodly rows:
A pall of lawn adown her shoulders flows:
† Yclep'd Eusebia. She pray'd aloud,
Then, blessing both, for her defenders chose,
And spread her glories in a purple cloud:
Softly Augusta smil'd, full lowly Frederick bow'd.

Fair Fame behind a silver trumpet blew
Sweet to the earth, and fragrant to the sky!
Her mantle of a many-colour'd hue,
Her rainbow-wings powder'd with many an eye,
And near her honour, pow'r, and courtesy:
Honour, of open front, and steady grace;
Pow'r, clad in steel, a faulchion brandish'd high;
Courtesy, drest in smiles her bounteous face: (case!)
When these attend a printe, thrice happy subject's

The muses clos'd this intellectual scene
From Helicon; who knows not Helicon?
Gold were their lyres, their laurels evergreen:
Soon Clío to the prince a starry crown
Presents, another to his ‡ bellibone:
Then all in lofty chorus swell the song,
Big with their happy loves and great renown,
Prophetic numbers float the woods among,
For shepherd lad too high, for memory too long.

|| Nathles thy tuneful sons. O Oxford dear!
By muses visited, may catch the lay,
Sweet-pouring streams of nectar on the ear,
And from their lips, in vision, learn to raise
Their loves and fame, to brighten future days,
Thee fits not, Thomalin, a simple swain,
High deeds to sing, but gentle roundelays.

† Often. ‡ Called
|| Fair damsel. § Nevertheleast,
B b ij

Go feed thy flock, renew the rural strain
On oaten pipe, content to please the humble plain.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

AN ODE.

AIR I.

O softly sigh into the flute,
While dear Ianthe breathes the love-sick lay:
Now teach the melancholy lute
In tender trills to melt the notes away,

Melodious in decay!
But hark, she louder, louder sings,
Sink, boldly sink into the streams:
Shake, O shake the numerous wire,
Fire the blood, the spirits fire
With musical thunder and burning desire!

AIR II.

Our souls divided with a fond surprise!
Dissolve in woe;
With rapture glow;
Fall with her notes; or with her bosom rise;
Rais'd with hopes; with fears deprest;
Sweetly tortur'd sweetly blest;
Sav'd by her voice, and vanquish'd by her eyes,

RECITATIVE.

The god of love, to her strains
Leaves his Acidalian plains,
And, as th' harmonious charmer sings,
In triumph points his darts and waves his wings.
Th' harmonious charmer paus'd to see
A lifeless wondering deity;
While silence softly chain'd her tongue,
The god responsive rais'd the song,
In strains like these, if strains can be
Rais'd to the raptures of a deity,
The raptures of a wond'ring deity!

AIR III.

Beauty, sacred beauty sing,
Flowing from the wond'rous spring
Of uncreated and primeval light!
Beauty, sacred beauty sing,
Spoke into being in his high abode,
And next his own eternal essence bright!

AIR IV.

With beauty music join,
The breath of heav'n
To mortals given
To swell their bliss to bliss divine!
With beauty music join.

CHORUS.

Beauty, silent harmony!
Softly stealing through the eye
Smiles into the breast a dart.
Music, fine-proportion'd sounds!
Pours balm upon the lover's wounds
Through the ear into the heart.

RECITATIVE.

Thus once Cecilia (tuneful Dryden sings),
To fire with sacred rage her soul,
Touch'd into voice the sprightly strings,
And bade the silver tides of music roll,
An angel, list'ning to her lyre,
To lift the modulations higher,

Apply'd the aiding graces of his tongue;
And while the virgin play'd, the seraph sung.

AIR V.

Sweetest mortal, to befriend thee,
Angels from their quires attend thee,
Angels leave their thrones to hear
Music with devotion glowing,
Music heavenly joys bestowing,
Worthy a seraphic ear!

RECITATIVE.

Again she trembles o'er the silver strings,
The silver strings, exulting to her hand,
Obey the sweet command,
And thus again the angel sings,
(While silence wav'd her downy wings around,
And gladness smil'd along the purple skies;
All nature soft'ned at their flows of sound,
And bright'ned at the radiance of their eyes.)

AIR VI.

Harmony, the soul refining!
Beauty, sense, and virtue, joining
In a form and mind like thine,
Nobly raise a mortal creature
To a more exalted nature;
We alone are more divine!

RECITATIVE.

Rapt'rous thus the angel sung,
Manna melting from his tongue,
Attempter'd to Cecilia's golden lyre:
The blended pow'rs of harmony
Trembled up the willing sky,
And mingled with the seraph's flaming quire.

CHORUS.

How sweet the music, how divine,
When heaven and earth in consort join!
O sweet the music! O divine!

AIR VII.

Skill'd the softest notes to sing,
Skill'd to wake the sweetest string,
Dear Ianthe both supplies:
Thee, Cecilia, thee we find
In her form and in her mind,
The angel in her voice and eyes!

CHORUS.

Happy, O beyond expressing!
He who tastes th' immortal blessing
Dear Ianthe may bestow!
Beauty, in its pride, possessing,
Ever loving and caressing,
Music moving,
Bliss improving! —
He'll enjoy a heav'n below!
Happy he, beyond expressing!

THE DESPAIRING MAIDEN.

WITHIN an unfrequented grove,
As late I laid alone,
A tender maid in deep distress,
At distance, made her moan.
She cropt the blue-ey'd violet,
Bedew'd with many a tear;
And ever and anon her sighs
Stole sadly on my ear.

" Ah faithless man! how could he leave
So fond and true a maid?
Can so much innocence and truth
Deserve to be betray'd?
Alas, my mother! (if the dead
Can hear their children groan)
What ills your helpless orphan feels,
To sorrow left alone.
To sorrow left by him I lov'd;
Ah perjur'd and ingrate!—
Ye virgins, learn the wiles of men,
And learn to shun my fate.
For whom do I these flourets crop,
For whom this chaplet twine?
Say, shall they glow on Damon's brow,
Or fade away on mine?
But he the blooming wreath will scorn,
Who scorn'd my virgin-bloom:
And me—alas! they suit not me,
Unless to deck my tomb.
How oft the dear perfidious youth
Invok'd each pow'r above!
How oft he languish'd at my feet,
And vow'd eternal love!
How sweet the minutes danc'd away,
All melted in delight!
With him each summer-day was short,
And short each winter-night.
'Twas more than bliss I felt:—and now
Alas! 'tis more than pain.—

Ye soft, ye rosy hours of love,
Return—return again.
Ah no!—Let blackness shade the night,
When first he breath'd his vows:
The scene of pleasure then—but, ah!
The source of all my woes.
How could I think so sweet a tongue
Could e'er consent to lie?—
'Twas easy to deceive a maid
So soft and young as I.
And yet he lays the fault on me
(Where none could e'er be laid,
Unless my loving him too well),
And calls me perjur'd maid.
The nymphs, who envious saw my charms,
Rejoice to see my woe,
And taunting cry, " why did you leave
The youth that lov'd you so?"
But oh, believe me, lovely youth,
Far dearer than my eye,
I love you still, and still will love,
Till oh, for you, I die!
Ev'n though you hate, I doat to death;
My death my truth shall prove.
My latest pray'rs are pray'rs for you,
And sighs are sighs of love."
She ceas'd:—(while pity from the clouds
Diffus'd in silent show'rs:—)
Then faintly " Damon!" cry'd:—and breath'd
Her soul amid the flow'rs.

CORESUS AND CALLIRHOE; A TALE.

Veteres Renovamus Amores.

CATULLUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following tale is related by Pausanias, in *Achaïcis, Græciæ*, Lib. 7.; but instead of giving the original, or the Latin version by Romulus Amasæus (both which the learned reader may find in the edition published by Joach. Kuhniius in fol. Lipsiæ, 1696, p. 575.), I shall content myself with the translation of the story into English, as it is done from the Greek in the learned and ingenious travels of Sir G. Wheler: which book, upon many accounts, deserves to be reprinted, and made more common.

" Corefus, the priest of Bacchus, fell in love with a fair virgin of Calydon, called Callirhoe; who, the more she was courted, the more she despised the priest; so that neither his rich presents, vows, nor tears, could move her to the least compassion. This, at last, made the priest run in despair to the image of Bacchus for succour, imploring vengeance from him. Bacchus made it appear that he heard his prayers, by a disease he sent on the town; which seemed a kind of drunken madness, of which mad fit people died in abundance. Whereupon they sent deputies from Calydon to the oracle of Jupiter of Dodona, to know what they should do to be freed from that woeful malady. Answer was given, that Corefus must sacrifice Callirhoe, or some other person, that would dedicate himself in her stead, to appease the anger of Bacchus. The virgin, when she could no way obtain her life or her relations, was brought to the altar, adorned as victims used to be, to be sacrificed by her lover Corefus: Whose wonderful love, even at that present, so conquered all past thoughts of revenge, that instead of her he slew himself: The virgin also, relenting of her cruelty to him, wept and slew herself at a fountain near the town; from thence called by her name, Callirhoe."

Thus far Sir George Wheler. See his *Journey into Greece*, fol. book 4th, p. 291. I shall only add, that the ancient customs, particularly of the Orgia, or Rites of Bacchus, and of the sacrifice, are alluded to, and carefully observed, in the several parts of this little poem.

High in Achaia, splendid from afar,
A city flourish'd; Calydon its name,
Wash'd by Evenus' chalky flood; the seat
Of Meleager, from the slaughter'd boar
Glorious. A virgin here, amazing, shone,
Callirhoe the fair: her father's boast!
For, ah! she never knew a mother's smile;
Nor learn'd what happiness from marriage springs.
In flow'r of youth, and purer than the snow,
Which, with a silver circle, crown'd the head
Of the steep neighbour mountain; but averse
To Hymen's rites, the lovely foe of man.
O why will beauty, cruel to itself,
No less than others, violate the laws
Which nature dictates, and itself inspires!

A thousand lovers from th' Olenian hill,
From rough Pylene, and from Pleuron's tow'rs,
Their passion pleaded. But Corefus, chief,
The Calydonian priest of Bacchus, form'd
By Venus' self for love; in beauty's pride;
Young, bounteous, affable. What tender arts,
What winning carriage, and respectful suit,
Almost to zealous adoration swell'd,
Did he not practise? But in vain. And now
Drew near the Orgial festival, and rites
Lyæan. Poor Corefus, to approve
The wonders of his love and dear regard,
By scorn unquench'd, and growing by neglect
(In hopes to soften her, at least adorn),
Presented to this mureless of his peace
The ritual ornaments, by virgins worn
Upon the solemn feast. The ivy spear,
With winding green, and viny foliage gay,
Curl'd by his hand: a mitre for his head,
Curious aumail'd with imitated grapes,
Of blushing rubies form'd: the pall of lawn,
Flower'd with the conquests of the purple god:
The cista, silver; and the cymbals, gold:
And piny torch (O were it Hymen's) ting'd
With spicy gums, to feed the ready flame.

Open'd the festival---loose to the winds,
Dishevell'd, bare, the virgins give their necks
And wanton hair. Ev'! they mad'ning cry,
And shake their torches. Ev'! lo! rends
The air, and beats the echoing vault of heav'n.
The hills, the vales with lo! Ev'! ring.

The temple opens to the sacred throng:
When foremost enters, as in dress and charms,
Callirhoe, so in speed. Their lovers wait,
With burning expectation, to enfold
His beauteous mistress each. High on a throne
Corefus blaz'd in jewels and in gold,
More charming in himself. Quick with his eye
He catch'd Callirhoe, and, descending, clasp'd
With eager transport her reluctant waist.
A thousand vows he breath'd, and melting things
He spoke and look'd; but to the rocks and wind.
What could he more? yes more he did; for what,
What can't a lover, like Corefus, do?
Neglectful of his dignity he sunk
(Still love disdains what dignity demands,

O'er Jupiter himself supreme) he sunk,
And trembled at her feet, with prostrate zeal,
As to his God. He dy'd upon her hand
With sighing languishment: he gaz'd his soul
At every ardent glance into her eyes;
Most eloquently silent! o'er his cheek
The gushing tears, in big, round drops, diffus'd
The dews of passion, and the brain's soft show'r,
Potent to warm the most obdurate breast,
Though cold as marble. Idle were his tears,
His glances, languishment, and prostrate zeal.
Disdainful---frowning: "Hence, (she cry'd)
nor dare

To interrupt my progress in the rites
With thy capricious rudeness. Shall the priest
The mysteries of Bacchus thus profane,
In his own temple too? and rather pay
To Venus his devotion, than his God?"
Then, haughty as away the turn'd, he grasp'd
Her knees; upon her garments flowing train
Shivering he hung: and with beseeching eyes,
Thus, from th' abundance of his heart, complain'd.

"If pity be no stranger to thy breast,
(As sure it should not to a breast like thine,
Soft as the swanny down!) relenting, hear;
In feelingness of spirit, mildly lend
Attention to the language of my heart,
Sick with o'erflowing tenderness and love.
I love thee with that innocence of truth,
That purity of passion, and desire
Unutterable, of bequeathing up
My heart, my life, my all into thy hands,
Into thy gentle custody---that all.
My heart, my life, are bitterness and weight
Of agony without thee. Since I first,
(By Bacchus' self I swear), beheld that face,
And nameless magic of those radiant eyes,
All the foundation of my peace gave way:
While hopes and fears rose up in bosom-war
To desolate the quiet of my days.

Thy dear idea was my fancy's dream;
It mingled with my blood; and in my veins
Throbb'd, undulating, as my life were stung.
I live but on the thought of thee; my breast
Bleeds in me, with distress to see thee frown.
O smile! by thy dead mother's reverend dust,
By all thy bowels are most fond of, smile,
And chase these heavy clouds of grief away.
I beg by Bacchus; for his sake be kind."

Here, interrupted by the swelling storm
Of passion labouring in his breast, his words
Gave way for sighs and tears to speak the rest.
She, in contemptuous derision, smil'd,
To which her frowns were innocent: and thus:
"Thy staggering pow'r, and thee I scorn alike;
Him I despise, for choosing thee his priest;
Thee, for thy arrogance, and courtship vile."

Indignant he, in wrathful mood (alarm'd
More at his God revil'd, than scorn for him)
First casting on the ground his mitred-crown,
With hands and eyes uplifted, ardent, pray'd,

“ Offspring of Jove, Evæ Lyæus, hear !
If e'er these hands with ivy wreaths thy brow
Circled, and twining tendrils of the vine :
If e'er my grateful tongue, big with thy praise,
Evæ, Lyæus to Bacchus sung :
If e'er thy servant on thy altars pour'd,
Copious, the purple wave of offer'd wine,
And, busy, fed the consecrated fire
With fat of ass, or hog, or mountain goat ;
Deviously lavish in the sacrifice :
Avenge thy priest ; this cursed race destroy :
Thy honours violated thus, avow ;
Till they confess this staggering pow'r a God.”
He pray'd.—Loud peals of thunder shook the
fane :

The image, nodding, his petition seal'd ;
And Bacchus gave the Caledonian race
To madness, and unutterable woes.

The frantic crowd, as if with wine possest,
And the strong spirit of the flaming grape,
To and fro reel, and stagger to and fro ;
In dithyrambic measures, wild, convolv'd.
They toss their cymbals, and their torches shake,
Shrieking, and tear their hair, and gash their flesh,
And howl, and foam, and wheel the rapid dance
In giddy maze : with fury then o'erborn,
Enthusiastic, whirling in despair,
Fiat, drop down dead ; and heaps on heaps expire.

Amaz'd confounded at the raging pest,
The venerable fathers, in debate,
To speed inquiring deputies, resolv'd,
To high Dodona's grove ; with vocal oaks
Umbrageous, aged, vast, the struggling day
Excluding : the prime oracle of Greece !

Obsequious, they haste : inquire : return :
And thus the counsels of the god disclose.

“ The rage of Bacchus for his injur'd priest,
Corefus, by Callirhoe's scorn repul'd,
Your city wastes : and with funereal fires
Your streets shall reddén, formidably bright,
Till by Corefus' hand the cruel maid
A sacrifice be offer'd up : or one,
Free, uncompell'd, embrace the destin'd steel,
Devoted in her stead ; and bleed for her.
So you'll appease the God ; the plague be stay'd.”

They said. Staring affright, and dumb amaze
The fathers seize : but chief, Æneüs, thee,
Callirhoe's old miserable sire !

Tenfold affliction to the grave weighs down
Thy silver'd hairs. But fate and heav'n require.

Soon through the city spread the news, and soon
Wounded Callirhoe's ear. Her spindle drops
Neglected from her hand. Prone on the floor,
She falls, she faints ; her breath, her colour fled :
Pale, cold and pale. Till, by assisting care,
The fragrant spirit hovers o'er her lips,
And life returning streams in rosy gales ;
Rekindled only to despair. She knew
The virgins envy'd ; and the injur'd youth
Stung with her scorn, wou'd wanton in her
wounds,

Nor one, one offer up the willing breast
A victim for her life. And now the crowd,
Impatient of their miseries, besiege
The marble portal ; burst the bolted gates ;

Demand Callirhoe ; furious to obey
The oracle, and pacify the god.

What pangs, unhappy maid, thy bosom tear,
Sleepless, and sad ? relenting now too late,
Thy stubborn cruelty. Corefus' charms
Blaze on thy mind ; his unexampled love,
His every virtue rising to thy thought.
Just in his fury, see the pointed steel
Waves, circling o'er thy throbbing breast : He
strikes ;

He riots in thy blood, with dire delight ;
Insatiate ! He gluts his heart of rage
With thy warm gushing life ; and death enjoys,
Redoubling wound on wound, and blow on blow.

Thus pass'd her hours. And now the dewy
morn

The mountains tip'd with gold, and threaten'd days.
Without the city gates, a fountain wells
Its living waters, clear as shining glass :
Haunt of the nymphs ! A cypress' aged arms
Threw round a venerable gloom, and seem'd
Itself a grove. An altar on the brink
Convenient rose : for holy custom wills
Each victim to be sprinkled with its streams,
New from pollution, worthier of the god.
Fierce for the sacrifice Corefus here
Waited ; and, stimulated with revenge,
He curs'd and chid the lazy-circling hours
Too slow, as if injurious to his hate. [claim

But soon the gathering crowd and shouts pro-
Callirhoe near. Her weeping damsels lead
The destin'd offering, lovely in distress,
And sparkling through her tears. A myrtle crown
With roses glowing, and selected green,
Th' ambrosial plenty of her golden hair
Entwine : in looks, a Venus ; and a Grace
In motion. Scarce the flow'rs of sixteen springs
The fields had painted, since Æneüs first
Fondled his babe, and blest her on his knee.
Ev'n mountain clowns, who never pity knew,
Relented, and the hardest heart wept blood,
Subdu'd by beauty, though the fatal source
Of all their misery. What tumults then
Roll in thy breast, Corefus ! while thy hands
The purifying waters on her head
Pour'd trembling ; and the sacred knife unheath'd !

Wiping the silver-streaming tears away,
She with a look nor cheerful, nor dismay'd,
But languishingly sweet, her ruby lips
Soft op'ning, thus began : “ Father and friends,
Wound me not doubly with your tender grief :
I was not born alone for you. My life
I gladly offer for my country's weal :
'Tis glory thus to die. Receive my blood,
Dear native soil ! O may it health restore
And peace ; and Bacchus' wrath be now appeas'd !
And thou, Corefus, whom I most have wrong'd,
Look not so fiercely on me, while the steel
My once-lov'd bosom lances ; drop a tear ;
One sigh in mercy heave, and drop one tear,
And I will thank thee for thy blow. For oh,
I never hated thee ! but female pride,
Our sex's curse : forbade me to comply ;
Too easy won !—Then pity me, Corefus ;
O pity, and, if possible, forgive !”

He answer'd not: but, ardent, snatch'd the knife;
And running o'er her beauties, strangely wild,
With eyes which witness'd huge dismay and love,
"Thus, thus I satisfy the gods!" he cry'd,
And bury'd in his heart, in his own heart,
The guilty blade. Then, reeling to her arms,
He sunk, and groaning, "O Callirhoe!"—dy'd.
Heav'n rings with shouts, "Was ever love like
"this?"

Callirhoe shriek'd; and from the gaping wound,
Quick as the lightning's wing, the reeking knife
Wrench'd: In an agony of grief and love,
Her bosom piercing, on his bosom fell,
And sigh'd upon his lips her life away.
Their blood uniting in a friendly stream,
With bubbling purple stain'd the silver flood,
Which to the fountain gave Callirhoe's name.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

WHEN gloomy November, to nature unkind,
Both saddens the skies, and oppresses the mind,
By beauty undone, a disconsolate swain
Thus sigh'd his despair to the winds and the rain.

"In vain the wind blows, and in vain the rains
beat, [heat
They fan but my flame, without quenching the
For so fierce is the passion which Stella inspires,
Not the ocean itself could extinguish its fires.

Why gaz'd ye, my eyes, with such aching delight,
Till paradise open'd and swam in my sight:
Yes, paradise open'd, and, oh! to my cost,
The serpent I found, but the paradise lost.

Heav'n knows with what fondness her heart I
address,

What passionate tenderness bled in my breast:
Yet so far was my truth from engaging belief,
That she frown'd at my vows, though she smil'd
at my grief.

Sure never was love so ill-fated as mine; [sign?—
If a friend shall demand her, what, must I re-
Yes, yes, O resign her, be bravely disrest;
And though I die unhappy, yet—may he be blest!

And how blest must he be?—O to live on her
charms:— [arms:—
At her wit while he wanders to sink in her
But yet, O my soul, to his friendship be just:
Let him live on her charms;—I'll go down to the
dust.

To the chambers of darkness I gladly will go,
For the light without her is the colour of woe:
Come, death, then relieve me, my life I resign,
Since the arrows of love are less friendly than thine.

Ye virgins of Isis, the fair and the young,
Whose praises so often have sweet'ned my tongue,
In pity, when of my sad fate you shall hear,
Oh, honour my grave with a rose and a tear!

Perhaps the dear beautiful cause of my doom
May steal, by the star-light, and visit my tomb:
My ghost, if one sigh shall but heave in her breast,
Though restless without it, contented will rest.

TO THE AUTHOR OF LEONIDAS: A POEM.

AN EPISTLE.

WARM'D with thy verse, which liberty inspires,
Which nature forms, and sacred reason fires,
I pour a tributary lay. Receive
The honest praise a friend may dare to give.

Most of our poets choose their early theme
A flow'ry meadow, or a purling stream.
Thy genius took a flight above the groves,
The pipe neglected, and the rural loves;
To godlike Newton's praises swell'd thy lyre,
Play'd with the light, and grasp'd ethereal fire.
So the young lyric-lark, on trembling wings,
O'er meadows warbles, and to shepherds sings;
The youthful eagle, born to nobler sway,
Enjoys the sun, and boldly faces day.

Next brave Leonides, with virtue warm'd,
The child of heav'n and thee! our wonder charm'd:
Our wonder and our silence best can tell
How much he lov'd his Greece, how great he fell.
His arm how dreadful, how compos'd his mien!
Fierce as a god, and as a god serene.
Horrid with gold, and formidably bright,
He lightens and he thunders through the fight;
With bleeding hills he heaps the groaning plain,
And crimson torrents mingle with the main.
At last, collecting all his patriot-fires,
In the full blaze of liberty expires.

If blest immortals bend their thoughts below,
(And verse like thine may list'ning angels
draw),

What new felt raptures through the hero roll,
To find his deeds immortal as his soul!
To shine above each patriot's honour'd name,
Thron'd in thy verse, the temple of his fame!
Rich as the pillars which support the skies,
And bright with wit as heav'n with starry dyes:
As virtue, firm; as liberty, sublime;
A monument to mock the rage of time.

Did Homer, say, thy glowing breast inspire
To sing the Spartan with Athenian fire?
Or Homer's self revives again in thee:
For Grecian chiefs and Grecian wit I see.
His mighty spirit all thy genius guides,
And o'er thy bosom roll his golden tides.

Blest is thy fancy, which durst first despise
Gods in machines, and bullies from the skies.
Nor Ariosto's fables fill thy page,
Nor Tasso's points, but Virgil's sober rage.
Pure-temper'd fires an equal light maintain,
To warm the reason, not to scorch the brain.
How soft, how strong, thy varied numbers move,
Or swell'd to glory, or dissolv'd to love.
Correct with ease, where all the Graces meet,
Nervously plain, majestically sweet.

The muses well thy sacrifice repay,
Attendant warbling in each heavenly lay!

When Ariana grasps th' abhorred dart,
Each lover bleeds, and feels it in his heart.
Ah faithful pair! by misery improv'd:
Who would not die to love as you have lov'd?
Like Teribazus gladly I could die,
To draw one tear from dear Ianthe's eye.

One sigh of hers would recompence my breath,
Would sweeten pain, and sanctify my death.
O might I, while her eyes inflict the wound,
Or her soft lute dissolves a plaintive sound,
Might I, while she inhales my latest breath,
Sink from her arms into the arms of death!
Then rise (so pure a wish may be forgiven),
O sweet transition, from her breast to heav'n!

Forgive this fond excursion of my woe;
Forgive these tears, that will, rebellious, flow;
Forgive these sighs, that will, unbidden, rise,
Till death for ever close her from my eyes.
But thou, blest youth, may thou for ever know
The chaste endearment, and paternal glow:
The still, the sacred, the melodious hour,
The morning closet, and the ev'ning bow'r.
There, when thy muse shall let her eagle fly,
And nobly lift a mortal to the sky,
When all th' inspiring god dilates thy soul,
And quick ideas kindle as they roll,
Let British valour thy brave care engage,
With British valour fire the glorious page.
Bid Henry's honours in thy poem glow,
On Edward's immortality bestow.
Let Agincourt, let Cressy's well-fought plain
Run purple in thy lines and bleed again;
Britannia then, no more her sons shall mourn,
Extinct, forgotten in the silent urn:
Borne on the wings of verse their names shall rise,
Dear to the earth, and grateful to the skies.
Hail, poetry! whose life infusing lays
Bid time roll back, and sleeping atoms raise;
Dust into being wake, expand the tomb,
Dead glory quicken, and restore lost bloom:
As God, from mortals heighten to divine,
And give us through eternity to shine!

Glover! thy mind, in various virtue wise,
Each science claims, and makes each art thy prize.
With Newton soars, familiar to the sky,
Looks nature through, so keen thy mental eye,
Or down descending on the globe below,
Through humbler realms of knowledge loves to flow.

Promiscuous beauties dignify thy breast,
By nature happy, as by study blest,
Thou, wit's Columbus! from the epic throne
New worlds descry'd, and made them all our own:
Thou first through real nature dar'd explore,
And wast her sacred treasures to our shore.

The merchant thus, by heav'nly wisdom led
(Each kingdom noted, and each law survey'd),
On Britain pours what'er can serve mankind,
Adorn the body, or delight the mind.
Spices which blow'd in Araby the blest,
And breath'd a paradise around the east.
Unclouded sapphires show their azure sky,
Em'rals with smiling green refresh the eye:
Here bleeds the ruby, diamonds sparkle there,
To tremble on the bosoms of our fair.
Yet should the sun with tenfold lustre shine,
Exalt with deeper dyes the flaming mine,
Should softer breezes and more genial skies
Bid sweeter spice, in blooming order, rise,
Nor gems, nor spice, could nature know to name,
Bright as thy wit, or fragrant as thy fame.

THE NATIVITY.

A COLLEGE-EXERCISE. 1736.

'Twas morn! the fields were sprinkled o'er with
light,

The folds unpent sent out their flocks to feed:
A shepherd-boy (young Tholam he * hight),
With flying fingers deftly tun'd his reed;
Where ancient His layes the muses' mead
(Forever smile the mead and flow the stream):
He sung the birth of David's holy seed:
Though low his voice, full lofty was his theme;
† Wightly his senses all were rapt into a dream.

‡ Eftsoons he spy'd a grove, the season's pride,
All in the centre of a pleasant glade,
Where nature flourish'd like a virgin-bride;
Mantled with green, with hyacinths inlay'd,
And crystal rills o'er beds of lilies stray'd;
The blue-ey'd violet and king-cup gay,
And new blown roses, smiling sweetly red,
Outglow'd the blushing infancy of day,
While amorous west winds kist their fragrant
souls away.

A rich pavilion rear'd within its height,
The capitals and freezes gold entire,
Glist'ning with carbuncles; a various light
Wav'd tremulous, and set the eye on fire.
A silken curtain, drawn on silver wire,
And ting'd with colours of the summer sky,
Flow'd round, and bade the ruder gales retire.
Four forms attendant at the portals lie,
The same Ezekiel saw with keen prophetic eye.

Unlike, O much unlike the strawy shed,
Where Mary, queen of Heaven, in humble § lay,
Where ¶ erst the infant God repos'd his head,
And deign'd to dwell in tenement of clay;
The clouded tabernacle of the day!
The shepherd's dream was mythical, ¶ I ween,
Isaiah on his bosom pour'd a ray,
And painted to his eyes the gentle scene,
Where lions dandled lambs; O peace, thy golden
reign!

High smiling in delight a lady fate.
Young as the dawning morn, on iv'ry throne;
Upon her looks the virgin-virtues wait,
The virgin-virtues wait on her alone!
Her sapphire eyes with gentle spirit shone:
Fair bountyhead was open'd in her face,
Of honour and of love the ** paragon!
A sweet regard and most auspicious grace
Bespoke her lineage high: She was of David's
race.

Upon her lap a lovely infant lay,
And ken'd the mother by her smiling grace.
His looks were radiant as the bloom of day,
And angel sweetness purpled in his face.

* Named or called.

† Quickly.

‡ Immediately.

§ Humility.

¶ Formerly, sometime since.

** I think.

*** The pattern or model.

Oh! how the mother did the babe embrace
With tender blandishment and fondling care!
She gaz'd, and gaz'd, * ne could enough care
His cheeks, as roses red, as lilies fair, [heir!
The holy day-spring hight, heav'n's everlasting

Near him a goodly pers'nage mildly shone,
With looks of love, and shedding peace and joy:
Her looks were love, soft-streaming from the throne

Of grace, and sweetly melted on the boy: [cloy.
Her tongue dropp'd honey, which wou'd never
Mercy † yclep'd. All nature on her hung,
To drink her manna and her smiles enjoy;
Young laughing angels "mercy, mercy," sung;
Heav'n echo'd "mercy" back, the spheres with
"mercy" rung.

Thus if the clouds, enroll'd with deadly food,
Forgot to thunder in the ethereal tow'rs,
But silently dissolve in kindly mood,
In fostering dews, and balm, and honey show'rs;
Laugh all the fields for joy, and all the bow'rs.
The shrubs and herbs fresh odours round them
sing,
Pop up their smiling heads the little flow'rs,
Warble the birds, exulting on the wing, [sing.
And all the wild-wood notes the genial blessings

High o'er his head was held a starry crown,
Emblem of royalty and princely might:
His priesthood was by golden mitre shewn;
An eagle young, with ey'n most piercing bright,
To prove the prophet drink the distant light.
But strangest was to see a bloody hand
Uprear a cross the cross with blood ‡ bedight:
Ten thousand angels, flutt'ring in a band,
Admir'd the mystic sign but could not understand.

Now dulcet symphonies, and voices meet,
Mellifluous stole upon the shepherd's ear,
Which swell'd so high, and di'd away so sweet,
As might have charm'd a seraph from his sphere.
Happy the swain that † mote such music hear!
Eftsoons a joyous fellowship was seen
Of ladies ‡ gent, and beauties without ¶ peer,
As they a train of goddesses had been,
In manner of a malk, radiant along the green.

Faith led the van, her mantle dipt in blue,
Steady her ken, and gaining on the skies;
Obedient miracles around her flew:
She pray'd, and heav'n burst open on her eyes,
And golden valves roll'd back in wondrous wise:
And now some hill, with all its shaggy load
Of trees and flocks, unto the ocean ** hies:
Now wings of cherubs, flaming all abroad,
Careering on the winds in sight upbear their God.

Next hope, the gayest daughter of the sky!
Her nectar-dew'd locks with roses bound;
An Eden flourish'd where she cast her eye,
And flocks of sports and joys their temples crown'd,

Plum'd their bright wings, and thump'd the hol,
low ground.

Grief gladden'd, and forgot to drop a tear
At her approach; ne sorrow † mote be found,
Ne rueful looking ‡ drad, ne pale-ey'd care;
And 'neath her chariot wheels she crush'd hell-
black despair.

Then charity full zon'd, as her befits,
Her breasts were softer ivory, her hair
Play'd with the sunny rays in amber streams,
And floated wanton on the buxom air;
As mercy kind, as hope divinely fair.
Her soul was flame, and with prolific rays
The nations warm'd, all bright withouten glare.
Both men and angels, as the passes, gaze,
But chief the poor, the lame, the blind, the naked,
praise.

The train of virtues next, a dainty train!
Advance their steps, sweet daughters of delight,
Awfully sweet majestically plain:
Celestial love, as ey'n of seraphs bright,
And spotless as their robes of new- spun light.
Truth, simple as the lovesick village maid;
Health-blooming temperance, a comely † wight;
Humility, in homely weeds array'd,
And by her, in a line, an asses colt she led.

But hark, the jolly pipe, and rural lay!
And see, the shepherd clad in mantle blue,
And shepherds in russet kirtle gay,
Come dancing on the shepherd-lord to view,
And pay, in decent wise, obedience due.
Sweet smelling flow'rs the gentle votaries bring;
Primroses, violets, wet with morning dew,
The sweetest incense of the early spring;
A humble, yet I weet, a grateful offering.

Jocund to lead the way, with sparkling rays,
Danc'd a star-errant up the orient sky;
The new-born splendour streaming o'er the place,
Where Jesus lay in bright humility,
Seem'd a fix'd star unto the wond'ring eye:
Three peers ‡ swift the captain-glory led,
Of awful ¶ semblance, but of ¶ fable dye.
Full royally along the lawn they tread,
And each with circling gold ** embraued had his
head.

Low, very low on bended knee they greet
The virgin mother, and the Son adore,
The Son of Love! and kiss his blessed feet;
Then ope the vases and present their store,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh; what could they
more!

For gold and myrrh a dying king †† divine;
The frankincense, from Arab's spicy shore,
Confess'd the God; for God did in him shine:
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold, God-man, were
meetly thine.

* Nor.

† Called or named.

‡ Stained or adorned.

§ Might or myst.

¶ Gentle or handsome.

¶ Without equal.

** Hastens,

* Might.

† Fear or terror.

‡ Person.

§ Unknown, unlook'd for.

¶ Appearance.

¶ Commonly painted black; but a vulgar error.

** Adorned or made brave.

†† Forstels.

And last, triumphant on a purple cloud,
Fleecy with gold, a band of angels ride :
They boldly sweep their lyres, and, hymning loud,
The richest notes of harmony divide ;
Scarce Thomalin the rapture could abide :
And ever and anon the babe they eye,
And through the fleshly veil the God descry'd,
Shrill hallelujahs tremble up the sky :
" Good-will and peace to man," the choirs in
heav'n reply.

They ended : and all nature soon was chang'd !
O'er diamond pebbles ran the liquid gold :
And side by side the lamb and lion rang'd
The flow'ry lawn. The serpent gently roll'd
His glittering spires, and playful tongue outroll'd
To lick the infant hand. Together fed
The wolf and kid, together sought a fold.
The roses blush'd with more celestial red ;
Hell groan'd through all her dens ; and grim
death dropp'd down head.

* Whilome these scenes the tuneful Twick'nham
swain,
With Esay's heav'nly pencil taught to glow :
Then cease, O cease, the antiquated strain ;
Nor † marr his song : but reverently go,
And in the temple of his muses bow.—
Delight and wonder broke the shepherd's dream ;
Faded the scenes : and, in a goodly row,
Rush'd on his eyes the muses well-lov'd theme,
Fair Rhedicyna's tow'rs, and Isis' sacred stream !

THE BOWER.

Blow, blow, thou summer breeze,
O gently fan the trees,
That form yon fragrant bow'r ;
Where Sylvia, loveliest maid !
On nature's carpet laid,
Enjoys the ev'ning hour.

Hence, hence, ye objects foul,
The beetle bat, and owl,
The hag-worm, neuter, and toad ;
But fairy elves, unseen,
May gambol o'er the green,
And circle her abode.

Breathe, breathe thy incense, May ;
Ye flow'rs, your homage pay,
To one more fair and sweet :
Ye op'ning rose-buds, shade,
With fragrant twine, her head,
Ye lilies, kiss her feet.

Shed, shed thy sweetest beams,
In part-colour'd dreams,
Thou fount of heat and light !
No, no, withdraw thy ray,
Her eyes effuse a day,
As mild, as warm, as bright.

Flow, flow, thou crystal rill,
With tinkling gurgles fill

* Formerly, sometimes ago.

† Spoil.

The mazes of the grove ;
And if thy murmuring stream
Invite my love to dream,
O may the dream of love !

Sing, sing ye feather'd quires,
And melt to soft desires
Her too obdurate breast :
Then, in that tender hour,
I'll steal into her bow'r,
And teach her—to be blest.

THE LOVER.

SINCE Stella's charms, divinely fair,
First pour'd their lustre on my heart,
Ten thousand pangs my bosom tear,
And ev'ry fibre feels the smart.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O who would give his heart to love !

I meet my bosom friends with pain,
Though friendship us'd to warm my soul ;
Wine's generous spirit flames in vain,
I find no cordial in the bowl.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O who would give his heart to love !

Though nature's volume open lies,
Which once with wonder I have read,
No glories tremble from the skies,
No beauties o'er the earth are spread.
If such the mournful moments prove,
O who would give his heart to love !

Ev'n poetry's ambrosial dews
With joy no longer feed my mind,
To beauty, music, and the muse,
My soul is dumb, and deaf, and blind.
Though such the mournful moments prove,
Alas ! I give my heart to love.

But should the yielding virgin smile,
Drest in the spotless marriage robe,
I'd look upon this world as vile,
The master of a richer globe.
If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love !

The business of my future days,
My every thought, my every pray'r,
Shall be employ'd to sing her praise,
Or sent to bounteous heav'n for her.
If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love !

Poets shall wonder at my love,
Painters shall crowd her face to see,
And when they would the passions move,
Shall copy her, and think of me.
If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love.

Old age shall burn as bright as youth,
No respite to our bliss be given :
Then mingled in one flame of truth,
We'll spurn at earth, and soar to heav'n.
Since such the rapt'rous moments prove,
We both will give our hearts to love.

THE LOVER'S NIGHT.

LULL'D in the arms of him she lov'd
 Lanthe sigh'd the kindest things:
 Her fond surrender he approv'd
 With smiles; and thus, enamour'd, sings.

"How sweet are lover's vows by night,
 Lap'd in a honeyfuckle grove!
 When Venus sheds her gentle light,
 And sooths the yielding soul to love.

Soft as the silent-footed dews
 That steal upon the starlight-hours;
 Warm as a love-sick poet's muse;
 And fragrant as the breath of flow'rs.

To hear our vows the moon grows pale,
 And pants Endymion's warmth to prove:
 While, emulous, the nightingale,
 Thick-warbling trills her lay of love.

The silver-sounding shining spheres,
 That animate the glowing skies,
 Nor charm so much, as thou, my ears,
 Nor blest so much, as thou, my eyes.

Thus let me clasp thee to my heart,
 Thus sink in softness on thy breast!
 No cares, shall haunt us; danger, part,
 For ever loving, ever blest.

Censorious envy dares not blame
 The passion which thy truth inspires:
 Ye stars, bear witness that my flame
 Is chaste as your eternal fires."

Love saw them (hid among the boughs)
 And heard him sing their mutual bliss:
 "Enjoy, cry'd he, lanthe's vows;
 But, oh!—I envy thee her kiss."

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

AN ODE.

Auspicious sprung the morning into light,
 By love selected from the golden tide
 Of time, illustrious with peculiar white,
 And mended from the blushes of the bride.

The muse observ'd the fond-approaching hour,
 And thus her Philo's gentle ear address'd:
 "Behold, descending from yon maiden tow'r
 The beauteous object of thy eyes and breast.

Fair issuing, down the hill I see her move,
 Like the sweet morn, in dews and blushes gay:
 You, like the bridegroom sun, her charms approve;
 And warm her dawning glories into day.

I own the radiant magic of her eyes,
 But more the graces of her soul admire;
 Those may lay traps for lovers, fops, and flies,
 But these the husband and the muse inspire.

A husband is a venerable name!
 O happy state, when heart is link'd to heart!
 Nor less the honour of the wedded dame:
 Sweet interchange! which only death can part.

O blest with gentle manners, graceful ease;
 Gay, yet not trifling; serious, yet not grave;
 Skillful, to charm the wits; the wife, to please;
 Though beauteous, humble; and though tender,
 brave.

Riches and honours wait on either name:
 But they in life are but the last desert:
 Your richer happiness and fairer fame,
 Shall be the good behaviour of the heart.

When such the wonders both of form and mind,
 What rapture fancy'd, reason will approve;
 By time your inclinations be refin'd;
 And youth, be spent in passion; age in love?"

Thus far the muse. When Hymen from the sky,
 The lovers in the band of concord ty'd;
 The Virtues and the Graces too were by,
 And Venus left her cestus with the bride.

TO DR. LINDEN,

ON HIS TREATISE ON CHALYBEATE WATERS.

With healing wings, intent on doing good,
 An angel visited Bethesda's flood;
 Quick as the morning ray, or ev'ning beam,
 Himself diffusing through the vital stream:
 The sick who drink, the impotent who lave,
 Dive from diseases, and deceive the grave.

Though miracles are ceas'd, yet all confess,
 Your work, and you, are—only something less.
 So much is to your worth and learning due,
 Bath is Bethesda; the good angel, you.

PARADISE REGAINED:

TO A FRIEND.

LORD of himself, and sole of humankind,
 In rectitude of reason Adam shone:
 Till the still-voice infus'd into his mind,
 "It is not good for man to be alone."

By God's own hand his Virgin-Eve was led.
 Now Paradise with fresher beauties glows:
 The conscious roses form a blushing bed:
 Consenting nature sooths them to repose.

A single is an inconsistent life:
 Completely blest, O friend! to thee is given,
 A sweet, a fair, a wife, a modest wife,
 The bloom of innocence, and blush of heav'n!

May Eden-life in bright succession flow,
 When all was happiness, for love was all:
 Her beauties will a Paradise bestow,
 And both your virtues guard you from a fall.

TO MISS ADDISON.

ON SEEING MR. ROWE'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Erected at the Expence of his Widow.

LATE an applauding people rear'd the stone
 To Shakspeare's honour, and alike, their own.
 A perfect whole, where part consents to part;
 The wonder he of nature, this of art.

And now a wife (ye wits, no more despise
The name of wife) bids Rowe in marble rise.
Smiling, he views her conjugal regard
A nation's cost had been a less reward:
A nation's praise may vulgar spirits move,
Rowe more deserv'd and gain'd,—a sponial love.

O Italy! thy injur'd marble keep
Deep in thy bowels, providently deep,
When fools wou'd force it over knaves to weep.
But when true wit and merit claim a shrine,
Pour forth thy stores and beggar every mine.
They claim them now: for virtue, sense and wit
Have long been fled, and want thy succours—yet:
They claim them now for one,—yes, one I see:—
Marble wou'd weep,—if Addison be he.

O crown'd with all the glories of thy race,
The father's candour, and the mother's grace!
With Rowe, Charlotta! vie, in generous strife,
And let the daughter emulate the wife.
Be justly pious; raise the honour'd stone,
And so—deserve a Rowe, or—Addison!

THE MILKMAID.

'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour,
When ev'ning steals upon the sky,
That Lucy sought a woodbine grove,
And Colin taught the grove to sigh;
The sweetest damsel she, on all the plains;
The softest lover he, of all the swains.

He took her by the lily hand,
Which oft had made the milk look pale;
Her cheeks with modest roses glow'd,
As thus he breath'd his tender tale:
The list'ning streams awhile forgot to flow,
The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow.

"O smile my love! thy dimply smiles
Shall lengthen on the setting ray:
Thus let us melt the hours in bliss,
Thus sweetly languish life away:
Thus sigh our souls into each other's breast,
As true as turtles, and as turtles blest!

So may thy cows for ever crown
With floods of milk thy brimming pail;
So may thy cheese all cheese surpass,
So may thy butter never fail:
So may each village round this truth declare,
That Lucy is the fairest of the fair.

Thy lips with streams of honey flow,
And pouring swell with healing dew:
More sweets are blended in thy breath,
Than all thy father's fields diffuse:
Though thousand flow'rs adorn each blooming field,
Thy lovely cheeks more blooming beauties yield.

Too long my erring eyes had rovd
On city dames in scarlet dress;
And scorn'd the charming village-maid,
With innocence and program blest:
Since Lucy's native graces fill'd my sight,
The painted city dames no more delight.

The speaking purple, when you blush,
Out-glows the scarlet's deepest dye;

No diamonds tremble on thy hair,
But brighter sparkle in thy eye.
Trust me, the smiling apples of thy eyes,
Are tempting as were those in Paradise.

The tuneful linnet's warbling notes,
Are grateful to the shepherd-swain;
To drooping plants, and thirsty fields
The silver drops of kindly rain:
To blossoms, dew, as blossoms to the bee;
And thou, my Lucy! only art to me.

But mark, my love! my western clouds:
With liquid gold they seem to burn:
The ev'ning star will soon appear,
And overflow his silver urn.
Soft stillness now, and falling dew invite
To taste the balmy blessings of the night.

Yet e'er we part, one boon I crave,
One tender boon! nor this deny:
O promise that you still will love,
O promise this! or else I die:
Death else my only remedy must prove;
I'll cease to live, whene'er you cease to love.

She sigh'd and blush'd a sweet consent;
Joyous he thank'd her on his knee,
And warmly press'd her virgin-lip.—
Was ever youth so blest as he!—
The moon, to light the lovers homeward, rose,
And Philomela lull'd them to repose.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

A book, a friend, a song, a glass,
A chaste, yet laughter-loving lass
To mortals various joys impart,
Inform the sense, and warm the heart.

Thrice happy they, who careless laid
Beneath a kind-embow'ring shade,
With rosy wreaths their temples crown,
In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Mean while the Muses wake the lyre,
The Graces modest mirth inspire,
Good natur'd humour, harmless wit;
Well temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light.
Let sacred Venus with her heir,
And dear Ianthe too be there.
Music and wine in concert move
With beauty, and refining love.

There Peace shall spread her dove like wing,
And bid her olives round us spring.
There Truth shall reign, a sacred guest!
And Innocence, to crown the rest.

Begone, ambition, riches, toys,
And splendid cares, and guilty joys.
Give me a book, a friend, a glass,
And a chaste, laughter-loving lass.

THE BEE.

LEAVE, wanton bee, those blossoms leave,
Thou buzzing harbinger of spring,

To Stella fly, and sweeter spoils
Shall load thy thigh, and gild thy wing.

Her cheeks, her lips with roses swell,
Not Paphian roses deeper glow;
And lilies o'er her bosom spread
Their spotless sweets, and balmy snow.

Then, grateful for the sacred dew,
Invite her, humming round, to rest;
Soft dreams may tune her soul to love,
Though coldness arm her waking breast.

But if she still obdurate prove,
O shoot thy sting.—The little smart
May teach her then to pity me
Transfix'd with love's and beauty's dart.

Ah no, forbear, to sting forbear;
Go, fly into thy hive again.
Much rather let me die for her,
Than she endure the least of pain.

Go fly into thy hive again,
With more than Hybla honey blest:
For Pope's sweet lips prepare the dew,
Or else for love a nectar feast.

THE MORNING LARK.

ANACREONTIC.

FEATHER'D lyric! warbling high,
Sweetly gaining on the sky,
Op'ning with thy matin lay
(Nature's hymn)! the eye of day,
Teach my soul, on early wing,
Thus to soar, and thus to sing.

While the bloom of orient light
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,
May the day spring from on high,
Seen by faith's religious eye,
Cheer me with his vital ray,
Promise of eternal day!

ANNA MARIA W*DF*RD*!

"Go Anna! (nature said) to Oxford go:
(Anna! the fairest form and mind below,
Blest with each gift of nature and of art
To charm the reason, or to fix the heart.)
Go with a sprightly wit and easy mien,
To prove the Graces four, the Muses ten.
I see the wits adore, the wise approve.
Ev'n fops themselves have almost sense to love.
When poets would describe a lip or eye,
They'll look on thee and lay their Ovids by.
I see a love sick youth, with passion fir'd,
Hang on thy charms, and gaze to be inspir'd.
With asking eyes explain his silent woes,
Glow as he looks, yet tremble as he glows:
Then drunk with beauty, with a warmer rage,
Pour thy soft graces through the tragic page.
He sighs;—he bleeds;—to twilight shades he flies:
Shakespeare he drops, and with his Otway dies.

* Written in a window at the Three Tuns Tavern,
Oxford, May 29. 1738.

This pomp of charms you owe to me alone,
The charms which scarce six thousand years have
known.

That face, illumina'd softly by the mind;
That body, almost to a soul refin'd;
That sweetness, only to an angel giv'n;
That blush of innocence, and smile of heav'n!
I bade thy cheeks with morning purple glow;
I bade thy lips with nectar spirit flow;
I bade the diamond point thy azure eyes,
Turn'd the fine waist, and taught the breast to rise.
Whether thy silver tides of music roll,
Or pencil on the canvas strikes a foul,
Or curious needle pricks a band or heart,
At once a needle, and at once a dart!
All own that nature is alone thy art.
Why thus I form'd thy body and thy mind
With sumless graces, prodigally kind:
The reason was,—but you in time will know it;—
One is, but that's the least—to make a poet.

THE MAGI.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

No more in beauty's praise my numbers more,
Nor melt away in dying falls of love:
A Child on earth, yet heaven's Eternal King,
The manger'd God, the Virgin's Son I sing.
Thou Fountain-good, with light my soul o'erflow,
With hallow'd ardour bid my bosom glow!
Fir'd at the promise of thy dawning ray,
The eastern sages found celestial day.

Drawn by a leading flame, with sweet surprise,
The infant Deity salutes their eyes.
The Heir-elect of Love his mother prest,
Smil'd in her arms, and wanton'd on her breast.
No jewels sparkle here, nor India's stores
The portals brighten or emblaze the doors.
But young ey'd seraphims around him glow,
And Mercy spreads her many colour'd bow!
Her bow, compos'd of new created light,
How sweetly lambent and how softly bright!
The sacred circle of embodied rays
The cradle crowns, and round his temples plays.
So shines the rainbow round th' eternal throne
To shade the Holy, Holy, Holy One.
By turns the ruby bleeds a beam, by turns,
Smiles the green emerald, and the topaz burns:
The various opal mingles every ray,
Fades into faintness, deepens into day:
Promiscuous lustre kindles half the skies,
Too slippery bright for keen seraphic eyes.
The venerable Three, low bending down,
Extend their offerings and the Godhead own.

MAG. I.

From eastern realms, where first the infant light
Springs into day and streaks the fading night,
To thee we bend, before the morning rise;
A purer morning trembles from thy eyes.

MAG. II.

In vain the sun with light his orb arrays,
Our sense to dazzle, and as God to blaze;
Through his transparent fallacy we see,
And own the sun is but a star to Thee.

MAG. III.
Thou spotless Effence of primeval light,
Thy vassals own, and wash thy Ethiops white:
Thy cloud of sable witness adorns
With the first roses of thy smiling morn.

MAG. II.
By bards foretold the ripen'd years are come, but
Gods fall to dust and oracles are dumb.
Old ocean murmurs from his oozy bed,
"A maid has born a Son, and Pan is dead."

MAG. II.
The nymphs, their flow'r-inwoven tresses torn,
O'er fountains weep, in twilight thickets mourn.
Long, hollow groans, deep sobs, thick screeches
Each dreary valley, and each shaded hill.

MAG. III.
No more shall Memphian timbrels wake the
morn,
No more shall Hammon lift his gilded horn,
From hence in vain shall Belzebub rebel,
Anubis howls, and Moloch sinks to hell.

MAG. I.
Here lows a bull; a golden gleam adorns
The circling honours of his beamy horns.
He safely lows, nor fears the holy knife,
No sacrifice from hence shall drink his life.

MAG. II.
Ye gardens, blush with never fading flow'rs,
For ever smile ye meads, and blow ye bow'rs:
Bleat all ye hills, be whiten'd all ye plains;
O earth rejoice! th' Eternal Shepherd reigns.

MAG. III.
Ye lilies, dip your leaves in falling snow,
Ye roses, with the eastern scarlet glow,
To crown the God: ye angels haste to pour
Your rain of nectar, and your starry show'r.

MAG. I. Offers Gold.
The ore of India ripens into gold,
To gild thy courts, thy temple to unfold.
Accept the emblematic gift; again
Saturnian years revolve a golden reign!

MAG. II. Offers Frankincense.
For thee Arabia's happy forests rise,
And clouds of odours sweetly stain the skies.
While fragrant wreaths of smoking incense roll,
Receive our pray'rs, the incense of the soul!

MAG. III. Offers Myrrh.
The weeping myrrh with balmy sorrow flows,
Thy cup to sweeten and to sooth thy woes:
So prophets sing; for (human and divine)
The Man was born to grieve, the God to shine.

MAG. I.
Smile, Sacred Infant, smile: thy rosy breast
Excels the odours of the spicy east;
The burnish'd gold is dross before thy eye,
Thou God of sweetness, God of purity!

MAG. II.
Ye planets, unregarded walk the skies,
Your glories lessen as his glories rise;
His radiant word with gold the sun attires,
The moon illumines, and lights the starry fires.

MAG. III.
Hail, Lord of Nature, hail! To thee belong
My long, my life,—I give my life, my song:

Walk in thy light, adore thy day alone,
Confess thy love; and pour out all my own.

ON MR. POPE'S WORKS.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER HIS DEATH.

MAN not alone hath end: In measur'd time,
(So Heav'n has will'd) together with thy doom,
The everlasting hills shall melt away:
This solid globe dissolve, as ductile wax,
Before the breath of Vulcan; like a scroll
Shriveled th' unfolded curtains of the sky;
Thy planets, Newton, tumble from their spheres,
That lead harmonious on their mytic rounds:
The moon be perish'd from her bloody orb;
The fun himself in liquid ruin, rush
And deluge with destroying flames the globe:
Peace then, my soul, nor grieve that Pope is dead.

If e'er the tuneful spirit, sweetly strong, a flame
Spontaneous numbers, teeming in my breast,
Enkindle; O, at that exalting name,
Be favourable, be propitious now,
While in the gratitude of praise, I sing
The works and wonders of this man divine.

I tremble while I write.—His lifting muse
Surmounts the loftiest efforts of my age:
What wonder? when an infant, he apply'd
The loud "Papinian trumpet to his lips,
Fir'd by a sacred fury, and inspir'd
With all the god, in sounding numbers sung."

"Fraternal rage, and guilty Thebes' alarms."
Sure at his birth (things not unknown of old)
The Graces round his cradle wove the dance,
And led the maze of harmony: the Nine,
Prophetic of his future honours, pour'd
Plenteous, upon his lips Castalian dews;
And Attic bees their golden store distill'd.

The soul of Homer, sliding from its star,
Where, radiant, over the poetic world adored,
It rules and sheds its influence, for joy
Shouted, and blest'd the birth: the sacred choir
Of poets, born in elder, better times,
Enraptur'd, catch'd the elevating sound,
And roll'd the glad'ning news from sphere to sphere.

O listen to † Alexis' tender plaint!
How gently rural! without coarseness, plain;
How simple in his elegence of grief!

A shepherd, but no clown. His every lay
Sweet as the early pipe along the dale,
When hawthorns bud, or on the thymy brow
When all the mountains bleat, and vallies sing.
Soft as the nightingale's harmonious woe,
In dewy even tide, when cowslips drop
Their sleepy heads, and languish in the breeze.

† Imperial Windsor! on thy brow august,
Superbly gay, exalt thy tow'ry head;
(Much prouder of his verse than of thy stars)
And bid thy forests dance, and nodding, wave
A verdant testimony of thy joy:
A native Orpheus warbling in thy shades.

* Translation of the first book of Statius's *Thebais*.

† Pastorals.

‡ Windsor Forest. Mr. Pope born there.

* Next, in the critic's chair survey him thrond,
Imperial in his art, prescribing laws;
Clear from the knitted brow, and squinted sneer;
Learn'd, without pedantry; correctly bold,
And regularly easy. Gentle, now,
As rising incense, or defending dews,
The variegated echo of his theme: sole son
Now, animated flame commands the soul:
To glow with sacred wonder. Pointed wit
And keen discernment form the certain page.
Just, as the Stagyrite; as Horace, free;
As Fabian, clear; and as Petronius gay.

† But whence those peals of laughter shake the
Of decent mirth? Am I in Fairy-land?
Young, evanescent forms, before my eyes,
Or skim, or seem to skim; thin essences
Espangling with dishevel'd beams the skies;
Flames o'er the night. Behind, a satyr grins
And, jocund, holds a glass, reflecting fair,
Hoops, cruffles, mattedores; beaux, shocks, and
bellies.

Promiscuously whimsical and gay.
Tassoni, hiding his diminish'd head,
Droops o'er the laughing page; while Boileau
With blushes cover'd, low beneath the desk.

‡ More mournful scenes invite. The milky vein
Of amorous grief devolves its placid wave
Soft streaming o'er the soul, in weeping woe
And tenderness of anguish. While we read
Th' infectious page, we sicken into love,
And languish with involuntary fires.
The zephyr, panting on the silken buds
Of breathing violets; the virgin's sigh,
Rofy with youth, are turbulent and rude,
To Sappho's plaint, and Eloisa's moan.

Heav'n! what a flood of empyreal day
My aching eyes involves! a temple soars,
Rising like exhalations, on a mount,
And, wide, its adamantine valves expands.
Three monumental columns, bright in air,
Of figur'd gold, the centre of the quire
With lustre fill. Pope on the midmost shines
Betwixt his Homer and his Horace plac'd,
Superior by the hand of justice. Fame,
With all her mouths th' eternal trumpet swells,
Exulting at his name; and, grateful, pours
The lofty notes of never-dying praise,
Triumphant, floating on the wings of wind,
Sweet o'er the world: th' ambrosial spirit flies
Diffusive, in its progress wid'ning still,
"Dear to the earth, and grateful to the sky."
Fame owes him more than e'er she can repay:
She owes her very temple to his hands;
Like Ilium built; by hands no less divine!

Attention, rouse thyself! the master's hand,
(The master of our souls!) has chang'd the key,
And bids the thunder of the battle roar

Tumultuous *. Homer, Homer is our own!
And Grecian heroes flame in British lines,
What pomp of words! what nameless energy
Kindles the verse; invigours every line;
Astonishes, and overwhelms the soul
In transport tost! When fierce Achilles raves,
And flashes, like a comet, o'er the field,
To wither armies with his martial frown;
I see the battle rage; I hear the wheels
Careering with their brazen orbs! the shout
Of nations rolls (the labour of the winds)—
Full on my ear, and shakes my inmost soul:
Description never could so well deceive:
'Tis real! Troy is here, or Iat Troy
Enjoy the war. My spirits, all on fire,
With unextinguish'd violence are borne
Above the world, and mingle with the gods.
Olympus rings with arms! the firmament
Beneath the lightning of Minerva's shield,
Burns to the centre: rock the towers of heav'n,
All nature trembles! save the throne of Jove!
Have mercy, Pope, and kill me not with joy:
'Tis tenfold rage, an agony of bliss!

Be less a god, nor force me to adore
† To root excesses from the human breast,
Behold a beauteous pile of Ethic's rise;
Sense the foundation; harmony the walls
(The Doric grave, and gay Corinthian join'd)
Where Socrates and Horace jointly reign
Best of philosophers! of poets too:
The best! He teaches thee thyself to know:
That Virtue is the noblest gift of heav'n:
"And vindicates the ways of God to man."
O hearken to the moralist polite!
Enter his school of truth, where Plato's self
Might preach, and Truly deign to lend an ear.

‡ Lark see him waging with the fools of rhyme
A wanton, harmless war. Duncie after duncie,
Beaux, doctors, templars, courtiers, sophes, and cits,
Condemn'd to suffer life. The motley crew,
Emerging from oblivion's muddy pool,
Give the round face to view, and shameless front
Proudly expose, till laughter have her fill.

Born to improve the age, and cheat mankind
Into the road of honour! Vice again
The gilded chariot drives:—for he is dead!

I saw the fable barge, along his Thames,
In flow solemnly beating the tide,
Convey his sacred dust!—Its swans expir'd,
Wither'd in Twit'nam bow'rs the laurel bough;
Silent the mufes broke their idle lyres:
Th' attendant graces check'd the sprightly dance,
Their arms unlock'd, and catch'd the starting tear,
And virtue for her lost defender mourn'd!

EPITAPH ON MY \$ FATHER.

IN THE PARISH-CHURCH OF BROUGH, WEST-MORELAND.

DEAR to the wife and good, by all approv'd,
The joy of virtue, and heaven's well-belov'd!

* *Essay on Criticism.* † *Rape of the Lock.*
‡ *Ovid's Sappho to Phaon.* And *Eloise to Abelard.*
§ *Temple of Fame.*

* *Translation of Homer.* † *Ethic Epistles.* ‡ *Dunciad.*
§ *Francis Thompson, B. D. sen. Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and Vicar of Brough 32 years. He departed this life, Aug. 31. 1735. aged 70.*

His life inspir'd with every better art,
A learned head, clear soul, and honest heart.
Each science chose his breast her favourite seat;
Each language, but the language of deceit.
Severe his virtues, yet his manners kind;
A manly form, and a seraphic mind.
So long he walk'd in virtue's even road,
In him at length, 'twas natural to do good.
Like * Eden, his old age (a Sabbath rest) !
Flow'd without noise, yet all around him blest !
His patron, Jesus ! with no titles grac'd,
But that best title, a good parish priest.
Peace with his ashes dwell. And, mortals, know,
The saints above ; the dust alone below.
The wife and good shall pay their tribute here,
The modest tribute of one thought and tear,
Then pensive sigh, and say, " To me be given
By living thus on earth, to reign in heaven."

EPITAPH ON MY † MOTHER.

In the Parish Church of Brough, Westmoreland.

HERE rests a pattern of the female life,
The woman, friend, the mother, and the wife.
A woman form'd by nature, more than art,
With smiling ease to gain upon the heart.
A friend as true as guardian-angels are,
Kindness her law, humanity her care.
A mother sweetly tender, justly dear,
Oh ! never to be nam'd without a tear.
A wife of every social charm possess'd,
Blessing her ‡ husbands—in her husbands blest.
Love in her heart, compassion in her eye,
Her thoughts as humble, as her virtues high.
Her knowledge useful, nor too high, nor low,
To serve her maker, and herself to know.
Born to relieve the poor, the rich to please,
To live with honour, and to die in peace.
So full her hope, her wishes to resign'd,
Her life so blameless, so unstain'd her mind,
Heav'n smil'd to see, and gave the gracious nod,
Nor longer wou'd detain her from her God.

WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

Ye sacred tomes, be my unerring guide,
Dove-hearted saints, and prophets eagle-ey'd !
I from the moral top, and ethic fage,
But drink in truth from your illumin'd page !
Like Moses-bush each leaf divinely bright,
Where God invests himself in milder light !
Taught by your doctrines we devoutly rise,
Faith points the way, and hope unbars the skies.
You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,
And sink the body but to raise the soul ;
To raise it, bear it to mysterious day,
Nor want an angel to direct the way !

* The river Eden runs near Brough.

† She departed this life, October 25: 1737, aged 65.

‡ Her former husband was Jos. Kifer, M. A. Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, Vicar of Brough, and Archdeacon of Carlisle; by whom she had no children.

Vol. X.

ON A PRESENT OF THREE ROSES, FROM IAN THE.

THREE roses to her humble slave
The mistress of the Graces gave :
Three roses of an eastern hue,
Sweet-swelling with ambrosial dew.
How each, with glowing pride, displays
The riches of its circling rays !
How all, in sweet abundance, shed
Perfumes, that might revive the dead !
Now tell me, fair one ! if you know,
Whence these balmy spirits flow ?
Whence springs this modest blush of light
Which charms at once and pains the sight ?
The fair one knew, but wou'd not say.
So blush'd and smiling went her way.
Impatient, next the muse I call :
She comes, and thus wou'd answer all.
" Fool (and I sure deserv'd the name) !
Mark well the beauties of the dame,
And can you wonder why so fair,
And why so sweet the roses are ?
Her cheek with living purple glows
Which blush'd its rays on every rose ;
Her breath exhal'd a sweeter smell
Than fragrant fields of asphodel ;
The sparkling spirit in her eyes
A kindlier influence supplies
Than genial suns and summer skies.
Now can you wonder why so fair,
And why so sweet the roses are ?"
" Hold, tuneful trisler, I reply'd,
The beauteous cause I now describ'd,
Hold, talk no more of summer skies,
Of genial suns and—splendid lies ;
Of fragrant fields of asphodel,
And brightest rays and sweetest smell ;
Whatever poetry can paint,
Or muse can utter—all is faint :
Two words had better all express :—
" She took the roses from—her breast."

THE WEDDING MORN.

A DREAM.

'Twas morn : But Theron still his pillow press'd
(His Annabella's charms improv'd his rest.)
An angel form, the daughter of the skies,
Descending blest ; or seem'd to bless his eyes,
White from her breast a dazzling vestment roll'd,
With stars bespangled and celestial gold.
She mov'd, and odours, wide, the circuit fill'd ;
She spake, and honey from her lips distill'd.
" Behold, illustrious comes, to bless thy arms,
Thy Annabella, breathing love and charms !
O melting mildness, undisssembled truth !
Fair flow'r of age, yet blushing bloom of youth !
Fair without art, without design admir'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the wise desir'd.
By art and nature taught and form'd to please,
With all the sweet simplicity of ease.
In public courteous—for no private end ;
At home—a servant ; and abroad—a friend."

C c

Her gentle manners, unaffected grace,
And animated sweetness of her face,
Her faultless form, by decency refin'd,
And bright, unfulled sanctity of mind,
The Christian graces breathing in her breast,
Her—whole shall teach thee to be more than
blest.

'Tis virtue's ray that points her sparkling eyes,
Her face is beauteous for her soul is wife.
As from the sun resplendent glories roll,
Which feed the starry host and fire the pole,
So stream upon her face the beauties of her soul.
Though the dove's languish melts upon her eye,
And her cheeks mantle with the eastern sky,
When seventy on her temples sheds its snow,
Dim grow her eyes and cheeks forget to glow,
Good nature shall the purple loss supply,
Good sense shine brighter than the sparkling eye:
In beauteous order round and round shall move,
Love cool'd by reason, reason warm'd by love.

Receive Heav'n's kindest blessing! And regard
This blessing as thy virtue's best reward.
When beauty wakes her fairest forms to charm,
When music all her pow'rs of sound to warm,
Her golden floods when wanton freedom rolls,
And plenty pours herself into our bowls;
When with tumultuous throbs our pulses beat,
And dubious reason totters on her seat,
The youth how steady, how resolv'd the guide
Which stems the full luxuriant, pleasing tide!
For these, and virtues such as these is giv'n
Thy Annabella! O below'd of Heav'n!—
Hail marriage! everlasting be thy reign!
The chain of being is thy golden chain.
From hence mankind, a growing race depend,
Began with nature, shall with nature end.
The mists, which stain'd thy lustre, break away,
In glory lessen, and refine to day:
No more the jest of wits, of fools the scorn,
Which God made sacred, and which priests adorn.

Ascend the bed, while genial nature pours
Her balmy blessings round and nectar show'rs.
And lo! the future opens on my eyes,
I see soft buds and smiling flow'rs arise:
The human blossoms every charm display,
Unfold their sweets, and beautify the day.
The father's virtues in the sons combine;
The mother's graces in the daughters shine.
So where an angel spreads his dovelike wing,
Young laurels sprout, and tender myrtles spring;
Sweet dews descending consecrate the ground,
And opens a new Parádise around!
I see!—But here the scenes which blaz'd behind
Her fancy dazzled, and dissolv'd his mind.
He woke: yet still he thinks he sees and hears;
'Till real sounds salute his ravish'd ears:
"—Arise! the bride invites thee to be blest?"
He rose.—But silence only speaks the rest.

ODE BRUMALIS:

AD AMICUM OXONIENSEM,

FREU! sereni mollia tempora
Conductur anni. Filia, puer, lyra

Lascivientes frange. Bruma
Flebilis officium camenæ

Pullata poscit: non salis Attici
Hæc flore gaudet. Præterit ocyor
Equo Maronis, nec scit uno
Stare loco saliens voluptas.

Quò cessit umbræ gloria frondez?
Quò ferta, mixtis viva coloribus,
Ornare non indigna Popi
Marmora, five comas lanthæ.

Hæu veris ætas occidit aurea,
Ætatis atque argentea, et ærea
Recessit autumnus, severæ
Ferrea sola Hyemis remansit.

Sic vita transit nostra! volantibus
Urgetur horis. Quid sapiens aget,
Quid ergo prudens? Ille, certè,
Dona rapit fugientis horæ,

Gratus deorum cultor. Hyemis virum,
Quem lavit Ihs, flumen Apollinis,
Quem Suada puro melle fovit,
Intrepidum feriet procellis.

Nigrescat æther, pectore candido
Pax alba ridet: mugiat Africus,
Eurusque; tu, tranquilla virtus,
Vere tumens, zephyros reduces.

Tranquilla virtus, nescia criminis,
Te, amice, munit, tectum adamantino
Thorace; te non atra bilis
Mente quatit placida Novembris.

Nec me November mente hilari quatit,
Tristesque menses: fallitur improba
Vel curâ musis, vel choreis,
Dulcè vices subeunte Baccho.

Horatianis pocula nunc Meri
Grato ore libo, digna labris Jovis!
Nunc intimas et suave nectar
Ovidii fluit in medullas.

Si grandis inflet Calliope tubani,
Mentem illa semper cantu Heliconie
Accendit: lo! me jam aperto
Virgilius dedit ire cælo.

Pompam theatri visere sapius
Garrickus urget, dramatis arbiter!
Decore, gestu, voce, vultu
Ille oculos capit, ille mentes.

Odi profanas, pace tuâ, jocos,
Vanburge,—odi: me gravis attrahit
Shakspere, Cothurnati per ævum
Omne pater, culymenque regni.

Hæu!—deme foccos:—alta tragedia
Jubet:—Cothurnos induit aureos:—
Orchestra, majestate adaucta,
Sub pedibus Gradientis horret.

Quod fulmen aures non imitabile
Et corda sternit: Terror amabilis
Pervadit intus nos:—Othello!—
En rabido tonat ore Othello!

Proh! quantus iræ gurgēs inæstuat
Spumatque venis! ut tuniet in minas!
Quam splendide bacchatur excors!
Ah! gemit—ah! trepidat—ruensque,

Procumbit heros!—Gaudia sunt nimis
Hæc sæve, Shakspeare! Turbinibus sinus
Perflas voluptatis micantes:—
Ferre animus timet hos tumultus.

Mutare scenam jam lubet.—Ibimus,
Quo suavis Otway nos vocat, ibimus,
Iantha! quamvis, pulchra fletu,
Turgidulis redeas ocellis.

Planctus gementum planctibus addere
Est dulce semper. Monimiae dolor,
Me teste, gutta molliore
Sæpè genas, tacite, fefellit.

O quæ paventum murmura virginum
Questusque mulcent aera odoribus!—
Tu vincis, Otway! corda vincis;
Euripidis renovans triumphos.

Plausis ovantum sint aliis virum
Quæsitæ merces: sat tibi gloriæ,
Te urgente, vates invidende,
Virgineos maduissè vultus.

ODE VERNALIS:

AD AMICUM OXONIENSEM.

CURAS Lyæus jam mihi discutit
Raptim; nec aurum (suaviter insolens)
Vocale de myrto recuso
Vellere liberiore dextrâ.

Et quis vetabit quò minus audeam
Lusus amico mittere cum joco!
Ridere mens est; terra ridet;
Ipsa Venus negat esse tristes,

Jucunda veris diva. Quid ampliùs
Rugæ juvabunt? Versicoloribus
En maius alis raptus afflat
Læticiam generis auræ.

Amice! (blando hoc nomine te vocem,
O Woode?) cum quo sæpè per lîdis

Errare sylvas, nuncque cantu
Nuncque mero licuit morantes

Duxisse soles in Thetidis flores,
Amice! quæ te gaudia floreis
Cingunt coronis? Quæquæ molles
Nympha caput lepidum remulcet
Inter lacertos? Num charitum chorus,
Chorûve Pindi tempora dividit?
Sunt ambo grati; mense Maii
Quin charites meliùs colantur.

Nunc dulce piæis desipere in toro
Herbis tumentis, vivis ubi tremor
Splendescit undæ; si poëtæ,
Siquè aderint, tua cura, musæ.

Adsit jocorum grata protervitas,
Thalia pleno quos tibi depluit
Cornu: nec absit Bacchus, uvæ,
Evohe! purpureus magister.

Handalus omnes tendere barbiti
Nervos labore; nec sileat placent
Iantha cantu, dum jocofo
Tangit ebur geniale plectro.

Audite, cæli! num modulaminis
Tales triumphos aula refert Jovis
Stellata? Sphærarumve tales
Lucidis et numerosus ordo?

O lene murmur! cum Venus aurea
Inire somnos, strata rosis, parat,
Melosque possit; talis Aura
Idalias tremit inter umbras.

Quæ flamma venis pasta! protentibus
Seccumbo victus blanditiis lyæ:
Succumbo victus voce, vultu,
Crine nigro, niveoque collo,

Sic prata sævis florea solibus
Oppressa languent. Ferte, citò, precor,
Lenimen ægro; ferte rores
Metcassi medicos, sodales!

Frustrâ: nec unquam metcassi Manns
Extinguet ignes, docta licet, meos;
Nec flumen, ah! vestri benignis
Ingenii recreabit undis.

Q c ij

*see post p. 993 an Appendix of pieces omitted in the
Works of Thompson.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES CAWTHORN.

Containing

ABELARD TO ELOISA,
PRUSSIA,
MORAL ESSAYS,

ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
TALES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Sick of the world's applause, yet fond to warm,
Each maid that knows with *Else* to charm,
He asks of *Verse* to aid his native fire,
Refines, and wildly lives along the lyre;
Bids all his various passions throb anew,
And hopes, my fair, to steal a tear from you.

EPISTLE TO MISS —, WITH ABELARD TO ELOISA.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES CLAWTHORN.

Containing

HYMNS,
PSALMS,
ODES.

ANALOGIES TO NATURE,
POETRY,
AND THE SENSITIVE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

And to which is also added, a
copy of the author's opinion, as given
in his last will, and as it appears
in the original of the author's
manuscript, and which has been
carefully examined and corrected
by the author's son, and is now
published by the author's son.

PRINTED BY W. B. ALLEN, 10, N. L. ST. N. Y.

EDINBURGH.

PRINTED BY W. B. ALLEN, 10, N. L. ST. N. Y.

1844.

THE LIFE OF CAWTHORN.

JAMES CAWTHORN was born at or near Sheffield, in Yorkshire, in 1721. Of the circumstances and profession of his father, there is no account. He received his education partly at Rotherham in Yorkshire, and partly at Kirkby-Lonsdale in Westmoreland. Whether he was indebted to either of the universities for any part of the literature he possessed, is uncertain. His epitaph gives him the degree of Master of Arts; but his name does not appear in either of the lists of graduates.

His first employment was that of Usher, at the school of one Mr. Clare, in the city of London, whose sister he married. His wife died before him.

In 1743, he was chosen Master of Tunbridge School, by the Skinner's Company of London; of which the founder, Sir Andrew Judd, a native of Tunbridge, and Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was a freeman.

It must always afford satisfaction to see those public establishments, which the piety of former times has provided for the education of youth, conducted in such a manner as to answer the intention of the donors.

In this respect, the Company of Skinners deserve particular commendation; as a retrospection for many years will show, that their choice has generally fallen on men of very distinguished and eminent abilities.

Cawthorn is very advantageously known to the world by his poetical compositions; and Dr. Knox, the present respectable Master of Tunbridge School, ranks as a writer of popular essays, moral and critical, serious and humorous, with Addison, Steele, Johnson, Moore, Hawkesworth, and Goldsmith.

It is equally honourable to Cawthorn, and to the Company of Skinners, that, in conjunction with his patrons, he founded a library, which is annexed to that seminary.

Before his appointment to the mastership of Tunbridge School, he appears to have taken orders; but neither the time of his ordination, nor the place where he was beneficed, have been ascertained.

He had an early turn for poetry; and as it was his custom to affix to his juvenile pieces the place where, and the year, day, and age of his life when they were written, some of them are dated Kirkby-Lonsdale, in 1735.

In 1746, he wrote *The Equality of Human Conditions*, a poetical dialogue, spoken at the visitation of Tunbridge School.

The same year, he published his poem of *Abelard to Eloisa*, with some introductory verses, addressed to a young lady; which, with two sermons, was all that he printed in his life time.

In 1749, he addressed an ethic epistle, on the *Vanity of Human Enjoyments*, to Lyttleton, whose patronage he courted, with the other poets of that time.

Of the following twelve years of his life, little is known that can be related with certainty.

He was killed by a fall from his horse, as he was going to bespeak the music on some occasion, from Tunbridge Wells, April 15. 1761, in the 40th year of his age; and was buried in Tunbridge Church.

Over his remains is the following inscription:

Hic situs est
JACOBUS CAWTHORN, A. M.
Scholæ Tunbrigienfis magister
Qui juventuti tum moribus, tum literis instituenda;
Operam magno, non sine honore dedit
Opibus, quas larga manu distribuit
Fruitur, & in æternum fruetur
Obiit, heu citius! Aprilis 15. 1761,
Ætatis 40.
Sorum mæsta ex grato animo hoc posuit.

His *Poems* were collected and published in one volume 4to, 1771; but, by an unpardonable neglect in the editor, without any information concerning his life, family connections, or even the times and places of his birth and death.

This indifference towards a person so respectable as an author, and so deserving as a man, is much to be lamented; and, for the sake of posterity as well as the present times, it is to be wished, that those who are acquainted with any particulars concerning him, would communicate them to some repository where they might be referred for the use of future biographers.

An anonymous writer in the "St. James's Chronicle," of April 25, 1771, informed the public, that the first piece in this collection was not originally composed by Cawthorn, but by Pitt, the translator of Virgil; and is to be found at page 120, of the poems published by him in 1727.

To this charge of unfair dealing, the editor asserted, in his own vindication, that the poem was really selected from a number of Cawthorn's juvenile pieces in his possession, in his own handwriting. "So, I had not," say he, "the least reason, to suppose that it was copied, especially as there are several others, in the same collection, which (if we may believe Mr. Cawthorn) can belong to no other author: For, at the close of one poem, which is called *A Meditation*, dated Kirkby-Lonsdale, January 30. 1735, he says, "this essay, as well as the other pieces of divine poetry, was composed in the hurry of imagination, without any regard to connection, which is excusable in a person whose judgment, by reason of his years, is deficient; and chose rather this kind of poetry, since the pens of the most celebrated writers have been employed in other matters. They were designed for my private amusement, and to unbend the mind when engaged in works of not so agreeable a nature."

According to this account, the editor does not positively deny the piece in question to be Pitt's; he only declares his having known nothing of the matter previously to the publication of Cawthorn's poems; and consequently, if the poem proved to be Pitt's, the insertion of it among Cawthorn's pieces, is a circumstance very different from intentional plagiarism.

The poems contained in that collection, have been reprinted, together with some pieces which had been omitted, in the edition of "The English Poets," 1790.

Cawthorn is said to have been in the general intercourse of life, generous and friendly; but, in the conduct of his school, singularly harsh and severe. He had some extraordinary foibles. With little skill in horsemanship, he was fond of hunting; and with no acquaintance with music, he was an admirer of concerts and operas. He has been known to ride to London from Tunbridge, in order to be present at a musical performance, though he was under the necessity of being back by seven o'clock the next morning.

As a poet, his compositions are characterised by energy, enthusiasm, and melody, more than ease, elegance, and correctness. He had a lively imagination; but his judgment was not equal to his fancy; and his most finished productions discover an incorrectness of taste. He formed himself upon Pope, as a model of heroic verse; and, it is saying much for him, that he frequently wrote like his master. He has copied his pauses, cadence, cast of diction, and the mechanism and construction of his verse, with a felicity of imitation that has few examples.

But he could not long maintain Pope's easy elegance, nor keep up to the free and unwearied spirit that he breathed. He has the faults of his master; but not all his sublime beauties, and more animated graces. His versification, though flowing and harmonious, is too artificial and uniform, and sometimes elaborated into obscurity. His pauses are anticipated by the ear; and the regular recurrence of the words *every* and *all*, especially the latter, in almost every line, produces a tiresome monotony.

His *Epistle from Abelard to Eloisa*, is the most popular of his productions. It is reckoned little inferior to Parton's celebrated letter, or Pope's admirable "Eloisa." It certainly contains many strong lines, much passion, and animated expression; but the hand of the perfect master was wanting to dispose the colours and chastise the piece. A third "epistle from Abelard to Eloisa," was published by Mr. Warwick in 1782, which is not a mere copy; and could the exquisite "Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard," be for a while forgotten, it might be thought not a second-rate performance. His *Lady Jane Grey to Lord Guilford Dudley*, is another beautiful example of that species of writing epistles under feigned characters, which it is no small merit in Ovid to have invented. The subject is one of the

most striking in the English annals; and the circumstances of distress, the various turns of passion, and the different sentiments with which *Lady Jane* is agitated, are finely worked up, without any remarkable deviation from history.

The *Elegy on Captain Hugber*, is one of the most highly finished, and certainly the most interesting of his shorter pieces. It is exquisitely animated and tender, but not without some pretty, rather than pathetic sentiments, and some obscure and some careless lines. The present writer thinks he has seen a more correct copy of this elegy, than that which is printed in the collection of "The English Poets," in some of the Miscellanies; and has ventured, from memory, to mark the variations, which appear to him to be essential improvements. The sixth line from the beginning, in particular, seems to him to be quite unintelligible.

He thinks it should be
Forgets the port before he grasps the lyre,

Forgets the poet ere he grasps the lyre.

The apostrophe to *Nature*, in the line immediately following, he thinks should be to *Friendship*. The subsequent alterations are too numerous to be specified.

His *Regulation of the Passions*, a moral essay, has great merit in many places. The end of Suffolk strongly reminds us of Pope's Buckingham. The idea of a moral economy from painting, exemplified in Rembrandt, is happily imagined. The concluding images are beautiful and just.

Let all thy passions like his colours play,
Strong without harshness, without glaring gay,
Contrast them, curb them, spread them, or confine,
Enoble these, and those forbid to shine,
With cooler shades, ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away:
Her rainbow robe from vanity remove,
And soften malice with the smile of love:
Bid o'er revenge, the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be seen without a veil;
So shalt thou live as Heaven itself design'd,
Each pulse congenial with th' informing mind;
Each action station'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each passion vigorous to its just degree;
And the fair whole a perfect symmetry.

In his *Essay on Taste*, many of our modern follies, particularly the Chinese taste in building and laying out grounds, are ridiculed with no less propriety than poetry. To avoid these follies, he advises us to follow nature in our improvements.

Examine nature with the eye of taste,
Mark where she spreads the lawn, or pours the rill,
Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill;
Plan as she plans; and where her genius calls,
There sink your grottos, and there raise your walls.

In his *Life Unhappy*, because we use it improperly, a moral essay, he draws the idea of a moral economy, from music, as he had done before from painting, which is finely exemplified in Handel.

The *Essay on Nobility*, spoken at the visitation of Tunbridge School, in 1752, is replete with manly sentiments, and indignant satire. It is a pleasure to find

"———amidst the titled crew,
Unknown to all but Collins and the stew;"

the name of a late illustrious and lamented statesman, who was more ennobled by his private virtues and constitutional principles, than by his hereditary titles. Twelve years of unfortunate political dissension, since his death, have already written his eulogium.

"Admire how innocence can lend to truth,
Each grace of virtue, and each charm of youth;
And then enrap'tur'd bend the suppliant knee
To heav'n's high throne, O *Rockingham*! for thee."

His *Epistle on the Vanity of Human Enjoyments*, is written with his usual flow of melodious versification, and pleasing illustration. The distinguished names of *Cudworth*, *Halley*, and *Desaguliers*, are produced as examples of the inutility of genius and science to their possessors. The lines which record their glory, and their country's shame, are selected; because the facts, particularly those relating to *Dr. Desaguliers*, are little known, and are equally interesting to curiosity, learning, and benevolence.

"Ask at yon tomb, where *Cudworth's* mighty name

Weeps o'er the ruins of his wit and fame;

Cudworth, whose spirit flew, with sails unfurl'd,

Through each vast empire of th' ideal world,

Pierc'd through the mystic shades o'er nature thrown,

And made the soul's immensity his own.

Yet though his system wit and science fir'd,

Though Wilnot trembled, and though Hobbes expir'd,

Mistaken zeal, mad bigotry conspire,

All Turner's dullness, and all Oxford's fire,

All envy's poisons, all a nation's rage,

And all hell's pains to blast th' unfinished page.

Much injur'd shade, to truth, to virtue dear,—

Be calm, ye witlings! and, ye zealots! hear:

And, while this bright intelligence pervades

Th' ideal world, and rises o'er the shades,

His mines of wisdom, if you can explore,

Then shut the volume, and be vain no more.—

Immortal *Halley*! thy unwearied soul

On wisdom's pinion flew from pole to pole,

Th' uncertain compass to its task restor'd,

Each ocean fathom'd, and each wind explor'd,

Commanded trade with ev'ry breeze to fly,

And gave to Britain half the Zemblian sky.

And see, he comes, distinguish'd, lov'd, carest,

Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breast;

His godlike labours wit and science fire,

All factions court him, and all sects admire:

While Britain, with a gratitude unknown

To ev'ry age but Nero's and our own,

A gratitude that will for ever shame

The Spartan glory, and th' Athenian name—

Tell it, ye winds! that all the world may hear—

Blest his old age with—ninety pounds a year.

Are these our triumphs? these the sums we give

To ripen genius, and to bid it live?

Can Britain in her fits of madness pour

One half her Indies on a Roman whore,

And still permit the weeping muse to tell

How poor neglected *Desaguliers* sell?

How he, who taught two gracious kings to view

All Boyle ennobled, and all Bacon knew,

Died in a cell, without a friend to save,

Without a guinea, and without a grave?"

If the merit of this *Epistle*, and his *Moral Essays*, is to be estimated by the just information they contain, and the important truths they establish, it is unquestionably very considerable. They abound also in beautiful imagery, and splendid poetical embellishments of many kinds; but they are fuller of delicate sentiment, philosophical reflection, and moral satire, than of imagery, figures, and poetry.

His *Prussia* is a spirited panegyric poem, on the victories of the late King of Prussia, whose literary, legislative, and warlike accomplishments, are the boast and admiration of the present age. His *Tales* have a considerable portion of the ease, humour, and familiarity which distinguish the productions of Prior; but do not add much to his reputation.

Cawthorn, it must be acknowledged, has bestowed too much attention on inferior poetical ornaments; but, when every deduction is made which criticism requires, his compositions will be found to display that pregnancy of invention, that exquisite sensibility, and that genuine enthusiasm, which are the invaluable sanctions bestowed by nature on every real poet.

THE WORKS OF CAWTHORN.

TO MISS OF HORSEMANDEN, IN KENT.

WHEN wit and science trimm'd their wither'd
bays,

At Petrarch's voice, and beam'd with half their
Some heaven-born genius, panting to explore
The scenes oblivion with'd to live no more,
Found Abelard in grief's sad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the shade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to age;
From age to age the soft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man;
Pride dropt her crest, ambition learn'd to sigh,
And dove-like pity stream'd in ev'ry eye.

Sick of the world's applause, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with Eloise to charm,
He asks of verse to aid his native fire,
Refines, and wildly lives along the lyre;
Bids all his various passions throb anew,
And hopes, my fair, to steal a tear from you.

O blest with temper, blest with skill to pour
Life's ev'ry comfort on each social hour!
Chaste as thy blushes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for spleen;
Indulg'd to win, to soften, to inspire,
To melt with music, and with wit to fire;
To blend, as judgment tells thee how to please,
Wisdom with smiles, and majesty with ease;
Alike to virtue as the graces known,
And proud to love all merit thy own!

These are thy honours, these will charms supply,
When those dear furs shall set in either eye;
While she, who, fond of dress, of paint, and place,
Aims but to be a goddess in the face;
Born all thy sex illumines to despise,
Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wise,
Haunts for a year fantastically vain,
With half our fribbles dying in her train;
Then sinks, as beauty fades and passion cools,
The scorn of coxcombs, and the jest of fools.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

FIRST PUBLISHED 1747.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth
century: they were two of the most distinguish-
ed persons of their age, in learning and beauty;
but for nothing more famous than for their un-

fortunate passion. After a long course of cala-
mities, they retired each to a several convent,
and consecrated the remainder of their days to
religion. It was many years after this separa-
tion, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which
contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into
the hands of Eloisa: this occasioned those cele-
brated letters (out of which the following is
partly extracted), which give so lively a picture
of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and
passion.

POET.

Alas why this boding start? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to
vein!

What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earth-born visions saddening o'er my cell!
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to
glow,

These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?

'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form reslor'd,
Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd:
She comes, in all her killing charms confess'd,
Glares through the gloom, and pours upon my
breast,

MOVE,

Bids heaven's bright guard from Paraclete re-
And drags me back to misery and love.

Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee;
See, at thy call, my guilty warmth return,
Flame through my blood, and steal me from my
urn.

Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;
The deadly charming forceless controul,
And, spite of nature, tear her from thy soul.

Long has that soul, in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish mutes, and where sorrow broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade.
Faith dropp'd a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,

And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But O, how weak fair faith and virtue prove,
When Eloisa melts away in love!
When her fond soul, impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows through her pen as infant-softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me!
Ye heavens! as walking in yon sacred fane,
With every seraph warm in every vein,

Just as remorse had rous'd an aching sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine;
Priests, censers, altars, from thy genius fled,
And heav'n itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief! art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame?
Warm as when first, with more than mortal shine,
Each melting eye-ball nix'd thy soul with mine?
Have not thy tears, for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow, yet hov'ring o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast,
Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?

And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
To love's dread shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms.
No—fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient sail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
Skim the vast ocean, freeze beneath the pole,
Renounce me, curse me; root me from thy soul;
Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm of God,
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these thy wishes? can they thus inspire?
Does frenzy form them, or does grace aspire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
Ah! rather let my tenderest accents move
The last wild accents of unholy love;
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouse all my passions, act my joys new.
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd saints, adieu!
Sleep, conscience! sleep, each awful thought be
drown'd,

And sevenfold darkness veil the scene around.

What means this pause, this agonizing start,
This glimpse of heav'n quick rushing through my
heart?

Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd—
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade:
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky.
O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul!

Return, ye hours! when, guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throbb'd in every vein;
When, warm'd with all th' Egyptian fumes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted and all Rome admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye scenes!—Ah no! from fancy fly,
On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly; since all that learning gave,
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
To love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
And left my laurels with'ring in the shade.

Let me forget that, while decidful fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, empower'd by heaven to
move

Each faint, each blest insensible to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone:
No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page;
The midnight-lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirit flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.

But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily opening graves,
Mishapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deserts, where no vernal flow'r [flow'r;
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding
Th' embrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours;
Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Distracting guilt, and hell's worst fiend, despair,
Conspire in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

Delusive, sightless God of warm desire!
Why wouldst thou wish to set a wretch on fire?
Why lives thy soft divinity where woe
Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow?
Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
Where ev'ry moment steals the wing of joy:
There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
Devoted slaves, and victims all thy own;
Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.

O memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,
Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore!
What griefs I suffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
An heart that panted to be still a slave! [flame,
When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love, and
Seiz'd every sense, and burnt through all my
frame;

From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while these venerable cloisters rise
O'er the bleak furl, and gain upon the skies,
My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe;
Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaseless pray'rs the whole artillery giv'n
To win the mercies of offended Heav'n,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the
ground.

Yet, yet, alas! though all my moments fly,
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh,

Though meagre falls have on my cheeks display'd
The dust of death, and sunk me to a shade,
Spite of myself the still-impoisoning dart
Shoots through my blood, and drinks up all my heart:

My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee. [sky,
Athwart the glooms that wrap the midnight
My Eloisa steals upon my eye;

For ever rises in the solar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day.
Where'er I go, the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
I hear her softer accents in the sound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And heav'n much injur'd has but half my pray'r:
No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For ev'ry object brings her to my soul.

Last night, reclining on yon airy sleep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in ev'ry cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;

Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew;
When, with keen speechless agonies oppress'd,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
Gaz'd on thy blushes, arm'd with ev'ry grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore,
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.

At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crowded on my view:
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful, stalk'd along the shade:
Pierc'd by his sword I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound;
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And tofs'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Detested wretch! how impotent thy age!
How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
Left me each tender, fond affection warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill!
Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
My death hath robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile:
Sublimar furies taught thy soul to glow
With all their savage mysteries of woe;
Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
The powers of nature, and the source of joy;
To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire;

Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.

Aid me, fair faith! assist me, grace divine!
Ye martyrs! bless me, and, ye faints! refine:
Ye sacred groves! ye heav'n-devoted walls!
Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls;
Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no auguish there:
Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend
While awful reason whispers in the friend.
Friend, did I say! Immortals! what a name!
Can dull, cold friendship own so wild a flame?
No; let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
Whose warmth bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd
song

Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now strongly rouse, while heav'n his zeal inspires,
Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.

Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
Say, canst thou wish that madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew?
Ye heav'ns! if, to this tender bosom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
The fiercest, mildest agonies of love;
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight?
Look on thyself, consider, who thou art,
And learn to be an abbess in thy heart.
See, while devotion' ever melting strain
Pours the loud organ through the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
Kiss the dread cross, and crowd upon the throne:
O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
Their warmth inspirit, and their virtues mend:
Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
The cherub's meekness, and the seraph's zeal;
To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
In dreams of heav'n, and lead thyself the way;
Till all the glories of the blest abode
Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God,
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
Th' eternal spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove:
The longest gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.

O that my soul, from love's curst bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
O that some angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!

Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave;
Vain, fruitless wish! still, still the vigorous flame
Bursts, like an earthquake, through my shatter'd
frame;

Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiv'n,
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n.

Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth and give me to the sky;
Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy
zeal.

And when, low-bending at the hallow'd shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign;
When pitying Heav'n, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light and bids thee live;
Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal boon for me.

Then when these black terrific scenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the soul no more;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roses fade,
And thy last lustres darken in the shade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully flow from vein to vein,
Pale death shall set my kindred-spirit free,
And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
Like ours in sad similitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
Our lifeless relics in one tomb enshrine,
And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.

Meanwhile, divinely purg'd from every stain,
Our active souls shall climb th' ethereal plain,
To each bright cherub's purity aspire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
Enjoy with heav'n eternity of rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

AN ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HUGHES,

A particular friend of the Author's.

VAIN were the task to give the soul to glow,
The nerve to kindle, and the verse to flow;
When the fond mourner, hid from ev'ry eye,
Bleeds in the anguish of too keen a sigh;
And, lost to glory, lost to all his fire,
Forgets the port before he grasps the lyre.

Nature! 'tis thine with manly warmth to mourn:
Expiring virtue, and the closing urn;
To teach, dear seraph! o'er the good and wise
The dirge to murmur, and the bust to rise.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 6. 7.

Forgets the poet ere he grasps the lyre.
Friendship! 'tis thine with manly warmth to
mourn:

Come then, O guiltless of the tear of art!
Sprung from the sky, and thron'd within the heart!
O come, in all the pomp of grief array'd,
And weep the warrior, whilst I grate the shade.

'Tis o'er—the bright delusive scene is o'er,
And war's proud visions mock the soul no more;
The laurel fades, th' imperial car retires,
All youth ennobles, and all worth admires.

Alas! my Hughes! and must this mourning verse
Resign thy triumph to attend thy hearer?
Was it for this that friendship's genial flame
Woke all my wishes from the trance of fame?

Was it for this I left the hallow'd page,
Where ev'ry science beams of ev'ry age;
On thought's strong pinion rang'd the martial
From Rome's first Cæsar to the great Eugene;
Explor'd th' embattled van; the deep'ning line,
Th' enambush'd phalanx, and the springing mine;
Then, pale with horror, bent the suppliant knee,
And heav'd the sigh, and dropp'd the tear for
thee!

What boots it now, that when with hideous roar,
The gathering tempest howl'd from ev'ry shore,
Some pitying angel, vigilant to save,
Spread all his plumes, and snatch'd thee from the
Presev'd thee sacred from the fell disease,
When the blue plague had fir'd th' autumnal
Ah! when my hero panted to engage
Where all the battle burst in all its rage;
Where dreadful flew the missile deaths around,
And the mad faulchion blust'rd from wound to
wound;

Was he deny'd the privilege to bleed,
Sav'd on the main to fall upon the Tweed?

Ye Graces! tell with what address he stole
The list'ning ear, and open'd all the soul;
What though rough winter bade his whirlwinds
Hid his pale suns, and frown'd along his skies,
Pour'd the big deluge on the face of day,
My Hughes was here to smile the glooms away,
With all the luxuries of sound to move
The pulse of glory, or the sigh of love,
And, spite of winter, lassitude, or pain,
Taught life and joy to throb in ev'ry vein.

Fancy! dear artist of the mental pow'r!
Fly,—fetch my genius to the social hour;
Give me again his glowing sense to warm,
His song to warble, and his wit to charm.
Alas! alas! how impotently true

Th' aerial pencil forms the scene anew!
E'en now, when all the vision beams around,
And my ear kindles with th' ideal sound—
Just as the Smiles, the Graces live impress,
And all his image takes up all my breast—

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 14.
And weep the warrior, while I grace his shade.

Ver. 40.
And the keen faulchion blust'rd from wound to
wound;

Ver. 48.
My Hughes was here to smile the gloom away,

Ver. 61.
Just as the Smiles, the Graces are impress,

Some gloomy phantom brings the awful bier,
And the short rapture melts into a tear.

Thus in the lake's clear crystal we descry

The bright diffusion of a radiant sky—

Reflected nature sheds a milder green;

While half her forests float into the scene.

Ah! as we gaze the luckless zephyr flies,

The surface trembles, and the picture dies. 70

O blest with all that youth can give to please,

The form majestic, and the mien of ease,

Alike empower'd by nature, and by art,

To storm the rampart, and to win the heart;

Correct of manners, delicate of mind,

With spirit humble, and with truth refin'd;

For public life's meridian sunshine made,

Yet known to ev'ry virtue of the shade;

In war, while all the trumps of fame inspire,

Each passion roving, and each wish on fire; 80

At home, without or vanity, or rage;

As soft as pity, and as cool as age.

These were thy virtues—these will still be just,

Light all their beams, and blaze upon thy dust;

While pride in vain solemnity bequeaths

To pow'r her statues, and to guilt her wreaths:

O, warm'd by faction, impudently flings

The price of nations on the urns of kings.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 63.

Some envious phantom points the awful bier,

Ver. 66.

The bright diffusion of another sky—

Ver. 75, 76.

Correct of manners, elegant of mind,

With spirit modest, and with truth refin'd;

Ver. 68, 69.

The dazzling sun with softer beams is seen:

Just as we gaze the luckless zephyr flies.

Ver. 78.

Yet known to all the virtues of the shade;

Ver. 80.

Each passion raging, and each wish on fire;

Ver. 87.

Or, fir'd by faction, impudently flings

THE

EQUALITY OF HUMAN CONDITIONS:

A POETICAL DIALOGUE:

Spoken at the Annual Visitation of Tunbridge School,
1746,

BY MESSRS. M— AND A—

M—.

WHILE airy Belville, guiltless of a school,

Shines out a French edition of a fool,

Studies his learned tailor once a week,

But curses ev'ry syllable of Greek;

I sit, and think o'er all that Sparta fir'd,

That Athens boasted, and that Rome admir'd.

Enraptur'd fancy, busied with the theme,

Forms ev'ry bright idea to a dream,

Paints all the charming pageantry anew,

And brings at once each classic to my view.

Now, fondly wild, I thunder in the war,

Shake the keen spear, and mount th' imperial car;

With daring Regulus to Carthage run,

Or nobly bleed with Brutus in a son;

Seize, Casta-like, on Cæsar's gorgeous vest,

And boldly plant a dagger in his breast.

Now, softly breathing all the Muse's fire,

I drop the faulchion, and I grasp the lyre;

With Pindar's pinion skim the blest abode,

Or strive to charm Augustus with an ode.

Come then, my Lelius! come, my joy and
pride!

Whose friendship sooths me, while thy precepts

Thou, whose quick eye has glanc'd through every
age,

View'd ev'ry scene, and studied ev'ry page;

Teach me, like thee, with ev'ry virtue blest.

To catch each eye, and steal to ev'ry breast;

To rise to all that in each patriot shone,

And make each hero's happiness my own.

Say, shall I, with a triumph in my view, [sue;

Fame's air-dress'd goddess through each scene pur-

Ambitious court her in the pomp of war,

Aud number every trophy by a scar?

Shall I, with Solon, form the moral plan,

And aim to mould a savage to a man?

Or, pleas'd to rival every Grecian sage,

Glean Plato's sense, and copy Homer's rage.

A—.

You ask me, Sir! what few would care to give,

Some grave instructions how you ought to live.

You wish that envied blissful scene to find,

That charms the taste, and dignifies the mind;

That nobly mingles every art to please,

And joins the majesty of life to ease.

Hear then, my friend! the doctrine I disclose,

As true as if display'd in pompous prose;

As if Locke's sacred hand the page had wrote,

And every doctor stamp'd it with a vote.

All lots are equal, and all states the same,

Alike in merit, though unlike in name.

In reason's eye no difference lies between

Life's noon-day lustres or her milder scene.

'Tis not the plate that dignifies the board,

Nor all the titles blazing round a lord;

'Tis not the splendid plume, th' embroider'd vest,

The gorgeous sword-knot, or the martial crest,

That lends to life the smile, the jest, the glee,

Or makes his honour happier than me.

When Florio's acres stretch'd o'er half the land,

A gilded chariot roll'd him through the strand:

Reduc'd at last with humbler scenes to mix,

He smok'd a speculative pipe at Dick's.

The same great genius, in or out of pow'r—

Ease smooth'd his brow, and soften'd ev'ry hour;

Taught him to live as happy in a shed,

As when a duchess grac'd his nuptial bed.

Content's the port all mortals wish to hail:

She points the compass, and she guides the sail.

To her alone our leaky vessels roll

Through all the seas that rage from pole to pole.

What boots it then, when gath'ring storms behind

Rise black in air, and howl in ev'ry wind,

That thy rich ship a pomp of pride display'd,

Her masts all cedar, and her sails brocade!

Say, canst thou think the tempest will discern
A silken cable, or a painted stern;
Hush! the wild tumult that tornadoes bring,
And kindly spare the yacht that holds a king?
No, no, my friend! if skilful pilots guide,
And heav'n auspicious calms the whirling tide,
No winds distress you, and no storm destroys,
Whether you sail in gondolas or hoys.

M—

What, has just heav'n no slight distinction made
Betwixt a life of sunshine and of shade?

Must I, in silence, this wild system own,
And think a cottage equal to a throne?
Sure if I did, my friends would soon bestow
A few stout cords, and fend me to Monro.

Your tailor, skill'd in fashion's ev'ry grace,
Decks you in all the pageantry of lace,
Lives in a cell, and eats from week to week,
An homely meal of cabbage and ox-cheek.
You walk majestic in a nobler scene,
Guileless of ev'ry anguish, but the spleen;
With all the luxury of statemen dine
On daily feasts of ortolans and wine.
Then tell me, sir! if this description's true,
Is not your tailor less at ease than you?

Hardwicke, great patriot! envy'd, lov'd, carest,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breast;
Whose bright example learns us to admire
All Cowper's graces, and all Talbot's fire—
Firm to his trust, whatever bribes assail,
Truth guides his sword, and justice holds his scale.
Say, is not he more happy than the throng
Of beardless templars melting o'er a song?
Than him, who, buried in a country town,
Engrosses half a folio for a crown.

Heroic glory in the martial scene
Spread ev'ry plume to dignify Eugene—
On Marlbro's helmet sat, in all her pride,
And proudly frown'd at all the world beside.
And sure you'd think it a most sad disgrace
If ensigns liv'd as easy as his grace.

A—

Dear Sir! refrain the prejudice of youth,
And calmly listen to the voice of truth.
When first th' Almighty fire his work began,
And spoke the mingling atoms into man,
To all the race with gracious hand was giv'n
One common forest, and one equal heav'n;
They shar'd alike this universal ball,
The sons of freedom, and the lords of all.
The poets too this sacred truth display'd,
From cloud-tipt Pindus to the Latian shade.
They sung that ere Pandora, fond of strife,
Let loose each embryo-misery of life,
All nature brighten'd in one golden age,
Each fire a monarch, and each son a sage;
Eternal blessings flow'd to all the race,
Alike in riches, as alike in place.

Suppose then, Sir, that new distinctions since
Have plac'd a slave some leagues below a prince;
Yet ease and joy, dispassion'd reason owns,
As often visit cottages as thrones.

See! in yon valley, while the mellowing grain
Embrown the slope, and nods along the plain,
A crowd of rustics, doom'd to daily toil,
Disarm the forest, or enrich the soil;

Not in that elegance of dress array'd
That charm'd Arcadia's hills, and Tempe's shade;
Where Thyris, shelter'd in some happier grove,
The lonely scene of solitude and love,
His breast all rapture, and his soul on fire,
Now wove the garland, and now swept the lyre:
No,—'tis plain Colin, Hobbinol, and Ned,
Unskill'd in numbers as in books unread,
Who scorn the winter's deadly blast to shun,
But face the storm, and drudge through ev'ry fun;
Then seek the cottage, where the homely bowl
Smooths ev'ry brow, and opens ev'ry soul;
Speeds the same social warmth from breast to
breast,

And bids them laugh at Verres and his crest.

When honest Colin sees the shining all
That gilds the 'Change, and dignifies Whitehall,
Lost in the scenes of turbulence and strife,
The farce of grandeur, and the pomp of life,
He steals impatient to his native shade,
And longs to grasp his waggon and his spade;
Heedless of ev'ry charm, of ev'ry grace,
That forms the goddess in Fitzwalter's face,
That lends to Finch her majesty of mien—
He would not change his Susan for a queen.

Believe me, Sir! distinction, pomp, and noise,
Corrupt our tempers, as they cloud our joys:
And surely, when the social spirit's broke,
A star's a gewgaw, and a lord's a joke.

Without those robes, those gorgeous bagatelles,
That deck our nobles, and that charm our belles;
Without a crane-neck'd chariot's smooth career;
Without the wealth of Indus in your ear;
Without a group of pictures dearly bought,
Where Titian's colours vie with Guido's thought;
Without the fruits of Spain, the wines of France;
Without an opera, and without a dance;
You may live happy, as grave doctors tell,
At Rome, at Tunbridge, in a grot or cell.

From sky to sky th' imperial bird of Jove
Spreads his broad wing, and thund'ring grasps his
The mighty bull, by genial zephyr sway'd, [love;
Enraptur'd courts his heifer to the shade;
The feather'd warblers pair on ev'ry spray,
The grove re-echoing with the sprightly lay;
While the gay tribe of insects blissful share
The joys of love, and people all the air.
All, all that in the depths of ocean lie,
Grazed on the plain, or skim along the sky,
Fondly pursue the end by nature giv'n,
Life all their aim, and quiet all their heav'n.

If then no songsters grudge the bear his thigh,
The hound his nostril, or the lynx his eye;
Nor feel a pang though Asric's shaggy brood
Majestic stalk the monarchs of the wood;
Why should you think your solitude a tomb,
If Pulteney has a title and a plumb?

M—

But soft—restrain this turbulence of war;
This mimic image of the wordy bar:

Left you should seem to copy Henly's lore,
Who gravely kills objections by the score.

Behold that wretch, by every woe distress'd,
Want in his eye, and horror in his breast;
A thousand nameless agonies of pain
Rack ev'ry nerve, and burn through ev'ry vein;

He lives to suffer, and but speaks to moan,
And numbers every minute by a groan.
Is he then happy? blest with every joy
That glows on Cecil's cheek, or Dorset's eye?
Shall we proclaim him blest, without rebuke,
And rank a martyr'd beggar with a duke?

A—

Believe me, Sir, each mortal has his fear,
Each soul an anguish, and each eye a tear;
Aches, pains, and fevers, every breast affail,
And haunt alike the city and the vale.

What though in pomp your painted vessels roll
Fraught with the gems that glare from pole to pole,—

Though health auspicious gilds your every grace,
Nerves the strong limb, and blushes o'er the face;
Though grac'd with all that dignity of wit
That charm'd in Villars, and now charms in Pitt;
Possess'd of all the eloquence that hung
On Tully's lip, and drops from Murray's tongue;
Though all the titles, coronets, and stars,
That statesmen aim at, and that Malton bears,
Enrich your 'scutcheon, dignify your crest,
Beam on your coach, and blaze upon your breast;
Can they forbid the secret ill to glow,
The pang to torture, or the tear to flow?

Confess we then that all the ills of life,
Diseases, grief, vexations, follies, strife,
Without distinction every soul perplex,
Haunt ev'ry scene, and prey on all the sex.
Yet let us own that every pleasure too
That glads the active, and that wings the slow,
Alike indulgent to the rich and poor,
Glides through the land, and knocks at ev'ry door.

Hear then, without the specious pride of art,
A truth that strikes the moral to the heart;
A truth that liv'd in Cato's patriot breast,
And bade a dying Socrates be blest:
All, all but virtue is a school boy's theme,
The air-dress'd phantom of a virgin's dream;
A gilded toy, that homebred fools desire,
That coxcombs boast of, and that mobs admire:
Her radiant graces every bliss unfold,
And turn whate'er she touches into gold.

THE

BIRTH AND EDUCATION OF GENIUS.

A TALE.

Yes, Harriet! say whate'er you can,
'Tis education makes the man:
Whate'er of genius we inherit,
Exalted sense, and lively spirit,
Must all be disciplin'd by rules,
And take their colour from the schools.

'Twas nature gave that check to glow,
That breast to rise in hills of snow,
Those sweetly-temper'd eyes to shine
Above the sapphires of the mine.
But all your more majestic charms,
Where grace presides, where spirit warms;
That shape which falls by just degrees,
And flows into the pomp of ease;
That step, whose motion seems to swim,
That melting harmony of limb,

Vol. X,

Were form'd by Glover's skilful glance,
At Chelsea, when you learnt to dance.

'Tis so with man.—His talents rest
Misshapen embryos in his breast;
Till education's eye explores
The sleeping intellectual pow'rs,
Awakes the dawn of wit and sense,
And lights them into excellence.
On this depends the patriot flame,
The fine ingenuous feel of fame,
The manly spirit, brave and bold,
Superior to the taint of gold,
The dread of infamy, the zeal
Of honour, and the public weal,
And all those virtues which presage
The glories of a rising age.

But, leaving all these graver things
To statesmen, moralists, and kings,
Whose business 'tis such points to settle—
Ring—and bid Robin bring the kettle.
Meanwhile the muse, whose sportive strain
Flows like her voluntary vein,
And impudently dares aspire
To share the wreath with Swift and Prior,
Shall tell an allegoric tale,
Where truth lies hid beneath the veil.

One April morn, as Phœbus play'd
His carols in the Delphic shade,
A nymph, call'd Fancy, blithe and free,
The favourite child of Liberty,
Heard, as she rov'd about the plain,
The bold enthusiastic strain;
She heard, and led by warm desire,
To know the artist of the lyre,
Crept softly to a sweet alcove,
Hid in the umbrage of the grove,
And, peeping through the myrtle shade,
A handsome, young, celestial beau,
On nature's sofa stretch'd along,
Awaking harmony and song.

Struck with his fine majestic mien,
As certain to be lov'd as seen,
Long ere the melting air was o'er
She cry'd, in ecstasy, Encore;
And, what a prude will think but odd,
Popp'd out, and curtsied to the god.
Phœbus, gallant, polite, and keen as
Each earth-born votary of Venus,
Rose up, and with a graceful air
Address'd the visionary fair;
Excus'd his morning dishabille,
Complain'd of late he had been ill.
In short, he gaz'd, he bow'd, he sigh'd,
He sung, he flatter'd, press'd, and ly'd,
With such a witchery of art,
That Fancy gave him all her heart,
Her catechism quite forgot,
And waited on him to his groat.

In length of time she bore a son,
As brilliant as his fire the Sun.
Pure ether was the vital ray
That lighted up his finer clay;
The nymphs, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The dryads of the woods and bow'rs,
The graces with their loosen'd zones,
The muses with their harps and crowns,

D d

Young zephyrs of the softest wing,
The loves that wait upon the spring,
Wit with his gay associate mirth,
Attended at the infant's birth,
And said, let Genius be his name,
And his the fairest wreath of fame.

The gossips gone, the christ'ning o'er,
And Genius now 'twixt three and four,
Phœbus, according to the rule,
Resolv'd to send his son to school:
And, knowing well the tricks of youth,
Resign'd him to the matron Truth,
Whose hut, unknown to pride and pelf, was
Near his own oracle at Delphos.
The rev'rend dame, who found the child
A little mischievous, and wild,
Taught him at first to spell and read,
To say his prayers, and get his creed—
Would often tell him of the sky,
And what a crime it is to lie.
She chid him when he did amiss,
When well, she bless'd him with a kiss.
Her sister temp'rance, sage, and quiet,
Presided at his meals and diet:
She watch'd him with religious care,
And fed him with the simplest fare;
Would never let the urchin eat
Of pickled pork, or butcher's meat.
But what of aliment earth yields
In gardens, orchards, woods, and fields;
Whate'er of vegetable wealth
Was cultur'd by the hand of health,
She cropp'd and dress'd it, as she knew well,
In many a mess of soup and gruel;
And now and then, to cheer his heart,
Indulg'd him with a Sunday's tart.

A lusty peasant chanc'd to dwell
Hard by the solitary cell:
His name was Labour.—Ere the dawn
Had broke upon the upland lawn,
He hied him to his daily toil,
To turn the glebe, or mend the soil.
With him young Genius oft would go
O'er dreary wastes of ice and snow,
With rapture climb the cloud-topp'd hill,
Or wade across the shallow rill;
Or through th' entangled wood pursue
The footsteps of a straggling ewe.
By these fatigues he got at length
Robustness, and athletic strength,
Spirits as light as flies the gale
Along the lily-silver'd vale.
The cherub health, of dimple sleek,
Sat radiant on his rosy cheek,
And gave each nerve's elastic spring
The vigour of an eagle's wing.

Time now had roll'd, with smooth career,
Our hero through his seventh year.
Though in a rustic cottage bred,
The busy imp had thought and read:
He knew th' adventures, one by one,
Of Robin Hood and Little John;
Could sing with spirit, warmth, and grace,
The woeful hunt of Chevy Chase;
And how St. George, his fiery nag on,
Destroy'd the vast Egyptian dragon.

Chief he admir'd that learned piece
Wrote by the fabulist of Greece,
Where wisdom speaks in crows and cocks,
And cunning sneaks into a fox.
In short, as now his op'ning parts,
Ripe for the culture of the arts,
Became in ev'ry hour acuter,
Apollo look'd out for a tutor;
But had a world of pains to find
This artist of the human mind.
For, in good truth, full many an ass was
Among the doctors of Parnassus,
Who scarce had skill enough to teach
Old Lilly's elements of speech;
And knew as much of men and morals
As doctor Rock of ores and corals.
At length, with much of thought and care,
He found a master for his heir;
A learned man, adroit to speak
Pure Latin, and your attic Greek;
Well known in all the courts of fame,
And Criticism was his name.

Beneath a tutor keen and fine as
Or Aristotle, or Longinus,
Beneath a lynx's eye that saw
The slightest literary flaw,
Young Genius trod the path of knowledge,
And grew the wonder of the college.
Old authors were his bosom friends—
He had them at his finger's-ends—
Became an accurate imitator
Of truth, propriety, and nature;
Display'd in every just remark
The strong sagacity of Clark;
And pointed out the false and true
With all the sun beams of Bossu.

But though this critic sage refin'd
His pupil's intellectual mind,
And gave him all that keen discerning
Which marks the character of learning;
Yet, as he read with much of glee
The trifles of antiquity,
And, Bentley like, would write epistles
About the origin of whistles;
The scholar took his master's trim,
And grew identically him;
Employ'd a world of pains to teach us
What nation first invented breeches;
Asserted that the Roman socks
Were broider'd with a pair of clocks;
That Capua serv'd up with her victuals
An olio of Venafran pickles;
That Sisygambis dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a queue.
In short, he knew what Paulus Jovius,
Salmasius, Grævius, and Gronovius,
Have said in fifty folio volumes,
Printed by Elzevir in columns.

Apollo saw, with pride and joy,
The vast improvement of his boy;
But yet had more than slight suspicion,
That all this load of erudition
Might overlay his parts at once,
And turn him out a letter'd dunce.
He saw the lad had fill'd his sense
With things of little consequence;

That though he read, with application,
The wits of every age and nation,
And could, with nice precision, reach
The boldest metaphors of speech;
Yet warp'd too much, in truth's defiance,
From real to fictitious science,
He was, with all his pride and parts,
A mere mechanic in the arts,
That measures with a rule and line
What nature meant for great and fine.

Phœbus, who saw it right and wise was,
To counteract this fatal bias,
Took home his son with mighty haste,
And sent him to the school of taste.
This school was built by wealth and peace,
Some ages since, in elder Greece,
Just when the Stagyrite had writ
His lectures on the pow'rs of wit.
Here, flush'd in all the bloom of youth,
Sat beauty in the shrine of truth.
Here, all the finer arts were seen
Assembled round their virgin queen.
Here, sculpture on a bolder plan
Ennobled marble into man.
Here, music, with a soul on fire,
Impassion'd, breath'd along the lyre;
And here, the painter muse display'd
Diviner forms of light and shade.

But, such the fate, as Hesiod sings,
Of all our sublunary things,
When now the Turk, with sword and halters,
Had drove religion from her altars,
And delug'd with a sea of blood
The academic dome and wood;
Affrighted taste, with wings unfurl'd,
Took refuge in the western world;
And settled on the Tuscan main,
With all the muses in his train.

In this calm scene, where taste withdrew,
And science trimm'd her lamp anew;
Young Genius rang'd in every part
The visionary worlds of art,
And from their finish'd forms refin'd
His own congenial warmth of mind,
And learn'd with happy skill to trace
The magic powers of ease and grace:
His style grew delicately fine,
His numbers flow'd along his line,
His periods manly, full, and strong,
Had all the harmony of song.
Whene'er his images betray'd
Too strong a light, too weak a shade,
Or in the graceful and the grand
Confess'd inelegance of hand,
His noble master, who could spy
The slightest fault with half an eye,
Set right by one ethereal touch,
What seem'd too little or too much;
Till every attitude and air
Arose supremely full and fair.

Genius was now among his betters
Distinguish'd as a man of letters.
There wanted still, to make him please,
The splendour of address and ease,
The soul-enchancing mien and air,
Such as we see in Grosvenor-Square

When Lady Charlotte speaks and moves,
Attended by a swarm of loves.

Genius had got, to say the truth,
A manner awkward and uncouth;
Sure fate of all who love to dwell
In wisdom's solitary cell:
So much a clown in gait, and laugh,
He wanted but a scrip and staff;
And such a beard as hung in candles
Down to Diogenes's sandals,
And planted all his chin thick;
To be like him a dirty cynic.

Apollo, who, to do him right,
Was always perfectly polite,
Chagrin'd to see his son and heir
Dishonour'd by his gape and stare,
Resolv'd to send him to Versailles,
To learn a minuet of Marseilles:
But Venus, who had deeper reading
In all the mysteries of breeding,
Observ'd to Phœbus, that the name
Of sop and Frenchman was the same.
French manners were, she said, a thing which
Those grave misguided fools, the English,
Had, in despite of common sense,
Mistook for manly excellence;
By which their nation strangely sunk is,
And half their nobles turn'd to monkeys.
She thought it better, as the case was,
To send young Genius to the graces:
Those sweet divinities, she said,
Would form him in the myrtle shade;
And teach him more, in half an hour,
Than Lewis or his pompadour.

Phœbus agreed—the graces took
Their noble pupil from his book,
Allow'd him at their side to rove
Along their own domestic grove,
Amidst the sound of melting lyres,
Soft-wreathing smiles, and young desires:
And when confin'd by winds or show'rs,
Within their amaranthine bow'rs,
They taught him with address and skill
To shine at ombre and quadrille;
Or let him read an ode or play,
To wing the gloomy hour away.

Genius was charm'd—divinely plac'd
'Midst beauty, wit, politeness, taste;
And, having every hour before him
The finest models of decorum,
His manners took a fairer ply,
Expression kindled in his eye:
His gesture disengag'd, and clean,
Set off a fine majestic mien;
And gave his happy pow'r to please
The noblest elegance of ease.

Thus, by the discipline of art,
Genius shone out in head and heart.
Form'd from his first fair bloom in youth,
By Temp'rance and her sister Truth,
He knew the scientific page
Of every clime and every age;
Had learnt with critic skill to rein
The wildness of his native vein;
That critic-skill, though cool and chaste,
Refin'd beneath the eye of Taste;

D d ij

His unforbidding mien and air,
His awkward gait, his haughty stare,
And every stain that wit debases,
Were melted off among the Graces;
And Genius rose, in form and mind,
The first, the greatest of mankind.

A LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN,

Occasioned by a report of his Patron's being made one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, 1756.

In fame, dear Mun! the truth reveals,
Your friend, the baron, has the seals,
With two compeers, his reverend brothers,---
Willes and Sir Eardly, are the others.
Justice, who long had seen impress
Her fairest image on his breast,
Plac'd him her substitute, to awe
The nation on her bench of law!
And now, to make her work complete,
Has thron'd him on her mercy-seat.

I'll hold you, Mun! an honest guinea,
That pest ambition's busy in you;
You mind no more your little crops,
Nor ever ask the price of hops;
Nor grieve about such idle things
As half the trumps, and all the kings:
But, blest each night with objects brighter,
Behold a visionary mitre;
And see the verger near you stand
Majestic with his silver wand.

Well---if, as matters now foretel it,
It is your fate to be a prelate;
Though loth to lose the comic strain,
The song, and ev'ry mirthful vein,
Which oft have made me full of glee,
And kept my spirits up till three;
Yet, fond to see, when pray'rs begin,
E-----d, thy heteroclitic chin,
With all that venerable bush on,
Reposing on a velvet cushion;
I would the man of humour quit,
And think the bishop worth the wit.

But, hark you, L-----r! as you mean
To be a bishop, or a dean,
And must, of course, look grave, and big,
I'd have you get a better wig:
You know full well, when cheek by jole,
We waited on his Grace at Knowl;
Though that trim artist, barber Jackson,
Spent a whole hour about your caxon,
With irons hot, and fingers plastic,
To make it look ecclesiastic;
With all his pains, and combs, and care,
He scarce could curl a single hair.

It would be right too, let me tell you,
To buy a gown of new prunella;
And bid your maid, the art who knows,
Repair your cassock at the elbows.

Lord! what a sudden alteration
Will wait on your exalted station!
Cawthorn, too proud a prince to flatter,
Who calls thee nought but Mun and L-----r,
Will now put on a softer mien,
And learn to slip out Mr. Dean;

Or, if you're made a mitred peer,
Humbly entreat your grace's ear.

Poor Adams too, will funk and stare,
And trembling steal behind your chair;
Or else, with holy zeal addressing,
Drop on his knees, and ask your blessing.

And now, my worthy friend: ere yet
We read it in the next Gazette,
That Tuesday last a royal writ
Was sent by Secretary Pitt
To all and singular the stalls
Prebendal in the church of Paul's,
Commanding them to chooße and name
A bishop of unspotted fame:
And warmly recommending thee
As prelate of the vacant see;
It will not be amiss to know
Beforehand what you have to do.

First, as you'll want a grave divine
To wait upon you when you dine,
To guard your kitchen from disorders,
And school the youths who come for orders;
Take not an academic saplin,
But, for your life, make S-----n chaplain.
He's tall, and solemn, soft, and sleek,
Well read in Latin, and in Greek;
A proper man to tell the clerum
About Eusebius, and St. Jerom;
And would as soon a fiend embrace as
Give up a jot of Athanasius.

Then, as to what a bishop fleeces,
In procurations, fines, and leases,
And hoarding up a world of pelf,
You'll want no steward but yourself:
For, faith! your lordship has great skill in
The virtues of a splendid shilling;
And know, as well as Child and Hoare*,
That two and two will make up four.

THE RÉGULATION OF THE PASSIONS

THE SOURCE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A Moral Essay.

Dunque ne l' Uso per cui fur concessa
L' impieghi il foggio Duce, e le governi:
Et a suo Senno or tepide, or ardenti,
Le faccia: et or le affretti, et or le allenti.

TASSO.

Yes, yes, dear Stoic! hide it as you can,
The sphere of pleasure is the sphere of man:
This warms our wishes, animates our toil,
And forms alike a Newton, or an Hoyle;
Gives all the soul to all the soul regards,
Whether she deal in planets, or in cards.
In every human breast there lives enshrined
Some atom pregnant with th' ethereal mind;
Some plastic pow'r, some intellectual ray,
Some genial sun-beam from the source of day;
Something that, warm and restless to aspire,
Works the young heart, and sets the soul on fire,
And bids us all our inborn pow'rs employ
To catch the phantom of ideal joy.

* Two bankers.

Were it not so, the soul, all dead and lost,
Like the tall cliff beneath th' impassive frost,
Form'd for no end, and impotent to please,
Would lie inactive on the couch of ease:
And, heedless of proud fame's immortal lay,
Sleep all her dull divinity away.

And yet, let but a zephyr's breath begin
To stir the latent excellence within---
Wak'd in that moment's elemental strife,
Impassion'd genius feels the breath of life;
Th' expanding heart delights to leap and glow,
The pulse to kindle, and the tear to flow:
Strong and more strong the light celestial shines,
Each thought ennobles, and each sense refines,
Till all the soul, full op'ning to the flame,
Exalts to virtue what she felt for fame.
Hence, just as nature points the kindred fire,
One plies the pencil, one awakes the lyre;
This, with an Halley's luxury of soul,
Calls the wild needle back upon the pole,
Maps half the winds, and gives the sail to fly
In ev'ry ocean of the arctic sky;
While he whose vast capacious mind explores
All nature's scenes, and nature's God adores,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides;
Expels, like Heberden, the young disease,
And softens anguish to the smile of ease.

The passions then all human virtue give,
Fill up the soul, and lend her strength to live.
To them we owe fair truth's unspotted page,
The gen'rous patriot, and the moral sage;
The hand that forms the geometric line,
The eye that pierces through th' unbow'll'd mine,
The tongue that thunders eloquence along,
And the fine ear that melts it into song.

And yet these passions which, on nature's plan,
Call out the hero while they form the man,
Warp'd from the sacred line that nature gave,
As meanly ruin as they nobly save.
Th' ethereal soul that heav'n itself inspires
With all its virtues, and with all its fires,
Led by these tyrans to some wild extreme,
Sets in a vapour when it ought to beam;
Like a Dutch fun that in the autumnal sky
Looks through a fog, and rises but to die.
But he whose active, unencumber'd mind
Leaves this low earth, and all its mists behind,
Fond in a pure unclouded sky to glow,
Like the bright orb that rises on the Po,
O'er half the globe with steady splendour shines,
And ripens virtues as it ripens mines.

Whoever thinks, must see that man was made
To face the storm, not languish in the shade:
Admiration's sphere, and, for that sphere design'd,
Eternal pleasures open on his mind.
For this, fair hope leads on th' impassion'd soul
Through life's wild labyrinths to her distant goal;
Paints in each dream, to fan the genial flame,
The pomp of riches, and the pride of fame;
Or fondly gives reflection's cooler eye
A glance, an image of a future sky.

Yet, though kind Heav'n points out th' unerring
road,
That leads through nature up to bliss and God;

Spite of that God, and all his voice divine,
Speaks in the heart, or teaches from the shrine,
Man, feebly vain, and impotently wise,
Disdains the manna sent him from the skies;
Tasteless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
From wish to wish in life's mad vortex tost,
For ever struggling, and for ever lost;
He scorns religion, though her seraphs call,
And lives in rapture, or not lives at all.

And now, let loose to all our hopes and fears,
As pride inspirits, or ambition tears,
From ev'ry tie, from ev'ry duty freed,
Without a balance, and without a creed,
Dead ev'ry sense, each particle divine,
And all the man emburied in the swine;
These drench in luxury's ambrosial bowl
Reason's last spark, and drain off all the soul.
Those for vain wealth fly on from pole to pole,
Where winds can waft them, and where seas can
roll.

While others, wearied with the farce of pow'r,
Or mad with riot in the midnight hour,
With Spain's proud monarch to a cell retire,
Or, Nero like, set half the globe on fire.

Stretch'd on high-tow'ring Dover's sandy bed,
Without a coffin, and without a head;
A dirty sail cloth o'er his body thrown,
By marks of misery almost unknown,
Without a friend to pity, or to save,
Without a dirge to consecrate the grave,
Great Suffolk lies—he who for years had shone,
England's sixth Henry! nearest to thy throne.
What boots it now, that list'ning senates hung
All ear, all rapture on his angel tongue?
Ah! what avails th' enormous blaze between
His dawn of glory, and his closing scene!
When haughty France his heav'n-born pow'rs a-
dor'd,

And Anjou's princess sheath'd Britannia's sword!
Ask ye what bold conspiracy oppress'd
A chief so honour'd, and a chief so blest?
Why, lust of power, that wreck'd his rising fame
On courts' vain shallows, and the gulf of shame:
A Glo'ster's murder, and a nation's wrongs,
Call'd loud for vengeance with ten thousand
tongues;

And hasten'd death, on Albion's chalky strand,
To end the exile by a pirate's hand.

Pleasure, my friend! on this side folly lies;
It may be vig'rous, but it must be wife:
And when our organs once that end attain,
Each step beyond it is a step to pain.
For ask the man whose appetites pursue
Each loose Roxana of the stew;
Who cannot eat till luxury refine
His taste, and teach him how to dine;
Who cannot drink till Spain's rich vintage flow,
Mix'd with the coolness of December's snow:
Ask him, if all those ecstasies that move
The pulse of rapture, and the rage of love,
When wine, wit, woman, all their pow'rs employ,
And ev'ry sense is lost in ev'ry joy,
E'er fill'd his heart, and beam'd upon his breast
Content's full sunshine, and the calm of rest?

No—virtue only gives fair peace to shine
And health, O sacred temperance! is thine.
Hence the poor peasant, whose laborious spade
Rids the rough crag of half its heath and shade,
Feels in the quiet of his genial nights
A bliss more genuine than the club at White's :
And has in full exchange for fame and wealth,
Herculean vigour, and eternal health.

Of blooming genius, judgment, wit, possess'd,
By poets envied, and by peers careles'd;
By royal mercy sav'd from legal doom,
With royal favour crown'd for years to come,
O hadst thou, Savage! known thy lot to prize,
And sacred held fair friendship's gen'rous ties;
Hadst thou, sincere to wisdom, virtue, truth,
Curb'd the wild sallies of impetuous youth;
Had but thy life been equal to thy lays,
In vain had envy strove to blast thy bays;
In vain thy mother's unrelenting pride
Had strove to push thee helpless from her side;
Fair competence had lent her genial dow'r,
And smiling peace adorn'd thy evening-hour;
True pleasure would have led thee to her shrine,
And every friend to merit had been thine.
Bless'd with the choicest boon that heav'n can give,
Thou then hadst learnt with dignity to live;
The scorn of wealth, the threats of want to brave,
Nor sought from prison a refuge in the grave.

Th' immortal Rembrandt all his pictures made
Soft as their union into light and shade:
Whene'er his colours wore too bright an air,
A kindred shadow took off all the glare;
Whene'er that shadow, carelessly embrown'd,
Stole on the tints, and breath'd a gloom around,
Th' attentive artist threw a warmer dye,
Or call'd a glory from a pictur'd sky;
Till both th' opposing powers mix'd in one,
Cool as the night, and brilliant as the sun.

Passions, like colours, have their strength and
ease,

Those too insipid, and too gaudy these:
Some on the heart, like Spagnoletti's, throw
Fictitious horrors, and a weight of woe;
Some, like Albano's, catch from ev'ry ray
Too strong a sunshine, and too rich a day;
Others, with Carlo's Magdalens, require
A quicker spirit, and a touch of fire;
Or want, perhaps, though of celestial race,
Correggio's softness, and a Guido's grace.

Wou'dst thou then reach what Rembrandt's ge-
nius knew,

And live the model that his pencil drew,
Form all thy life with all his warmth divine,
Great as his plan, and faultless as his line;
Let all thy passions, like his colours, play,
Strong without harshness, without glaring gay:
Contrast them, curb them, spread them, or con-
fine,

Ennoble these, and those forbid to shine;
With cooler shades ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away;
Her rainbow-robe from vanity remove,
And soften malice with the smile of love;
Bid o'er revenge the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be seen without a veil:

So shalt thou live as heav'n itself design'd,
Each pulse congenial with th' informing mind,
Each action station'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each passion vig'rous to its just degree,
And the fair whole a perfect symmetry.

THE LOTTERY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS H——.

CAWTHORN had once a mind to fix
His carcase in a coach and six,
And live, if his estate would bear it,
On turtle, ortolans, and claret:
For this he went, at fortune's call,
To wait upon her at Guildhall;
That is, like many other thick wits,
He bought a score of lottery tickets,
And saw them rise in dreadful ranks
Converted to a score of blanks.

Amaz'd, and vex'd to find his scheme
Delusive as a midnight dream,
He curs'd the goddess o'er and o'er,
Call'd her a mercenary whore;
Swore that her dull capricious sense
Was always dup'd by impudence,
That men of wit were but her tools,
And all her favours were for fools.

He said, and with an angry gripe
Snatch'd up his speculative pipe;
And, that he might his grief allay,
Read half a page in Seneca.

When, lo! a phantom, tall and thin,
Knock'd at the door, and enter'd in:
She wore a party-colour'd robe,
And seem'd to tread upon a globe—
Whisk'd round the room with haughty air,
And toss'd into an elbow chair.
Then with a bold terrific look,
Which made the doctor drop his book,
Address'd him thus: Thou wicked varlet!
Art not asham'd to call me harlot?
Why, what's thy consequence and parts,
Thy skill in letters, or in arts,
That I, poor fortune! must be lectur'd,
Kick'd, bully'd, curs'd, abus'd, and Hector'd,
Because, forsooth—a fever roast thee,—
Thou'rt not so wealthy as Da Costa?

However, as thou hast some virtues,
And know'st my fav'rite Tom Curteis,
I'll point thee out a way to be
Almost as rich a man as he.

Send to the bank this day and buy
Ten tickets in the lottery;
And bid your honest friend, the broker,
Endorse the name of M— H——;
The sacred numbers then consign
Devoutly to the fair-one's shrine:
That is, in humbler rhetoric,
Present them by your footman Dick,
And tell her, in a billet-doux,
“My dear, these tickets are for you,
“An offering from an heart that's split
“Asunder by your sense and wit,

" Yet has the grace, to tell you true,
 " To keep its own dear ends in view,
 " And therefore hopes you'll not forget
 " To give me half of what you get."

My life on't, Jemmy, thou'lt be great—
 Five thousand pounds! a good estate:
 For be assur'd, that though the poets,
 The small philosophers, and no-wits,
 Pretend that I'm to worth unkind,
 And impudently paint me blind,
 I yet can see thy charmer's merit,
 Her taste, her dignity, and spirit;
 Have often listen'd to her song,
 And stole persuasion from her tongue;
 And am resolv'd, though all the shrews,
 Stock-jobbers, brokers, pimps, and Jews,
 Frown, curse, expostulate, and rally,
 With all the tongues of all the alley,
 To give her, out of love and zeal,
 The richest number in the wheel.

LADY JANE GREY TO LORD GUILFORD
 DUDLEY.

AN EPISTLE.

In the Manner of Ovid.

FROM these dark cells, in fable pomp array'd,
 Where night's black horrors breathe a deeper shade,
 Where ev'ry hour some awful vision brings
 Of pale assassins and the shrouds of kings,
 What comforts can a wretched wife afford
 The last sad moments of her dying lord?
 With what fond tear, what love-impassion'd sigh,
 Sooth the dear mourner ere he reach the sky?

Ye pow'rs of song that ev'ry chord inspire
 When Rome's soft Ovid weeps along his lyre;
 Ye angel-sounds that Troy's great Hector mourn,
 When his lost comfort bleeds upon his urn!
 Teach me, ye warblers! teach this strain of woe
 Like you to kindle, and like you to flow.

Alas! in vain ye bid your warmths divine
 Wake all the strings, and live through all the line.
 Spite of those warmths, th' immortal numbers roll
 Cool from my hand, and faithless to my soul;
 Too faint a wish, too calm a sigh impart,
 Hide half my grief, and tell but half my heart;
 Lose the fond anguish of this flowing tear,
 And the keen pang that tears and tortures there.

'Tis said that souls, to love's soft union wrought,
 Converse by silent sympathy of thought:
 O! then with that mysterious art divine
 The fierce impatience of my breast be thine:
 And when some tender, recollecting sigh
 Pours the big passion from each weeping eye,
 When wrapt, and wild, thy fond ideas roll,
 And all my image takes up all thy soul;
 Think that my breast the same dear tumults move,
 As keen an anguish, and as soft a love;
 Think that I hear thy pray'rs, explore thy fears,
 Sigh to thy sighs, and weep with all thy tears;
 From all thy wishes, all thy phrenzies see,
 And feel for Guilford all he feels for me.

Ah! where are now the joys my fancy drew
 For ever blooming, and for ever new!

Where the dear scenes that meditation aid,
 The rill's soft murmur, and th' embow'ring shade;
 Where all the heartfelt charities that move
 The warmths of rapture in the pulse of love!
 Lost, lost for ever, like th' ethereal fire
 Shot through the sky to glitter and expire.

Hide it, ye pow'rs! the sad, the solemn day
 That gave a Dudley to the house of Grey:
 For, O! when to the altar's foot we came,
 And each fond eye confess'd the kindling flame;
 Just as the priest had join'd my hand to thine
 An awful tremor shook the hallow'd shrine,
 A sudden gloom the sacred walls array'd,
 And round the tapers threw an azure shade;
 The winds blew hollow with the voice of pain,
 Aërial echoes sigh'd through all the fan:
 'Twas God himself, that from th' empyreal sky,
 Look'd unuspicious on the nuptial tie,
 And pitying taught, as prophecies of woe,
 The shrines to tremble, and the wind to blow.

O! had thy blood drunk in some fell disease,
 From each chill pinion of th' autumnal breeze,
 Had yon keen sun, with all the rage of pain,
 Wing'd every pulse, and scorch'd up every vein,
 Extinguish'd Guilford ere he liv'd his span,
 It had been nature and the fate of man.
 Heav'ns! had my cares but ceas'd thy parting
 breath,

In life's last moment, and the gasp of death,
 Explor'd the dear imperfect sounds that hung
 Loose on each fibre of the fault'ring tongue,
 Cool'd the fond phrenzies of thy parting sigh,
 Wip'd the warm drop from each expiring eye;
 I had but known what many a virtuous pair
 Are doom'd to suffer, and are doom'd to bear:
 But, O! in thought's wild images to see
 My glories fall, proud infamy! like thee;
 See, 'midst the murmur of a million sighs,
 The fabre glitter, and the scaffold rise;
 To see my Guilford moving sadly slow
 Through ranks of warriors, and the pomps of
 woe;

See him, while bending o'er his awful bier,
 Shed the keen anguish of too warm a tear,
 A tear that from the warmths of love proceeds,
 And melts the husband, while the hero bleeds—

Bleed, did I say!—Tear, tear, ye pow'rs of art!
 Sense, nature, memory, from my tortur'd heart:
 And thou,—beneath the pole's black umbrage
 laid,

Oblivion! daughter of the midnight shade!
 With all thy glooms, and all thy mists, remove
 Each sweet idea of connubial love:
 Hide the dear man whose virtues first impress
 Too fond an image on my virgin breast;
 From all the softness of my soul efface
 His every beauty, and his every grace;
 And force that soul with patience to resign
 All the dear ties that bound her fast to thine.

Alas! vain effort of misguided zeal!
 What pow'r can force affliction not to feel?
 What faint forbid this throbbing breast to glow,
 This sigh to murmur, and this tear to flow?
 Still honest nature lives her anguish o'er,
 Still the fond woman bleeds at every pore.

Ah! when my soul, all panting to aspire,
Each sense enraptur'd, and each wish on fire,
On all the wings of heav'n-born virtue flies
To yon bright sunshine, yon unclouded skies;
Spite of the joys that heav'n and bliss impart,
A softer image heaves within my heart;
Impassions nature in the springs of life,
And calls the seraph back into the wife.

Yet say, my Guilford? say, why wilt thou
move

These idle visions of despairing love?

Why wilt thou still, with every grace and art,
Spread through my veins, and kindle in my
heart?

O let my soul far other transports feel,
Wing'd with thy hopes, and warm'd with all
thy zeal,

And thou, in yon imperial heav'n enshrin'd,
Eternal effluence of th' eternal mind!
O grace divine! on this frail bosom ray
One gleam of comfort from the source of day—
She comes, and all my opening breast inspires
With holy ardours, and seraphic fires:
Rapt, and sublime, my kindling wishes roll,
A brighter sunshine breaks upon my soul;
Strong, and more strong the light celestial shines,
Each thought ennobles, and each sense refines:
Each human pang, each human bliss retires,
All earth-born wishes, and all low desires;
The pumps of empire, grandeur, wealth decay,
And all the world's vain phantoms fade away.

Rise, ye sad scenes! ye black ideas rise,
Rise, and dispute the empire of the skies:
Ye horrors! come, and o'er my senses throw
Terrific visions and a pomp of woe;
Call up the scaffold in its dread parade,
Bid the knell echo through the midnight shade;
Full in my sight the robe funeral wave,
Swell the loud dirge, and open all my grave;
Yet shall my soul, all-conscious of her God,
Resign'd and fainted for the blest abode,
The last sad horrors of her exit eye,
Without a tremor, and without a sigh.

Ah! no—while heav'n shall leave one pulse of
life

I still am woman, and am still a wife;
My hovering soul, though ras'd to heav'n by
prayer,

Still bends to earth, and finds one sorrow there:
There, there, alas! the voice of nature calls,
A nation trembles, and a husband falls

O! would to Heav'n I could like Zeno boast
A breast of marble, and a soul of frost,
Calm as old Chaos, ere his waves begun
To know a zephyr, or to feel a sun.
Romantic wish! for O, ye powers divine!
Was ever misery, ever grief like mine?
For ever round me glares a tragic scene,
And now the woman bleeds, and now the queen:
Now back to Edward's recent grave convey'd,
Talk with fond phrenzy to his (spotless) shade;
Now wildly image all his sister's rage,
The baleful fury of the rising age;
Behold her fanguinary banners fly
Moofe to the breezes of a British sky;

See England's genius quit th' imperial dome
To Spain's proud tyrant, and the slaves of Rome;
See all the land the last sad horrors feel
Of cruel creeds, and visionary zeal.
Mad bigotry her every son inspires,
Breathes all her plagues, and blows up all her fires,
Points the keen faulchion, waves th' avenging rod,
And murders virtue in the name of God.

May He, who first the light of heav'n dis-
play'd,

The dear Redeemer of a world in shade,
He who to man the bliss of angels gave,
Who bled to triumph, and who died to save,
Beam all his gospel, sacred and divine,
On ev'ry bosom, and on ev'ry shrine;
Relieve th' expiring eye, and gasping breath,
And rescue nature from the arm of death.

And now resign'd, my bosom lighter grows,
And hope soft-beaming brightens all my woes,
Hark! or delusion charms, a seraph sings,
And choirs to waft us spread their silver wings:
Th' immortals call, heav'n opens at the sound,
And glories blaze, and mercy streams around.
Away—ere nature wake her pangs anew,
Friend, father, lover, husband, saint, adieu!
Yet when thy spirit, taught from earth to fly,
Spreads her full plume, and gains upon the sky,
One moment pause till these dead orbs resign
Their last faint beam, and speed my soul to thine:
Then, while the priest, in hallow'd robes ar-
ray'd,

Pays the last honours to each parting shade;
While o'er our ashes weeps th' attending train,
And the sad requiem flows along the fane;
Our kindred souls shall wing th' ethereal way,
From earth and anguish to the source of day—
To all the bliss of all the skies aspire,
And add new raptures to th' angelic choir.

And, O! if aught we knew, or left behind,
Can wake one image in the faintest mind;
If yet a friend, a parent, child, can move
Departed spirits to a sense of love;
Still shall our souls a kind connection feel
With England's senate, and with England's weal;
And drive from all its shores, with watchful care,
The flame of discord, and the rage of war.

Perhaps, when these sad scenes of blood are
o'er,
And Rome's proud tyrant awes the soul no more;
When anguish throws off all the veils of art,
Bares all her wounds, and opens all her heart;
Our hapless loves shall grace th' historic page,
And charm the nations of a future age:
Perhaps some bard, whose tears have learnt to flow
For injur'd nature, and to feel for woe,
Shall tell the tender melancholy tale,
To the soft zephyrs of the western vale;
Fair truth shall bless him, virtue guard his cause,
And every widow'd matron weep applause.

OF TASTE.

AN ESSAY.

WELL—though our passions riot, fret, and rave,
Wild and capricious as the wind and wave,

One common folly, say what'er we can,
Has fix'd at last the mercury of man;
And rules, as sacred as his father's creed,
O'er every native of the Thames and Tweed.

Ask ye what pow'r it is that dares to claim
So vast an empire, and so wide a fame?
What God unshrin'd in all the ages past?
I'll tell you, friend! in one short word—'tis Taste;
Taste that, without or head, or ear, or heart,
One gift of nature, or one grace of art,
Ennobles riches, sanctifies expence,
And takes the place of spirit, worth, and sense.
In elder time, ere yet our fathers knew
Rome's idle arts, or panted for Virtù,
Or whole nights Italian songs to hear,
Without a genius, and without an ear;
Exalted sense, to warmer climes unknown,
And manly wit, was nature's and our own.
But when our virtues, warp'd by wealth and peace,
Began to slumber in the lap of ease—
When Charles return'd to his paternal reign,
With more than fifty tailors in his train,
We felt for Taste—for then obliging France
Taught the rough Briton how to dress and dance;
Politely told him all were brutes and fools,
But the gay coxcombs of her happier schools;
That all perfection in her language lay,
And the best author was her own Rabelais.
Hence, by some strange malignity of fate,
We take our fashions from the land we hate:
Still slaves to her, howe'er her taste inclines,
We wear her ribbands, and we drink her wines;
Eat as she eats, no matter which or what,
A roasted lobster, or a roasted cat;
And fill our houses with an hungry train
Of more than half the scoundrels of the Seine.

Time was, a wealthy Englishman would join
A rich plumb-pudding to a fat sirloin;
Or bake a pasty, whose enormous wall
Took up almost the area of his hall:
But now, as art improves, and life refines,
The demon Taste attends him when he dines;
Serves on his board an elegant regale,
Where three stew'd mushrooms flank a larded quail;

Where infant turkeys, half a month resign'd
To the soft breathings of a southern wind,
And smother'd in a rich ragout of snails,
Outsink a lenten supper at Versailles.
Is there a faint that would not laugh to see
The good man piddling with his fricasseé;
Forc'd by the luxury of taste to drain
A flask of poison, which he calls champagne!
While he, poor idiot! though he dare not speak,
Pines all the while for porter and ox-check.

Sure 'tis enough to starve for pomp and show,
To drink, and curse the clarets of Bourdeaux:
Yet such our humour, such our skill to hit
Excess of folly through excess of wit,
We plant the garden, and we build the seat,
Just as absurdly as we drink and eat.
For is there aught that nature's hand has sown
To bloom and ripen in her hottest zone?
Is there a shrub which, ere its verdures blow,
Asks all the suns that beam upon the Po?

Is there a flowret whose vermilion hue
Can only catch its beauty in Peru?
Is there a portal, colonnade, or dome,
The pride of Naples, or the boast of Rome?
We raise it here, in storms of wind and hail,
On the bleak bosom of a sunless vale;
Careless alike of climate, soil, and place,
The cast of nature, and the smiles of grace.

Hence all our stucco'd walls, Mosaic floors,
Palladian windows, and Venetian doors;
Our Gothic fronts, whose Attic wings unfold
Fluted pilasters tipp'd with leaves of gold;
Our mossy cielings, grac'd with gay festoons,
The weeping marbles of our damp saloons,
Lawns fring'd with citrons, amaranthine bow'rs,
Expiring myrtles, and unop'ning flow'rs,
Hence the good Scotsman bids th' anana blow,
In rocks of crystal, or in Alps of snow;
On Orcus' sleep extends his wide orcade,
And kills his scanty sunshine in a shade.

One might expect a sanctity of style,
August and manly in an holy pile,
And think an architect extremely odd
To build a playhouse for the church of God;
Yet half our churches, such the mode that reigns,
Are Roman theatres, or Grecian fanes;
Where broad-arch'd windows to the eye convey
The keen diffusion of too strong a day;
Where, in the luxury of wanton pride,
Corinthian columns languish side by side,
Clos'd by an altar exquisitely fine,
Loose and lascivious as a Cyprian shrine.

Of late, 'tis true, quite sick of Rome and Greece,
We fetch our models from the wise Chinese:
European artists are too cold and chaste,
For Mand'rin only is the man of taste;
Whose bolder genius, fondly wild to see
His grove a forest, and his pond a sea,
Breaks out — and, whimsically great, designs
Without the shackles or of rules or lines.
Form'd on his plans, our farms and seats begin
To match the boasted villas of Pekin.
On every hill a spire-crown'd temple swells,
Hung round with serpents, and a fringe of bells:
Junks and balons along our waters sail,
With each a gilded cock-boat at his tail;
Our choice exotics to the breeze exhale
Within th' enclosure of a zig-zag rail;
In Tartar huts our cows and horses lie,
Our hogs are fattened in an Indian sty;
On ev'ry shelf a joss divinely stares,
Nymphs laid on chintzes sprawl upon our chairs;
While o'er our cabinets Confucius nods,
'Midst porcelain elephants, and China gods.

Peace to all such—but you whose chaster fires
True greatness kindles, and true sense inspires,
Or ere you lay a stone, or plant a shade,
Bend the proud arch, or roll the broad cascade,
Ere all your wealth in mean profusion waste,
Examine nature with the eye of taste; [rill,
Mark where she spreads the lawn, or pours the
Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill;
Plan as she plans, and where her genius calls,
There sink your grottos, and there raise your
walls.

Without this taste, beneath whose magic wand
Truth and correctness guide the artist's hand,
Woods, lakes, and palaces, are idle things,
The shame of nations, and the blush of kings.
Expence and Vanbrugh, vanity and show,
May build a Blenheim, but not make a Stowe.

But what is Taste, you ask, this heav'n-born fire
We all pretend to, and we all admire?
Is it a casual grace? or lucky hit?
Or the cool effort of reflecting wit?
Has it no law but mere misguided will?
No just criterion, fix'd to good and ill?
It has—True taste, when delicately fine,
Is the pure sunshine of a soul divine,
The full perfection of each mental pow'r—
'Tis sense, 'tis nature, and 'tis something more.
Twin-born with genius, of one common bed,
One parent bore them, and one master bred.
It gives the lyre with happier sounds to flow,
With purer blushes bids fair beauty glow;
From Raphael's pencil calls a nobler line,
And warms, Corregio every touch of thine.

And yet, though sprung from one paternal flame,
Genius and Taste are different as their name:
Genius, all sunbeam, where he throws a smile,
Impregnates nature faster than the Nile;
Wild and impetuous, high as heav'n aspires,
All science animates, all virtue fires;
Creates ideal worlds, and there convenes
Aërial forms and visionary scenes.
But taste corrects, by one eternal touch,
What seems too little, and what seems too much;
Marks the fine point where each consenting part
Slides into beauty with the ease of art;
This bids to rise, and that with grace to fall,
And bounds, unites, refines, and heightens all.

LIFE UNHAPPY, BECAUSE WE USE IT IMPROPERLY.

A MORAL ESSAY.

I own it, Belmour! say what'er we can,
The lot of sorrow seems the lot of man;
Affliction feeds with all her keenest rage
On youth's fair blossoms, and the fruits of age;
And wraps alike beneath her harpy wings
The cells of peasants, and the courts of kings.

Yet sure unjustly we ascribe to fate
Those ills, those mischiefs, we ourselves create;
Vainly lament that all the joys we know
Are more than number'd by the pangs of woe;
And yet those joys in mean profusion waste,
Without reflection, and without a taste:
Careless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
We give each appetite too loose a rein,
Push ev'ry pleasure to the verge of pain;
Impetuous follow where the passions call,
And live in rapture, or not live at all. [strife

Hence half the plagues that fill with pain and
Each softer moment of domestic life;
The palsied hand, the visionary brain,
Th' infected fluid, and the torpid vein;
The ruin'd appetite, that loathing flights
The richest olio of the cook at White's;

The aching impotence of loose desire,
A nerveless body, with a soul on fire;
Th' eternal blush that lights the cheek of shame
For wasted riches, and unheeded fame;
Unhallow'd reveries, low-thoughted cares,
The wish that riots, and the pang that tears;
Each awful tear that weeps the night away,
Each heartfelt sigh of each reflecting day;
All that around the low'ring eye of spleen
Throws the pale phantom, and terrific scene;
Or, direr still, calls from th' abyss below
Despair's dread genius to the couch of woe,
Where, lost to health, and hope's all cheering ray,
As the dead eye-ball to the orb of day,
Pale riot bleeds for all his mad expence
In each rack'd organ, or acuter sense;
Where sad remorse beholds in every shade
The murder'd friend, or violated maid;
And stung to madness in his inmost soul,
Grasps the keen dagger, or empoison'd bowl.

Impious it were to think th' Eternal Mind
Is but the scourge and tyrant of mankind.
Sure he who gives us sunshine, dew, and show'r,
The vine ambrosial, and the blooming flow'r,
Whose own bright image lives on man impress'd,
Meant that that being should be wise and blest,
And taught each instinct in his heart enshrin'd
To feel for bliss, to search it, and to find.

But where's this bliss, you ask, this heav'n-born
fire

We all pretend to, and we all admire?
Breathes it in Ceylon's aromatic isle?
Flows it along the waters of the Nile?
Lives it in India's animated mould,
In rocks of crystal, or in veins of gold?
Not there alone, but, boundless, unconfin'd,
Spreads through all life, and flows to all mankind;
Waits on the winds that blow, the waves that roll,
And warms alike the Equator and the Pole.
For as kind nature through the globe inspires
Her parent warmth, and elemental fires,
Forms the bright gem in earth's unfathom'd caves,
Bids the rich coral blush beneath the waves,
And with the same prolific virtue glows
In the rough bramble, as the damask rose;
So, in the union of her moral plan,
The ray of bliss shines on from man to man,
Whether in purples or in skins array'd,
He wields the sceptre, or he plies the spade,
Slaves on the Ganges, triumphs on the Rhone,
Hides in a cell, or beams upon a throne.

In vain the men whose soul ambition fires,
Whom birth ennobles, and whom wealth inspires,
Insist that happiness for courts was made,
And laughs at every genius of the shade.
As much mistakes the sage, who fain would prove
Fair pleasure lives but in his grot and grove.
Each scene of life, or open or confin'd,
Alike congenial to its kindred mind.
Alike ordain'd by heav'n to charm or please
The man of spirit and the man of ease;
Just as our taste is better or is worse,
Becomes a blessing, or becomes a curse.
When lust and envy share the soul by turns,
When fear unnerves her, or mad vengeance burns;

When luxury brutes her in the wanton bow'r,
And guilt's black phantoms haunt her midnight
hour;

Not all the wealth each warmer sun provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,
Not all the pomps that round proud greatness shine.
When suppliant nations bow before her shrine,
Can ease the heart, or ray upon the breast
Content's full sunshine, and the calm of rest.

No—all the bliss that nature feels, or knows,
Of heartfelt rapture, or of cool repose,
Howe'er improv'd by wisdom, and by art,
Lives in ourselves, and beams but from the heart.
Quite independent of those alien things,
Applauding senates, and the smiles of kings,
Of empty purses, or of wealthy bags,
A robe of ermines, or a coat in rags,

Conclude we then that Heav'n's supreme decree
Gives ease and joy to monarchs and to me:
Yet, such the fate of all that man obtains,
Our pleasures must be purchas'd by our pains,
And cost us every hour some small expence,
A little labour, and a little sense.

That heav'n-born bliss, that soul-illumined joy,
Which madmen squander, and which fools de-
stroy,

To half the nations of the globe unknown,
Reflecting wisdom makes it all her own;
Coolly explores, in every scene and sphere,
What nature wants, what life inherits there;

What lenient arts can teach the soul to know
A purer rapture, and a softer woe;
What melt her idle vanities away,
And make to-morrow happier than to-day.
Without this cheap, this economic art,
This cool philosophy of head and heart,
A peer's proud bosom, rack'd by pangs and cares,
Feels not the splendor of the star he wears:

With it the wretch whom want has forc'd to dwell
In the last corner of her cheerless cell,
In spite of hunger, labour, cold, disease,
Lies, laughs, and slumbers on the couch of ease.

A coxcomb once in Handel's parlour found
A Grecian lyre, and try'd to make it sound;
O'er the fine stops his awkward fist he flings,
And rudely presses on th' elastic strings:
Awaken'd discord shrieks, and scolds, and raves,
Wild as the dissonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight bawls,
Harsh as ten chariots rolling round St. Paul's,
And hoarser far than all th' ecstatic race
Whose drunken orgies flunn'd the wilds of Thrace.

Friend! quoth the sage, that fine machine con-
tains

Exacter numbers, and diviner strains;
Strains such as once could build the Theban wall,
And stop the mountain torrent in its fall:
But yet, to wake them, rouse them, and inspire,
Asks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling soul, whose all expressive pow'rs
Can copy nature as she sinks or soars;
And, just alike to passion, time, and place,
Refine correctness into ease and grace.
He said—and, flying o'er each quiv'ring wire,
Spread his light hand, and swept it on the lyre.

Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The sound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal woods:
The lifting passions hear, and sink, and rise,
As the rich harmony or swells or dies;
The pulse of avarice forgets to move,
A purer rapture fills the breast of love;
Devotion lifts to heav'n a holier eye,
And bleeding pity heaves a softer sigh:
Life has its ease, amusement, joy, and fire,
Hid in itself, as music in the lyre;
And, like the lyre, with all its pow'rs impart,
When touch'd and manag'd by the hand of art:
But half mankind, like Handel's fool, destroy,
Through rage and ignorance, the strain of joy;
Irregularly will their passions roll
Through nature's finest instrument, the soul:
While men of sense, with Handel's happier skill,
Correct the taste, and harmonize the will:
Teach their affections like his notes to flow,
Not rais'd too high, nor ever sunk too low;
Till every virtue, measur'd and refin'd,
As fits the concert of the master-mind,
Melts in its kindred sounds, and pours along
Th' according music of the moral song.

PRUSSIA: A POEM.

AWAKE, Voltaire! with warmth, with rapture
raise

Th' applauding pean, and the song of praise:
Again thy Fred'ric mounts the victor's car,
Again he thunders in the front of war;
Back to the desert flies the routed Gaul,
And proud Vienna shakes from wall to wall.

He hears me not—thy genius, France! pre-
vails,

The poet feels but for his own Versailles;
With secret curses eyes the hero's sword,
And hates that virtue which he once ador'd.

And shall a king whose triumphs far exceed
The boasted glories of the Greek and Swede;
Who more than Cæsar, with a brighter ray
Ascends, and shines imperial Rome away—
Shall he through ages spread his mighty name
Without a verse to wait upon his fame?

Has Britain lost her spirit, soul, and fire?
Has she no patriot who dare touch the lyre?

Yes——while I live, thy virtues, prince! shall be
For ever sacred to the muse, and me.

What though I herd but with the vulgar throng,
The last, the lowest of the sons of song,

Thy bold exploits shall give my soul to glow,
My pulse to kindle, and my vein to flow;
Exalt my spirit, animate my line,
And lend my numbers all the strength of thine.

Now had pale fury drove her iron car
From fields of slaughter, and from wastes of war;
Returning peace led on the vernal year,
Sheath'd the keen sword, and broke the lifted spear,
Wide o'er the world her olive branch display'd,
And call'd the nations to its hallow'd shade.
And now the arts, inflam'd with gen'rous strife,
Rose in the softness of domestic life;

Exulting labour tam'd the stubborn plain,
The fail of commerce took up all the main,
With bolder wings th' immortal Muses flew,
And science trimm'd her faded wreath anew.

Ambition sigh'd—for now she heard no more
The war's loud thunder break from shore to shore;

No more beheld proud monarchs, meanly vain,
Rank'd in her files, or number'd in her train;
Loft to the glare of life, she lay unblest
In the lone cell of solitary rest,
Where spleen's pale visions round her slumbers
throw

Eternal sadness, and a pomp of woe.
In vain kind nature pours upon her eye
A softer sunshine, and a richer sky,
Spreads the wild forest, heaves the cloud-topped hill,
Waves in the wood, and flows along the rill:
Woods, wilds, and waters, to her sense decay,
The warblers languish on the vocal spray;
Unclouded suns in heav'n's clear azure fade,
And night's black horrors wear a deeper shade.

At length arous'd she feels her wonted flame,
Revives, and opens to the voice of fame:
See sees new triumphs rising to her view,
And wing'd by rapture, to Vienna flew.

'Twas night—lull'd softly by the western breeze,
Fair Austria slumber'd on the couch of ease:
When as of old the first infernal pow'r
Sole on the sweets of Eden's nuptial bow'r,
And skill'd alike to flatter and deceive,
Crept in a reptile to the ear of Eve
So now ambition, with a nobler mien,
Approach'd, and whisper'd thus the sleeping queen.

"Canst thou, O princess! thou, whose glory
springs

From heav'n-born heroes, and a race of kings,
Resign'd, and cool, to yonder Prussian yield
Silesia's sceptre, and her fruitful field?
Rife to thy wrongs, assert thy injur'd reign,
And bid the sword of vengeance rage again;
Tear from his hand the empire he hath won,
This moment crush him, or thou art undone.
Secret and strong, beneath his native fires,
The haughty genius of his soul aspires;
His realms enlarge, his sails begin to fly
O'er ev'ry ocean of the polar sky.
Rich harvests rife upon his barren waste,
His crowded cities are the seats of taste;
Another year's autumnal fun shall see
His broad dominions stretch from sea to sea;
Perhaps shall see him on th' imperial throne,
Europe enslav'd, and half the world his own."

Thus spoke the fiend, and, with delusive art,
Breath'd her black spirit through Teresa's heart:
Rapt into future scenes the minds no more
The faith she plighted, and the oath she swore;
Strong, and more strong, the vision lives imprest,
Conquest's dread genius takes up all her breast,
Paints on her soul, in luxury of thought,
Th' ideal glories of a war unfought,
The laurel wreath, the military show,
The car of triumph, and the captive foe.
And now the queen, unfeeling, false, and vain,
Plans the wide ruin of a bold campaign;

Through all the north with all her spirit raves,
And wakes the nations in their huts, and caves;
With wild barbarians crowds her wanton war,
The savage Croat, and the fierce hussar;
Fires the proud Saxon's sanguinary vein,
And rouses all the demon of the Seine;
Leagues kings with kings, fills Europe with alarms,
Shakes heav'n and earth, and sets the world in arms.

O curst ambition! to each vice allied,
Begot by mischief in the womb of pride,
What ills, dread fury! from thy genius flow!
What awful scenes of unimagined woe!
Before thy footsteps, wrapp'd in flames of fire,
Sinks the tall column, and majestic spire.
Close at thy side her sword fell slaughter waves,
'Midst bleeding piles, and ever-op'ning graves;
The plague behind thee, with her tainted breath,
Sweeps through the nations on the wing of death;
Neglected genius in his cell expires,
To other worlds fair liberty retires;
The patriot muse forgets her voice divine,
Religion leaves her violated shrine;
And ev'ry meek ey'd virtue pines and mourns,
'Midst falling temples, and sepulchral urns.

The Prussian saw at one keen glance from far

The gathering tempest, and impending war:
He saw, and instant bids his armies form,
Heads the bold march, and bears upon the storm,
In vain the forest big with death extends,
The rampant thunders, and the flood descends;
In vain the foe each open field declines,
Hides in the trench, or lurks within his lines;
He storms the rampart, fords the rapid flood,
Leaps the broad trench, and clears th' enambush'd
wood;

Now presses on, now reins his dread career,
Pours on the van, or steals upon the rear;
Marks ev'ry crisis, shines in ev'ry scene,
And is at once a Marlbro', and Eugene.
At length, in all the pomp of war, advance
Th' imperial eagles with the arms of France;
A mighty host, whose awful files contain
The vet'ran warriors of the Marne and Maine.
And will he yet, when nations round him close,
And his thin ranks scarce number half his foes;
Will he, ye heav'ns! th' unequal conflict try,
And brave his fate when glory bids him fly?
Ah! aught avails it that immortal fame
Fill'd her fond clarion with her Fred'ric's name?
Avails it aught that justice learn'd to awe
Misguided nature from his code of law?
That warm'd, and foster'd by his genial eye,
Transplanted science own'd the polar sky?
That Greece and taste upon the Baltic smil'd,
And new Lyceums open'd in the wild?
Alas! one moment—the bright scene is o'er—
He falls—he dies—and Prussia is no more.
Yet shall not France, in this her blissful hour,
Her dream of empire, and her pride of pow'r,
An easy, cheap, unbleeding conquest know,
Or rear her trophies o'er a flying foe:
For now the monarch, ere he gives the sign,
Serenely dreadful moves along the line;

The legions, far as each keen glance can fly,
Mark his firm step, and hang upon his eye;
That eye whose lightning terror round him flings;
That step which seems to tread on thrones, and
kings.

At every look through all th' embattled van
The pulse of glory beats from man to man:
The soldier kindling at his prince aspires,
Swells with his hopes, and burns with all his fires;
Yet, 'midst his ardours, owns a softer flame,
And feels for Fred'ric while he feels for fame.

And now the sun, whose orb shall set in blood,
Faints on the umbrage of the western wood;
The distant hills in each horizon fade,
And night comes on in all her gloom and shade:
And now the trumpet's animating sound
Peals on the ear, and shakes the field around.
When, as the whirlwind tears its rapid way,
Roots up the rock, and sweeps the plain away;
Fierce on his foe th' intrepid Prussian springs,
Drives through his van, and breaks into his wings;
Wraps his whole war in one tremendous fire,
And sees the prowess of his host expire.
Th' imperial chiefs no more the shock sustain,
Their fainting battle bleeds in ev'ry vein;
France flies impetuous on the wings of fear,
And hungry slaughter feeds upon his rear.

Yet, stay thee, prince! all-conqueror as thou
art,

Indulge the milder virtues of thy heart;
Restrain fierce vengeance in her rage of ire,
And let us love the monarch we admire.
All that on earth proud conquest gives to shine,
All the dread glories of the sword are thine:
The victor-wreath applauding states decree,
The sacred poem only swells for thee.
Another toil remains ere yet thy name
Bears the full splendor of unclouded fame.
Enjoy that nobler fame—bid discord cease,
And lay pale Europe in the lap of peace:
Then shall the muse, who now thy triumph sings
O'er routed nations, and repenting kings,
With rapture wait thee to thy sylvan bow'r,
And watch the glories of thy softer hour,
When Rome's fine arts beneath thy shield shall
win

A fairer laurel in thy own Berlin;
There fix the school of beauty, and adorn
Worlds unexplor'd, and empires yet unborn.

NOBILITY,

A MORAL ESSAY.

Spoken at the Visitation of Tunbridge-School, 1752.

'Tis said that ere fair virtue learn'd to sigh,
The crest to libel, and the star to lie,
The poet glow'd with all his sacred fire,
And bade each virtue live along the lyre;
Led humble science to the blest abode,
And rais'd the hero till he shone a god.

Our modern bards, by some unhappy fate,
Condemn'd to flatter ev'ry fool of state,
Have oft, regardless of their heav'n-born flame,
Enthron'd proud greatness in the shrine of fame;

5

Bestow'd on vice the wreaths that virtue wove,
And paid to Nero what was due to Jove.

Yet hear, ye great! whom birth and titles
crown

With alien worth, and glories not your own;
Hear me affirm, that all the vain can show,
All Antis boasts of, and all kings bestow,
All envy wishes, all ambition hails,
All that supports St. James's and Versailles,
Can never give distinction to a knave,
Or make a lord whom vice has made a slave.

In elder times, ere heralds yet enroll'd
The bleeding ruby in a field of gold,
Or infant language pain'd the tender ear
With fess, bend, argent, chev'ron, and saltier;
'Twas he alone the bay's bright verdure wore,
Whose strength subdu'd the lion or the boar;
Whose art from rocks could call the mellowing
grain,

And give the vine to laugh along the plain;
Or, tracing nature to her moral plan,
Explor'd the savage till he found the man.
For him the rustic hind, and village maid,
Stripp'd the gay spring of half its bloom and shade;
With annual dances grac'd the daisy-mead,
And sung his triumphs on the oaten reed;
Or, fond to think him sprung from yonder sky,
Rear'd the turf fane, and bade the victim die.

In Turkey, sacred as the Koran's page,
These simple manners live through ev'ry age:
The humblest swain, if virtue warms the man,
May rise the genius of the grave Divan;
And all but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their fires, and mingle with the crowd.

For three campaigns Caprouli's hand display'd
The Turkish crescent on thy walls, Belgrade!
Imperial Egypt own'd him for her lord,
And Austria trembled if he touch'd the sword:
Yet all his glories set within his grave,
One son a Janissary, one a slave.
Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's glories, bid his pomps descend;
With strange good-nature give his worthless son
The very laurels that his virtue won;
And with the same appellatives adorn
A living hero, and a lot unborn.

Hence, without blushing (say whate'er we
can)

We more regard th' escutcheon than the man;
Yet, true to nature and her instincts, prize
The hound or spaniel as his talent lies:
Careless from what paternal blood he rose,
We value Bowman only for his nose.

Say, should you see a generous steed outfly
The swiftest zephyr of th' autumnal sky,
Wou'd you at once his ardent wishes kill,
Give him the dogs, or chain him to a mill,
Because his humbler fathers, grave, and slow,
Clean'd half the jakes of Houndsditch or Soho?

In spite of all that in his grandfire shone,
An horse's worth is, like a king's, his own.
If in the race, when length'ning shouts inspire
His bold compeers, and set their hearts on fire,
He seems regardless of th' exulting sound,
And scarcely drags his legs along the ground;

What will't avail, that sprung from heav'nly seed,
His great forefathers swept th' Arabian mead;
Or, dress'd in half an empire's purple, bore
The weight of Xerxes on the Caspian shore?

I grant, my lord! your ancestors outshone
All that e'er grac'd the Ganges, or the Rhone;
Born to protect, to rouse those godlike fires
That genius kindles, or fair fame inspires;
O'er humble life to spread indulgent ease,
To give the veins to flow without disease;
From proud oppression injur'd worth to screen,
And shake alike the senate and the scene.

And see, to save them from the wrecks of age,
Exulting science fills her every page,
Fame grasps her trumpet, the epic muse attends,
The lyre re-echoes, and the song ascends,
The sculptor's chissel with the pencil vies,
Rocks leap, and animated marbles rise:
All arts, all pow'rs, the virtuous chiefs adorn,
And spread their pomps to ages yet unborn.

All this we own—but if, amidst the shine,
Th' enormous blaze that beams along the line,
Some scoundrel peer, regardless of his fires,
Pursues each folly, and each vice admires;
Shall we enrol his prostituted name
In honour's zenith, and the lists of fame?

Exalted titles, like a beacon, rise
To tell the wretched where protection lies.
He then who hears unmov'd affliction's cry,
His birth's a phantom, and his name's a lie.

The Egyptians thus on Cairo's sacred plain,
Saw half their marbles move into a fane;
The glorious work unnumber'd artists ply,
Now turn the dome, now lift it to the sky:
But when they enter'd the sublime abode,
They found a serpent where they hop'd a god.

Ansis observes, that when a thousand years
Roll through a race of princes, or of peers,
Obliging virtue sheds her every beam
From son to son, and waits upon the stream.
Yet say, ye great! who boast another's fears,
And think your lineage ends but in the stars,
What is this boon of Heav'n? dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will;
Dare ye affirm that no exotic blood
Has stain'd your glories ever since the flood?
Might not some brawny slave, from Afric fled,
Stamp his base image in the nuptial bed?
Might not, in pagan days, your mothers prove
The fire of Phœbus, and the strength of Jove?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Love, and clope, as modern ladies do?

But grant that all your gentle grandames shone
Clear, and unfullied as the noon-day sun;
Though nature form'd them of her chastest
mold,

Say, was their birth illustrious as their gold?
Full many a lord, we know, has chose to range
Among the wealthy beauties of the 'Change;
Or sigh'd, still humbler, to the midnight gale
For some fair peasant of th' Arcadian vale.
Then blame us not, if backward to adore
A name polluted by a slave or whore;
Since spite of patents, and of king's decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment trees,

Some alien stain may darken all the line,
And Norfolk's blood descend as mean as mine.
You boast, my Lord! a race with laurels crown'd,
By senates honour'd, and in war renown'd;
Show then the martial soul to danger bred,
When Poitiers thunder'd, and when Cressy bled;
Show us those deeds, those heav'n-directed fires,
That ages past, saw beaming on your fires;
That freeborn pride no tyrant durst enslave,
That godlike zeal that only liv'd to save.

Dare you, though faction bawl through all her
tribe,

Though monarchs threaten, and though statesmen
bribe,

Feel for mankind, and gallantly approve
All virtue teaches, and all angels love?
Know you the tear that flows o'er worth distress'd,
The joy that rises when a people's blest?
Then, if you please, immortalize your line,
With all that's great, heroic, and divine;
Explore with curious eye th' historic page,
The rolls of fame, the monuments of age;
Adopt each chief immortal Homer sings,
All Greece's heroes, and all Asia's kings:
If earth's too scanty, search the blest abode,
And make your first progenitor a god:
We grant your claim, whate'er you wish to prove,
The son of Priam, or the son of Jove.

Statesmen and patriots thus to glory rise,
The self-born sun that gilds them never dies:
While he ennobled by those gewgaw things,
The pride of patents, and the breath of kings,
Glares the pale meteor of a little hour,
Fed by court sunshine, and poetic show'r;
Then sinks at once, unpitied, and unblest,
A nation's scandal, and a nation's jest.

Nobility had something in her blood,
When to be great was only to be good:
Sublime she sat in virtue's sacred fane,
With all the sister graces in her train.
She still exists, 'tis true, in Grosvenor-Square,
And leads a life, a kind of—as it were —
And see! self-shelter'd from the world's alarms;
The dying goddess sleeps in Fortune's arms;
Fond luxury attends her soft retreats,
The modest Frazz warbles while she eats;
Arabia's sweets distil at ev'ry pore,
Her flatt'ers soothe her, and her slaves adore;
Indulg'd by all our senates to forget,
Those worst of plagues, a promise and a debt.

Not but there are, amidst the titled crew,
Unknown to all but Collins, and the stew,
Men who improve their heav'n-descended fires,
Rise on their blood, and beam upon their fires;
Men who, like diamonds from Golconda's mine,
Call from themselves the ray that makes them
shine.

Pleas'd let me view a Cecil's foul array'd
With all that Plato gather'd in the shade;
Reflect how nobly Radnor can descend
To lose his title in the name of friend;
At Dorset look, and bid Hibernia own
Her viceroy form'd to sit upon a throne;
Admire how innocence can lend to truth
Each grace of virtue, and each charm of youth;

And then enraptur'd bend the suppliant knee
To Heav'n's high throne, O Rockingham! for thee.

Let then vain fools their proud escutcheons
view,

Allied to half the Yncas of Peru;
With every vice those lineal glories stain
That rose in Pharamond, or Charlemagne:
But ye, dear youths! whom chance or genius calls
To court pale wisdom in these hallow'd walls,
Scorn ye to hang upon a blasted name
Another's virtue, and another's fame:
In two short precepts all your business lies—
Would you be great?—Be virtuous and be wise.

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

A TALE.

In elder time when men were chaste,
And women had not got a taste,
It was ordain'd, to ease their cares,
The sexes should be link'd in pairs,
And pass the various scenes of life,
Known by the names of man and wife.

To aid this scheme, so just and wise,
The male had vigour, strength, and size:
Undaunted, active, bold, and brave,
And fearless of wind or wave,
He scal'd the cliff's enormous steep,
He plung'd into the pathless deep,
And dar'd in open war engage
The lion's sanguinary rage.

Woman, as form'd to charm, and please,
Had more of elegance and ease,
A finer shape, a softer mien,
A heart more gentle and serene.
Her smile was sunshine—in her face
Sat sweetness on the throne of grace:
The accents melted from her tongue
In all the harmony of song;
And every glance that left her eye
Was milder than a vernal sky.

As nature now had done her best,
She left to accident the rest,
To accident!—you cry—Why, yes.
Yet think not that the acts by guests.
Events may baffle man's endeavour,
But nature is extremely clever,
And works with so exact a care,
She ne'er miscarries in a hair.
For now, when on a festal day
The sexes met, alert and gay,
And, in their pastimes, sports, and dances,
Had interchang'd some tender glances,
Th' impassion'd heart began to own
A set of instincts yet unknown;
To throb with momentary fires,
And melt away in young desires.
In short, the men began to bow,
To sooth, to ogle, whine, and vow;
To haunt the solitary shade,
And whisper to the village maid.
The village maid, who knew not yet
The breeding of a fly-coquette;
And could not, with an artful sigh,
Like modern ladies, smile, and lie;

Indulgent heard her lover's flame,
Frankly confess'd she felt the same,
And ere the rosy-finger'd morn
Dried up the pearls upon the thorn,
Went with him, 'midst her virgin train,
In flow'gets drest, to Hymen's fane.

This mild divinity, so sung
By half the poets old and young,
The patron of connubial truth,
Was now in all the bloom of youth.
Roses fresh gather'd from the bush,
Sweet emblems of the female blush,
Wove in a wreath supremely fair,
Sat graceful on his auburn hair:
One hand sustain'd a torch on fire,
Significant of soft desire;
The other held in mystic show
A broider'd veil of saffron hue:
Majestic flow'd his azure vest,
And rubies bled upon his breast.

The meek-ey'd god an age or so
Succeeded, and had much to do;
In crowds his eager vot'ries came,
His altars never ceas'd to flame:
Besides an off'ring, frank and free,
First paid him as the marriage fee,
Some pretty toys of shells and corals,
With sprigs of ever-blooming laurels,
And bowls of consecrated wine,
Were yearly plac'd upon his shrine,
The gifts of many a grateful pair
Made happy by his guardian care.

It chanc'd three demons, fiends, or witches,
Ambition, Vanity, and Riches,
Walk'd out one evening bright and fair,
To breathe a little country air;
And, as old Nick would have it, found
This soul-enchanting spot of ground,
Where happy husbands, happy wives,
Enjoy'd the most delicious lives;
And resolv'd to buy, or hire,
A vacant cottage of the 'quire.

They came, they settled; sooth'd, carest,
Politely treated every guest,
And, with a world of pains and labours,
Lectur'd their simple-minded neighbours.
"My worthy friends!" says Wealth, "behold
The splendour of almighty gold!
These guineas here, these brilliant things,
Which bear the images of kings,
Within their little orbs contain
Fair pleasure's ever-smiling train,
And can to ev'ry swain dispense
Wit, spirit, virtue, taste, and sense.
Who but a fool would wed a Phillis,
Whose only portion is her lilies?
For ever doom'd, in life's low shade,
To ply the mercenary spade,
Till some disease, whose nature such is
To set us on a pair of crutches,
Force you to plunder, beg, or steal
From charity an humble meal;
And send your age, for want of vittle,
To a poor alms-house, or the 'spittle.
Be wise, and, when you mean to wed,
Scorn the fair forms of white and red;

And court the nymph whose genial charms,
 Rich as the fruits upon her farms,
 Will pour upon your daily toil
 Abundant floods of wine and oil."
 He said—Ambition then began
 About the dignity of man;
 He rallied all their groves and springs,
 And finely talk'd of queens and kings:
 It was, he thought, a want of grace
 To mingle with the vulgar race;
 For souls made up of heav'nly fire
 Are form'd by nature to aspire.
 He told them that a well born wife
 Ennobled every joy of life,
 Without a parent gave her dear
 Th' importance of a British peer;
 Perhaps might to a prince ally him,
 And make him cousin to old Priam.

While thus the fiends, with wily art,
 Adroitly stole upon the heart,
 And with their complaisance and tales,
 Had ruin'd more than half the males,
 Gay Vanity, with smiles and kisses,
 Was busy 'mongst the maids and misses.
 "My dears!" says she, "those pretty faces
 Speak you the sisters of the Graces:
 Immortal Venus would be vain
 To have you in her court and train.
 But sure, methinks, it something odd is,
 That beauties who can match a goddess
 Should give their more than mortal charms
 To a dull rustic's joyless arms,
 A mere unanimated clod,
 As much a lover as a god.
 O let those eyes, which far outshine
 The brightest sapphires of the mine,
 Their precious orbs no longer roll
 On fellows without wealth or soul:
 But fly, my charmers! fly the wretches,
 Dame nature's first mishapen sketches,
 Fly to the world where lords and 'quires
 Are warm'd with more ethereal fires:
 Where pleasure each gay moment wings,
 Where the divine Mingotti sings:
 So shall each all-commanding fair
 Have her two pages and a chair,
 Fine Indian tiffues, Mechlin laces,
 Rich essences in China vases,
 And rise on life's exalted scene
 With all the splendour of a queen."

She spoke, and in a trice possess'd
 The empire of the female breast:
 And now the visionary maids
 Disdain'd their shepherds and their shades;
 In every dream with rapture saw
 Three footmen and a gilt landau;
 Assum'd a fine majestic air,
 And learnt to ogle, swim, and stare.
 No longer beam'd the modest eye,
 No longer heav'd the melting sigh.
 Neglected love, whose blunted dart
 Scarce once a-year could wound a heart,
 Hung up his quiver on a yew,
 And, sighing, from the world withdrew.

However, as the wheel of life
 Subsisted still in man and wife,

Th' aforesaid fiends, for reasons good,
 Coupled the sexes as they could.
 For instance—Women made for thrones
 Were match'd with idiots, fots, and drones;
 And wits were every day disgrac'd
 By honeys without sense or taste;
 Gay libertines of sixty-five,
 With scarce a single limb alive,
 Had young coquettes just in their teens,
 As wanton as Circaffia's queens;
 And youths, whose years were scarce a score,
 Were pair'd with nymphs of sixty-four.
 Matters, in short, were so contriv'd,
 The men were most divinely wiv'd,
 The women too, to grace their houses,
 Were blest with most accomplish'd spouses.

In two short months, perhaps in one,
 Both sexes found themselves undone,
 And came in crowds, with each an halter,
 To hang poor Hymen on his altar.
 The god, though arm'd but with his torch,
 Intrepid met them in the porch;
 And, while they hector, brawl, and bully,
 Harangu'd them with the ease of Tully.

"Good folks!" says he, it gives me pain
 To hear you murmur and complain,
 When every barber in the town
 Knows that the fault is all your own.
 Seduc'd by show, misled by wealth,
 Regardless of your peace, and health,
 Panting for feathers, whims, and fashions,
 You left plain nature's genuine passions,
 And gave up all your real joys,
 As Indians sell their gold for toys.
 You, madam! who was pleas'd to fix
 Your wishes on a coach and fix,
 Obtain'd your end, and now you find
 Your husband ought to ride behind:
 You might have had, without offence,
 A man of spirit, soul, and sense,
 Wou'd you have stoop'd to take the air
 In a plain chariot and a pair.
 You too, my venerable sage!
 Had you reflected on your age,
 Wou'd scarce have took, to be undone,
 A sprightly girl of twenty-one.
 Your ladyship disdain'd to hear
 Of any husband but a peer;
 Was pleas'd your angel-form to barter
 For a blue ribbon and a garter:
 And now, magnificently great,
 You feel the wretchedness of state;
 Neglected, injur'd, spurn'd, and poor,
 The victim of an opera whore.
 Your neighbour there, the wealthy cit,
 Like you is miserably bit:
 Too proud to drag the nuptial chain
 With the grave nymphs of Foster-lane,
 He married, such his fatal aim was,
 A lady Charlotte, from St. James's;
 And now supports, by scores, and dozens,
 His very honourable cousins,
 And entertains, with wine and cards,
 Half the gay colonels of the guards.
 Away, ye triflers! bear, endure
 Afflictions which ye cannot cure;

At least with decency conceal
The pangs your follies make you feel,
In hopes that some obliging fever
Will ease you of your dears for ever.

The crowd dismiss'd—the God began
To muse upon a better plan
He saw that things grew worse and worse,
That marriage was become a curse;
And therefore thought it just and wise
To rectify this fatal bias;
And in a tasteless world excite
Due reverence for his holy rite.
Full of his scheme he went one day
To a lone cottage in a shaw,
Where dwelt a nymph of strong and shrewd sense,
Known by the name of Gimmer Prudence,
Whom Hymen, with a bow and bus,
Address'd most eloquently thus:

“Goody! I’ve order’d Love to go
This evening to the world below;
He travels in a coach and sparrows,
With a new set of bows and arrows;
But yet the rogue’s so much a child,
So very whimsical, and wild,
His head has such strange fancies in it,
I cannot trust him half a minute.
Were I to let the little wanton
Rove as he lists through every canton,
Without a check, without a rein,
The world would be undone again—
We soon shou’d see the lawns and groves
Quite fill’d with zephyrs, sighs, and doves,
With am’rous ditties, fairy dances,
Such as we read of in romances;
Where princes haunt the lonely rocks,
And duchesses are feeding flocks;
Go then, my venerable dame,
And qualify his idle flame;
Instruct those hearts his arrows hit,
To pause, and have a little wit;
Bid them reflect, amidst their heat,
‘Tis necessary Love should eat;
That in his most ecstatic billing
He possibly may want a shilling.
Persuade them, ere they first engage
To study temper, rank, and age,
To march beneath my holy banners,
Congenial in their tastes and manners,
Completing just as Heaven design’d,
An union both of sex and mind.”

He said—he press’d—the matron maid,
Benevolent of heart, obey’d;
Forsook her solitary groves,
And, waiting in the train of Love,
Watch’d with the sober eye of truth
The workings of misguided youth;
And when the heart began to sigh,
To melt, to heave, to bleed, to die,
She whisper’d many a wise remark,
With all the dignity of Clark—
She hop’d the ladies, in their choice,
Would listen to her awful voice;
She begg’d the men, while yet their lives
Were free from fevers, plagues, and wives,

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Ere yet the chariot was bespoken,
To pause before they took the yoke.
In short, when Cupid’s lucky darts
Had pierc’d a pair of kindred hearts,
And Goody Prudence lik’d the houses,
Estates, and minds, of both the spouses,
And found, exact to form and law,
The settlement without a flaw,
She frankly gave them leave to wed,
And sanctified the nuptial bed.

Th’ event was such, the God became
Successful in his trade, and fame;
For both the parties, on their marriage,
Improv’d in temper, sense, and carriage;
Fair friendship ray’d on either breast,
The sunshine of content and rest,
Studious each other’s will to please,
And blest’d with affluence and ease,
Without vexation, words or strife,
They calmly walk’d the road of life;
And, happy in their fondest joys,
Left a fine group of girls and boys,
Reflecting, lively, cool, and sage,
To shine upon a future age.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN ENJOYMENTS:

AN ETHIC EPISTLE.

To the Right Honourable George Lyttelton, Esq. afterwards Lord Lyttelton, one of the Lords of his Majesty’s Treasury, 1749.

I GRANT it, Lyttelton! that ease, or joy,
Forms ev’ry wish that glows beneath the sky;
That when, ’mid nature’s elemental strife,
Th’ Almighty spoke the Chaos into life,
He meant that man, of ev’ry good posses’d,
Should, like his seraphs, live but to be blest.

Yet, spite of Heav’n, and Heav’n’s supreme
Decree, we fondly wander from bliss, and thee;
Tasteless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease;
Of feeling exquisite, alive all o’er,
With ev’ry passion wing’d at ev’ry pore;
To each soft breeze, or vigorous blast resign’d,
That sweeps the ocean of the human mind;
We slip our anchors, spread the impatient sail,
Ply all our oars, and drive before the gales.
Hence, as opinion wakes our hopes or fears,
As pride inspires, or as anger tears,
These on the wings of moonstruck madness fly,
To catch the meteors of ambition’s sky;
Those, in pale wisdom’s humbler garb array’d,
Court the soft genius of the myrtle shade;
While others, as the plastic atoms pour’d,
More brilliant visions on each killing hour,
From scepter’d life and all its pomps retire;
Or, like Phaeton, the world on fire, retire.

Oft the same man, in one revolving sun,
In all he aims at, all he longs to shun;
Each gay delusion shares his breast by turns,
With a’rice chills him, or with grandeur burns;
To-day the gilded shrines of honour move,
To-morrow yields his ev’ry pulse to love;

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Now mad for wisdom, now for wit and sport,
This hour at Oxford, and the next at court;
Then, all for purity, he bids adieu
To each loose goddess of the midnight flow,
Enraptur'd hangs o'er Sherlock's labour'd page,
Drinks all his sense, and glows with all his rage,
Till some enormous crimes, unknown before,
From Rome imported, or the Caspian shore,
Nurs'd by thy hand, great Heidegger attend,
And sink him to a Mohock, or a fiend;
In one short space thus wanton, sober, grave,
A friend to virtue, yet to vice a slave,
From wish to wish in life's mad vortex tost,
For ever struggling, yet for ever lost,
The fickle wand'rer lives in ev'ry scene,

A Clark, a Chartres, or an Arcetine,
There are, 'tis true, plebeian souls array'd
In one thick crust of apathy, and shade,
Whose dull servitors feel not once an age;
A spirit brighten, or a passion rage,
As the swift arrow skims the viewless wind,
No path indented, and no mark behind,
So these, without or infamy or praise,
Tread the dull circle of a length of days,
To some poor sepulchre in silence glide,
And scarcely tell us that they liv'd or died.

Peace to all such—but he whose warm desires
Or genius kindles, or ambition fires;
Who, like a comet, sweeps th' aerial void
Of wit and fame, too fine to be enjoy'd;
For him the muse shall wake her ev'ry art,
Exhibit truth, and open all the heart,
Display th' unnumber'd ills that hourly wait
The cells of wisdom, or the rooms of state;
Then, as o'er life's unfolding scenes we fly,
Bid all his wishes pass but for the sky,
Heroic glory in the martial scene,
From Rome's first Cæsar to the great Eugene,
Has long engross'd the poet's heav'n-born flame,
And pour'd her triumphs through the trump of fame:

She mounts the neighing steed, th' imperial car,
Grasps the pale spear, and rushes to the war;
Beneath her steps earth's trembling orb recedes,
A Posters thunders, and a Cressy bleeds;
The battle raves—around her sabre flow
Terrific pleasures, and a pomp of woe;
Pomps ever lost in peace, and but ador'd
When half a nation smokes upon her sword.

Fly then, ye Genii! from the tumult fly,
To all that opens in a rural sky;
There, as the vale, the grove, the zephyrs pour
Each purer rapture on the guiltless hour,
From ev'ry shrub content's soft foliage glean,
And rise the Platons of the vernal scene.

And is it so? Does science then possess
Alone the godlike privilege to bless?
Will fame her wreaths to moral wisdom yield,
And give the pen to blaze above the shield?
Say, does fair bliss delight in Maudlin's grove,
In Stanhope's villa, or in Young's alcove?
Designs she on Secker's modest page to shine?
Or beams the goddess, Lyttelton! on thine?

Ask at yon tomb, where Cudworth's mighty
name
Weeps o'er the ruins of his wit and fame;

Cudworth, whose spirit flew, with sails unfurl'd,
Through each vast empire of th' ideal world,
Pierc'd through the mystic shades o'er nature
thrown,

And made the soul's immensity his own,
Yet though his system wit and science fir'd,
Though Wilmot trembled, and though Hobbes
expir'd,
Mistaken zeal, mad bigotry conspire,
All Turner's dullness, and all Oxford's fire,
All envy's poisonous, all a nation's rage,
And all hell's imps to blast th' unfinish'd page.

Much-injur'd shade, to truth; to virtue dear,
Be calm, ye witlings! and, ye zealots, hear!
And, while this bright intelligence pervades
Th' ideal world, and rises o'er the shades,
His mines of wisdom, if you can explore,
Then shut the volume, and be vain no more.

Genius, and Taste, alas! too often prove
The worst of mischiefs to the wretch they love;
Born but to vex, to torture, to destroy;
Too wild for use, too exquisite for joy;
By some mysterious curse ordain'd to know
Each wit a rival, and each fool a foe,
For 'tis a crime too great to be forgiven,
A giant sin that bars the gate of heav'n,
If these meridian suns but dare to shine

In the same orb with Clobber's muse and mine,
Yet, spite of envy, science might be great,
Could science but allow her sons to eat;
Could he, whose name along the stream of time
Expanded flies, and lives in ev'ry clime,
Exalt his spirits with some nobler fare
Than the thin breezes of St. James's air.

Immortal Halley! thy unwearied soul
On wisdom's pinion flew from pole to pole,
Th' uncertain compass to its task restor'd,
Each ocean fathom'd, and each wind explor'd,
Commanded trade with ev'ry breeze to fly,
And gave to Britain half the Zemblan sky.

And see, he comes, distinguish'd, lov'd, caress'd,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breast;
His godlike labours wit and science fire,
All fashions court him, and all sects admire;
While Britain, with a gratitude unknown
To ev'ry age but Nero's and our own,
A gratitude that will for ever shame
The Spartan glory, and th' Athenian name—
Tell it, ye winds! that all the world may hear—
Blest his old age with—ninety pounds a year.

Are these our triumphs? these the sums we
give

To ripen genius, and to bid it live?
Can Britain in her fits of madness poor
One half her Indies on a Roman whore,
And still permit the weeping muse to tell
How poor neglected Desaguliers sell?
How he, who taught two gracious kings to
view

All Boyle ennobled, and all Bacon knew,
Died in a cell, without a friend to save,
Without a guinea, and without a grave?

Posterity, perhaps, may pay the debt
That senates cancel, and that courts forget:
Yet, ah! what boots it when our bards expire
That earth's last ages hang upon the lyre!

Can Middleton the dust of Tully raise?
Does Pompey listen in his urn to praise?
Tell me if Philip's son enjoy to-day
Th' applauding pean, or the loud huzzas
That shook pale Asia through her ev'ry shore
When Porus fell, and freedom was no more
Yet though content's fantastic image flies
From the bright mirrors of the learn'd and wise,
Perhaps the fair, too partial to the great,
Lives but amidst the luxuries of state:
Fond to instruct ambition how to please,
She joins the pomps of majesty with ease,
Forsores the cottage to adorn the court,
Alike at Rome, Vienna, or the Porte.

Tell me, O Visier! if th' imperial robe
That gives a slave to nod o'er half the globe,
Say, if yon crescent, by each Turk ador'd,
The plume's proud sable, and the hallow'd sword,
Expand the heart, the gleams of bliss refine,
And make the virtues of the basest shine?

Ill-fated wretch! to ev'ry storm a slave
That caprice wings, or madness bids to rave,
For ever jealous of a woman's power,
For ever trembling at the midnight hour,
Through life's wild eddies, toss'd by hope and fear,
Rais'd by a smile, and murder'd by a tear:
At length, each wish destroy'd, each vision fled,
The black seraglio steals upon his bed:
And he, whose glories mingled with the skies,
Adores the bowstring, licks the dust, and dies.

O! could a king in heav'n's bright pomps appear,
And make an angel as he makes a peer:
Could he command the heart to beam as far
As the soft radiance of the ducal star;
Forbidden one sad anxiety to glow,
One pang to torture, and one tear to flow:
Fly then on all the whirlwind's rapid wing,
To steal a title, or to bribe a string:
In the full blaze of glory be display'd,
And leave affliction to the vale and shade.
Yet, ere you go, ere proud ambition call,
Each yielding wish to Marli, or Whitehall,
O pause!—lest virtue ev'ry guard resign,
And the sad fate of Ripperda be thine.

This glorious wretch, indulg'd at once to move
A nation's wonder, and a monarch's love,
Blest with each charm politer courts admire,
The grace to soften, and the soul to fire,
Forsook his native bogs with proud disdain,
And, though a Dutchman, rose the pride of Spain.
This hour the pageant waves th' imperial rod,
All Philip's empire trembling at his nod;
The next disgrac'd he flies to Britain's isle,
And courts the sunshine of a Walpole's smile:
Unheard, despis'd, to southern climes he steers,
And thines again at Salle, and Algiers:
Bids pale Morocco all his schemes adore,
And pours her thunder on th' Hesperian shore:
All nature's ties, all virtue's creeds belied,
Each church abandon'd, and each God denied,
Without a friend, a sepulchre to shield
His carcase from the vultures of the field,
He dies, of all ambition's sons the worst,
By Afric hated, and by Europe curs'd.

"He earns his fate who will for phantoms toil,"
Exclaims the goddess of the mirr'ful smile
"From wild ambition, with her every care,
The scenes of grandeur, and the pomps of war
From all a court's proud pageantry advices
All science wishes, and all glory fires,
Fly to my arms, from fame, from anguish free,
And taste a luxury of bliss with me."
For me the genial spring, the vernal show'rs,
Wake the bright verdure, and the unfolding
flow'rs:

Arabia's sweets in all my moments fly,
The zephyr's plumage, and the wing of joy
Each richer viand than the air provides,
That earth unbofoms, or that ocean hides
All that can nature's finer organs move,
The pow'rs of music, and the folds of love,
To my keen senses are indulgent giv'n,
In one wild ecstacy of life and heav'n.

"Yet, yet, dear youth, the fair enchain'd
To yield a moment is to be undone,
All Etna's poisons mingle with her breath,
The seeds of sickness, and the gales of death,
She aims to ruin, lives but to beguile,
And all hell's horrors brood beneath her smile."

'Tis thus, my Lytleppa, that men pursue
Each varied mode of pleasure but the true
To ev'ry vice, each luxury a prey,
That murders bliss, and hurries life away:
Their headstrong passions after phantoms run,
And still mistake a meteor for a sun.

Yet hear, ye wand'ring hearts, while we impart
A light that sheds fair peace on ev'ry heart;
Which, Aristides beam'd on thy sick bed,
And made a Regulus mid tortures smile.

Virtue, immortal virtue, born to please,
The child of heaven, and the source of ease,
Bids ev'ry bliss on human life attend;
To ev'ry rank a kind, a faithful friend:
Inspires nature, 'mid the scenes of toil
Smooths languor's cheek, and bids fell want re-
Shines from the mitre with unsullied rays,
Glazes on the crest, and gives the star to blaze;
Supports distinction, spreads ambition's wings,
Forms saints of queens, and demigods of kings:
O'er grief, oppression, envy, scorn prevails,
And makes a cottage greater than Versailles.

WIT AND LEARNING.

AN ALLEGORY.

WHOEVER looks on life will see
How strangely mortals disagree:
This reproaches what that approves,
And Tom dislikes what Harry loves;
The soldier's witty on the sailor,
The barber drrolls upon the tailor;
And he who makes the nation's wills,
Laughs at the doctor and his pills.
Yet this antipathy we find
Not to the sons of earth confin'd;
Each school-boy sees, with half an eye,
The quarrels of the Pagan sky:
For all the poets fairly tell us,
That gods themselves are proud and jealous.

And will, like morrals, swear, and hector,
When mellow'd with a cup of nectar.

But waving these, and such like fancies,
We meet with in the Greek romances,
Say, shall the historic muse retail
A little allegoric tale?
Nor stole from Plato's mystic tome, nor
Translated from the verse of Homer,
But copied, in a modern age,
From nature: and her fairest page.

Olympian Jove, whose idle trade is
Employ'd too much among the ladies,
Though not of manners mighty chaste,
Was certainly a god of taste:
Would often to his feasts admit
A deity, whose name was Wit;
And, to amuse the more discerning,
Would ask the company of Learning.

Learning was born, as all agree,
Of Truth's half-sister, Memory;
A nymph who rounded in her shape was,
By that great artist Esculapius.

Euphrosine, the younger Grace,
Matchless in feature, mien, and face,
Who, like the beauties of these late days,
Was fond of operas and cantatas,
Would offer to a great desire,
To listen to Apollo's lyre;
And thence became, to Ovid writ,
A mother to the god of wit.

Wit was a strange unlucky child,
Exceeding shy, and very wild;
Too volatile for truth or law,
He minded but his top, or taw;
And, ere he reach'd the age of fix,
Had play'd a thousand waggish tricks. —
He dall'd a hole in Vulcan's kettles,
He strew'd Minerva's bed with nettles,
Climb'd up the solar car to ride in't,
Broke off a prong from Neptune's trident,
Stole Amphitrite's favourite sea-knot,And ur'd in Astrea's teapot.

Learning, a lad of sober mien,
And half a pedant at fifteen,
Had early thrown away his corals,
To study nature, and her morals;
Was always, let who would oppose it,
Fast by Minerva in her closet;
And while gay Wit, as black as soot all,
Was kicking up and down a foot-ball,
Learning, with philosophic eye,
Rang'd ev'ry corner of the sky;
Spent many a play-day to unriddle
The music of Apollo's fiddle;
And, if he ever chanc'd to meet
His uncle Merc'ry in the street,
Or on his flight, the audacious brat
Stopp'd him to ask of this or that:
As how the moon was evanescent,
Was now an orb, and now a crescent?
Why of the Graces each undrest was?
Why Pallas never wore a cestus?
Why Ceres reign'd o'er corn and fallads?
And why the Muses dealt in ballads?

With these discordant tastes and manners,
And list'd under different banners,

Learning and Wit, as says the fable,
Appear'd at Jove's imperial table,
And threw out all their force and fire,
Obedient to th' ethereal fire.

Wit, with his fly satiric vein,
Was always sure to entertain:
He rallied with a tongue as keen
As Rab'lais, or the Irish Dean;
And told his tale with such a grace,
With such an eye, and such a face,
As made the nectar flow each cup o'er,
And set the synoil in an uproar.

Learning had not the skill to hit:
The comic cast, and life of Wit:
With look morose, and awkward air,
He sat ungraceful in his chair;
With diffidence and blushes spoke,
And had no relish for a joke;
So that the little urchin Cupid,
Thought him insensible, and stupid;
And Hebe, though a well bred lady,
Would scarcely offer him his glass.

However, when the sprightly bowl
Had thaw'd the ice about his soul,
He then, with majesty, began
To talk of letters, and of man;
Correct, sententious, cool, severe,
He gain'd upon the attentive ear,
Charm'd all the gods, but Wit, and Comus,
And that abusive cynic, Momus.

In length of time, as oft the case is
In many sublimary places,
These demigods with jealous eye
Began to look a little shy;
And oft, to wound each other's breast,
Let off a keen sarcastic jest.
Learning, with many a stroke, would hit
The pert vivacity of Wit;
And Wit threw all his keenest satire
On Learning's slow, pedantic nature.

It happen'd once when Jove had made
A feast in Ida's holy shade,
And all the gods, whose heads could bear it,
Had emptied each a flask of claret;
Wit, who from his celestial liquor
Wagg'd his free tongue a little quicker,
Began, with many a bitter scoff,
To play his brother Learning off;
Ask'd him if yet his pains and care
Had learnt to make the circle square?
If all his visionary ravings
Cou'd weave brocade from walnut shavings?
If his mechanic skill cou'd catch
Perpetual motion in a watch?
Or forge a pendulum endued
With power to tell the longitude?

Learning had much ado to sit,
And hear the petulance of Wit:
A ghastly paleness spread his look,
His nerves with quick convulsions shook;
At length, in accents loud and high,
Vefusius flaming in his eye,
He burst — “And dar'st thou, wayward chit!
Thou ideot god of idiot wit!
Untaught as yet to know thy letters,
Affront, thou insolent: thy betters?

Here, puppy! with this penny get
A horn-book, or an alphabet;
And see if that licentious eye
Can tell a great A from an I?
Throw but another jest on me,
I'll lay thee, miscreant! on my knee,
And print such welks thy naked seat on,
As never truant felt at Eton.

Wit, with resentment raving wild,
Thus call'd an idiot and a child,
Without preambles, or excuses,
Seiz'd upon Mercury's caduceus,
And with such force the weapon throws,
It flatted half his rival's nose:

While he, Minerva's boast and care,
Pluck'd a large bodkin from her hair,
And aim'd the steely pointed dart
With such dexterity of art,
That, had not beauty's lovely queen,
Fair Venus, spread her fan between,
And taught the flying death to fix
Guiltless among the iv'ry sticks,
Wit's future triumphs had been o'er,
And Europe heard his name no more.

Jove, who had no supreme delight in
Domestic brawls, or civil fighting,
Since first he heard the nuptial tune flow
So sweetly from the tongue of Juno,
Vex'd that these two illiberal guests
Should dare to violate his feasts,
In a tremendous fit of choler,
Seiz'd both their worships by the collar,
And, minding not their meek submitting,
Kick'd them from Ida down to Britain.

Poor Learning had the luck to fall
Plump in the area of Clare-hall,
Just as old Wilcox, from a slope,
Was gazing through his telescope.
To find a comet, whose bright tail is
Eccentric from the time of Thales.
Pleas'd with this scientific look,
He sent him first to Sam the cook;
And having fill'd his empty belly
With mutton-broth and meagre jelly,
Gave him a robe of sleek prunella,
And very wisely made him fellow.

Wit, as his destiny decrees,
Dropp'd in the Court of Common-Pleas,
Upon a truss of briefs and bills,
And took the shape of Justice Willes:
But soon observing round the columns
Reports in half a thousand volumes;
And, finding all those earth worm souls
Who hold th' Exchequer, or the rolls,
He left the law, and all its drudges,
With curses, to my lords the judges.
Call'd for a coach, and went to dwell
At Robin Do-iley's in Pall-Mall.

'Twas right—for now where'er he came
He busied all the tongues of fame;
Was welcome to the festal board,
And had his footman, and his lord;
Would often visit in a chair
The noble Stanhope in May-fair;
Or dine, when business would permit,
With that great statesman William Pitt.

'Tis said too he was sometimes seen
On Garrick's visionary scene:
But Garrick, who prefers a guinea
To all the eloquence of Pliny,
Observing this unlucky railer
Was neither mechanist nor tailor;
That half the audience of the day
Came not to hear, but see a play:
That many a squire, and many a cit,
Were pleas'd with any thing but wit;
Shut out, with much indecent rage,
The genius of the comic stage,
And open'd his theatric inn
To Scaramouch, and Harlequin.

Learning would sometimes drop his gow,
And take a winter jaunt to town;
Often call'd in at Hich's shop,
And din'd at Dolly's on a chop;
On Thursday met the grave rector
Of spider merchants in Crane-court,
To rack a cockle, or to see
The nice dissection of a flea:
But having never chanc'd to wear
A bag-wig or a solitaire,
And dressing in a kersey, thicker
Than that which clothes a Cornish vicar,
He seldom had the luck to eat
In Berkley-square, or Grosvenor-street.

'Twas written in the book of fate,
These rivals should each other hate;
No wonder then that each proud imp was
As wayward here as on Olympus.
Wit look'd on Learning, as he grew great,
Just as a felon looks on Newgate:
While Learning, who could never hide
His haughty academic pride,
Had such a keen contempt for Wit,
He call'd him nothing but the chit:
And, if he met him at noon-day,
Would turn his face another way.

However, on some festal nights
By chance they both dropp'd in at White's,
With learned lords, and noble bards,
Who had no appetite for cards,
And could decide where'er they met
Momentous truths without a bet.
Wit with vivacity of tongue
First led th' admiring ear along;
His fancy active, wild, and free as
Conception when she breeds ideas,
Flew o'er each undiscover'd part
Of nature, and the worlds of art,
And brought with such a nice decorum
A group of images before him,
So genuine, yet so uncommon,
With such a glow of tints upon 'em,
That all was spirit, force, and sense,
Loose as the zone of negligence,
Simple as truth's fair handmaid nature,
And deadly as the sting of satire.
Dejected Learning sat oppress'd;
Around him flew the taunt and jest:
Whatever just remarks he made,
Or to demonstrate, or persuade,
Wit, by some fly malicious comment,
Took off, or routed in a moment.

However, when a pause appear'd,
And sober reason could be heard,
He then in all his thunder rises,
Strips off his rival's thin disguises;
Shows where his misconceiving sense
Led to a groundless consequence,
Mistook an error for a wonder,
A demonstration for a blunder,
Or, having a delusive scent got,
Affirm'd the very thing he meant not.

Yet, after all, since mirth and drinking
Are priz'd above sedater thinking,
Though Learning got a world of praise,
And added splendour to his bays,
Their lordships, frighten'd at th' expence
Of list'ning to exalted sense,
And deeming that the taint of knowledge
Would make the coffee-house a college,
Determin'd in a full committee,
That man's great end was to be witty:
And therefore order'd, every soul,
Wit should be enter'd on the roll,
And be allow'd, to raise his vein,
A weekly present of champagne;
That if proud Learning should presume
To set his foot within the room,
Arthur should show him to the door,
And bid the pedant come no more.

Learning thus kick'd from ev'ry palace,
And left a victim to the galls,
Began to see that skill in letters
Would ne'er advance him with his betters;
That though he led them through the dark
With all the lights of Locke and Clarke,
And made his heart, and head, and eyes ache
With reading nature, and Sir Isaac,
Yet all that wisdom could not be
Priz'd like a lively rapartee:
He, therefore, in a gloomy fit,
Resolv'd to set up for a wit;
But found, alas! howe'er he dress'd her,
That science was a wretched jester,
That though he jok'd from moon to moon,
He made a very dull buffoon;
For all his jocular narrations
Smelt of his algebra equations,
And came upon the tortur'd ear
Stiff as the periods of Dacier.
Wit, too, whose excellence and merit
Was mere vivacity of spirit,
Observing that your graver folk
Had little value for a joke,
Would needs, in nature's bold defiance,
Mount the tremendous chair of science;
And dar'd to argue pro and con
As gravely as the grave Sorbonne:
But wanting all that fine discerning
Which marks the character of Learning,
And all the elemental rules
Of erudition, and the schools,
The gay professor oft mistook
Alike his question and his book;
Dropp'd a conundrum out of season,
And jested when he ought to reason.

Thus on the world's wild billows tost,
And half their moments idly lost,

Tir'd of applause, and sick of strife,
They each resolv'd to take a wife.
Learning, who often went to see
Lady Anne Bentinck at her tea,
Met there a maid as fair as chaste,
In life's fool bloom, whose name was Taste.
'Twas then his heart began to move
With the first tender thro' of love,
And often heav'd, it knew not why,
With something softer than a sigh.
He gaz'd, he blush'd, he courted, prest,
And was at length completely blest:
For she, who had not learnt to doat
On folly in a scarlet coat,
To Learning's blissful arms resign'd
Her graceful form, and lovely mind.
Wit too, when past the fire of youth,
Was married to the vestal, Truth;
A nymph whose awful air and mien
Display'd the beauty, and the queen.

Tradition tells us, Hymen swore
That, till this bright auspicious hour,
There never in his holy house was
So fine a group of noble spouses;
For both the bridegrooms, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, sense, and carriage.
Learning, his charming wife to please,
Assum'd her elegance and ease
And Wit, to humour Truth, agreed
To pause, to doubt, reflect, and read.
In short, they led delicious lives,
Belov'd, and honour'd by their wives;
And, happy in their nuptial duties,
Each had a progeny of beauties,
Matchless in feature, form, and parts,
Distinguish'd by the name of Arts.

A FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLA- TION,

ON THE DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS,

Who lived only Two Days.

LET vulgar souls endure the body's chain,
Till life's dull current ebbs in ev'ry vein,
Dream out a tedious age, ere wide display'd,
Death's blackest pinion wraps them in the shade.

These happy infants, early taught to shun
All that the world admires beneath the sun,
Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
And fled impatient to their native sky.

Dear precious babes!—Alas! when, fondly
wild,

A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child,
When my charm'd eye a flood of joy express'd,
And all the father kindled in my breast,
A sudden paleness seiz'd each guiltless face,
And death, though smiling, crept o'er ev'ry grace.
Nature! be calm—heave not th' impassion'd
sigh,

Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
A few unspotted moments pass'd between
Their dawn of being, and their closing scene:
And sure no nobler blessing can be giv'n,
When one short anguish is the price of heav'n's

THE ANTIQUARIANS.

A TALE.

SOME Antiquarians, grave and loyal,
Incorporate by charter royal,
Last winter, on a Thursday night, were
Met in full senate at the Mitre.
The president, like Mr. Mayor,
Majestic took the elbow chair,
And gravely sat in due decorum
With a fine gilded mace before him.
Upon the table were display'd
A British knife without a blade,
A comb of Anglo-Saxon steel,
A patent with king Alfred's seal,
Two rusted mutilated prongs,
Suppos'd to be St. Dunstan's tongs,
With which he, as the story goes,
Once took the devil by the nose.

While they talk'd of ancient modes,
Of manuscripts and Gothic codes,
Of Roman altars, camps, and urns,
Of Caledonian shields, and churns:
Whether the druid slept or broke
The misletoe upon the oak?
If Hector's spear was made of ash?
Or Agamemnon wore a fash?
If Cleopatra dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a queue?

At length a Dean who understood
All that had pass'd before the flood,
Add could in half a minute show ye
A pedigree as high as Noah,
Got up, and with a solemn air
(First humbly bowing to the chair)
"If aught," says he, "deserves a name
Immortal as the roll of fame,
This venerable group of sages
Shall flourish in the latest ages,
And wear an amaranthine crown
When kings and empires are unknown.
Perhaps e'en I, whose humbler knowledge
Ranks me the lowest of your college,
May catch from your meridian day
At least a transitory ray:
For I, like you, through ev'ry clime,
Have trac'd the step of hoary Time,
And gather'd up his sacred spoils
With more than half a cent'ry's toils.
Whatever virtue, deed, or name,
Antiquity has left to fame,
In every age, and every zone,
In copper, marble, wood, or stone,
In vases, flow'r-pots, lamps, and sconces,
Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,
These eyes have read through many a crust
Of lacker, varnish, grease and dust;
And now, as glory fondly draws
My soul to win your just applause,
I here exhibit to your view
A medal fairly worth Peru,
Found, as tradition says, at Rome,
Near the Quirinal catacomb."

He said, and from a purse of satin,
Wrapp'd in a leaf of monkish Latin,

And taught by many a clasp to join,
Drew out a dirty copper coin,
Still as pale midnight when the throws
On heav'n and earth a deep repose,
Lost in a trance too big to speak,
The symbol ey'd the fine antique;
Examin'd ev'ry point, and part,
With all the critic skill of art;
Rung it alternate on the ground
In hopes to know it by the sound;
Applied the tongue's acuter sense
To taste its genuine excellence,
And with an animated gust
Lik'd up the consecrated rust:
Nor yet content with what the eye
By its own sunbeams could descry,
To ev'ry corner of the brass
They clapp'd a microscopic glass;
And view'd in raptures o'er and o'er
The ruins of the learned ore.

Pythagoras, the learned sage,
As you may read in Pliny's page,
With much of thought, and pains, and care,
Found the proportions of a square,
Which threw him in such frantic fits
As almost robb'd him of his wits,
And made him, awful as his name was,
Run naked through the streets of Samos.
With the same spirits doctor Romans,
A keen civilian of the Commons,
Fond as Pythagoras to claim
The wreath of literary fame,
Sprung in a phrenzy from his place
Across the table and the mace,
And swore by Varro's shade that he
Conceiv'd the medal to a T.
"It rings," says he, "so pure, and chaste,
And has so classical a taste,
That we may fix its native home
Securely in imperial Rome.
That rascal, Time, whose hand purloins
From science half her kings and coins,
Has eat, you see, one half the tale,
And hid the other in a veil:
But if, through cankers, rust, and fetters,
Mishapen forms, and broken letters,
The critic's eye may dare to trace
An evanescent name, and face,
This injur'd medal will appear,
As mid-day sunshine, bright and clear.
The female figure on a throne
Of rustic work in Tibur stone,
Without a scandal, zone, or boddice,
Is Liberty's immortal goddess,
Whose sacred fingers seem to hold
A taper wand, perhaps of gold:
Which has, if I mistake not, on it
The Pileus, or Roman bonnet:
By this the medallist would mean
To paint that fine domestic scene,
When the first Brutus nobly gave
His freedom to the worthy slave."
When a spectator 'as got the jaundice,
Each object, or by sea, or land, is
Discolour'd by a yellow hue,
Though naturally red, or blue.

This was the case with 'quire Thynne,
A barrister of Lincoln's Inn,
Who never lov'd to think or speak
Of any thing but ancient Greek.
In all disputes his sacred guide was
The very venerable Suidas;
And though he never deign'd to look
In Salkel'd, Littleton, or Coke,
And liv'd a stranger to the fees
And practice of the Common-pleas;
He studied with such warmth, and awe,
The volumes of Athenian law,
That Solon's self not better knew
The legislative plan he drew;
Nor cou'd Demosthenes withstand
The rhet'ric of his wig, and band;
When, full of zeal, and Aristotle,
And fluster'd by a second bottle,
He taught the orator to speak
His periods in correcter Greek.

"Methinks," quoth he, "this little piece
Is certainly a child of Greece:
'Th' *Ærugo* has a tinge of blue
Exactly of the Attic hue;
And, if the taste's acuter feel
May judge of medals as of veal,
I'll take my oath the mould and rust
Are made of Attic dew and dust.
Critics may talk, and rave, and foam,
Of Brutus, and imperial Rome;
But Rome, in all her pomp and blifs,
Ne'er struck so fine a coin as this.
Besides, though Time, as is his way,
Has eat th' inscription quite away,
My eye can trace, divinely true,
In this dark curve a little *Mu*:
And here, you see, there seems to lie
The ruins of a Doric *Xi*.
Perhaps, as Athens thought, and writ
With all the pow'rs of style, and wit,
The nymph upon a couch of mallows
Was meant to represent a *Pallas*;
And the baton upon the ore
Is but the olive-branch she bore."

He said—but Swinton, full of fire,
Asserted that it came from Tyre:
A most divine antique he thought it,
And, with an empire wou'd have bought it.
He swore the head in full profile was
Undoubtedly the head of *Belus*;
And the reverse, though hid in shade,
Appear'd a young *Sidonian* maid,
Whose tresses, buskins, shape, and mien,
Mark'd her for *Dido* at sixteen;
Perhaps the very year when she was
First married to the rich *Sichæus*.
The rod, as he cou'd make it clear,
Was nothing but a humping-spear,
Which all the *Tyrian* ladies bore,
To guard them when they chas'd the boar.
A learned friend, he cou'd confide on,
Who liv'd full thirty years at *Sidon*,
Once show'd him, 'midst the seals and rings
Of more than thirty *Syrian* kings,
A copper piece, in shape, and size,
Exactly that before their eyes,

On which, in high relief, was seen
The image of a *Tyrian* queen:
Which made him think this other dame
A true *Phœnician*, and the same.

The next, a critic, grave, and big,
Hid in a most enormous wig,
Who in his manner, mien, and shape was
A genuine son of *Esculapius*,
Wonder'd that men of such discerning
In all th' abstruser parts of learning,
Cou'd err, through want of wit, or grace,
So strangely in so plain a case.

"It came," says he, "or I will be whipt,
From *Memphis* in the *Lower Egypt*.
Soon as the Nile's prolific flood
Has fill'd the plains with slime and mud,
All *Egypt* in a moment swarms
With myriads of abortive worms,
Whose appetites wou'd soon devour
Each cabbage, artichoke, and flow'r,
Did not some birds, with active zeal,
Eat up whole millions at a meal,
And check the pest while yet the year
Is ripening into stalk, and ear.
This blessing, visibly divine,
Is finely pourtray'd on the coin;
For here this line, so faint and weak,
Is certainly a bill, or beak;
Which bill, or beak, upon my word,
In hieroglyphics means a bird,
The very bird whose numerous tribe is
Distinguish'd by the name of *Ibis*.
Besides, the figure with the wand,
Mark'd by a cistrum in her hand,
Appears, the moment she is seen,
An *Isis*, *Egypt's* boasted queen.
Sir, I'm as sure, as if my eye
Had seen the artist cut the die,
That these two curves, which wave, and float thus,
Are but the tendrils of the lotus,
Which, as *Herodotus* has said,
Th' *Egyptians* always eat for bread."

He spoke, and heard, without a pause,
The rising murmur of applause;
The voice of admiration rung
On ev'ry ear from ev'ry tongue:
Astonish'd at the lucky hit,
They star'd, they deify'd his wit.

But ah! what arts by fate are tried
To vex, and humble human pride!
To pull down poets from *Parnassus*,
And turn grave doctors into asses!
For whilst the band their voices raise
To celebrate the sage's praise,
And echo through the house convey'd
Their pæans loud to man and maid;
Tom, a pert waiter, smart, and clever,
A droit pretence who wanted never,
Curious to see what caus'd this rout,
And what the doctors were about,
Slily stepp'd in to snuff the candles,
And ask whate'er they pleas'd to want else.
Soon as the synod he came near,
Loud dissonance assail'd his ear;
Strange mingled sounds, in pompous style,
Of *Isis*, *Ibis*, *Lotus*, *Nile*:

And soon in Romans' hand he spies
The coin, the cause of all their noise.
Quick to his side he flies amain,
And peeps, and snuffs, and peeps again.
And though antiques he had no skill in,
He knew a sixpence from a shilling;
And, spite of rust, or rub, cou'd trace
On humble brass Britannia's face.
Soon her fair image he descries,
And, big with laughter, and surprise,
He burst—"And is this group of learning
So short of sense, and plain discerning,
That a mere halfpenny can be
To them a curiosity?"

If this is your best proof of science;
With wisdom Tom claims no alliance;
Content with nature's artless knowledge,
He scorns alike both school and college."

More had he said—but, lo! around
A storm in every face he found:
On Roman's brow black thunders hung,
And whirlwinds rush'd from Swinton's tongue;
Thynne lightning flash'd from ev'ry pore,
And reason's voice was heard no more.

The tempest ey'd, Tom speeds his flight,
And, sneering, bids 'em all good night;
Convinc'd that pedantry's allies
May be too learned to be wise.

If this is your best proof of identity,
 With witness You choose to attend;
 Consistent with nature's rule, I know nothing
 The female likes both clothed and unclothed.
 More had he said—but, for I found
 A friend in every face he found.
 On Rome's brow black clouds hang heavy,
 And white robes fold a queen's swollen's longing;
 I have lightning flash a man's eye soon,
 And reason's voice was heard no more.
 The temple's roof I saw the light
 And, therefore, for all good might
 I have been here, and all good might
 I have been here, and all good might

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Containing

THE ROSCIAD,
THE APOLOGY,
NIGHT,
THE GHOST,
PROPHECY OF FAMINE,
EPISTLE TO HOGARTH,
THE CONFERENCE,
THE DUELLIST,

THE AUTHOR,
GOTHAM,
THE CANDIDATE,
THE FAREWELL,
THE TIMES,
INDEPENDENCE,
THE JOURNEY,
DEDICATION, &c.

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Authors, as *Dryden's* maxim runs,
Have what he calls poetic sons :
Thus *Milton*, more correctly wild,
Was richer *Spenser's* lawful child,
And CHURCHILL, got on all the Nine,
Is *Dryden's* heir in every line.

LLOYD'S DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Ann 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE ACTOR,	THE FOREIGNER,
OSWALD,	THE APOLOGUE,
THE CANDIDATE,	THE NIGHT,
THE CARRIAGE,	THE WOOD OF LAMING,
THE LINES,	THE PROGRESS OF LAMING,
THE FURNACE,	THE PROGRESS OF LAMING,
THE JOURNEY,	THE PROGRESS OF LAMING,
THE JOURNEY,	THE PROGRESS OF LAMING,
THE JOURNEY,	THE PROGRESS OF LAMING,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

Author, as Bishop's man, was
 Have what he calls good looks
 Then, after, more correctly said,
 Was rather good, a little odd,
 And character, you see, all the time
 In Bishop's hall in every line

EDINBURGH:
 PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

THE LIFE OF CHURCHILL

CHARLES CHURCHILL, "the British Juvenal," was born in the parish of St. John's, Westminster, in 1731. His father was Curate and Lecturer of the parish, and had also a living in the country.

He received his education at Westminster School, where stories are yet told of his early proficiency in his studies, of his negligence, and the eccentricity of his conduct.

One day having got an exercise to make, he failed in bringing it at the time appointed; for which his master not only chastised him with some severity, but even charged him with stupidity. The last reproof made a strong impression on his mind, and the fear of shame wrought an effect which the fear of stripes could not produce. On the next day he brought his exercise finished in such a manner that he received the public thanks of the masters of the school.

This instance of his sensibility, and of the applause that resulted from it, was not followed by a complete reformation of his conduct. His application by no means kept pace with his natural talents. The vivacity of his imagination still prevented his walking regularly forward in the trammels of a scholastic education.

It is to be supposed, therefore, that his progress in classical learning was but slow; and it has been said that when he was sent to the university of Oxford, he was refused an admittance for want of a proper skill in the learned languages.

He often mentioned his repulse at Oxford, in the subsequent parts of his life, and asserted that he could have answered the college examination had he thought proper; but that he so much despised the trifling questions which were proposed to him, that instead of returning suitable replies, he only launched out into satirical reflections on the abilities of the gentleman whose office it was to judge of his.

It is also believed that he was a short time at Cambridge, under Dr. Rutherford of St. John's College. Neither of the universities can claim the honour of his education, which it is certain was begun and finished at Westminster.

When he was little more than seventeen years old, he contracted an intimacy with a young lady in the neighbourhood, which ended in a marriage. This union, which had its origin in passion, terminated in disgust. Their regard, however, for each other, which was mutual and sincere, was preserved in its purity and ardour for a number of years.

But during the time the attachment lasted, he made such a progress in literature, and sustained so good a character, that, notwithstanding the want of an university education, he was admitted into orders, and ordained by Dr. Sherlock, bishop of London.

His first provision in the church was a Curacy of thirty pounds a-year in Wales, to which remote part of the kingdom he retired, with his wife, and applied himself to the duties of his station with assiduity and cheerfulness. His behaviour gained him the love and esteem of his parishioners, and his sermons, though somewhat raised above the level of his audience, were commended and followed. But being prompted to engage in trade, to add to his income, he kept a cyder warehouse, with a view of vending that commodity in the neighbouring country. In a short time he experienced the folly of his deviation from his clerical profession, and a kind of rural bankruptcy soon followed.

His ill success brought him back to London; and his father dying soon after, he succeeded him as Curate and Lecturer of St. John's; but his income, which did not amount to a full hundred pounds a year, being insufficient for the maintenance of his family, he employed himself in teaching young ladies to read and write English with propriety and correctness, and for some time attended Mrs. Dennis's boarding school, where he conducted himself with all the decorum becoming his clerical profession.

Still, however, his expenses bore but a small proportion to his income. He became embarrassed with debts and involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by the assistance of Dr. Lloyd, the second master of Westminster School, and father of his friend Lloyd, who prevailed on his creditors to give him a release, on receiving a fourth part of their respective debts.

It is to the honour of Churchill to record, that when his circumstances grew better, he voluntarily discharged the whole of the demands on him.

Though known to his intimate friends, Colman, Lloyd, and Thornton, to be possessed of abilities calculated to entertain and instruct the public, he was by no means forward to exhibit himself in that character.

He was little, if any thing, less than thirty years of age before he published any work with his name. If he produced any performance earlier, it was anonymous, and is now forgotten.

In 1760, his friend Lloyd published "The Actor," addressed to Thornton, which was received with great applause. The success of this performance probably induced Churchill to try his powers on a similar subject, though more appropriated and personal. Having been always fond of dramatic entertainments, he had been a constant attendant on the theatre, and an accurate observer of the beauties or defects of the several performers. Thence he made the subject of a poem which he called *The Rosciad*, first published anonymously in March 1761; but, on being invidiously ascribed to Lloyd, and to the triumvirate of wits, Thornton, Colman, and Lloyd, he immediately reprinted it with his name, and claimed the honours of a satirical poet. Few poems have been so generally received, and, perhaps, fewer so generally admired. The actors, in different ways expressed their resentment, and the public enjoyed their distress.

The *Rosciad* was regarded in general as a pleasant and reasonable retaliation for the mirth which the stage had continually excited, by the representation of the follies and frailties of mankind. Humanity, however, would wish that no set of men should be made ridiculous and contemptible by a profession from which they must draw their subsistence. It was not wholly satirical. Garrick was commended in the highest terms of applause; and the various and peculiar excellencies of Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Clive, were celebrated with equal warmth and justice. Some of the players took no notice of the poem, and others wisely endeavoured to profit by the strictures bestowed on their faults. Foote was outrageously offended. He wrote a prose dialogue, in which he lampooned Churchill, and Lloyd, but did not print it. Making use of an alliteration, which he was very fond of doing, he called Churchill the *Clumsy Curate of Clapham*. The players who were the most eager in expressing their anger, had only the misfortune of being treated with greater severity in subsequent editions. In this respect he has been blamed; and it has been said that the poem was not always benefited by subsequent editions. However that may be, it is certain that its excellence enabled it firmly to maintain its ground against all opposition. Various pamphlets and poems appeared against it, in vindication of the players; but they were so poorly written, that they only served to swell his triumph.

His next performance was his *Apology to the Critical Reviewers*, who happened to be peculiarly unfortunate in the account which they gave of the *Rosciad*. Like most other modern apologies, it was not so much a defence as an attack. Whatever reasons the reviewers had to be dissatisfied with the poem, the players were not so much offended as they had been with the *Rosciad*. It was some consolation to them that the mighty Roscius himself was not spared; for Garrick was certainly aimed at in the following lines.

Let the vain tyrant sit amidst his guards,
His puny green-room wits, and venal bards, &c.

Garrick felt all the force of these sarcastic strokes, and wrote a letter to Churchill, which, besides comprehending an apology for himself and the players, was full of encomiums upon his uncommon vein of poetry, and contained a kind of deprecation of his future wrath. A friend, to whom he showed it, entirely disapproved of it, and informed him that Churchill, who was a man of a quick discernment, and an undaunted spirit, would not think the better of him for his humiliation and flattery.

The reproaches which he brought upon himself by his late hours, and other irregularities, gave occasion to his next production, intitled *Night, an Epistle to Robert Lloyd*. The object of this poem was to vindicate his conduct, or rather to avow it in the face of the public, upon this false principle, that whatever our follies are, we should never undertake to conceal them.

The *Night* was followed by the first book of the *Ghost*, a poem that took its rise from a ridiculous imposture carried on in Cock-lane near West-Smithfield, and to which some men of eminent abilities and character paid too serious an attention. Neither of these performances ever became so popular as the *Refusal* and the *Apology*.

The political dissensions at this period increasing every day, at length became so violent, that few persons escaped being influenced in some manner by them.

Churchill had contracted an intimacy with John Wilkes, Esq. and the heads of the party then called the Opposition, and agreeably to the warmth of his temper, endeavoured to promote the interest of those with whom he was connected, by every effort in his power. A subject had been suggested to him as adapted for the then popular paper, called the "North Briton;" but on considering it with attention, he thought it would be better to form it into a poem, which he executed under the title of *The Prophecy of Famine, a Scots Pastoral*, inscribed to Mr. Wilkes. Of this poem Mr. Wilkes is said to have pronounced before its appearance, that he was sure it would take, as it was at once personal, poetical, and political. His prediction was accomplished, for the poem had a very rapid and extensive sale; and Churchill was extolled by his admirers as superior to Pope.

Having thus embarked in politics, he soon rendered himself of importance enough to be included in the general warrant under which Mr. Wilkes was taken into custody. He escaped, however, the search made after him, and continued his exertions against Lord Bute with great perseverance, and not without some effect.

While he was advancing his fame as a writer, he was negligent of his reputation as a man. He laid aside all the external decorums of his profession, divested himself of his clerical habit, and dressed himself ridiculously in a blue coat, with metal buttons, a gold-laced waistcoat, a gold-laced hat, and ruffles. This part of his behaviour was justly considered as a very blameable opposition to the decencies of life, and hurtful to his interest. In other respects his conduct was more than indiscreet.

He was often to be seen in disgraceful societies, and indulged in intemperances, which the sober part of his friends could not avoid observing, and at the same time lamenting.

He plunged into various irregularities, and lived no longer with his wife; though whether his quitting her was at this particular juncture, his biographers do not determine.

"Some people," says a writer in the "Annual Register," "have been unkind enough to say that Mrs. Churchill gave the first cause of separation. But nothing can be more false than this rumour, and we can assure the public that her conduct in private life was ever irreproachable."

The truth of this assertion, notwithstanding the confidence with which it is delivered, may be reasonably doubted, "It was always understood," says Dr. Kippis, "in Westminster, that Mrs. Churchill's imprudence kept too near a pace with that of her husband. However, we do not hence mean to justify his disorderly and licentious manner of living."

His next performance, in his character of a political satirist, was a most virulent and vindictive *Epistle to William Hogarth*, the celebrated painter; a man whose genius he admired, and with whom he and Mr. Wilkes had been long in the habits of friendship. It must be acknowledged, that Hogarth himself afforded the original cause of offence. In a satirical print called "The Times" he had attacked Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, though Mr. Wilkes had sent him a remonstrance, stat-

ing, that if his friends were attacked, it would wound him in the most sensible part, and he should revenge their cause.

The author of the "North Briton" employed a whole paper (No. 17.) to be revenged on Hogarth; and Hogarth, in return, published, May 16. 1763, a print of John Wilkes, Esq. Churchill, to revenge his friend, wrote the *Epistle*; in which all that relates to Hogarth is merely a paraphrase of the "North Briton."

It is not easy to comprehend upon what ground this print was denominated a satire; for it is not a caricature, but a very accurate and striking resemblance, with the identical accompaniments which Mr. Wilkes would at that time have chosen as the decorations of his portrait: the cap of liberty above his head, and two political papers, which he acknowledged himself to have written, in his right hand.

The portrait was taken by Hogarth in the court of Common Pleas, in the moment of acclamation and triumph, when Mr. Wilkes was in his own person asserting the cause of liberty, and by his own trial, ascertaining the law of his country.

It has been mistaken for a caricature, from the world knowing the provocation which Hogarth had previously received, and which every man felt, would have justified the most severe retaliation.

Hogarth took his revenge on Churchill, by vamping up an old portrait of himself and dog, which he published August 1. 1763, under the title of "The bruiser Charles Churchill (once the reverend) in the character of a Russian Hercules, regaling himself after having killed the monster Caricature, that so sorely galled his virtuous friend the heaven born Wilkes."

It represents Churchill in the character of a bear, hugging a foaming tankard of porter, which was his favourite beverage, and, like another Hercules armed with a knotted club to attack hydras, destroy dragons, and discomfit giants.

To designate more positively the object of his ridicule, and render this rude representation still more ridiculous; it is decorated with a band and pair of ruffles, and with these characteristic ornaments, though it remains a good bear, it becomes a sort of overcharged portrait of the reverend satirist. So feeble a blow at his antagonist was but a poor compensation for the deep wound he had received. Churchill's satire struck him to the heart, and is thought to have contributed to accelerate his death, which happened October 27. 1764.

It must ever be lamented, that men of genius, who had been intimate friends, and might have continued such as long as they lived, should have their union dissolved, and discord sown among them by the demon of party.

He continued to publish, at different intervals, *The Ghost*, the fourth and concluding book of which appeared in 1763. It is written in verses of eight syllables, without any apparent plan or design. The most celebrated passage in this desultory and digressive performance, was the character of *Pomposo*, intended for Dr. Johnson, who had offended Churchill, by declaring that his poetry had but little merit. The only reply which Dr. Johnson made to Churchill's satire, was, that he thought him a shallow fellow in the beginning, and that he could say nothing worse of him still. However inferior Churchill might be in character and abilities to Dr. Johnson, he certainly did not deserve the appellation of a shallow fellow.

About the time when the last book of *The Ghost* appeared, he published *The Conference*, in which he returned to the heroic measure, in which he was most successful, though he had lately begun to introduce into it too many prosaic lines. The plan of this poem is similar to that of one of Pope's satires. A dialogue is supposed to be carried on between the author, and a noble Lord, who is represented as giving him much worldly advice, to which he answers with great spirit, and in his replies indulges his satiric vein with no small degree of freedom.

One of the most striking passages in *The Conference*, is that in which he expresses the deepest contrition for a recent action of his life, that was indeed highly dishonourable. He had seduced and carried off the daughter of a tradesman, in Westminster. In little more than a fortnight, his passion subsided; and the young woman became very sorry for her crime. Accordingly a wife and judicious friend wrote for her a letter to her father, expressive of her penitence, and of her desire to re-

turn home. Her father, with equal tenderness and prudence, received her into his house, and she might have been fully restored to a virtuous conduct, had it not been for the severity of an elder sister, who was continually loading her with reproaches. Wearied with this usage, she applied to Churchill, offering to return to him again, which he thought himself bound to admit, by the ideas which he entertained of gratitude and honour. The true point of virtue would have been to have provided, as amply as he could for her support, and to have had no criminal connection with her in future.

His next performance was *The Duellist*, in three books, written in verses of eight syllables. It was occasioned by Mr. Martin's challenge to Mr. Wilkes. It is less desultory and digressive than *The Ghost*, though one principal object of it was to satirize other persons besides Mr. Martin; particularly Warburton, who is pointed out sufficiently to all who have the least literary knowledge.

His last publication in 1765, was *The Author*, and it is one of the most agreeable of his productions. In the latter part of it, however, he is extremely severe against the political writers of the times. The character of *Kidgell*, the informer, is drawn in a masterly manner.

His first publication in 1764, was his *Gotham*, the design of which, on the appearance of the first book, was not very obvious. It became manifest, from the second and third books, that it was his chief design, under the idea of his being proclaimed king of *Gotham*, to represent the real duty of a monarch, in which view, much good instruction is conveyed. This performance is less satirical than most of his pieces.

His next production was *The Candidate*, which took its title from the contest that had been carried on between the Earl of Hardwick, and the Earl of Sandwich, for the High Stewardship of the university of Cambridge. The character of Lord Sandwich is attacked with great severity.

The Candidate was succeeded by *The Farewell*, a dialogue, in which the poet is represented as having formed a design to quit his native country; from which his friend endeavours to dissuade him. Though there is much good sense in this performance, and several excellent observations of philosophy, and the love of our country, it cannot be considered as one of his best productions.

In his succeeding publication, intituled *The Times*, the satire is principally directed against an unnatural vice, which is exposed with an energy and indignation that cannot possibly be exceeded. It is indeed carried to the very height of extravagance; but this extravagance shows, at the same time, the wonderful powers of his mind, and his just and boundless detestation of the crime. It may, however, be reasonably doubted, whether it is fair for a satirist to attack crimes that are capital by law. Juvenal, in all his outrageous fury against vice, attacks no crimes that were punishable by the laws of his country. The Dutch have that noble and well-judged delicacy to punish the execrable practitioners of this crime in the night-time, and in silence, by sewing up the offenders in a bag, and throwing them into the sea.

His next publication was *Independence*, a poem, which does not in every part of it display the vigour of imagination that is apparent in some of his performances. Much is said in it of poets and patrons, perhaps as much as the subject will well bear. The striking contrast between an effeminate lord and himself, is admirably represented, and he has drawn his own picture with great humour.

Independence was followed by *The Journey*, a short poem that reflects no disgrace on his abilities. The advice of his friends, and his answer to it are well conducted. Towards the conclusion, he indulges himself in satirizing several contemporary poets.

His last poetical production was the *Dedication* of his sermons to Warburton, which is written with his usual severity against that eminent prelate.

His literary career was but short. In the autumn of 1764, he went to Boulogne with Mr. Humphrey Cotes, in order to pay a visit to Mr. Wilkes, then in exile. There he was seized with a miliary fever, which baffled the medical aid of two physicians of skill and reputation, by whom he was attended. He died on the 4th of November 1764, in the 33d year of his age, and was buried at Dover; at which place, on a small stone, in the old church-yard, formerly belonging to the collegiate church of St. Martin, is the following inscription:

all his, and said, "Life to the last enjoy'd here Churchill lies."

Mr. Davies, the biographer of Garrick, upon what he thinks good authority, has related, that Churchill's last words were, *What a fool have I been!* Though he might, on several accounts, have had too much cause to make such a reflection, Mr. Wilkes, whose testimony upon the subject must be decisive, has informed the world, that the goodness of Churchill's heart, and the firmness of his philosophy, were in full lustre during the whole time of his very severe illness; and that the amazing faculties of his mind were not in the least impaired, till a few moments before his death. He left two sons, the youngest of whom was generously educated at the expence of the late Sir Richard Jebb, Bart.

He was greatly lamented by his acquaintance and admirers. Lloyd was so deeply affected by his death, that he "took to his bed, from which he never rose again." Such was at first the popular enthusiasm in favour of his memory, that there was a talk of erecting a monument to him, in Westminster Abbey; but the idea soon subsided, and will scarcely ever be revived. The following inscription, in the close style of the ancients, and engraven on a sepulchral urn of alabaster, was drawn up by Mr. Wilkes, and intended by him to give the true character of Churchill as a friend, a poet, and a patriot.

CAROLO CHURCHILL,

Amico jucundo,

Poetae acri,

Civi optime de patria merito;

P.

JOHANNES WILKES, 1765.

The same inscription has lately been engraved on a *doric pillar*, erected to his memory by Mr. Wilkes, in the Grove of Sandham-Cottage, in the Isle of Wight. It is in the middle of the grove, and backed with weeping willows, cypresses, yews, &c. Laurels seem to grow out of the column as from Virgil's tomb at Naples, and come nearly down to the tablet on the pillar, which is fluted, and appears in some parts already injured by time. On the fore ground are large myrtles, bays, laburnums, &c. The pillar is broken, about nine feet high, and about five feet diameter.

A collection of his *Poems*, containing *The Rofsad*, *Apology*, *Night*, *Prophecy of Famine*, *Epistle to Hogarth*, and *the Ghost*, was published by subscription, in one volume, 4to. 1763. A second volume containing *The Conference*, *The Author*, *The Duellist*, *Gotham*, *The Candidate*, *The Farewell*, *The Times*, *Independence*, and *The Journey*, was published, by subscription after his death, in 4to. 1765. They have since been frequently reprinted, with the *Dedication* of his sermons, in 3 vols. 12mo., and were inserted in the collection of the "English Poets," 1790. His *Sermons*, two upon the nature of prayer in general, and eight upon our Lord's prayer, were printed by subscription, in 1765. Some of his juvenile pieces are to be met with in the "Library," published in 1761. Six of his letters to Mr. Wilkes are in the collection printed by him in 1769.

Churchill has unhappily added another name to the catalogue, already too numerous in literary history, of those men, of genius, who would have arisen to a much greater excellence in writing, and to a far more illustrious reputation, had their intellectual talents been accompanied with the uniform practice of virtue. That he had great force of genius, cannot justly be denied; and there are scarcely any of his performances, in which the natural vigour of his mind is not in some instances displayed. It must at the same time be acknowledged, that he is very unequal in his compositions. The rapidity of his pen, and the eagerness with which his works were purchased, were circumstances not favourable to his reputation. As he proceeded in his literary career, he became more negligent; what he hastily wrote, he as hastily committed to the press. Writing from a spirit of party, being desirous of gratifying the eagerness of his admirers, and having a view to his customary tax, of half-a-crown for each of his publications, he was too rapid in sending them to the world, and too solicitous to fill up the quantity of pages expected from him, to attend to the necessary art of blotting. His latter works are manifestly inferior to his earliest productions. The genius of Churchill occasionally appears, but much dimmed and obscured. The fertility of his mind cannot

be more clearly demonstrated, than by observing, that all his works now republished, were produced between May 1761, and November 1764; that is, in three years and a half. If his life had been protracted, if he had been placed in an independent situation, if he could have united application with leisure, he might have been capable of producing some work of solid excellence, which would have rescued his name for ever from oblivion. He has afforded a remarkable instance of a sudden and short-lived celebrity; and, perhaps, nothing will revive the memory of his writings, so as to cause them to be again generally read, excepting a new edition, with notes, fully explaining the satirical and historical allusions. This was what Churchill himself before his death wished to be done. In his will is the following passage. "I desire my dear friend, John Wilkes, Esq. to collect, and publish my works, with the remarks and explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make." It is earnestly hoped, that Mr. Wilkes will comply with this request. But the time, perhaps, is not yet arrived for taking away the veil from certain objects; and, perhaps, it may never be desirable to revive party matters; which, though not sunk into oblivion, have happily ceased to inflame the passions of the mind.

Churchill, in his compositions for the pulpit, appears in the character of a sober, rational preacher. His *Sermons* are written with an uniform mediocrity. They have no animation, and show no traces of the natural vigour and acuteness of his mind. The sentiments are practical, and not usually to be found fault with; but there is not a thought that is new, or indicates any peculiar strength of conception. The style is perspicuous, without the least pretensions to elegance. The internal evidence is against the supposition of their being his own composition. It has an incongruous appearance, to see a commentary on that form of prayer, composed by Benevolence itself, preceded by a virulent libel.

In his *Poems*, he appears in the character of an outrageous and merciless satirist; though there is every reason to believe that his natural disposition was not severe. Like our national character, his satires are manly, rough, and vehement. A spirit of indignation, which gratifies the irascible passions, is the predominant principle. They resemble the satires of Hall, in style, sentiment, and spirit, more than those of Young; to whom he is not inferior in wit, force, pungency, and invention. He has the strength, fire, and brilliant diction of Dryden, of whom he was an ardent admirer; but he is greatly inferior in gracefulness, ease, and elevation of style, to Pope, whom he held in contempt. The reasons of it are given in his letters to Mr. Wilkes; but do not appear to be satisfactory. A sincere regard to Pope, is not inconsistent with the most ardent admiration of Dryden. Like Dryden, who "could write severely, with more ease than he could write gently," he seems to have preferred the model of his favourite Juvenal, rather than of Horace. He is all fire, spirit, and animation. His nervous verse is well adapted to express the vehemence of his indignation. Amid the most spirited invective, it emits many a luminous irradiation of beautiful descriptive poetry.

But he is inferior to Juvenal, in the importance of his subject, and in the harmony of his numbers. Juvenal pours his majestic verse with all the warmth of a zealot in the cause of virtue. He not only puts vice to shame, but countenances virtue, and points out the way to attain it. Churchill seems to have little else in view, than to gratify private pique, or party-prejudice. He did not possess dignity of character, and solidity of judgment, in a degree sufficient to enable him to stand forth as a disinterested censor of prevailing manners. His versification is extremely unequal; sometimes he reminds us of the roughness of Donne, and the looseness of Oldham; while at other times, he amply shows how well he understood all the powers of strong and harmonious numbers.

The *Rosciad* is an admirable poem, and justly deserves to be considered as a second "Dunciad." Strength of poetry, accuracy of observation, a happy vein of humour, and harmony of numbers, are its peculiar excellencies. The character of Mr. Fitzpatrick, *The thing without a name*, near the beginning, is drawn with uncommon severity and spirit. The lines in which he asserts that genius is of no country, are written with great energy. The character of Shakspeare is drawn with a masterly hand. His praises of Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, &c. have great merit.

The *Apology* displays as much humour and fancy, facility of expression, and smoothness of versification, as are to be found in most productions of the present age. The frippery of some modern poetry, in particular, is pleasantly ridiculed in the lines beginning, *Rude and unskilful in the poet's trade*. The situation of a company of strolling players is described with great strength of humour. The apology for his own versification is truly admirable. The character of Dryden is drawn with great discrimination of judgment, and strength of colouring.

The *Night* has many lively and spirited passages. The character of himself is very favourable. The patriotic turn of the nation is exposed with great humour.

In the *Prophecy of Famine*, he has displayed great strength of sentiment, nervous expression, and elegant numbers; though the malignity which he has shown against Scotland, and its inhabitants, is totally inexcusable. The delineation of a young poet's mind, at the beginning, is both severe and pleasant. The description of *Famine*, has in it the terrible graces of Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture of "Ugolino." His description of Scotland, exceeds in severity that of Cleveland. The dialogue between *Jockey* and *Sawney* is well supported. In this performance, he shows a peculiar happiness in throwing his thoughts into poetical paragraphs; so that the sentence swells to the conclusion, as in prose.

In the *Epistle to Hogarth*, the expression is equally nervous, and the harmony as irregular as in his other pieces. The speech of *Candour*, near the beginning, is perhaps somewhat too long. The lines describing the obnoxiousness of merit to envy, are finely expressed. The address to *Hogarth* is equally spirited and severe. He shows an amiable generosity, and greatness of mind, when he mourns over his vanquished enemy, and condemns himself for attacking an object, wasted with years and infirmities. The conclusion of the poem exhibits such an affecting picture of the ruins of genius, and leaves such a pathetic melancholy, that every sentiment which the satire excited, is entirely effaced by it.

The *Ghost*, though inferior to some of his other pieces, has some shining and beautiful passages. It has the wit, humour, ridicule, satire, and extravagance of "Tristram Shandy." The first book exhibits a humorous sketch of the history of superstition and credulity, and a good representation of the characters that apply for information about their future fortune. In the description of truth, in the second book, are many happy strokes, among which his own regard to it is expressed with great energy. The verses beginning, *Dark was the night*, &c. are proofs of his ability in picturesque bold description, and bold personification. The line

"Trembling, and talking loud, went Fear."

presents an image equally just and poetical. In the third book, the privileges of a poet are happily represented. The description of *Fame*, which is very long, has in it much satire; and several parts of it are happily imagined. The trite reflections which sometimes are found in poetry, are humourously ridiculed. The fourth book has in it some splendid passages; but it is in general very wild and irregular. Lloyd hints at the slovenly nature of the composition, in his "Cobler of Cripple-gate's Letter."

The priest, I grant, has something clever,
A something that will last for ever;
Let him, in part, be made your pattern,
Whose muse, now queen, and now a flatterer,
Trick'd out in *Rosciad*, rules the roast,
Turns trapes and trollop in the *Ghost*,
By turns, both tickles us, and warms,
And drunk, or sober, has her charms.

The *Conference* contains some pathetic and interesting passages; particularly the following beautiful confession, for the sake of which, possibly, the poem was written.

Ah, what, my lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? why to view,
Would you, thus cruelly those scenes unfold,
Which without pain, and horror to behold,
Must speak me something, more or less than man!
Which friends may pardon, but I never can!

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear;
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts controul,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul:
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home,
No—'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she, with more than tragic horror, swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call,
Arm'd at all points bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass;
The mind, which starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

After so feeling, so evidently contrite a declaration, who would not grant a full absolution for any venial offence, committed by a penitent, thus apparently, thus ardently sincere? The remainder of the poem is employed to assert his firm attachment to his country, to express his zeal in the glorious cause of liberty, and to evince the integrity of his public, whatever may have been the errors of his private, conduct. It concludes with an admirable address to the Supreme Being.

The *Duellist* has many poetical passages. The beginning of the first book is very striking, and has some fine personifications. The pictures of *Ambition*, *Labour*, *Virtue*, *Vice*, *Study*, *Avarice*, and *Jealousy*, are drawn with great strength and invention. The pictures of the three last, are worked up with the greatest vigour of imagination. The description of the night previous to the *Duel*, is greatly executed. The animated verses, beginning, *Full in the front*, &c. form a fine picture of the youthful exercises of our ancestors. The passage, beginning, *When stern oppression*, &c. breathes the heroic spirit of liberty, and glows with the enthusiastic heat of ancient valour. Some of the ancient inhabitants of the *Temple of Liberty*, are well described. The verses, beginning, *Peace crown'd with olive*, are eminently beautiful. In the third book, the *Cave of Fraud* is represented in no inadequate colours. The horrid fiend, *Affsination*, one of the inhabitants, is admirably described. The picture, however, is spoiled by the puerile introduction of an exciseman's lanthorn. The rest of the imagery is sublime; and, therefore, this low circumstance is extremely improper.

The *Author* is the most pleasing and unexceptionable of all his pieces. The tendency of the subject and the execution are equally commendable. The interests of genius and learning are cordially espoused and powerfully supported; while the contempt of professed ignorance, and the shallowness of pretenders to science, are justly exposed and lashed by the blameless rod of general satire. Sometimes, indeed, his disposition to private satire breaks forth; the force and efficacy of which, when the censure is just, he no less strenuously than truly maintains in the following lines;

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life indeed, and dull her sting;
But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
And e'en by friends thy memory be forgot;
Still shalt thou live recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

The little advantages that attend the pursuit of science, and the distinguished labours of genius, are observed with a becoming spirit of indignation. The trammels of a college life are sarcastically described. His apology for quitting his gown is manly and indignant, but unsatisfactory. The poem concludes with the severest character that ever fell from the pen of satire.

His *Gotham* contains a number of beautiful passages. In the first book, his description of the different ages of mankind, rivals the descriptions of Aristotle, Horace, and Shakspeare. In the beginning of the second book, the business and labour of a poet are well described. The following

account of his own manner of writing will justify the strictures that have been made on his compositions.

Had I the power, I could not have the time,
Whilst spirits flow, and life is in her prime;
Without a sin, gainst pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town:
Hence rude, unfinish'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of rhyme,
And the poor *stattern* muse is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulses play
Through the dull dubious mass, no breath makes way,
Doubt, greatly doubt, 'till for a glass they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all:
Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the sex might well a midwife pose,
Whether they should baptize it, Verse or Prose.

The second book has many fine lines, and some happy strokes of fancy, but there is in it two great a neglect of poetic numbers. The imprecations, beginning, *Let war with all his needy ruffian band*, contain sublime imagery, and most powerful expression. The characters and reigns of the *Stuarts* in England, are not less happily than justly described. In the beginning of the third book, the versification is more correct and harmonious; and towards the middle of it he displays a rich vein of poetry. His account of the duty of a King, is well conceived and expressed. The conditions of royalty and rustic poverty are admirably contrasted. The passages, beginning, *When the fresh morn*, &c. abound in rural scenery, fancy, and description, which rarely occur in his writings. In the description, beginning, *When am'rous spring*, &c. there is much poetical imagery. The lines in which he displays his love of poetry, when supposing himself King of *Gotham*, he is obliged to take his farewell of the muses, are exquisitely beautiful.

The *Candidate* has the beauties and defects of his other pieces. The beginning of the poem is very spirited, and the words, *Come, panegyric*, introduce one of the severest satires which the pen of man ever wrote. The *Farewell* contains some excellent political and philosophical reflections; but it is deficient in poetical fire, and many of the lines are feeble and prosaic.

The *Times*, however exceptionable, however enormous, is not without a very considerable share of poetical merit. In the group of follies and vices, which distinguish and disgrace the present age, *Meanness* is marked with striking features, and a masterly force. The characters of *Faber* and *Apicius*, whoever were intended by them, are drawn with equal strength and severity. The lines in which he strikes at the base and illiberal traffic which parents make of their children, cannot be read without all his indignation. The crimes and follies we borrow from foreign nations, are pursued with the same vengeance as those which are more peculiarly the product of our own climate. The characters of *France*, *Spain*, and *Italy*, are strongly marked; the last in particular, is an admirable picture. The compliment to *Lady Caroline Hervey* is nervous and elegant.

His *Independence* has its brighter passages, but is justly chargeable, in many places, with vernacular inelegance, and vulgarity of sentiment and diction. The scene of weighing a *Lord* against a *bard* must be allowed to possess an odd species of whimsical humour. His own picture is drawn in a very jocular manner.

Some parts of the *Dedication* of his sermons to Warburton, are very spirited, especially those passages which begin with—*Health to great Glosier*. The same vigour is not maintained through the whole; but as the poem was left unfinished, it cannot be known to what height the grave irony of the satire might have been carried.

The character of Churchill has been variously represented by his friends and his enemies. Should it be thought that a few of his friends have extolled him beyond his merit, it must be allowed, that by many persons he has been unduly depreciated.

Lloyd, as might be expected, in the following lines of his "epistle to C. Churchill," is very warm in the praises of his friend.

Yet in these leaden times, this idle age,
When blind with dulness, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainst author rails with venom curst,
And happy he who calls out blockhead first,
From the low earth aspiring genius springs,
And sails triumphant, borne on eagle wings:
No toothless spleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee, *Churchill*, of thy proper fame;
While pitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives and shines out fool to latest time.

In the concluding lines of his poem called "The Poet," he has given the favourable side of his character.

Is there a man whose genius strong
Rolls like a rapid stream along,
Whose muse, long hid in cloudless night,
Pours on us like a flood of light;
Whose acting comprehensive mind
Walks fancy's regions unconfin'd,
Whom not the surly sense of pride,
Nor affectation warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf,
To talk on with an eye to self;
Careless alike in conversation,
Of censure or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
And meets the wit he never seeks;
Whose reason calm and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who bold and open, firm, and true.
Flatters no friends—yet loves them too.
Churchill will be the last to know,
His is the portrait I would show.

Other writers are more sparing in their applause of Churchill.

"We all remember," says Dr. Warton, in his "Essay on Pope," "when even a Churchill was more in vogue than Gray. He that treats of fashionable follies and the topics of the day, that describes present persons and recent events, finds many persons whose understandings and whose passions he gratifies."

"Even Young," says Dr. Knox in his "Essays," popular as he was, has been eclipsed by a poet, who has shone with the effulgence and instability of a meteor. Churchill possessed merit; a merit which was magnified, when seen through the medium of party, beyond that degree which it was able to support. When reason at last viewed what passion had exaggerated, she was disgusted with the disappointment, and turned away with neglect. Thus, the celebrated Churchill, with whose applause the town re-echoed, is sinking to an oblivion which he hardly deserves; for though he wrote many careless lines, and many dull passages, yet the greater part of his productions displayed a genuine vein of satirical genius."

THE WORKS OF CHURCHILL.

THE ROSCIAD.

Roscius decess'd, each high aspiring play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humble to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
And show where honour bled in ev'ry scar.

But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will best succeed who best can pay:
Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.

What can an actor give? In ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other feat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as
soon,

And of roast beef they only know the tune:
But what they have they give: could Clive do
more,

Though for each million he had brought home four?

Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love instead of meat;
Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be
In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinfon at second hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs several ways,
As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well-chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll.

Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.

When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,
And our opinions have their rise in pride;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In such a court as Garrick for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be try'd;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial:—Who?

For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay ap-
pear'd:

Others for Fracklin voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent age found out that he was young;
For Murphy some few *pis'ring* wits declar'd,
Whilst folly clapp'd her hands, and wisdom star'd.
To mischief train'd, ev'n from his mother's
womb,

Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;
A pert, prim prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth;—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his eye—thrice strok'd his
band.— [aim,

" At friendship's call (thus oft with trait'rous
" Men void of faith usurp faith's sacred name)
" At friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
" Who thus by me *developes* his intent,
" But lest, *transfus'd*, the spirit should be lost,
" That spirit which in storms of *rebet'ric* tost,
" Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
" In his own words his own intentions hear.
" Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes
" born,

" No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn,

" Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw,
 " Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law ?
 " Twice (curs'd remembrance) ! twice I strove
 " to gain
 " Admittance 'mong't the law-instructed train,
 " Who, in the Temple and Gray's-Inn prepare
 " For clients wretched feet the legal snare :
 " Dead to those arts which polish and refine,
 " Deaf to all worth, because that worth was *mine*,
 " Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
 " And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
 " To laws and lawyers then I bid adieu,
 " And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
 " Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast
 " Burns for that chair which Roscius once pos-
 " sels'd.

" *Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,*
 " *And let success for once attend desert.*"

With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
 And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
 The Proteus Hill put in his *modest* plea,—

" Let favour speak for others, worth for me."—
 For who, like him, his various powers could call
 Into so many shapes, and shine in all ?
 Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist ?
 Knows any one so well—sure no one knows,—
 At once to *play, prescribe, compound, compose ?*
 Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill slipp'd
 away,

Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

* With that *low cunning*, which in fools supplies,
 And amply too, the place of being wise,
 Which nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
 To qualify the blockhead for a knave ; [charms,
 With that *smooth falsehood*, whose appearance
 And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
 Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
 By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
 Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
 Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ;
 With that *malicious envy*, which turns pale,
 And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
 Which merit and success pursues with hate,
 And damns the worth it cannot imitate ;
 With the *cold caution* of a coward's spleen,
 Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
 Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
 What's *basely* done, should be done *safely* too ;
 With that *dull, rooted, callous* impudence,
 Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
 Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
 She blunder'd on some virtue *unwarlike* :
 With all these blessings, which we seldom find
 Lavish'd by nature on *one* happy mind,
 A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
 Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
 Came *simp'ring* on ; to ascertain whose sex
 Twelve sage *impanel'd* matrons would perplex.

* This severe character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a person who had rendered himself remarkable by his activity in the playhouse riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's *Fribbleriad*.

Nor *male*, nor *female*, neither, and yet both ;
 Of *neuter* gender, though of *Irish* growth ;
 A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait ;
 Affecting, peevish, prim, and delicate ;
 Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,
 Lest *brutal breezes* should too roughly shake
 Its tender form, and *savage* motion spread
 O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk, in its own *pretty* phrase,
 Of genius and of taste, of plays and plays ;
 Much too of writings, which *itself* had wrote,
 Of special merit, though of little note :
 For fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
 That what it wrote, none but *itself* should read ;
 Much too it chatter'd of *dramatic* laws,
 Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause,
 Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smil'd, it wriggled to the chair ;
 And, with an awkward briskness not its own,
 Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,
 Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage
 came,

Known but to few, or only known by name,
 Plain common sense appear'd, by nature there
 Appointed, with plain truth, to guard the chair.
 The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
 To its first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the muse (for even there the pride)
 Of this *vain nothing* shall be mortified
 Nor shall the muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
 Fond, pleasing thought ! to live in after-times)
 With such a trifle's name her pages blot ;
 Known be the character, the *thing* forgot ;
 Let *it*, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name.

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
 Scarce hammer'd out, when nature's feeble fires
 Glimmer'd their last ; whose sluggish blood, half
 froze, [ne'er glows
 Creeps lab'ring through the veins ; whose heart
 With fancy-kindled heat ;—a servile race,
 Who in mere want of fault all merit place ;
 Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
 Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules ;
 With solemn consequence declar'd that none
 Could judge that cause but *Sophocles* alone.
 Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
 Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood
 forth,
 Unknown his person, not unknown his worth ;
 His look bespoke applause ; alone he stood,
 Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
 He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
 Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame ;
 With noble reverence spoke of Greece and Rome,
 And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

" But more than just to other countries grown,
 " Must we turn base apostates to our own ?
 " Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
 " That England may not please the ear as well ?
 " What mighty magic's in the place or air,
 " That all perfection needs must centre there ?
 " In states, let strangers blindly be prefer'd ;
 " In state of letters, merit should be heard.

"Genius is of no country; her pure ray
 "Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
 "Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
 "And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.
 "May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
 "And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
 "May not some great extensive genius raise
 "The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;
 "And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
 "Make England great in letters as in arms?
 "There may—there hath—and Shakspeare's muse
 "Aspires beyond all other earthly powers;
 "Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
 "Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
 "While Sophocles below stands trembling at his
 "height.
 "Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
 "When abler judges we may find at home?
 "Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
 "Have we not Shakspeare?—Is not Jonson ours?
 "For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
 "They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons

He said, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her way,
 And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
 Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
 Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
 Meantime the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
 To ask or tell his name—Who is it?—Lloyd.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
 And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
 Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
 Boldly stood forth the advocate of truth;
 Confuted falsehood, and disabled pride,
 Whilst baffled age stood snarling at his side.

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
 Left day of trial should be put off here.
 Causes but seldom for delay can call,
 In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
 As he on other great events hath done,
 Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
 To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
 On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
 Nothing magnificent appear'd, but art
 With decent modesty perform'd her part,
 Rose a tribunal: from no other court

It borrow'd ornament, or sought support:
 No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
 No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
 No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,
 To their own purpose tun'd the pliant laws.
 Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
 As Mansfield wife, and as old Foster 'just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
 A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
 Sat Shakspeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,
 For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
 The other held a globe, which to his will
 Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
 Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
 And look'd through nature at a single view:

* Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
 And, passing nature's bounds, was something more.
 Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
 His rigid judgment fancy's flights restrain'd,
 Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
 Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault.
 The book of man he read with nicest art,
 And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
 Exerted penetration's utmost force,
 And trac'd each passion to its proper source;
 Then strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
 And brought each foible forth to public view.
 The cockcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
 And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
 His comic humour kept the world in awe,
 And laughter frighten'd folly more than law.

But, hark!—The trumpet sounds, the crowd
 Gives way, and the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
 Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine;
 Invoke the muse to quit her calm abode,
 And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode.
 For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
 Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
 But give, kind dullness, memory and rhyme,
 We'll put off genius till another time.

First, order came,—with solemn step, and
 slow.

In measur'd time his feet were taught to go,
 Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
 Left this should quit his place, that step away.
 Appearances to save his only care;
 So things seem right, no matter what they are.

In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
 Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.
 Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute;

Next snuffer, sweeter, sifter, soldier, mute;
 Legions of angels all in white advance;
 Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
 Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
 Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
 Next came the treasurer of either house;
 One with full purse, t'other with not a sou.
 Behind, a group of figures awe create,
 Set off with all th' impertinence of state;
 By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
 Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains,
 Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
 His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
 Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
 With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
 That Davies hath a very pretty wife:
 Statesman all over!—In plots famous grown!
 He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came.—With truly tragic stalk,
 He creeps, he flies.—A hero should not walk.
 As if with heav'n he war'd, his eager eyes
 Planted their batteries against the skies;
 Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
 He borrow'd, and made use of his own.
 By fortune thrown on any other stage,
 He might, perhaps, have pleas'd an easy age;

But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.

Behind came King:—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.

From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame.

Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in brass.

Lo Yates!—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause—I with he'd get his part.

When hor impatience is in full career,
How wily "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?

When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some with'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recal
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.

But when to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's
clothes.

Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.

His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence, hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.

But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time nor censures nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot,
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he shows desert.
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kitchy scare had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and
scrapes:

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, *bared, parson, auctioneer.*
His strokes of humour, and his burst of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word *disport.*

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
Ev'n I, whom nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;

Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name:

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,

That even shadows have their shadows too!

With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,

The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;

The last by nature form'd to please; who shows,

In Jonson's Stephen, which way genius grows;

Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,

To put on Woodward in each mingled part;

Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,

His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd be-
fore.

When a dull copier simple grace neglects,

And rests his imitation in defects,

We readily forgive; but such vile arts

Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By nature form'd in her perversest mood,

With no one requisite of art endu'd,

Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled glare,

Which better speaks a puppet than a player:

List to that voice—did ever discord hear

Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?

When, to enforce some very tender part,

The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,

His soul, of every other thought bereft,

Is anxious only where to place the left;

He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse,

To sooth his weeping mother, turns and bows.

Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill

Of moving gracefully, or standing still,

One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,

Desirous seems to run away from th' other.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,

Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.

That's vile—should we a parent's faults adore,

And err, because our fathers err'd before?

If, inattentive to the author's mind,

Some actors made the jest they could not find,

If by low tricks they marr'd fair nature's mien,

And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,

Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,

Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?

When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,

Why, without meaning, rolls love's glassy eye?

Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we

know—

It was the fashion twenty years ago.

Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use,

Their knavery and folly to excuse.

To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.
Yet (though in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails),
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the stage,
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features,
Old Falstaff, play'd by love, shall please once more,
And humour set the audience in a roar.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—himself the first and last,—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like *Scythians*, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominic;
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In Anno Domini, of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet march-
ing slow,
A band of malecontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favours keeps such merit down.
But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these *gnatlings* in their nest;
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.
" 'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
" To arm satiric truth against a player?
" Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
" Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind."
What! shall opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree

To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak.
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.

Austin would always gladden in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour please?
Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?
Higher than all the rest, see Branby strut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous nature! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see the play.
Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our

own.
At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And sense awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praise.

Next came the legion, which our *summer* Bayes,
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise,
Flush'd with vain hopes, and certain to succeed
With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;
Each on himself determines to rely,
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
To nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.
So loud each tongue, so empty was each head
So much they talk, so very little said,
So wond'rous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign.
That reason swore, nor would the oath recal,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What though the sons of nonsense hail him fire,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and 'SQUIRE,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him PLAYER.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease;
When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor stage,
In passion tears the passion into rage,
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he folly's standard bore,
Whilst common-sense stood trembling at the door.

But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
As from himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.

Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in brass.

Lo Yates!—Without the least finess of art
He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vily "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?
When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recal
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's
clothes.

Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.

But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time nor censures nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot,
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he shows desert.
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kately scare had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and
scrapes:

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, *baroud, parson, auctioneer*.
His strokes of humour, and his burst of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word *diffort*.

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
Ev'n I, whom nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinson this, O'Brien was that name:

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
The last by nature form'd to please, who shows,
In Jonson's Stephen, which way genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mingled part;
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd be-
fore.

When a dull copier simple grace neglects,
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endu'd,
Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a player:
Lift to that voice—did ever discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse,
To sooth his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from th' other.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile—should we a parent's faults adore,
And err, because our fathers err'd before?
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
Why, without meaning, rolls love's glassy eye?
Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we
know—

It was the fashion twenty years ago.
Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.

To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.

Yet (though in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails),
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
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An act of toleration for the stage,
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Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that favourite part in all.
Here, love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;
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He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humour cast,
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And scorns, like *Scotsmen*, to assimilate.
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Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominic;
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In Anno Domini, of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet march-
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A band of malecontents with spleen o'erflow;
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Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favours keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these *gnatlings* in their nest;
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.
" 'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
" To arm satiric truth against a player?
" Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
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Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?
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Ludicrous nature! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see the play.
Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merits, and declare
Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our
own.

At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And, sense awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praise.

Next came the legion, which our *summer* Bayes,
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise,
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed
With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;
Each on himself determines to rely,
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
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Whom dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame—
What though the sons of nonsense hail him fire,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and 'SQUIRE,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him *PLAYER*.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease;
When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move.

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Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one favourite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
In passion tears the passion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he solly's standard bore,
Whilst common-sense stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents blest'd,
Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame; but most mistake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
With various readings stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in city annals fair,
And prudent dullness mark'd him for a mayor.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reason ev'n to thee have shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live *unknown*?
Yet let not vanity like thine despair!
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred dullness and her *first* born due,
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim; nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal ledgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilst Vaughan* or Dapper, call him what you
will,
Shall blow the trumpet and give out the bill.

There rules secure from critics and from sense,
Nor once shall genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.

From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the muse knows not, nor desires to know.
Yet rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore,
Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Alham'd among such troops to show the head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down [frown;
To separate frown from smile, and smile from
Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part;
Rofs (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he;
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses nature's bounds,
Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
Ne'er know the working of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled pow'rs of light and shade,
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel.

* A gentleman who published at this juncture, a
poem intitled "The Retort."

Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name;
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in
Who aim'd at wit though level'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where city swains in lap of dullness dream,
Where, quiet as her strains their strains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rol's experience'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
And spin out happy folly through the year. [fled,

But think not though these dastard-chiefs are
That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head;
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar,
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to *novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talisman's, and charms;
On one side folly sits, by some call'd fun,
And on the other, his arch patron, Lun,
Behind, for liberty athirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude misshapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom reason lothes, and nature never saw;
Monsters with tails of ice and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and chimeras dire.
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The town, as usual, met him in full cry;
The town, as usual, knew no reason why.
But fashion so directs, and moderns raise
On fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.

Next to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no falique law:
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps led on by Gen'l Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critics praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new.
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here.
Defects like these which *modest* terrors cause,
From impudence itself extort applause.
Candour and reason still take virtue's part;
We love ev'n by foibles in so good an heart.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
Who meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish propofals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chaunt the praise of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverse kind nature's first decrees,
And teach ev'n Brent a method not to please;
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage;
The boasted work's call'd national in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain;
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim;
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise;
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show:
For through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart;
The brow, still fix'd on sorrow's fullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives strength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forth forward in the noblest light.
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expression's lively force
With beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye; if feelings void of art,
Rouse the quick passions, and enflame the heart;
If music sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgment tutor'd by experience sage,
Shall shoot abroad and gather strength from age;
When Heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
When some stale slow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, though wither'd on the
stalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action, she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage,
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as the will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And strongly imagin'd griefs her mind distract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too!
My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view!
The roof cracks, shakes and falls:—New horrors
rise,
And reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart;
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down nature's fence;
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.

Pritchard, by nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her art as much as nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attempter'd with the graceful charms of ease?

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When love, hate, jealousy, despair and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage;
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the timorous thane,
I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new
strung.

In comedy—"Nay, there," cries critic, "hold,
"Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old."
"Who can, with patience, bear the gray co-
"quette,

"Or force a laugh with overgrown Juliet?
"Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just;
"But then, her age and figure give disgust."

Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confin'd?

Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd
In any set circumference of waist?

As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?

If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?

The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,

Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some standard-measure for each part should find

Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.

All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where.
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth:
When the pure genuine flame, by nature taught,
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wond'rous skill,
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before.
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The jealous wife! on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Those sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim:
But if from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming
skill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul.

In person taller than the common eye,
Behold where Barry draws admiring gaze!
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?

What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.— [art,
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And connd his passions, as he connd his part.

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Gray-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his favourite cause.

Far be it from the candid muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel.
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight, nervous and
strong

In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.

Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves, [selves
Those who would make us feel, must feel them—

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.

When Héctor's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the same scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some furly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequal'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.

Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,

Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:
But step-dame nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:

In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
To form distinctions nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His action's always strong, but sometimes such,
That candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion femicircular?
Why must the hero with the sailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.

Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
To fright a king so harmless and so tame,
But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies:
Behold him found the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.

Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.

Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

VOL. X.

One finds out,—“He's of stature somewhat
“low,—

“Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
“True nat'ral greatness all consists in height.”

Produce your voucher, critic.—“Sergeant Kite.”
Another can't forgive the paltry arts

By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.—
“Avaunt, unnat'ral start, affected pause.”

For me, by nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.

The best things carried to excess are wrong;
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monies mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the soul's pourtray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught;
Each start is nature; and each pause is thought.

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms;
What but a critic could condemn the play'r,
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire, I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with nature, must be pleas'd with thee.

Now might I tell, how silence reign'd through-
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout!
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:
But, loose to fame, the muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the several parties weigh, claim,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed.

“If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
“If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
“If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd;
“If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
“If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which
“Within the magic circle of the eye;
“If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
“And which no face so well as his can show;
“Deserve the preference;—Garrick, take the
“chair;

Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there.”

G g

THE APOLOGY.

Addressed to the Critical Reviewers.

Laughs not the heart, when giants, big with pride,

Assume the pompous port, the martial stride :
O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous shield,
Vault as a weaver's beam the javelin wield ;
With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
And dare to single combat--What?--A fly.

And laugh we less, when giant names, which shine

Establish'd, as it were, by *right divine* ;
Critics, whom ev'ry captive art adores ;
To whom glad science pours forth all her stores ;
Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
And hold, Astræa-like, the scales of wit ;
With partial rage rush forth,--Oh ! shame to tell !
To crush a bard just bursting from the shell ?

Great are his perils in this stormy time
Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme.
Around vast furies roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below ;
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends ;
He hurts me most who lavishly commends.

Look through the world--in ev'ry other trade
The same employment's cause of kindness made,
At least appearance of good-will creates,
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates.
Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night,
And in the common cause e'en play'rs unite.
Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother-authors dance.
The pride of nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit :
Onward they rush at fame's imperious call,
And, less than greatest, would not be at all.

Smit with the love of honour,--or the pence,
O'er run with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the rhyming-trade
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade :
Forth from the court, where sceptred sages sit,
Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit ;
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they won by dullness, still maintain ;
Legions of factious authors throng at once ;
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's * the ready lies repair ;--
Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there--

Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The polish'd falsehood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.

A critic was of old a glorious name,
Whole sanction handed merit up to fame ;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view :
His judgment great, and great his candour too.
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside ;
Secure he walk'd, for nature was his guide.
But now, Oh strange reverse ! our critics bawl
In praise of candour with a heart of gall.

* *Printer of the Critical Review.*

Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light ;
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night ;
Safe from detection, seize th' unwary prey,
And stab, like bravoës, all who come that way.
When first my muse, perhaps more bold than wife,

Bade the rude trifle into light arise,
Little she thought such tempests would ensue ;
Less, that those tempests would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak ;
Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke.
Vain thought ! a critic's fury knows no bound ;
Drawcanfir-like, he deals destruction round ;
Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.

Unhappy genius ! plac'd by partial fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state ;
Where the reluctant muse, oppress'd by kings,
Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings ;
In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's scorn.
Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,

Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here ?
Thus, when the Julian tyrant's pride to swell
Rome with her Pompey at Pharosia fell,
The vanquish'd chief escap'd from Cæsar's hand
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.

How could these self-elected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base ?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did genius sleep, when dullness seiz'd the throne ?
Whence, absolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the subject world dispenses law.
Without her licence not a letter stirs,
And all the captive cross-cross-row is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.
Our great dictators take a shorter way--
Who shall dispute what the reviewers say ?
Their word's sufficient ; and to ask a reason,
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell ;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible,
Dull superstitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve,
And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe !
But why repine we, that these puny elves
Shoot into giants?--We may thank ourselves ;
Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
The calf ourselves have fashion'd we adore.
But let true reason once resume her reign,
This god shall dwindle to a calf again

Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
By the same arts they still maintain their sway,
Wrapp'd in mysterious secrecy they rise,
And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.
At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe
Th' envenom'd slander flies, no names appear.
Prudence forbids that step.--Then all might know
And on more equal terms engage the foe.
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air ?
By int'rest join'd th' expert confederates stand,
And play the game into each other's hand.

The vile abuse, in turn by all deny'd,
Is bandy'd up and down from side to side:
It flies---they!---presto!---like a juggler's ball,
'Till it belongs to nobody at all. [known,

All men and things they know, themselves un-
And publish ev'ry name-- except their own.
Nor think this strange-- secure from vulgar eyes
The nameless author passes in disguise.
But vet'ran critics are not so deceiv'd,
If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd.

Once seen, they know an author evermore,
Nay swear to hands they never saw before
Thus in the Rosciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.

"That's Lloyd's---his manner there you plainly
"trace,

"And all the actor stares you in the face.

"By Colman that was written---On my life,

"The strongest symptoms of the Jealous Wife.

"That little disingenuous piece of spite,

"Churchill, a wretch unknown, perhaps might
"write."

How doth it make judicious readers smile,
When authors are detected by their style:
Though ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He shifts his style much oft'ner than his clothes?

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The muse a trisler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry heav'n should send
The bitterest foe where most I wish'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound.

From Livy's temples tear th' historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb.

Who ever read the Regicide, but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method---have no plot at all.
Who can so often in his cause engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow,
At tragic Ha! and no less tragic Oh!

To praise his nervous weakness all agree;
And then for sweetness, who so sweet as he!
Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell:
But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
Why---then the voice must speak again, you
know.

Rude and unskilful in the poet's trade,
I kept no Naiads by me *ready-made*;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No flimsy linsley-woolsey scenes I wrote,
With patches here and there like Joseph's coat.
Me humbler themes besit: Secure, for me,
Let playwrights smuggle nonsense, duty free:
Secure for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
And frisk, and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn,
Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn:

Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove
Through the green umbrage of th' enchanted
grove:

Secure, for me, let foppish nature smile,
And play the coxcomb in the desert isle.

The stage I chose---a subject fair and free---
'Tis yours---'tis mine---'tis public property.

All common exhibitions open lie
For praise or censure to the common eye.

Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed;
Hence monthly critics earn their daily bread.

This is a gen'ral tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who play.

Actors, a venal crew, receive support
From public bounty, for the public sport.

To clap or hiss, all have an equal claim,
The cobbler's and his lordship's right the same.

All join for their subsistence; all expect [rect.
Free leave to praise their worth, their faults cor-

When active Pickle Smithfield stage ascends,
The three days wonder of his laughing friends;

Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively witing praises or derides.

And where's the mighty difference, tell me where,
Betwixt a merry Andrew and a player?

The strolling tribe, a despicable race,
Like wand'ring Arabs, shift from place to place.

Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,

And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
To madam mayorefs, or his worship's wife.

The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;

His royal consort heads the female band,
And leads the heir apparent in her hand;

The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either side.

No choice musicians in this troop are found
To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound;

No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl;
No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll;

No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown;
The monarch here must be a host *alone*.

No solemn pomp, no slow processions here;
No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.

By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;

And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is shifted with his side.

Question and answer he by turns must be,
Like that small wit * in modern tragedy;

Who, to patch up his fame,---or fill his purse,---
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;

Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.

In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe;
The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe.

No high conceits their mod'rate wishes raise,
Content with humble profit, humble praise.

Let dowdies simmer, and let bumpkins stare,
The strolling pageant hero treads in air;

Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And snores the next out on a truss of straw.

But if kind fortune, who we sometimes know
Can take a hero from a puppet-show,
In mood propitious should her fav'rite call
On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himself he rears the head,
And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred.
Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and
queens,

With gods and goddesses behind the scenes,
He sweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by mock honours real pride t' assume.
On this great stage the world, no monarch e'er
Was half so haughty as a monarch play'r.

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth,
To see these things, the lowest sons of earth,
Presume, with self-sufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in letters and preside in taste?
The town's decisions they no more admit,
Themselves alone the arbiters of wit;
And scorn the jurisdiction of that court,
To which they owe their being and support.
Actors, like monks of old, now sacred grown,
Must be attack'd by no fools but their own.

Let the vain tyrant sit amidst his guards,
His puny *Green-room* wits and venal bards,
Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
And for a playhouse-freedom lose their own;
In spite of new-made laws, and new-made kings,
The free-born muse with lib'ral spirit sings,
Bow down, ye slaves; before these idols fall;
Let genius stoop to them who've none at all;
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
To those who, slaves to all, are slaves to me.

Actors, as actors, are a lawful game;
The poet's right, and who shall bar his claim?
And if, o'erweening of their little skill,
When they have left the stage, they're actors still;
If to the subject world they still give laws,
With paper crowns, and sceptres made of straws;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And kings one night, are kings for evermore;
Shall not bold truth, e'en there, pursue her theme,
And 'wake the coxcomb from his golden dream?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They rise superior to their present state;
If, with each social virtue grac'd, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend;
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure
speak,

Though mimics bark, and envy splits her cheek;
No honest worth's beneath the muse's praise;
No greatness can above her censure raise;
Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
She stoops to actors, and she soars to kings.

Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
To sense of honour as to virtue dead;
Whom ties nor human, nor divine, can bind;
Allen to God, and foe to all mankind;
Who spares no character; whose ev'ry word,
Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword,
Cuts to the quick; whose thoughts with rancour
swell; [hell];

Whose tongue, on earth, performs the work of

If there be such a monster, the *Reviews*
Shall find him holding forth against abuse.

"Attack profession!---'tis a deadly breach!---

The Christian laws another lesson teach:---

"Unto the end shall charity endure,

"And candour hide those faults it cannot cure."

Thus candour's maxims flow from rancour's
throat,

As devils, to serve their purpose, scripture quote.

The muse's office was by Heav'n design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind;

To make dejected virtue nobly rise

Above the trow'ring pitch of splendid vice;

To make pale vice, abash'd, her head hang down,

And trembling crouch at virtue's awful frown.

Now arm'd with wrath, she bids eternal shame,

With strictest justice, brand the villain's name:

Now in the milder garb of ridicule

She sports, and pleases while she wounds the fool.

Her shape is often varied; but her aim,

To prop the cause of virtue, still the same.

In praise of mercy let the guilty bawl,

When vice and folly for correction call,

Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,

And is partaker of the crimes it spares.

But if the muse, too cruel in her mirth,

With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth;

If wantonly she deviates from her plan,

And quits the actor to expose the man;

Alham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,

And hates the line where candour was forgot.

But what is candour, what is humour's vein,

Though judgment join to consecrate the strain,

If curious numbers will not aid afford,

Nor choicest music play in ev'ry word?

Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,

From all harsh, rugged interruptions clear.

Soft let them breathe, as zephyr's balmy breeze;

Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas;

Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense

A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.

Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,

Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage;

Deaf to the calls of pity, nature wound,

And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.

Henceforth farewell then sev'rish thirst of fame;

Farewel the longings for a poet's name;

Perish my muse;---a wish 'bove all severe

To him who ever held the muses dear---

If e'er her labours weaken to refine

The gen'rous roughness of a nervous line.

Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;

Their muse must walk in stilts, and strut in stays:

The sense they murder, and the words transpose,

Left poetry approach too near to prose.

See tortur'd reason how they pare and trim,

And, like Procrustes, stretch, or lop the limb.

Waller, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,

Parent of harmony in English verse,

Whose tuneful muse in sweetest accents flows,

In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.

In polish'd numbers, and majestic found,

Where shall thy rival, Pope, be ever found?

But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,

E'en excellence, unvaried, tedious grows,

Nature, through all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from variety.
Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse the foul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the nightingale would teize :
Still in one key, nor Brent would always please.

Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful nine.
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep,
Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
With equal strength the poet rises too.
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their course;
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
The pow'r's of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole art of poetry is thine.

But what are numbers, what are bards to me,
Forbidden to tread the paths of poetry?
"A sacred muse should consecrate her pen;
"Priests must not hear nor see like other men;
"Far higher themes should her ambition claim;
"Behold where Sternhold points the way to
"fame."

Whilst with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let reason for a moment take her turn.
When coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,
And blindly walk in paper leading strings,
What if a man delight to pass his time
In spinning reason into harmless rhyme;
Or sometimes boldly venture to the play!
Say, Where's the crime?—great man of prudence, say?

No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have some darling singularity;
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gewgaws take delight, and sigh for toys.
Your sceptres, and your crowns, and such like things,

Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indifferent reason bids us choose,
Whether the whim's a monkey or a muse.

What the grave triflers on this busy scene,
When they make use of this word reason, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis Lord Chief-Justice in the court of man,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The friend of virtue, and the guide to truth.
To her I bow, whose sacred pow'r I feel;
To her decision make my last appeal;
Condemn'd by her, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
By her absolv'd, my course I'll still pursue:
If reason's for me, God is for me too.

NIGHT.

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD.

WHEN foes insult, and prudent friends dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We night prefer, which heals or hides our care.

Rogues justified, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by gold,
Freely may bask in fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But *thread-bare* merit dares not show the head
Till vain prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The sons of care are always sons of night.

The wretch bred up in method's drowsy school,
Whose only merit is to err by rule,
Who ne'er through heat of blood was tripping caught,

Nor guilty decm'd of one eccentric thought,
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace,
Still travels on through life's insipid space;
Turns up his eyes to think that there should be
Among God's creatures two such things as *we*:
Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow'r's
Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours*.

Good hours—Fine words!—But was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the sun,
Expatriates on *good hours*, their caute defends
With as much vigour as our *prudent* friends.
Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things,
Each takes the phrase in his own private view,
With prudence it is ten, with Florio two.
Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing distinctions make,
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And reason to herself alone is law.
That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol titled name her reverence flirts,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good, if *virtuously* enjoy'd.

Let the sage doctor (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *weig* declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health.
For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.
While soul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a shorter date,
I'll make them live, as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.

Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools;
As well may sons of phytic hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The fool next morning can't hold up his head.
What reason this which *me* to bed must call,
Whose head (thank Heaven) never aches at all?
In diff'rent courses diff'rent tempers run
He hates the moon, I sicken at the sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.

Then in oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.

No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,
Who meanly overlooks a friend distressed.
Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
And scarce fees rage an inch beyond his nose;
But from a crowd can single out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.

Whether those classic regions are survey'd
Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,
Though now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
And taught a *stump* to shoot with pilfer'd praise,
Who once for *Rev'rend* merit famous grown,
Gratefully strove to kick his Maker down;
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar, or stage;
If half-bred surgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Those mighty letter'd monsters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exercise our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray;
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed,
Where virtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head;
Whilst vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And conscience plants the villain's couch with
Impatient of restraint, the active mind, [thorns;
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her seat, as waken'd from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a single glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,
And see by night what fools we are by day.

Strip of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
See where ambition mean and loathsome lies;
Reflection with relentless hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whose anger, like the belt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,

Whose mercies, like heaven's dew, refreshing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

Through a false medium things are shown by
day,

Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray.
How many from appearance borrow state,
Whom night disdains to number with the great!
Must not we laugh to see yon *lordling* proud
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd?
Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,
Like insects in the sun's enlivening ray,
Whilst, Jehu-like, he drives at furious rate,
And seems the only charioteer of state,
Talking himself into a little god,
And ruling empires with a single nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
That he had int'rest, and that they had sense?
Injurious thought! Beneath night's honest shade,
When pomp is buried, and false colours fade,
Plainly we see at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the seeming, or the real great.
Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
Than any slave who labours at the oar.
By slavish methods must he learn to please,
By smooth-tongu'd flattery, that curst *court-disease*,
Supply to ev'ry wayward mood, strike fail,
And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.
To nature dead he must adopt vile art,
And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart,
A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
And conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers;
When he at last expects, good easy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing lacquey, or rapacious whore,
To favours of the great the surest door,
Some catamite, or pimp, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,
Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for some minion's minion claims the prize.

Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too resolute, from nature's active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by,
Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie,
Too plain to please, too honest to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state:
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice, and strife,
Calm, independent, let me steal through life,
Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile.
Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glittering bawbles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,
We see what vain designs mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.

Perplex'd with trifles through the vale of life,
Man strives gainst man, without a cause for strife;
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed
For some vile spot, where filty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight;
What odds?—To us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

Britons, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,
Are cast by nature in a patriot mould:
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their soul's engros'd by public weal or woe.
Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us) statesmen all at once.

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
The court-bred lord his promises and debts,
Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
The rake his mistresses, and the fop himself;
Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their
care,

And their wife heads the weight of kingdoms [bear.

Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
And boast an equal, or a greater zeal:
From nymph to nymph the state-infected flies,
Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beside.
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
A passion for applause, or rage for dress;
No more they pant for public raree-shows,
Or lose one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan,
And lustful prudes forget to rail at man.
The darling theme CÆCILIA's self will choose,
Nor think of scandal whilst she talks of news.

The city, a common-council-man by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
By situation as by nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state:
Proves and disproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himself, and to himself replies;
Wielding aloft the politician rod.
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god:
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The same thing right and wrong in half an hour.
Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
And plainly proves, *WHATEVER IS, IS NOT*.
Fearfully wife, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
His useless scales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Peace to such triflers: be our happier plan
To pass through life as easy as we can.
Who's in or out who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity, nor spleen.
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show;
Let but the puppets move. I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master-wire.

What is't to us if taxes rise or fall,
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His grace, who smarts may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
Burdens like these vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on castles in the air.

Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
And England's terrors awe imperious Spain;
Let ev'ry venal clan and neutral tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
Let each new year call loud for new supplies,
And tax on tax with double burden rise;
Exempt we sit, by no rude cares oppress'd,
And, having little, are with little blest.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply.
Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells th' approach of day.

Thus have we liv'd, and whilst the fates afford
Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,
Whilst mirth, with decency his lovely bride,
And wine's gay god, with temperance by his side,
Their welcome visit pay; whilst health attends
The narrow circle of our chosen friends,
Whilst frank good-humour consecrates the treat,
And woman makes society complete,
Thus will we live, though in our teeth are hurl'd
Those *backney strumpets*, prudence and the world.

Prudence, of old a sacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike wisdom for her guide,
But now in general use is known to mean
The stalking-horse of vice, and folly's screen.
The sense perverted we retain the name,
Hypocrisy and prudence are the same.

A tutor once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely sly, with high preference blest,
His favourite pupil in these words address'd:
Would'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous
deem'd,

By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd?
Be this thy rule; be what men *prudent* call:
Prudence, almighty prudence, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances, there lies the test.
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
This maxim's into common favour grown,
Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known.
Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging passions drive thee to a whore,
Let prudence lead thee to a *posern* door;
Stay out all night, but take especial care
That prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard and reel out a saint.

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard,
And in his mem'ry stor'd each precious word,
G g iij

Successfully pursu'd the plan, and now,

"Room for my lord,—virtue stand by and bow."

And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To mask, but not amend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave
For wife and good stamp ev'ry supple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,
Whilst virtue seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize
Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise;
Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
Seems what she is, and scorns to pass for more?
Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myself;
Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
I would not be *that* thing, *that* prudent man.

What, cries Sir Pliant, would you then oppose
Yourself, alone, against an host of foes?

Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,
Above all sense of interest prevail.
Throw off for shame this petulance of wit,
Be wise, be modest, and for *once* submit:
Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight,
You must be wrong, the world is in the right.

What is the world? A term which men have
got

To signify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of *men* than herds of *asses*;
In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many foci in same opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change nature's stated laws?
Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
Though thousands rail at good and practise ill.
Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage
Because vast nations on his part engage?
Though to support the rebel Cæsar's cause
Tumultuous legions arm against the laws,
Though scandal would our *patriot's* name impeach,
And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,
What honest man but would with joy submit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with *PITT*?

Stedfast and true to virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,
Let the world talk, my friend; that world we
know

Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow nature's plan,
Assert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong
Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd be strong.
In spite of dullness, and in spite of wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Rather stand up assur'd with conscious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQUIRE.

WHEN Cupid first instructs his darts to fly
From the fly corner of some cook-maid's eye,

The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire;
Trembling and blushing he the fair-one views,
And fain would speak, but can't—without a muse.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and *eke* the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies,
Green moss her couch; her canopy the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the *raguiss* gale [vale,
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them through the
The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his am'rous desart plays.
Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens
scream,

And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass,
Present the fair Lardella with a glass,
And Zephyr, to complete the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

But, when maturer judgment takes the lead,
These childish toys on reason's altar bleed;
Form'd after some *great man*, whose name breeds
awe,

Whose ev'ry sentence fashion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our servile fears;
Then we discard the workings of the heart,
And nature's banish'd by *mechanic* art;
Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then ostentation marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* pride stalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each sentence, polish'd ev'ry line:
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of ancients with a modern air,
Nonsense with *classic* ornaments is grac'd,
And passes current with the stamp of taste.

Then the rude Theocrite is ransack'd o'er,
And courtly Maro call'd from Mincio's shore;
Sicilian muses on our mountains roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home:
Nymphs, naiads, nereids, dryads, satyrs, fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flourish'd fair in Greece and
Rome,

More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn;
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn;
Landscapes unknown to *dorothy* nature, rise,
And new creations strike our wonder'ing eyes.

For bards like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay;
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain common sense her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,

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As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason bring,
Lin'd with the softest down of folly's wing;
In love's pagoda shall they ever doze,
And Gisbal kindly rock them to repose;
My lord--to letters as to *faith* most true---
At once their patron and example too---
Shall *quaintly* fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping
streams,

Curious in grief (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe),
From the green umbrage of some druid's fear,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.

Me, whom no muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By *prattling* streams o'er flow'r-empurpled meads;
Who often, but without success, have pray'd
For apt alliteration's *artful aid*;

Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets, *which mean no ill*;
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *pacing* poetry, and *ambling* wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.

Thou, nature, art my goddess---to thy law
Myself I dedicate.---Hence slavish awe
Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules,
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools.
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair nature's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which virtue scorns, and none but slumpets wear,
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
Of toil, which critics now mistake for *taste*,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
Which art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please,
By nature's charms (inglorious truth)! subdu'd,
However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,
To northern climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the
Where, undisturb'd by art's rebellious plan, [year,
She rules the *loyal laird*, and *faithful clan*.

To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe?
What *wagon-loads* of courage, wealth and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend,
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,
Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the Holy Martyr found?

Nor lets our debt in science, though deny'd
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the *Ramfays*, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t' other wrote;
Thence, home, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, though no *dull* dean was there;

Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's call,
That *old, new, epic pastoral*, *Fingal*;
Thence Malloch, friend alike of church and state,
Of Christ and liberty, by grateful fate
Rais'd to rewards which in a *pious* reign,
All *darling infidels* should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this *wise* town by simple patrons brought,
In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.
Wait me some muse to Tweed's inspiring
stream,

Where all the little loves and graces dream,
Where slowly winding the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the power of sleep,
Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swim,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of *English* pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.

From solemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are--God knows how;
From nice trim points, where honour, slave to rule,
In compliment to folly, plays the fool; [pow'r,
From those gay scenes where mirth exalts his
And easy humour wings the laughing hour;
From those soft better moments, when desire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *friendship's* summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, *once seen before*, that ancient seat,
That ancient seat, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, *long before the world was made*!

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous nature gave,
Thy honest spirit into practice brings, [kings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of
Let *rude licentious* Englishmen comply [why;
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee good-humour tempers lively wit,
Enthron'd with judgment, candour loves to sit,
And nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.

Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted Scot,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here,
When scribblers, to the charge by int'rest led,
The fierce North-Britain foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On Northern *Pigab* when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that *Holy Land*,
With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,

Thy gen'rous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful but ill-natur'd page.

The *Scots* are poor, cries surly English pride;
True is the charge, nor by themselves deny'd.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear.
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If, by low supple arts successful grown,
They sapp'd our vigour to increase their own,
If, mean in want, and insolent in pow'r,
They only sawn'd more surely to devour,
Rous'd by such wrongs should reason take alarm,
And e'en the muse for public safety arm;
But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway,
And follow where true honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but justice can't condemn.

"Into our places, states, and beds they creep;"
They've sense to get, what we want sense to keep.

Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race.
Into those traps, which men call'd patriots laid,
By specious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagu'd against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.
But shall I meanly error's path pursue
When heavenly truth presents her friendly clue,
Once plung'd in ill, shall I go farther in?
To make the oath was rash; to keep it, sin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
Converted (blessed are the souls which know
Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,
Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttleton and West),
Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
To raise new trophies to the Scottish name,
To make (what can the proudest muse do more)?
E'en faction's sons her brighter worth adore,
To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhymes,
In fullest tide roll down to latest times. [thine.

"Presumptuous wretch! and shall a muse like
"An *English* muse, the meanest of the nine.

"Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak strain

"Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?

"Should he from toils of government retire,

"And for a moment fan the poet's fire,

"Should he, of sciences the moral friend,

"Each curious, each important search suspend,

"Leave unassisted Hill of herbs to tell,

"And all the wonders of a cockle-shell,

"Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,

"Would not he Home step forth, and gain the
"prize?

"Or if this wreath of honour might adorn

"The humble brows of one in *England* born,

"Presumptuous still thy daring must appear;

"Vain all thy tow'ring hopes, whilst I am here."

Thus spake a form, by silken smile, and tone

Dull and unvaried, for the laureat known,

Folly's chief friend, decorum's eldest son,
In ev'ry party found, and yet of none.

This airy subsistence, this substantial shade,
Abash'd I heard, and with respect obey'd.

From themes too lofty for a bard so mean,
Discretion beckons to an humbler scene.

The restless fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and seek the sylvan shade.
Now be the muse disrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verse by truth supplied,
And if plain nature pours a simple strain,
Which Bute may praise, and Ossian not disdain,
Ossian, *sublimest, simplest* bard of all,
Whom *English* infidels Macpherfon call,
Then round my head shall honour's ensigns wave,
And pensions mark me for a willing slave.

Two boys, whose birth beyond all question
springs

From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of *Scottish* lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrob'd in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dullness kiss'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no clothes,
Where, from their youth inur'd to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

Jockey, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to
crown

With freckles sported flam'd the golden down,
With mickle art could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The *Highland lass* forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleas'd, though hungry, on her Sawney's
breast,

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green.

The plague of locusts they secure defy,

For in three hours a grasshopper must die.

No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,

But the camelion, who can feast on air.

No birds, except as birds of passage, flew,

No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.

No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,

Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.

Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,

Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan.

No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white rose,

Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows,

By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades

Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,

Too sparing of her favours, nature gave:

That one alone (hard tax on *Scottish* pride)!

Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.

Their snares without entangling briars spread,

And thistles, arm'd against th'invader's head,

Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loathe, and to be loth'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their favour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place *within*: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies;
In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall;
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And FAMINE, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.

Here, for the fullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wintry blast,
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
The boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds every day *take keep*,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

Jockey.

Sit to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid *among* yon thistles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by shepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry roundelay?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

Sawney.

Ah, Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wot*,
To think of songs at such a time as this.
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

Jockey.

Still have I known thee for a silly swain;
Of things past help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right *areeds*, must be endur'd.

Sawney.

Full silly swain, *I wot*, is Jockey now;
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign lion she stole away,
Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?

Jockey.

O she was bonny! All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found!
More precious (though that precious is to all)
Than the rare med cine which we brimstone call,
Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which in I know not what far country grows,

Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

Sawney.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Through all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

Jockey.

Full forely may we all lament that day;
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful
swains;

Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died:
Ab! silly swains, to follow war's alarms!
Ab! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms!

Sawney.

Mention it not—There saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd *plaid*,
Saw the ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay; [survive,
Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still
To mourn *fifteen* renew'd in *forty-five*.

Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne
of turf,

With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the head: her eager eyes,
Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell;
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind;
All shrivell'd was her skin, and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy fight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd *plaid* she threw.

Cease, cried the goddess, cease, despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!

Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought;
Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the sink;

Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
 A mass till the last moment left behind,
 Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
 Whether to stamp with life, or throw away;
 Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
 But never enter'd in creation's book;
 Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
 Would sell their God, as once their king they sold;
 Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
 These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still.
 But times of happier note are now at hand,
 And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the sons of Israel, having trod,
 For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
 A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
 Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
 With some few natives join'd, some *pliant* few,
 Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,
 There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,
 Ravage at large, nor ask the owners leave.

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase;
 For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
 Fat bees shall yield us dainties not our own,
 And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
 For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
 And *Scotsmen* reap what they disdain'd to sow;
 For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
 For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;
 When to our wishes nature cannot rise,
 Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.
 His brawny arm shall drudging labour strain,
 And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
 Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
 Her's all the toil, and all the profit ours;
 For us, the oak shall from his native steep
 Descend, and fearless travel through the deep;
 The sail of commerce for our use unfurl'd,
 Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
 For us, sublimer heights shall science reach,
 For us, their statesmen plot, their churchmen
 preach;

Their noblest limbs of counsel we'll disjoint,
 And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
 Devouring war, imprison'd in the north,
 Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
 And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
 Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
 Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
 And Desolation stalking in the rear,
 Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
 He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
 Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
 And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Think not, my sons, that this so blest'd estate
 Stands at a distance on the roll of fate;
 Already big with hopes of future sway,
 E'en from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
 Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
 Whose former deeds shall Time's last annals grace,
 In the rough face of peril must be sought,
 And with the lives of thousands dearly bought;
 No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
 Which laughs to scorn the blundering hero's heart,
 Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall
 With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore
 Their choicest levies to a foreign shore,
 What if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,
 Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with
 blood,

Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,
 And scorning mercy, spar'd nor sex nor age;
 When, for our int'rest too mighty grown,
 Monarchs of warlike bent possess'd the throne,
 What if we strove divisions to foment,
 And spread the flames of civil discontent,
 Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,
 And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
 When restless Glory bade her sons advance,
 And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France;
 What if, disdain'g oaths, and empty sound,
 By which our nation never shall be bound,
 Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam
 Through the weak land, and brought cheap lau-
 rels home;

When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
 Of Law, Religion, Liberty and Sense,
 When they against their lawful monarch rose,
 And dar'd the Lord's Anointed to oppose,
 What if we still rever'd the banish'd race,
 And strove the Royal Vagrants to replace,
 With fierce rebellions shook th' unsettled state,
 And greatly dar'd, though cross'd by partial fate;
 These facts, which might, where wisdom held the
 sway,

Awake the very stones to bar our way,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
 In the dull region of an English brain.
 Blest'd with that *faith*, which mountains can re-
 move, [prove.

First they shall *dupes*, next *saints*, last *martyrs*
 Already is this game of fate begun
 Under the sanction of my darling son:
 That son, of nature royal as his name,
 Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame;
 His boundless pow'r, beyond example great,
 Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked
 straight,

Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
 And sink the mountain level to the plain.
 Discord, whom in a cavern under ground
 With massy fetters their late Patriot bound,
 Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
 And vent her curses to the vacant air,
 Where, that he never might be heard of more,
 He planted Loyalty to guard the door.
 For better purpose shall our chief release,
 Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace.

Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
 Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat;
 To gain our love, with honours shall they grace
 The old adherents of the Stuart race,
 Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
 Tories or Jacobites are still the same,
 To soothe our rage, the temporising brood
 Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
 Against their saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
 And brand with calumny their William's name;
 To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
 To our untainted faith shall they commit

(Our faith which, in extremest perils tried,
Disdain'd, and still disdains, to change her side)
That sacred Majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves their love.

AN EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own !
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence ;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is Jealousy, a rival there.

Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's base,
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race ;
Let vice and folly thy black soul divide,
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride ;
Deaf to the voice of faith and honour, fall
From side to side, yet be of none at all ;
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which nature in her bounty, good as wise,
To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man ;
Lift against virtue power's oppressive rod,
Betray thy country, and deny thy God ;
And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line,
To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
Whate'er of sin and dullness can be said,
Join to a F——'s heart a D——'s head ;
Yet may'st thou pass unnoticed in the throng,
And, free from envy, safely sneak along.
The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown
To saints whose lives are better than his own,
Shall spare thy crimes ; and wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce,
But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
Vile int'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r ;
Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind,
A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reason's court, is amply justified ;
Or fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,
Should'st thou prefer the calmer walk of life ;
Should'st thou, by pale and sickly study led,
Pursue coy science to the fountain-head ;
Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind :
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breast,
Redoubled horror grinning on her crest,
Fiercer each snake, and sharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell shall mad'ning envy start.
Then shalt thou find, but find alas ! too late,
How vain is worth ! how short is glory's date !
Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes con-

spire

To give more proof than virtue would desire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well ;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.
Whilst Satire thus, disdainful mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
Candour, who, with the charity of Paul,
Still thinks the best, when'er she thinks at all,

With the sweet milk of human kindness blest'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.

Canst thou, with more than usual warmth, the
cry'd,

Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Canst thou, severe by nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,
To make vice fit for purposes of strife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life,
To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,
And represent our nature as our curse ?
Doth not humanity condemn that zealous
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal ?
Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And danger grinning stare thee in the face ;
Loud as the drum, which spreading terror round
From emptiness acquires the pow'r of sound ?
Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear ?
Do'st thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor ?
Do'st thou on law and liberty depend ?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
Art thou beyond the Russian gripe of pow'r ?
When Wilkes, *prejudg'd*, is sentenc'd to the Tow'r ?
Do'st thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name ?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which state-scoundrels oft have safety found)
Do'st thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
Unpunish'd, thus to libel human kind ?

When poverty, the poet's constant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'st thou not valu'd honour more than bread,
Had int'rest, pliant int'rest, been thy guide,
And had not prudence been debauch'd by pride,
In flatt'ry's stream thou would'st have dipp'd thy
pen,

Applied to great, and not to honest men,
Nor should conviction have seduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker though the better part.

What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into satire's barren path mislead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing panegyric's flow'ry way ?
There might the muse have saunter'd at her ease,
And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please ;
Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
And ladies, simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet ;
Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, such truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
Than laymen, bring their off'rings to success)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou
In *laron* hadst whisper'd to a sleeping crowd
As dull as R——, and half as proud.

Peace, candour :—Wisely had'st thou said, and
well,

Could int'rest in this breast one moment dwell,

Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose.
I cannot trundle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
Free leave have others by such means to shine;
I scorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.
But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that elf,
Whom God in wrath for man's dishonour fram'd,
Cunning in heav'n, amongst us prudence nam'd,
That *servile* prudence which I leave to those
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.

Had I with cruel and oppressive rhymes
Pursu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when virtue gasping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made modesty in blushes speak,
And drawn the tear down beauty's sacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that sex which honour bids me praise;
Had I, from vengeance by base views betray'd,
In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's shade;
Had I (which satirists of mighty name,
Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom justice shall pursue
In future verse) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Because his worth was greater than my own;
Had I spar'd those (so *prudence* had decreed)
Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their king, (sting,
Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
Of those who flatter least, but love him most;
Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
At candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myself should be the first
To hate myself, and stamp my muse accurs'd.

But shall my arm—*forbid it manly pride,*
Forbid it reason, warring on my side—
For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
And hang suspended in the desert air,
Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
Paiss'd, forsooth, by candour's half-made frown?
When justice bids me on, shall I delay
Because insipid candour bars my way?
When she, of all alike the pulsing friend,
Would disappoint my satire's noblest end,
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live,
When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bids me spare whom reason bids me crush,
All leagues with candour proudly I resign;
She cannot be for honour's turn nor mine.

Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Whom vice can't fear, whom virtue can't commend,
Come candour, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,
Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect
We call that virtue which we know defect;
Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times,
Observe it well, and then review my plan;
Praise if you will, or censure if you can.

While vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And piety is only known at court;
Whilst wretched liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burden of excise;
Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name;
Whilst honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worshipp'd by those who justice never knew;
Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder through the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led,
Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill got, ill sav'd, wealth, to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay;
Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers;
Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilst C——, false to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,
To shame his master, friend, and father gives;
Whilst Bute remains in pow'r, whilst Holland lives;
Can satire want a subject, where disdain,
By virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain;
Where, cloth'd with thunder, truth may roll along,
And candour justify the rage of song?

Such things! such men before thee! Such an age!
Where rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And sicken e'en to surfeit, where the pride
Of satire, pouring down in fullest tide,
May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the
while

Justice behold the ruin with a smile;
Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, choose
To soil the credit of thy haughty muse?
With fallacy, most infamous, to stain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld thee incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the stage unfold;
When play'rs on play'rs before thy satire fell,
And poor reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell;
When states and statesmen next became thy care,
And only kings were safe if thou wast there;
Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in judgment's scale,
And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail.
Why dost thou now to falsehood meanly fly?
Not even candour can forgive a lie.

Bad as men are, why should thy frantic rhymes
Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes, which existing only in thy mind,
Weak spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
To practise virtue, and improve in art; [same,
To thwart these ends (which, proud of honest
A noble muse would cherish and enflame)
Thy *drudge* contrives, and in our full career
Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of fear;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we seek, we never can obtain;

That dead to virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
 Envy possesses the whole race of man;
 That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
 Danger extreme, in being good and wise.

'Tis a rank falsehood; search the world around,
 There cannot be so vile a monster found,
 Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
 Of that gross guilt, which you impute to all.
 Approved by those who disobey her laws,
 Virtue from vice itself extorts applause.
 Her very foes bear witness to her state;
 They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
 Hate virtue for herself, with spite pursue
 Merit for merit's sake! Might this be true,
 I would renounce my nature with disdain,
 And with the beasts that perish graze the plain:
 Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
 The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
 Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,
 Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg behind,
 Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
 And Providence in justice crush us all.
 None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
 Those who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
 Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
 At once into such deep damnation fall;
 By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
 Which e'en in hell must be a work of time.
 Cease then thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
 With the foul gall of discontent o'er-run,
 Lift to my voice—be honest, if you can,
 Nor slander nature in her fair rite man.
 But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
 Once having err'd, persists in error still,
 Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
 And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
 Which I would stamp as false, though on the
 tongue

Of angels the injurious slander hung.

Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
 Who shares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
 Or, blinded by that rage, didst thou believe
 That we too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
 That we as sterling falsehood would admit,
 Because 'twas season'd with some little wit?
 When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
 Men will believe, because they love the lie;
 But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
 Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
 Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
 And bring into contempt the human race,
 Hast thou, or canst thou, in truth's sacred court,
 To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
 Produce one proof, make out one real ground,
 On which so great, so gross a charge to found?
 Nay, dost thou know one man (let that appear,
 From wilful falsehood I'll proclaim thee clear)
 One man so lost, to Nature so untrue,
 From whom this gen'ral charge thy rashness drew?
 On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
 Prove that in one, which you have charg'd on all.
 Reason determines, and it must be done;
 'Mongst men, or past, or present, name me one.
 Hogarth—I take thee, candour, at thy word,
 Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard;

Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
 Nothing retain'd of candour but the name;
 By thee have I been charg'd in angry strains
 With that mean falsehood which my soul disdains—
 Hogarth stand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
 Now, candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
 Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt
 fear

To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
 Hogarth stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
 In that great court, where conscience must preside;
 At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
 Think before whom, on what account you stand—
 Speak, but consider well—from first to last
 Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action past—
 Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—
 Take longer time and view them o'er again—
 Canst thou remember from thy earliest youth,
 And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
 A single instance where, self laid aside,
 And justice taking place of fear and pride,
 Thou with an equal eye didst genius view,
 And give to merit what was merit's due?
 Genius and merit are a sure offence,
 And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.
 Is any one so foolish to succeed,
 On envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed?
 Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
 The place of executioner supplies.
 See how he glories, enjoys the sacred feast,
 And proves himself by cruelty a priest.

Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
 Would bury all those pow'rs which Nature gave,
 Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
 Those rays thy jealousy could not endure;
 To feed thy vanity would risk unknown,
 And to secure thy credit blast his own,
 In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend;
 He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
 But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
 Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to fame,
 When, with the pride of man, resolv'd and strong,
 He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,
 And, on himself determin'd to rely,
 Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
 No friend in thee could such a rebel know?
 He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.

Souls of a tim'rous cast, of petty name
 In envy's court, not yet quite dead to shame,
 May some remorse, some qualms of conscience
 And suffer honour to abate their zeal; [feel,
 But the man truly and completely great,
 Allows no rule of action but his hate;
 Through ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
 Passion his principle, and parts his prey.
 Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind
 Within the pale of temperance confin'd;
 The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
 And, good or bad, is always in extremes.

Man's practice duly weigh'd, through ev'ry age
 On the same plan hath envy form'd her rage:
 'Gainst those whom fortune hath our rivals made
 In way of science, and in way of trade,
 Stung with mean jealousy, she arms her spite,
 First works, then views their ruin with delight.

Our Hogarth here a grand improver shines,
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines;
He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
Should painters only his vast wrath suffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize.
'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When Wilkes, our countryman, our common
friend,

Arose, his king, his country to defend,
When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew,
When rancour found it far beyond her reach
To soil his honour, and his truth impeach,
What could induce thee, at a time and place,
Where manly foes had blun'd to show their face,
To make that effort, which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame?
Did virtue move thee? No, 'twas pride, rank
pride,

And if thou hadst not done it, thou hadst di'd.
Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and driven to the stake,
Gives virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmost verge,
Had Wilkes and liberty escap'd thy scourge.
When that great charter, which our fathers
bought

With their best blood, was into question brought;
When, big with ruin, o'er each English head
Vile slav'ry hung suspended by a thread;
When liberty, all trembling and aghast,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past:
When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till reason pointed out that Pratt was there;
Lurking, most ruffian like, behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen,
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
The murd'rous pencil in his pass'd hand.
What was the cause of liberty to him,
Or what was honour? Let them sink or swim,
So he may gratify without controul,
The mean resentments of his selfish soul.
Let freedom perish, if, to freedom true,
In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.
With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring
tongue,

The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
The body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams sunk
The body's weight unable to sustain, [vein,
The stream of life scarce trembling through the
More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which sell,
Through thy own fault, from men who wish'd
thee well, [give,

Canst thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance
And, dead to all things else, to malice live?
Hence, dotard, to thy cloister, shut thee in,
By deep repentance wash away thy sin,
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

Vain exhortation! Wash the Ethiop white,
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Controul the course of nature, bid the deep
Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in such a heart.
That envy which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop, may die, but envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that envy, who with giant stride
Stalks through the vale of life by virtue's side,
Retreats when the hath drawn her latest breath,
And calmly hears her praises after death.
To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but envy cannot die;
Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
A mansion suited well to such a guest,
Immortal, unimpair'd she rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.

Of have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
Through the dull measure of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilst friends with friends all gaping sit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise.
But if athwart thee interruption came,
And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,
Some ancient's name, who in the days of yore
The crown of art with greatest honour wore,
How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale;
And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale!
How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own!
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And arts and artists all became thy prey;
Then didst thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
Condemn'd those works, with praise through
ages grac'd,

Which you had never seen, or could not taste.
"But would mankind have true perfection shown,
"It must be found in labours of my own.
"I dare to challenge in one single piece,
"Th' united force of Italy and Greece."
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boasted masterpiece to view.
Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—
The picture seen, why is the painter here?
Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks;
Without a comment Sigismunda speaks.

Poor Sigismunda! what a fate is thine!
Dryden, the great high priest of all the nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a muse could give,
And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live;
Gave thee those soft sensations, which might move
And warm the coldest anchorite to love;
Gave thee that virtue which could curb desire,
Refine and consecrate love's headstrong fire;
Gave thee those griefs which made the stoic feel,
And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;
Gave thee that firmness which our sex may shame,
And make man bow to woman's juster claim,

So that our tears, which from compassion flow,
Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.
But O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how
chang'd!

How much from nature and herself estrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To show her feelings, and awaken ours,
Dóth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a Dauber's hand!

But why, my Hogarth, such a progress made,
So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade,
In the full force and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was *Heroic* painting laid aside?
Why is it not resum'd? Thy friends at court,
Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy support:
Be grateful then for once, and, through the field
Of politics, thy *Epic* pencil wield,
Maintain the cause, which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not
how.

Through ev'ry *Pannel* let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell!
How England's sons (whom they conspir'd to
bless

Against our will, with insolent success)
Approve their fall, and with addresses run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scottish fun!
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance,
hurl'd

From the strong arm of justice, shook the world;
Thine, and thy country's honour to increase,
Point out the honours of succeeding peace;
Our *moderation*, Christian-like, display,
Show what we got, and what we gave away.
In colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a *State-chaos* through the whole prevail.

But, of events regardless, whilst the muse,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues;
Whilst her quick spirits rouse at freedom's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
Whilst a dear country, and an injur'd friend,
Urge my strong anger to the bitter end;
Whilst honest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue pass unprais'd:
Justice with equal course bids satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greatest foe.

O! that I here could that rare virtue mean,
Which scorns the rule of envy, pride, and spleen,
Which springs not from the labour'd works of
art,

But hath its rise from nature in the heart,
Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
And spreads with joy the blessing all around!
But truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
Contented with a different kind of praise,
Must Hogarth stand: that praise which genius
gives,

In which to latest time the *Artist* lives,
But not the *Man*; which, rightly understood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good;
That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which genius wove, and planted
there.

Foe as I am, should envy tear it down,
Myself would labour to replace the crown,

Vol. X.

In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

How could'st thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which nature bade thee
shun?

Why did ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools?
By different methods different men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the phrenzy of *Sublime*.
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with
awe,

Nor see those faults which ev'ry blockhead saw?
Blush, thou vain man, and if desire of fame,
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her memory die, that thine may live.

But should fond candour, for her mercy sake,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
Or should oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of arts *despis'd*, of artists by thy frown
Aw'd from just hopes, of rising worth *kept down*,
Of all thy meannesses through this mortal race,
Can'st thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you
gave?

With so much merit, and so much success,
With so much pow'r to curse, so much to bless,
Would he have been man's friend instead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little god below.
Why then, like savage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in scripture story we are told,
Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,
Which nature meant to save, not to destroy?
Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made?
Most rank ill-nature must applaud thy art;
But even candour must condemn thy heart.

For me, who warm and zealous for my friend,
In spite of railing thousands, will commend,
And, no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foe,
Spite of commending thousands, will oppose,
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glass,
We see how men to dissolution pass.
Thou *wretched being*, whom, on reason's plan,
So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man,
What could persuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afresh into the sea of strife?

Hh

Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth,
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of death.
Why would thy gray, gray hairs resentment brave,
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now, by my soul, it makes me blush to know
My spirit could descend to such a foe.
Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.

Sure 'tis a curse which angry fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs must humble genius feel,
In their last hours, to view a Swift and Steele?
How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast,
When she beholds men, mark'd above the rest
For qualities most dear, plung'd from that
height,

And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's
night?

Are men, indeed, such things, and are the best
More subject to this evil than the rest,
To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death?
O, galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing thought, but not to be denied!
With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought.
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to insolence allied,
Id heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of genius, with unallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greatest genius to this fate may bow:
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now.

THE GHOST.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

WITH eager search to dart the soul,
Curiously vain, from pole to pole,
And from the planets wand'ring spheres
I extort the number of our years,
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth, and free from woe,
Our rude misfortune shall deform
Our life with one continual storm;
Or if the scene shall motley be,
Alternate joy and misery;
Is a desire, which, more or less,
All men must feel, though few confess.
Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords subsistence to the sage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the stars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come some ages hence,
Which unto friends, at easy rates,
He readily communicates.

At its first rise, which all agree on,
This noble science was Chaldean,
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the stars, observ'd their motions,
And suck'd in astrologic notions,
Which they so eagerly pursue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilst they're consulting things above;
And when they now so poor were grown,
That they'd no houses of their own,
They made bold with their friends the stars,
And prudently made use of theirs.

To Egypt from Chaldaea it travell'd,
And fate at Memphis was unravell'd:
Th' exotic science soon struck root,
And flourish'd into high repute.
Each learned priest, O strange to tell!
Could circle make, and cast a spell;
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of divination.

Nobles themselves, for at that time
Knowledge in nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the priest,
And prophecy as much at least.
Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whose crafty skill mars nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters, with smirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friends' desires,
From Bampfild Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all,
Whom we, mistaking, gypsies call.

The Grecian sages borrow'd this,
As they did other sciences,
From fertile Egypt, though the loan
They had not honesty to own.
Dodona's oaks, inspir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove,
Turn'd vegetable necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers:
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of fate might hear;
Each subtle priest, on three-legg'd stool,
To take in wise men, play the fool.
A mystery, so made for gain,
E'en now in fashion must remain.
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such business to their shop,
And that great saint we Whitefield call,
Keeps up the humbug spiritual.

Among the Romans, not a bird
Without a prophecy was heard;
Fortunes of empires often hung
On the magician magpie's tongue,
And ev'ry crow was to the state
A sure interpreter of fate.
Prophets, embodied in a college,
(Time out of mind your seat of knowledge,
For genius never fruit can bear
Unless it first is planted there,
And solid learning never falls
Without the verge of college walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was best to watch or sleep,

To eat or drink, to go or flay,
And when to fight or run away:
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a *double tripe*;
When emperors would live or die,
They in an *ost's skull* could spy;
When gen'als would their station keep,
Or turn their backs, in *hearts of sheep*;
In matters, whether small or great,
In private families or state,
As among us, the holy fear
Officially would interfere;
With pious arts and rev'rend skill
Would bend lay-bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends,
Just as it serv'd his private ends.
Whether in honest way of trade,
Traps for virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Designs were form'd against the state,
Regardless of the common weal,
By int'rest led, which they call zeal,
Into the scale was always thrown
The will of Heav'n to back *their own*.

England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow;
Where without culture they arise,
And tow'r above the common size;
England a fortune-telling host
As num'rous as the stars could boast;
Matrons who tols the cup, and see
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea;
Who vers'd in ev'ry modest lore,
A lost maidenhead restore,
Or, if their pupils rather choose it,
Can show the readiest way to lose it;
Gypsies who ev'ry ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor;
Who charms 'gainst love and agues fell,
Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them best known,
To catch all feet except their own;
Who as to fortune can unlock it,
As easily as pick a pocket;
Scotchmen who, in their country's right,
Possess the gift of *second-sight*,
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of *prudent wit*,
Which reputation to maintain,
They never venture back again)
By lies prophetic heap up riches,
And boast the luxury of breeches.

Amongst the rest, in former years,
Campbell, illustrious name, appears,
Great hero of futurity,
Who blind could every thing foresee,
Who dumb could ev'ry thing foretell,
Who fate with equity to sell,
Always dealt out the will of Heaven
According to what price was given.
Of Scottish race, in Highlands born,
Possess'd with native pride and scorn,
He hither came, by custom led,
To curse the hands which gave him bread.

With want of truth and want of sense,
Amplly made up by impudence,
(A *succedaneum*, which we find
In common use with all mankind)
Careless'd and favour'd too by those,
Whose heart with patriot feelings glows;
Who foolishly, where'er dispers'd,
Still place their native country first;
(For Englishmen alone have sense,
To give a *stranger* preference,
Whilst modest merit of their own
Is left in poverty to groan)
Campbell foretold just what he would,
And left the stars to make it good;
On whom he had impress'd such awe,
His dictates current pass'd for law;
Submissive all his empire own'd;
No star durst smile when Campbell frown'd.

This sage deceas'd, for all must die,
And Campbell's no more safe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart,
When death shall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the spheres;
Another and another came,
Of equal skill, and equal fame,
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wise each frown;
In ev'ry thing to like, you'd swear,
Campbell himself was sitting there;
To all the happy art was known,
To tell our fortunes, make *their own*.

Seated in garret, for you know,
The nearer to the stars we go,
The greater we esteem his art,
Fools curious flock from ev'ry part,
The rich, the poor, the maid, the married,
And those who could not walk were carried.

The butler, hanging down his head,
By chamber-maid, or cook-maid led,
Inquires, if from his friend the moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd spoon.

The court-bred woman of condition
(Who, to approve her disposition
As much superior as her birth,
To those compos'd of common earth,
With double spirit must engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)

The honourable arts would buy,
To pack the cards, and cog a die.

The hero (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongst the chiefs of *Butcher-Row*,
Who might some thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to guess,
At his employment by his dress,
Put med'cines off from tart or stage,
The grand volcano of the age,
Or might about the countries go,
High-steward of a puppet-show,
Steward and stewardship most meet,
For all know puppets, never eat,
Who would be thought, (though, save the mark,
That point is something in the dark)

Hi h ij lo mow wrow wrow wrow
H h ij lo mow wrow wrow wrow

The man of honour, one like those
Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight;
Merely for sport, from morn to night;
Who treads like *Mavors* firm, whose tongue
Is with the triple thunder hung;
Who cries to fear—Stand off—aloof—
And talks as he were cannon-proof;
Would be deem'd ready when you list,
With sword and pistol, stick and fist,
Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
But at the same time bears about,
Within himself some touch of doubt,
Of *prudent* doubt, which hints—that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;
That life is rightly understood
By all to be a real good;
That even in a *hero's* heart,
Discretion is the better part;
That this same honour may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run)
Like *Drugger* comes, that magic pow'r
May ascertain his *lucky* hours.
For at some hours the fickle dame
Whom fortune properly we name,
Who ne'er considers wrong or right,
When wanted most plays least in fight,
And, like a modern *court-bred* jilt,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into some other part,
No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear usurps the vacant seat;
Whence *planet-struck* we often find
Stuarts and Sackvilles of mankind.

Farther he'd know (and by his art
A conjuror can that impart)
Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a second,
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own;
Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full stomachs mad;
Whether before he seeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein;
Whether a gentle salivation,
Consistently with reputation,
Might not of precious life be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound,
But to prevent the consequence
Which oftentimes arises thence,
Those fevers, which the patient urge on
To gates of death, by help of surgeon;
Whether a wind at east or west
Is for green wounds accounted best;
Whether (was he to choose) his mouth
Should point towards the north or south;
Whether most safely he might use
On these occasions, pumps or shoes;
Whether it better is to fight
By *sun-beams*, or by *candle-light*;
Or (lest a candle should appear
Too mean to shine in such a sphere,
For who would of a candle tell
To light a hero into hell,

And lest the sun should partial rise
To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,
Or one or t' other's brains to scorch)
Might not *Dame* Luna hold a torch;
These points with dignity discuss'd,
And gravely fix'd a task which must
Require no little time and pains,
To make our hearts friends with our brains,
The *man of war* would next engage
The kind assistance of the sage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which should make these of none effect.

Could he not, from the mystic school
Of art, produce some sacred rule,
By which a knowledge might be got,
Whether men valiant were or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to those who would not fight?

Or could he not some way dispense,
By help of which (without offence
To honour, whose nice nature's such,
She scarce endures the slightest touch)
When he, for want of t' other rule,
Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
With some vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?

Or, should some demon lay a scheme
To drive him to the last extreme,
So that he must confess his fears,
In mercy to his nose and ears.
And, like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not some expedient buy
To keep his shame from public eye?
For well he held, and men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That honour's like a *maidenhead*,
Which, if in private brought to bed,
Is none the worse, but walks the town,
Ne'er lost, until the loss be known.

The parson too (for now and then
Parsons are just like other men,
And here and there a *grave* divine
Has passions such as your's or mine)
Burning with *boly* lust to know
When fate preferment will bestow,
'Fraid of detection, not of sin,
With circumspection sneaking in
To *conj'ror*, as he does to *worere*,
Through some bye-alley, or back door,
With the same caution *orthodox*
Consults the *stars*, and gets a *pox*.

The citizen, in fraud grown old,
Who knows no deity but gold,
Worn out, and gasping now for breath,
A med'cine wants to keep off death;
Would know, if that he cannot have,
What coins are current in the grave;
If, when the *stocks* (which by his pow'r
Would rise or fall in half an hour,
For, though unthought of and unseen,
He work'd the springs behind the screen)
By his directions came about,
And rose to *par*, he should sell out;
Whether he safely might or no
Replace it in the funds below.

By all address'd, believ'd, and paid;
Many pursu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Successful held the magic throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling passion,
The love of novelty and fashion,
Ambition, av'rice, lust, and pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry side.
But when the prudent laws thought fit
To curb this infolence of wit;
When senates wisely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,
That no such vile and upstart elves
Should have more knowledge than themselves;
When fines and penalties were laid
To stop the progress of the trade,
And stars no longer could advance,
With honour, farther influence,
And wizards (which must be confess'd)
Was of more force than all the rest;
No certain way to tell had got,
Which were informers, and which not;
Affrighted sages were perform'd
Oblig'd to steer some other course,
By various ways, these sons of chance
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
Knaves starve not in the land of fools.
Some, with high titles and degrees,
Which wise men borrow when they please,
Without or trouble or expence,
Physicians instantly commence,
And proudly boast an equal skill
With those who claim the right to kill.
Others about the countries roam
(For not one thought of going home)
With pistol and adopted leg,
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.

Some, the more subtle of their race,
(Who felt some touch of coward grace,
Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deserving it)
Came to their brother Smollet's aid,
And carried on the critic trade.

Attach'd to letters and the muse;
Some verses wrote, and some wrote news;
These each revolving month are seen,
The heroes of a magazine;
These, ev'ry morning, great appear
In Ledger, or in Gazetteer;
Spreading the falsehoods of the day
By turns for Faden and for Say;
Like Swifts, their force is always laid
On that side where they best are paid.
Hence mighty prodigies arise,
And daily monsters strike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More strange than ever Baker made,
Are hawk'd about from street to street,
And fools believe, whilst liars eat.

Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a superstitious age;
Now comets through the ether range,
In governments portending change;

Now rivers to the ocean fly
So quick, they leave their channels dry;
Now monstrous whales on Lambeth shore
Drink the Thames dry, and thirst for more;
And ev'ry now and then appears
An Irish savage numbring years,
More than those happy sages could tell
Who drew their breath before the flood.
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A church is left without a steeple
A steeple now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the church;
Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find.
Now, wrath on cattle to discharge,
Hail-stones as deadly fall, and large
As those which were on Egypt sent,
At once their crime and punishment;
Or those which, as the prophet writes,
Fell on the necks of Amorites,
When, struck with wonder and amaze,
The sun suspended, stay'd to gaze,
And, from her duty longer kept,
In Ajalon his sister slept.

But if such things no more engage
The taste of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need
Another Tofts must rabbits breed.
Each pregnant female trembling hears,
And, overcome with spleen and fears,
Consults her faithful glass no more,
But madly bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By fancy tuft'd into a doe.
Now, to promote their private ends,
Nature her usual course suspends,
And varies from the stated plan,
Observ'd e'er since the world began.
Bodies (which foolishly we thought,
By custom's servile maxims taught,
Needed a regular supply,
And without nourishment must die)
With craving appetites and sense
Of hunger easily dispense,
And, pliant to their wond'rous skill,
Are taught, like watches, to stand still
Uninjur'd, for a month or more,
Then go on as they did before.
The novel takes the tale succeeds,
Amplify supplies its author's needs;
And Betty Canning is at least,
With Gascoyne's help, a six months feast.

Whilst, in contempt of all our pains,
The tyrant superstition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from nature's plan:
Whilst fond credulity, who ne'er
The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,
To reason and herself unjust,
Takes all things blindly up on trust;
Whilst curiosity, whose rage
No mercy shows to sex or age,
Must be indulg'd at the expence
Of judgment, truth, and common sense;

Impostures cannot but prevail,
And when old miracles grow stale,
Jugglers will still the art pursue,
And entertain the world with new.

For them, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty skill,
Sad spirits summon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghastly through the gloom,
In all the usual pomp of storms,
In horrid customary forms,
A wolf, a bear, an horse, an ape,
As fear and fancy gave them shape,
Tormented with despair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain,
Folly and guilt (for guilt, howe'er
The face of courage it may wear,
Is still a coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms start,
The priest, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wise,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unless escorted by his clerk.

But let not ev'ry bungler deem
Too lightly of so deep a scheme;
For reputation of the actor on equity doth stand,
Each ghost must act a proper part,
Observe decorum's needful grace,
And keep the laws of time and place,
Must change, with happy variation, manners and
His manners with his situation;
What in the country might pass down,
Would be impertinent in town,
No spirit of discretion here
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'I will serve the purpose more by halfing it
To make the congregation laugh.

We want no ensigns of surprise;
Locks stiff with gore, and sawcer eyes;
Give us an entertaining spite,
Gentle, familiar, and polite,
One who appears in such a form
As might a holy hermit warm,
Or who on former schemes refines,
And only talks by sounds and signs,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her visits to the ear,
And knocks so gently, 'twould not fright
A lady in the darkest night.
Such is our FANNY, whose good will,
Which cannot in the grave lie still,
Brings her on earth to entertain
Her friends and lovers in Cock-lane.

BOOK II.

A SACRED standard rule we find,
By poets held time out of mind,
To offer to Apollo's shrine,
And call on one, or all the nine.

This custom, through a bigot zeal,
Which moderns of fine taste must feel
For those who wrote in days of yore
Adopted stands like many more,
Though ev'ry cause, which then conspir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,

Yielding to time's destructive course,
For ages past hath lost its force.

With ancient bards, an invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worship an essential part,
And not a formal piece of art,
Of paltry reading a parade,
A dull solemnity in trade,
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two, to serve a turn.

They talk'd not of Castalian springs,
By way of saying pretty things,
As we dress out our flimsy rhymes;
I was the religion of the times,
And they believ'd that holy stream
With greater force made fancy teem;
Reckon'd by all a true specific
To make the barren brain prolific;
Thus Romish church (a scheme which bears
Not half so much excuse as theirs)
Since faith implicitly hath taught her
Reveres the force of holy water.

The Pagan system, whether true
Or false, its strength, like buildings, drew
From many parts dispos'd to bear,
In one great whole, their proper share,
Each god of eminent degree
To some vast beam compar'd might be;
Each godling was a peg, or rather
A cramp, to keep the beams together;
And man as safely might pretend
From Jove the thunder-bolt to rend,
As with an impious pride aspire
To rob Apollo of his lyre.

With settled faith and pious awe,
Establish'd by the voice of law,
Then poets to the muses came,
And from their altars caught the flame,
Genius, with Phœbus for his guide,
The muse ascending by his side,
With tow'ring pinions dar'd to soar,
Where eye could scarcely strain before.

But why should we, who cannot feel
These glowings of a Pagan zeal,
That wild, enthusiastic force,
By which, above her common course,
Nature in ecstacy up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with scorn,
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For their religion than our own,
And feel not half so fierce a flame
At Clio's as at Fisher's name;
Who know these boasted sacred streams
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That Thames has waters clear as those
Which on the top of Pindus rose,
And that the fancy to refine,
Water's not half so good as wine;
Who know, if profit strike our eye,
Should we drink Helicon quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead,
So soon as one poor jug from Tweed;
Who, if to raise poetic fire,
The pow'r of beauty we require,
In any public place can view
More than the Grecians ever knew;

if *wit* into the scale is thrown;
Can boast a Lennox of our own;
Why should *we* servile customs choose,
And court an antiquated *muse*?
No matter why—to ask a *reason*,
In pedant bigotry is treason.

In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd* panegyric ode,
No modern poet dares to ride
Without Apollo by his side,
Nor in a *sonnet* take the air,
Unless his *lady muse* be there.
She, from some *amarantbine* grove,
Where little loves and graces rove,
The laurel to my lord must bear,
Or garlands make for *wobes* to wear;
She, with soft *elegiac* verse,
Must grace some *mighty villains'* herse;
Or for some *infant*, doom'd by fate
To wallow in a large estate,
With rhymes the cradle must adorn,
To tell the world a *fool* is born.

Since then our critic lords expect
No hardy poet should reject
Establish'd maxims, or presume
To place much better in their room,
By nature fearful, I submit,
And in this dearth of sense and wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little said*,
(By wild excurfive fancy led,
Into a second book thus far,
Like some unwary traveller,
Whom varied scenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn;
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry step leads more astray;
Who gazing round can no where spy,
Or house, or friendly cottage nigh,
And resolution seems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke some goddess to descend,
And help me to my journey's end.
Though conscious Arrow all the while
Hears the petition with a smile,
Before the glass her charms unfolds,
And in *herself* my *muse* beholds.

Truth, goddess of celestial birth,
But little lov'd, or known on earth,
Whose pow'r but seldom rules the heart,
Whose name, with hypocritic art,
An errant stalking-horse is made,
A snug pretence to drive a trade,
An instrument convenient grown
To plant, more firmly, falsehood's throne,
As rebels varnish o'er their cause
With specious colouring of laws,
And *pious* traitors draw the knife
In the king's name against his life;
Whether (from cities far away,
Where *fraud* and *falsehood* scorn thy sway)
The faithful nymph's and shepherd's pride,
With love and virtue by thy side,
Your hours in harmless joys are spent
Amongst the children of content;
Or, fond of gaiety and sport,
You tread the round of England's court;

Howe'er my lord may frowning go,
And treat the *stranger* as a *foe*,
Sure to be found a welcome guest
In George's and in Charlotte's breast,
If, in the giddy hours of youth,
My constant soul adher'd to truth;
If, from the time I first wrote man,
I still pursu'd thy sacred plan,
Tempted by interest in vain
To wear mean falsehood's golden chain;
If, for a season drawn away,
Starting from virtue's path astray,
All low disguise I scorn'd to try,
And dar'd to sin, but not to lie;
Hither, O hither, condescend,
Eternal Truth, thy steps to bend,
And favour *him*, who ev'ry hour
Confesses and obeys thy pow'r!

But come not with that easy mien,
By which you won the *lively* Dean,
Nor yet assume that slumpet air,
Which Rabelais taught thee first to wear;
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
Which with Cervantes gave thee grace,
But come in sacred vesture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly sad!

Far from thy seemly marron train
Be idiot mirth, and laughter vain!
For wit and humour, which pretend
At once to please us and amend,
They are not for my present turn,
Let them remain in France with Sterne.

Of noblest city parents born,
Whom wealth and dignities adorn,
Who still one constant tenor keep,
Not quite awake, nor quite asleep,
With thee, let formal dullness come,
And deep attention, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilst every circumstance she weighs,
Whose downcast eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to some outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But stupid without vision stares;
Thy steps let gravity attend,
Wisdom's and *truth's* unerring friend.
For one may see with half an eye,
That gravity can never lie;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With solemn proof proclaims him *wise*.

Free from all waggeries and sports,
The produce of luxurious courts,
Where sloth and lust enervate youth,
Come *thou*, a downright city truth;
The city, which we ever find
A sober pattern for mankind;
Where *man*, in equilibrio hung,
Is seldom old, and never young,
And from the cradle to the grave,
Not virtue's friend, nor vice's slave;
As *dancers* on the wire we spy,
Hanging between the earth and sky.

She comes—I see her from afar
Bending her course to *Temple-Bar*;

All sage and silent is her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may suit a *parson's* w^r,
And fit the head-piece of a *mayor*.

By truth inspir'd, our Bacon's force
Open'd the way to learning's source;
Boyle through the works of nature ran;
And Newton, something more than man,
Div'd into nature's hidden springs,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the earth our spirits bore,
And gave us worlds unknown before.
By truth inspir'd, when *Lauder's* spight
O'er Milton cast the veil of night,
Douglas arose, and through the maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Came where the subtle traitor lay,
And dragg'd him trembling to the day;
Whilst he (O shame to noblest parts,
Dishonour to the lib'ral arts,
To traffic in so vile a scheme)!
Whilst he, our letter'd Polypheme,
Who had *confederate* forces join'd,
Like a base coward, skulk'd behind.
By truth inspir'd, our *critics* go
To track Fingal in *Highland* snow,
To form their own and others *creed*
From *manuscripts* they cannot read.
By truth inspir'd, we numbers see
Of each profession and degree,
Gentle and simple, lord and cit,
Wit without wealth, wealth without wit,
When Punch and Sheridan have done,
To FANNY's *ghostly* lectures run
By truth and FANNY now inspir'd,
I feel my glowing bosom fir'd;
Desire beats high in ev'ry vein
To sing the spirit of Cock-Lane;
To tell (just as the measure flows
In halting rhyme, half verse, half prose)
With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How *she* united force withstood,
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To *wit* and *dulness* in alliance.
This APPARITION (with relation
To ancient modes of *derivation*,
This we may properly so call,
Although it ne'er appears at all,
As by the way of *inuendo*,
Lucus is made à non *lucendo*)
Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly disdains that servile road,
Which coward ghosts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thousand years,
And for restraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of *her own*.

Others may meanly start away,
Aw'd by the herald of the day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freshness of the morning air,
May vanish with the melting gloom,
And glide in silence to the tomb;
She dares the sun's most piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their visits pay to *one* or *two*;

She great in reputation grown,
Keeps the best company in town.
Our active enterprising ghost
As large and splendid routes can boast
As those which, rais'd by pride's command,
Block up the passage through the *Strand*.
Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serve their time on the *parade*;
She-faints who, true to pleasure's plan,
Talk about God, and lust for man;
Wits, who believe nor God, nor ghost,
And fools, who worship ev'ry post;
Cowards, whose lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And cits, who for the same cause cry;
The canting tabernacle-brother,
(For one rogue still suspects another)
Ladies, who to a *spirit* fly,
Rather than with their *husbands* lie;
Lords, who as chaste pass their lives
With other women as their *wives*;
Proud of their intellects and clothes,
Physicians, lawyers, parsons, beaux,
And, truant from their desks and shops,
Spruce Temple clerks, and 'prentice fops,
To FANNY come, with the same view,
To find her false, or find her true.
Hark! something creeps about the house!
Is it a *spirit*, or a *mouse*?
Hark! something *scratches* round the room!
A *cat*, a *rat*, a *stubb'd* *birch-broom*.
Hark! on the wainscot now it *knocks*!
If thou'rt a *ghost*, cried orthodox,
With that affected *solemn* air
Which hypocrites delight to wear,
And all those *forms of consequence*
Which fools adopt instead of *sense*;
If thou'rt a *ghost*, who from the tomb
Stalk'st sadly *silent* through this gloom,
In breach of nature's stated laws,
For good, or bad, or for no cause,
Give now nine knocks; like priests of old,
Nine *we* a *sacred* number hold.

'Psha, cried Profound, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the *curious* arts,
Who to their hidden springs had trac'd
The force of numbers, *rightly plac'd*)
As to the number, you are right,
As to the *form*, mistaken quite.
What's nine? Your adepts all agree,
The virtue lies in *three times three*.

He said, no need to say it twice,
For thrice *she knock'd*, and thrice, and thrice.

The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In silence at each other gaz'd.
From Celia's hand the snuff-box fell.
Tinsel, who ogled with the belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain,
He stoops, but cannot rise again.
Immane Pompozo was not heard
T' import one crabbed foreign word.
Fear seizes heroes, fools, and wits,
And Plausible his pray'rs forgets.
At length, as people just awake,
Into wild dissonance they break;

All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was understood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noise of chatt'ring geese,
Slow sailing on the summer breeze;
Such is the language discord speaks
In *Welsh* women o'er beds of leeks;
Such the confus'd and horrid sounds
Of *Irish* in potatoe grounds.

But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
Fear and confusion found retreat,
Reason and order take their seat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the causes out.
For this a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,
Which never might exception brook,
From Hobbes e'en down to Bolingbroke,
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too.

Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who, to prevent all farther pother,
Probably meant nor one nor t'other,
Who to be silent always loth,
Would speak on either side, or both,
Who, led away by love of fame,
If any new idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always said it,
Not with an eye to truth, but credit;
For orators *profess*, 'tis known,
Talk not for our sake, but their own;
Who always show'd his talents best
When serious things were turn'd to jest,
And, under much impertinence,
Possess'd no common share of sense;
Who could deceive the flying hours
With chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
Could talk of powder, patches, paint,
With the same zeal as of a faint;
Could prove a *Sibyl* brighter far
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star*;
Whilst something still so gay, so new,
The smile of approbation drew,
And females ey'd the charming man,
Whilst their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
Trifle, who would by no means miss
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his usual plan,
Smil'd, strok'd his chin, and thus began.

With *speers*, or *scissors*, sword or knife,
When the fates cut the thread of life,
(For if we to the grave are sent,
No matter with what instrument)
The body in some lonely spot,
On dunghill vile, is laid to rot,
Or sleeps among more *holy* dead,
With pray'rs *irreverently* read;
The soul is sent where fate ordains,
To reap rewards, to suffer pains.

The virtuous to those mansions go,
Where pleasures unembitter'd flow;
Where, *leading up* a jocund band,
Vigour and youth *dance* hand in hand,
Whilst zephyr, with *harmonious* gales,
Pipes softest *music* through the vales,

And spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
With *velvet carpets* spread the ground;
With *livelier bluffs* where roses bloom,
And ev'ry shrub *expires perfume*;
Where *crystal streams* meand'ring glide,
Where *warbling* flows the *amber tide*;
Where other *suns* dart brighter beams,
And light through *purer ether* streams.

Far other seats, far diff'rent state
The sons of wickedness await.
Justice (not that *old hag* I mean,
Who's nightly in the garden seen,
Who lets no spark of mercy rise
For crimes, by which men lose their eyes;
Nor her who, with an equal hand,
Weighs tea and sugar in the Strand;
Nor her who, by the world deem'd *wise*,
Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainst the starving orphan's tears,
On *parsons* her base tribunal rears;
But her who after death presides,
Whom sacred truth unerring guides;
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor sinks nor raises evidence,
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no bribe, and keeps no clerk)
Justice with equal scale below
In due proportion weighs out woe,
And always with such lucky aim
Knows punishments so fit to frame,
That she augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reason to complain.

Old maids and rakes are join'd together,
Coquettes and *prudes*, like *April* weather.
Wit's forc'd to *chum* with common sense,
And *lust* is yok'd to *impotence*.
Professors (*justice* to decreed)
Unpaid must constant *lectures* read;
On earth it often doth befall,
They're *paid*, and *never* read at all.
Parsons must practise what they teach,
And *Bishops* are compell'd to preach.

She who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full, and whim,
Whose tender nature could not bear
The rudeness of the churlish air,
Is doom'd, to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And fells, whilst tears with liquor mix,
Burnt brandy on the shore of Styx.

Avaro, by long use grown bold
In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
Who his Redeemer would pull down,
And sell his God for half-a-crown;
Who, if some blockhead should be willing
To lend him on his soul a shilling,
A well-made bargain would esteem it,
And have more sense than to redeem it;
Justice shall in those shades confine,
To drudge for *Plutus* in the mine,
All the day long to toil and roar,
And curling work the stubborn ore,
For coxcombs *here*, who have no brains,
Without a sixpence for his pains.
Thence, with each due return of night,
Compell'd the *tall, thin*, half-starv'd sprite.

Shall earth revisit, and survey
The place where once his treasure lay;
Shall view the *fall*, where *boly* pride,
With *letter'd* ignorance allied,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Descended to another lord.
Then shall *he* screaming pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and scowl despair;
Then shall *he* ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, sink to hell for ease.

Those who on earth through life have past
With equal pace, from first to last,
Nor vex'd with passions nor with spleen,
Inspid, easy, and serene;
Whose heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of business, or of care;
Who without *merit*, without *crime*,
Contrive to while away their time,
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wits,
Mild justice with a smile permits
Still to pursue their darling plan,
And find amusement how they can.

The beau, in gaudiest plumage drest
With lucky fancy, o'er the rest
Of air a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his brother beaux;
Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
No sign of rain or tempest near,
Encourag'd by the cloudless day,
Like gilded butterflies at play,
So lively all, so gay, so brisk,
In air they flutter, float, and frisk.

The belle (what mortal doth not know,
Belles after death admire a beau)?
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
And after death, as whilst they live,
A heart is all which beaux can give.

In some still, solemn, sacred shade,
Behold a group of authors laid,
News-paper wits, and sonneteers,
Gentlemen bards, and rhyming peers,
Biographers, whose wondrous worth
Is scarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom Fielding's *humour* led astray,
And plaintive fops, debauch'd by Gray,
All sit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and sing.

On his own works, with laurel crown'd,
Neatly and elegantly bound,
(For this is one of many rules
With writing lords and laureat fools,
And which for ever must succeed
With other lords who cannot read,
However destitute of wit,
To make their works for book-case fit)
Acknowledg'd master of those seats,
Cibber his *birth-day odes* repeats.

With triumph now possels that seat,
With triumph now thy odes repeat,
Unrival'd vigils proudly keep,
Whilst ev'ry hearer's lull'd to sleep;
But know, illustrious bard, when *fate*,
Which still pursues thy name with hate,
The regal laurel blasts, which now
Beoms on the placid Whitehead's brow,

Low must descend thy pride and fame,
And Cibber's be the second name.
Here Trifle cough'd (for coughing still
Bears witness of the speaker's skill,
A necessary piece of art,
Of *rhét'ric* an essential part,
And *adepts* in the speaking trade
Keep a cough by them ready made,
Which they successfully dispense
When at a loss for words or sense)
Here Trifle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He strove to recollect his smile,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
Credulity, the child of folly,
Begot on cloyer'd melancholy,
Who heard, with grief, the florid fool
Turn sacred things to ridicule,
And saw him, led by whim away,
Still farther from the subject stray,
Just in the happy nick, aloud
In shape of M—e, address'd the crowd.

Were we with patience here to sit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of wit,
Till Trifle his harangue should end,
A *Greenland* night we might attend,
Whilst he, with fluency of speech,
Would various mighty *nothings* teach,
(Here Trifle, sternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,
But nature unawares slept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a grin)
He'd leave us where we first set out.
Thus *soldiers* (in whose exercise
Material use with grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to set them down again.

Believe ye not (yes, all I see
In sound belief concur with me)
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this* spirit sends!
Though speechless lay the trembling tongue,
Your *faith* was on your features hung,
Your *faith* I in your eyes could see,
When all were pale and star'd like me.
But scruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry shadow of dispute,
Pomposo, Plausible, and I,
With FANNY have agreed to try
A deep concerted scheme—This night,
To fix or to destroy her quite.
If it be true, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the sun;
If it be false, admit no doubt,
Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of death,
Where FANNY now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies fest'ring, whilst her troubled *sprite*
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will we descend, and bring from thence
Proofs of such force to common sense,
Vain triflers shall no more deceive,
And atheists tremble and believe.

He said, and ceas'd; the chamber rung
With due applause from every tongue.
The mingled sound (now let me see,
Something by way of *simile*)
Was it more like *Strymonian cranes*,
Or *winds, low murmuring, when it rains*,
Or *drowsy hum of clustring bees*,
Or the *boar's roar of angry seas*?
Or (still to heighten and explain,
For else our *simile* is vain)
Shall we declare it like *all four*,
A *scream, a murmur, hum, and roar*?

Let fancy now in awful state
Present this great triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In other cases by mankind)
Elected with a joint consent,
All *fools* in town to represent. [swears.

The clock strikes twelve—M—e starts and

In *oaths* we know, as well as *prayer's*,
Religion lies, and a *church* brother
May use at will of one or t'other.

Plausible from his cassock drew

A holy manual, seeming new;

A book it was of *private prayer's*,

But not a pin the worse for wear;

For, as we by the bye may say,

None but *small* faints in private pray.

Religion, fairest maid on earth,

As meek as good, who drew her birth

From that blest union, when in heaven

Pleasure was bride to Virtue given;

Religion, ever pleas'd to pray,

Possess'd the precious gift one day;

Hypocrisy, of cunning born,

Crept in and stole it ere the morn.

Wh—te—d, that greatest of all faints,

Who always prays and never faints,

Whom she to her *own* brothers bore,

Rapine and Lust, on Severn's shore,

Receiv'd it from the *squinting* dame;

From *him* to Plausible it came,

Who with unful care oppress'd,

Now trembling, pull'd it from his breast,

Doubts in his boding heart arise,

And fancied spectres blast his eyes.

Devotion springs from abject fear,

And stamps his *prayer's* for once sincere.

Pomposo (insolent and loud,

Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,

Whose very name inspires an awe,

Whose ev'ry word is sense and law,

For what his greatness hath decreed,

Like laws of Persia and of Mede,

Sacred through all the realm of wit,

Must never of repal admit;

Who, cursing flattery, is the tool

Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool;

Who wit with jealous eye surveys,

And sickens at another's praise;

Who, proudly seiz'd of *learning's* throne,

Now damns all learning but his own;

Who scorns those common wares to trade in,

Reasoning, convincing, and persuading,

But makes each sentence current pass

With *puppy, cockcomb, scoundrel, ass*;

For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The folly's prov'd when he calls fool;
Who, to increase his native strength,
Draws words six syllables in length,
With which, assisted with a frown,
By way of club, he knocks us down;
Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,
And sense of decency defies;
For this same decency is made
Only for bunglers in the trade,
And, like the *cobweb* laws, is still
Broke through by *great ones* when they will)—

Pomposo, with *strong sense* supplied,
Supported and confirm'd by *pride*,
His comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grinn'd horribly a *ghaustly* smile;
Features so horrid, were it light,
Would put the devil himself to flight.

Such were the *three* in name and worth,
Whom zeal and judgment singled forth
To try the *sprite* on reason's plan,
Whether it was of *God* or *man*.

Dark was the night, it was that hour

When terror reigns in fullest pow'r,

When, as the learn'd of old have said,

The yawning grave gives up her dead,

When murder, rapine by her side,

Stalks o'er the earth with *giant* stride;

Our *Quixotes* (for that *knight* of old

Was not in truth by half so *bold*,

Though reason at the same time cries,

Our *Quixotes* are not half so *wis*;

Since they, with other follies, boast

An expedition 'gainst a *ghost*.)

Through the dull deep surrounding gloom,

In close array, towards FANNY's tomb

Adventur'd forth.—Caution before,

With heedful step, the *lanthorn* bore,

Pointing at graves; and in the rear,

Trembling, and talking loud, went Fear.

The church-yard teem'd—th' unsettled ground,

As in ague, shook around;

While in some *dreary vault* confin'd,

Or riding on the *hollow* wind,

Horror, which turns the heart to stone,

In dreadful sounds was heard to groan,

All staring, wild, and out of breath,

At length they reach the place of death.

A vault it was, long time apply'd

To hold the last remains of *pride*:

No *beggar* there, of humble race,

And humble fortunes, finds a place;

To rest in *pomp* as well as *ease*,

The only way's to pay the *fees*.

Fools, rogues, and whores, if *rich* and *great*,

Proud e'en in death, here rot in *state*.

No thieves disrobe the *well-drest* dead,

No plumbers steal the *sacred* lead;

Quiet and safe the bodies lie,

No *sextons* sell, no *surgeons* buy.

Thrice each the ponderous key apply'd,

And *thrice* to turn it vainly try'd,

Till taught by *prudence* to unite,

And straining with collected might,

The stubborn wards resist no more,

But open flies the growling door.

Three paces back they fell amaz'd,
Like *statues* stood, like *madmen* gaz'd;
The frighted blood forsakes the face,
And seeks the heart with quicker pace;
The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright stand the bristled hairs;
The head in wild distraction swims;
Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs;
Nature, whilst fears her bosom chill,
Suspends her pow'rs, and life stands still.

Thus had they stood till now, but shame
(An' useful, though neglected dame,
By Heav'n design'd the friend of man,
Though we degrade her all we can,
And strive, as our first proof of wit,
Her name and nature to forget)
Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r
Struck on their hearts; vain fears subside,
And baffled, leave the field to pride.

Shall they, (forbid it *Fame*) shall they
The dictates of vile fear obey?
Shall they, the *idols* of the town,
To *bugbear's* fancy form'd bow down?
Shall they, who greatest zeal express,
And undertook for all the rest,
Whose matchless courage all admire,
Inglorious from the task retire?
How would the *wicked ones* rejoice,
And *infidels* exalt their voice,
If *M—e* and *Plausible* were found,
By *shadows* aw'd, to quit their ground?
How would *fools* laugh, should it appear
Pompous was the slave of fear?

"Perish the thought! Though to our eyes
"In all its terrors *hell* should rise,
"Though thousand ghosts, in dread array,
"With glaring eye-balls, cross our way,
"Though caution, trembling, stands aloof,
"Still we will on, and dare the proof."
They said; and without farther halt,
Dauntless march'd onward to the vault.

What mortal men, who e'er drew breath,
Shall break into the house of death,
With foot unballow'd, and from thence
The myst'ries of that state dispense,
Unless they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker sense such fights to bear,
And gain permission from the *State*,
On earth their journal to relate?
Poets themselves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it e'en in *rhyme*,
But always, on such grand occasion,
Prepare a *solemn invocation*,
A *psalm* for grim *Pluto* weave,
And in smooth numbers ask his leave.
But why this caution? Why prepare
Rites, needless now? for *thrice* in air
The spirit of the night hath *sneez'd*,
And *thrice* hath clapp'd his wings well-pleas'd.

Defend then, Truth, and guard thy side,
My *Muse*, my *Patroness* and *Guide*!
Let others at invention aim,
And seek by *saluties* for fame;
Our story wants not, at this time,
Flourishes and *sublimes* in rhyme:

Relate plain facts: be brief and bold;
And let the poets, fam'd of old,
Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
In vain to find a parallel:
SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, AND CAME OUT.

BOOK III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *buswife* *Morn*
With *pearl* and *linen* hangs each thorn,
When happy bards, who can regale
Their muse with country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to brooks and bow'rs,
To pick up *sentiments* and *flow'rs*;
When dogs and squires from kennel fly,
And hogs and farmers quit their sty;
When *my Lord* rises to the chase,
And brawny chaplain takes his place.

These images, or bad or good,
If they, are rightly understood,
Sagacious readers must allow,
Proclaim us in the country now;
For observations mostly rise
From objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry lord in critic wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong)?
Whether the warmth (for bards we know
At present, never more than glow)
Was in the town or country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.

IT WAS THE HOUR—though critics frown,
We now declare ourselves in town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The man who deals in humble prose,
Tied down by rule and method, goes;
But they who court the vigorous muse,
Their carriage have a right to choose.
Free as the air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the mind,
The poet darts from place to place,
And instant bounds o'er time and space;
Nature (whilst blended fire and skill
Inflame our passions to his will)
Smiles at her violated laws,
And crowns his daring with applause.
Should there be still some rigid few,
Who keep *propriety* in view,
Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling passage through the air,
Free leave have such at home to sit,
And write a *regimen* for wit;
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themselves to fly.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when devotees
Breathe *pious curses* on their knees,
When they with pray'rs the day begin
To sanctify a night of sin;
When rogues of modesty, who roam
Under the veil of night, sneak home,
That free from all restraint and awe,
Just to the windward of the law,

Less modest rogues their tricks may play,
And plunder in the face of day.

But hold—whilst thus we play the fool,
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
Things of no consequence expressing,
Describing now, and now *digressing*,
To the discredit of our skill,
The main concern is standing still.

In *Plays*, indeed, when storms of rage
Tempestuous in the soul engage.

Or when the spirits, weak and low,
Are sunk in deep distress and woe,
With strict propriety we hear
Description stealing on the ear,
And put off feeling half an hour
To *thatch a cot*, or *paint a flower*;
But in these *serious* works, design'd
To mend the morals of mankind,
We must for ever be disgrac'd
With all the nicer sons of taste,
If once, the shadow to pursue,
We let the substance out of view.

Our means must uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And ev'ry passage aptly join
To bring about the *one* design.
Our friends themselves cannot admit
This rambling, wild, digressive wit,
No—not those very friends, who found
Their credit on the self-same ground.

Peace, my good grumbling Sir—for once,
Sunk in the solemn, formal dunce,
This cockcomb shall your fears beguile—
We will be dull—that you may smile.

Come Method, come in all thy pride,
Dullness and Whitehead by thy side,
Dullness and method still are one,
And Whitehead is their darling son.
Not he * whose pen, above controul,
Struck terror to the guilty soul,
Made folly tremble through her state,
And villains blush at being great,
Whilst he himself with steady face,
Disdaining modesty and grace,
Could blunder on through thick and thin,
Through ev'ry mean and servile sin,
Yet swear by Philip and by Paul,
He nobly scorn'd to blush at all;
But he, who in the laureat chair,
By grace not merit planted there,
In awkward pomp is seen to sit,
And by his *patent* proves his wit;
For favours of the great, we know,
Can wit as well as rank bestow,
And they who without one pretension,
Can get for fools a place or pension,
Must able be suppos'd of course
(If reason is allow'd due force)
To give such qualities and grace
As may equip them for the place.

But he—who measures as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling prose,
And is too frugal to dispense
At once both poetry and sense;

* *Paul Whitehead*.

Who, from amidst his *slumbering* guards,
Deals out a charge to *subject bards*,
Where couplets after couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of sleep,
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates pass for law
With beaux, who simmer all around,
And belles who die in every sound.
For in all things of this relation,
Men mostly judge from *situation*,
Nor in a thousand find we one
Who really weighs what's said or done.
They deal out censure or give credit,
Merely from him who did or said it.

But he—who, *happily serene*,
Means nothing, yet would seem to mean;
Who rules and cautions can dispense
With all that humble insolence
Which impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modest men can reach,
Who adds to sentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,
And *drawls* out morals with an air
A gentleman would blush to wear;
Who on the *chastest*, *simplest* plan,
As *chaste*, as *simple* as the man,
Without *or character* or *plot*,
Nature unknown, and art forgot;
Can, with much racking of the brains,
And years consum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, smirking, call the thing a play;
Who champion sworn in virtue's cause,
Gainst vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
But to no part of *prudence* stranger,
First blunts the point for fear of danger.
So nurses sage, as caution works,
When children first use knives and forks,
For fear of mischief, it is known,
To others fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off wisely choofe,
Though the same stroke takes off the use.

Thee, Whitehead, thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to satire's generous stroke,
Which makes unwilling conscience feel,
And wounds, but only wounds to heal.
Good-natur'd, easy creature, mild,
And gentle as a new-born child,
Thy *heart* would never once admit
E'er *unwholesome* rigour to thy wit;
Thy *head*, if conscience should comply,
Its kind assistance would deny.
And lend thee neither force nor art,
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy sacred pow'r controul
Each fiercer working of my soul,
Damp every spark of genuine fire,
And languors like thine own inspire;
Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line
As *moral*, and as *dull* as thine.

Pois'd in mid-air—(it matters not
To ascertain the very spot,
Nor yet to give you a relation,
How it eluded *gravitation*——)
Hung a *watch-tower*—by Vulcan plann'd
With such rare skill, by Jove's command,

That ev'ry word, which whisper'd here,
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the still bosom of the air
Is borne, and heard distinctly there,
'The palace of an ancient dame,
Whom men as well as gods call fame.

A *prattling gossip*, on whose tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung;
Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass;
Like her own trumpet made of brass;
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attacks of sleep defies;
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the farthest quarters brings;
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that she knows, and ten times more.

Not all the virtues which we find
Concenter'd in a Hunter's mind,
Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point she chance to fail;
Or if, once in a thousand years,
A perfect character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My soul possess'd ere Arrow died;
Or such as, envy must allow,
The world enjoys in H—— now;
This hag, who aims at all alike,
At virtue e'en like their's will strike,
And make faults in the way of trade,
When she can't find them ready made.

All things she takes in, small and great,
Talks of a *toy-shop* and a *state*;
Of *wits* and *fools*, of *saints* and *kings*,
Of *garters*, *stars*, and *leading-strings*;
Of old lords *fumbling for a clasp*,
And young ones full of *pray'r* and *pap*;
Of *courts*, of *morals*, and *tye-wigs*.
Of *hears* and *serjeants* dancing jigs;
Of *grave professors* at the bar
Learning to *thrum* on the *guitar*,
Whilst laws are *subber'd* o'er in haste,
And judgment sacrific'd to taste;
Of *rubbed sepulchres*, *lawn sleeves*,
And God's *house* made a *den of thieves*;
Of *fun'ral pomps*, where clamours hung,
And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
Whilst sense and order blush'd to see
Nobles without humanity;
Of *coronations*, where each heart,
With honest raptures, bore a part;
Of *city feasts*, where elegance
Was proud her colours to advance,
And gluttony, uncommon case,
Could only get the second place;
Of *new-rai'd* pillars in the state,
Who must be good, as being great;
Of *shoulders*, on which honours sit,
Almost as clumsily as *wit*;
Of *doughty knights*, whom *titles* please,
But not the payment of the *fees*;
Of *leflures*, whither ev'ry fool
In *second childhood* goes to school;
Of *gray-beards* deaf to reason's call,
From *Inn of court*, or *City hall*,
Whom youthful appetites enflame,
With one foot fairly in the grave,

By help of crutch, a needful brother,
Learning of Hart to dance with t' other;
Of *doctors regularly bred*
To fill the mansions of the dead;
Of *quacks* (for quacks they must be still
Who save when forms require to kill)
Who life, and health, and vigour give
To him, not one would wish to live;
Of *artists* who, with noblest view,
Disinterested plans pursue,
For trembling worth the ladder raise,
And mark out the ascent to praise;
Of *arts* and *sciences*, where meet
Sublime, profound, and all complete,
A set (whom at some fitter time
The muse shall *consecrate in rhyme*)
Who humble artifice to outdo
A far more *lib'ral* plan pursue,
And let their *well-judg'd* premiums fall
On those who have no worth at all;
Of *sign-post exhibitions*, rais'd
For laughter more than to be prais'd,
(Though by the way we cannot see
Why *praise* and *laughter* mayn't agree)
Where *genuine* humour runs to waste,
And justly chides our want of taste,
Censur'd, like other things, though good,
Because they are not understood.

To higher subjects now she soars,
And talks of *politics* and *wobers*
(If to your nice and chaster ears
That term *indelicate* appears,
Scripture *politely* shall refine,
And melt it into *concupine*);
In the same breath spreads *Bourbon's league*,
And publishes the *grand intrigue*;
In *Brussels* or our *own Gazette*
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulates the *pox* or *plague*
To London, by the way of *Hague*;
For all the lies which there appear
Stamp'd with *authority* come here;
Borrows as freely from the *gabble*
Of some rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the *quaint* harangues of those
Who lead a nation by the nose,
As from those *storms*, which, void of art,
Burst from our *bonest* patriot's heart,
When eloquence and virtue (late
Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
Fond of each other's friendship grown,
Claim ev'ry sentence for their own;
And with an equal joy recites
Parade amours, and *half-pay fights*,
Perform'd by *heroes* of *fair weather*,
Merely by dint of *lace* and *feather*,
As those rare acts which honour taught
Our daring sons where Granby fought,
Or those which, with superior skill,
Sackville achiev'd by *standing still*.

This hag (the curious if they please
May search from earliest times to these,
And poets they will always see,
With *gods* and *goddesses* make free,
Treating them all, except the muse,
As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)

Who had beheld, from first to last,
How our triumvirate had pass'd
Night's dreadful interval, and heard
With strict attention every word,
Soon as the faw return of light,
On sounding pinions took her flight.

Swift through the regions of the sky,
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward she drove the furious blast,
And rapid as a whirlwind pass'd
O'er countries, once the seats of taste,
By time and ignorance laid waste;
O'er lands, where former ages saw
Reason and truth the only law;
Where arts and arms, and public love
In gen'rous emulation strove;
Where kings were proud of legal sway,
And subjects happy to obey,
Though now in slav'ry sunk, and broke
To *superstition's* galling yoke;
Of arts, of arms, no more they tell,
Or *Freedom*, which with *science* fell.
By tyrants aw'd, who never find
Their passage to the people's mind,
To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in the heart their throne,
Far from all prospect of relief,
Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief,
For loss of blessings they employ,
Which we *unthankfully* enjoy.

Now is the time (had we the will)
To amaze the reader with our skill,
To pour out such a flood of knowledge
As might suffice for a whole college,
Whilst with a true poetic force
We trac'd the goddess in her course,
Sweetly describing, in our flight,
Each common and uncommon sight,
Making our journal gay and pleasant,
With things long past, and things now present.
Rivers—once nymphs—(a *transformation*
Is mighty pretty in relation)
From great authorities we know,
Will matter for a *sale* bestow.
To make the observation clear,
We give our friends an instance here.

The day (that never is forgot)
Was *very fine*, but *very hot*;
The nymph (another gen'ral rule)
Inflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her hair (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careless floating in the wind;
Her heaving breasts, like summer seas,
Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze;
Should fond description tune our lays
On choicest accents to her praise,
Description we at last should find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
Nature had form'd her to inspire
In ev'ry bosom soft desire,
Passions to raise she could not feel,
Wounds to inflict she would not heal.
A god (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a satyr)
Raging with lust, a godlike flame,
By chance, as usual, thither came;

With gloting eyes the fair-one view'd,
Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd,
She (for what other can she do)?
Must fly—or how can he pursue?
The *mise* (so custom hath decreed)
Now proves her spirit by her speed,
Nor must one *limping* line disgrace
The life and vigour of the race.
SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length,
Quite destitute of breath and strength,
To *beav'n* (for there we all apply
For help, when there's no other nigh)
She offers up her *virgin* pray'r,
(Can *virgins* pray unpitied there)?
And when the god thinks he has caught her,
Slips through his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a *stream*, in which the poet,
If he has any wit, may flow it.
A city once for pow'r renown'd,
Now level'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce some *fine* reflection.

Ab, woeful me! Ab, woeful man!
Ab, woeful all! do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t' other moment's end?
Honour, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,
Good luck! good luck! are transitory;
Nothing is sure and stable found,
The very earth itself turns round.
Monarchs, nay ministers must die,
Must rot, must sink—*Ab, me! Ab, wily!*
Cities themselves in time decay.
If cities thus—*Ab, well-a-day!*
If brick and mortar have an end,
On what can *flesh* and *blood* depend?
Ab, woeful me! Ab, woeful man!
Ab, woeful all! do all we can!

England (for that's at last the scene,
Though worlds on worlds should rise between,
Whither we must our course pursue)
England should call into review
Times long since past indeed, but not
By Englishmen to be forgot,
Though England, once so dear to fame,
Sinks in Great Britain's dearer name.

Here could we mention *chiefs* of old,
In plain and rugged honour bold,
To virtue kind, to vice severe,
Strangers to bribery and fear,
Who kept no wretched clans in awe,
Who never broke or warp'd the law;
Patriots, whom, in her better days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raise;
Who, steady to their country's claim,
Boldly stood up in *freedom's* name,
E'en to the teeth of tyrant pride,
And when they could no more, THEY DIED.

There (*striking contrast*)! might we place
A servile, mean, degenerate race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the best bidder bought and sold;
Trautants from honour's sacred laws,
Betrayers of their country's cause;
The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
Slaves to the minion of an hour;

Lacquies, who watch'd a *favourite's* nod,
And took a *puppet* for their *God*.

Sincere and honest in our rhymes,
How might we praise these *happier* times!
How might the muse exalt her jays,
And wanton in a monarch's praise!
Tell of a prince in England born,
Whose virtues England's crown adorn;
In youth a pattern unto age,
So chaste, so pious, and so sage;
Who true to all those sacred bands
Which private happiness demands,
Yet never lets them rise above
The stronger ties of public love.

With conscious pride see England stand,
Our *holy charter* in her hand,
She waves it round, and o'er the isle
See *liberty* and *courage* smile.
No more she mourns her treasures hurl'd
In *subsidies* to all the world;
No more by foreign threats dismay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out sums to *petty states*,
Whom *honour* scorns, and reason hates;
But, wiser by experience grown,
Finds safety in herself alone.

While thus, she cries, my children stand,
An honest, valiant, *native* band,
A train'd militia, brave and free,
True to their king, and true to me,
No *foreign* hirelings shall be known,
Nor need we hirelings of *our own*.
Under a just and pious reign
The statesman's sophistry is vain;
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
These are my *natural* defence;
Their faith I know, and they shall prove
The bulwark of the king they love.

These, and a thousand things beside,
Did we consult a poet's pride,
Some gay, some serious, might be said,
But ten to one they'd not be read;
Or were they by some curious few,
Not even those would think them true.
For, from the time that Jubal first
Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Poets have always been suspected
Of having truth in rhyme neglected,
That *bard* except, who from his youth
Equally fam'd for *faith* and *truth*,
By prudence taught, in *courtly chime*
To *courtly ears* brought *truth* in *rhyme*.

But though to poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd or how,
From truth unbounded deviation,
Which custom calls *imagination*,
Yet can't they be suppos'd to lie
One-half so fast as fame can fly.
Therefore (to solve this *Gordian knot*,
A point we almost had forgot)
To courteous readers be it known,
That fond of verse and falsehood grown,
Whilst we in sweet digression sung,
Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now pursues with double force
And double speed her destin'd course;

Nor stops, till she the place arrives
Where genius starves, and dullness thrives;
Where riches virtue are esteem'd,
And craft is truest wisdom deem'd;
Where commerce proudly rears her throne
In state to other lands unknown;
Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
Where Christians, Jews, and Turks shake hands,
United in *commercial* bands,
All of one *faith*, and that, to own
No God but interest alone.

When gods and goddesses come down
To look about them here in town,
(For change of air is understood
By sons of physic to be good,
In due proportions now and then
For these same gods as well as men)
By custom rul'd, and not a poet
So very dull, but he must know it,
In order to remain *inco*g.

They always travel in a fog.
For if we majesty expose
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;
The force is lost, and free from awe,
We spy and censure ev'ry flaw.
But well preserv'd from public view,
It always breaks forth fresh and new;
Fierce as the sun in all his pride,
It shines, and not a spot's descried.

Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the sky
Descend to earth, and frisk about,
Like chattering N***, from rout to rout,
He would be found, with all his host,
A nine days wonder at the most.
Would we in trim our honours wear,
We must preserve them from the air:
What is familiar, men neglect,
However worthy of respect.
Did they not find a certain friend
In *novelty* to recommend,
(Such we by sad experience find
The wretched folly of mankind)
Venus might unattractive shine,
And H*** fix no eyes but *mine*.

But fame, who never car'd a jot
Whether she was admir'd or not,
And never blush'd to show her face
At any time in any place,
In her own shape, without disguise,
And visible to mortal eyes,
On 'change, exact at seven o'clock,
Alighted on the *weather-cock*,
Which, planted there time out of mind,
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.

Thrice did she sound her trump (the same
Which from the first belong'd to fame,
An *old ill-favour'd* instrument
With which the goddess was content,
Though under a *politer* race,
Bagpipes might well supply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the sound,
A gen'ral din prevail'd around,

Confusion through the city pass,
And fear bestrode the dreadful blast.

Those *fragrant currents*, which we meet
Distilling soft through ev'ry street,
Affrighted from the usual course,
Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their source;
Statues wept tears of blood, as fast
As when a Cæsar breath'd his last:
Horses, which always us'd to go
A foot pace in my Lord Mayor's show,
Impetuous from their stable broke,
And aldermen and oxen spoke.

Halls felt the force, *few's* shook around,
And *steeples* nodded to the ground;
St. Paul himself (strange sight)! was seen
To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
The *manſion-houſe*, for ever plac'd
A monument of city taste.
Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan
Through all that hideous weight of stone.

To still the sound, or stop her ears,
Remove the cause or sense of fears,
Phyſic, in college seated high,
Would any thing but *med'cine* try.
No more in *Pew'ners-hall* * was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word;
Those seats were desolate become,
A hapless elocution dumb.
Form, *city-born*, and *city bred*,
By strict *decorum* ever led,
Who threecore years had known the grace
Of one, *dul', stiff, unvaried* pace,
Terror prevailing over pride,
Was seen to take a larger stride;
Worn to the bone, and cloth'd in rags,
See av'rice cloſer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwicely grown,
See credit totter on her throne;
Virtue alone, had ſhe been there,
The mighty found, unmov'd, could bear.

Up from the gorgeous bed, where fate
Dooms annual fools to sleep in state,
To sleep so found that not one gleam
Of fancy can provoke a dream;
Great Dullman started at the sound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and ſtar'd around.
Much did he wiſh to know, much fear
Whence sounds so horrid ſtruck his ear,
So much unlike thoſe peaceful notes,
That equal harmony which floats
On the dull wing of city air.
Grave prelude to a ſeaſt or fair;
Much did he inly ruminat
Concerning the decrees of fate,
Revolving, though to little end,
What this ſame trumpet might portend.

Could the French—no—that could not be
Under But^e's *active* miniſtry,
Too watchful to be ſo deceiv'd,
Have ſtoſen hither unperceiv'd?
To Newfoundland indeed, we know,
Fleets of war unobſerv'd may go;

* Where Mr. Sheridan, at this period, read lectures on elocution.

Or, if obſerv'd, may be ſuppos'd,
At intervals when reaſon doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But pleaſure, health, and change of air.
But reaſon ne'er could ſleep ſo found
To let an enemy be found
In our land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.

Or could his ſucceſſor (ambition
Is ever haunted with ſuſpicion)
His daring ſucceſſor elect,
All cuſtoms, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardless of the crime,
To ſeize the chair before his time?

Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his countrymen in pow'r,
Thoſe countrymen, who, from the firſt,
In tumults and rebellion nurſ'd,
Howe'er they wear the maſk of art,
Still love a Stuart in their heart)
Could Scottiſh Charles—

Conjecture thus;

That mental Ignis Fatuus,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From France to England, hence to France,
Till information (in the ſhape
Of chaplain learned, good Sir Crape,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd prieſt,
Well known at ev'ry city feaſt,
For he was ſeen much oft'ner there
Than in the houſe of God at pray'r;
Who always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
Though, as the beſt hiſtorians write,
Leſs ſam'd for faith than appetite,
His diſpoſition to reveal,
The grace was ſhort, and long the meal;
Who always would exceſs admit,
If *baunc* or *turtle* came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of ſelf-denying abſtinenſe,
When he could fortunately meet
With any thing he lik'd to eat;
Who knew that wine, on Scripture plan,
Was made to cheer the heart of man;
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That cheerfulneſs was kill'd by thought;
And from thoſe premiſes collected,
(Which few, perhaps, would have ſuſpected)
That none, who with due ſhare of ſenſe
Obſerv'd the ways of Providence,
Could with ſafe conſcience leave off drinking;
Till they had loſt the pow'r of thinking;
With eyes half-cloſ'd came waddling in,
And, having ſtrok'd his double chin,
(That chin, whoſe credit to maintain
Againſt the ſcoſſs of the profane,
Had coſt him more than ever ſlate
Paid for a poor elocutorate,
Which after all the coſt and rout
It had been better much without)
Briefly, (for *breakfaſt*, you muſt know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Reſeated, bowing to the ground,
The cauſe of that uncommon found;

Related too, that at the door,
 Pompous, Plausible, and Moore,
 Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd
 Their shame to publish to the crowd;
 That some new laws he would provide,
 (If old could not be misapplied,
 With as much ease and safety there,
 As they are misapplied *elsewhere*)
 By which it might be construed treason
 In man to exercise his reason;
 Which might ingeniously devise
 One punishment for truth and lies;
 And fairly prove, when they had done,
 That truth and falsehood were but one;
 Which juries must indeed retain,
 But their effect should render vain,
 Making all real pow'r to rest
 In one corrupted rotten breast,
 By whose *false* gloss the very Bible
 Might be interpreted a libel.

Moore (who, his reverence to save,
 Pleaded the fool to screen the knave,
 Though all, who witness'd on his part,
 Swore for his head against his heart),
 Had taken down, from first to last,
 A just account of all that past;
 But, since the gracious will of fate,
 Who mark'd the child for wealth and state
 E'en in the cradle, had decreed
 The mighty Dullman ne'er should read,
 That office of disgrace to bear
 The smooth-lipp'd Plausible was there.
 From H***** e'en to Clerkenwell
 Who knows not smooth lipp'd Plausible?
 A preacher deem'd of greatest note,
 For preaching that which others wrote.

Had Dullman now (and fools we see
 Seldom want curiosity)
 Confronted (but the mourning shade
 Of Gascoyne * hasten'd to his aid,
 And in his hand, what could be more?
 Triumphant Canning's picture bore)
 That our three heroes should advance,
 And read their *sonical* romance,
 How rich a feast, what royal fare
 We for our readers might prepare!
 So rich, and yet so safe a feast,
 That no one foreign blatant beast,
 Within the purlieus of the law
 Should dare thereon to lay his paw,
 And, growling, cry, with surly tone,
 Keep off—*this feast is all my own.*

Bending to earth the downcast eye,
 Or planting it against the sky,
 As one immers'd in deepest thought,
 Or with some holy vision caught,
 His hands, to aid the traitor's art,
 Devoutly folded o'er his heart,
 Here Moore, in fraud well skill'd, should go,
 All Saint, with solemn step and slow.
 O that religion's sacred name,
 Meant to inspire the purest flame,

* A Clergyman, who unluckily involved himself in
 the Cock-Lane Ghost imposition.

† Sir Crisp Gascoyne.

A prostitute should never be
 To that arch fiend hypocrity,
 Where we find ev'ry other vice
 Crown'd with damn'd *snaking* cowardice?
 Bold sin reclaim'd is often seen.

Past hope that man, who dares, be mean.

There full of flesh, and full of grace,
 With that fine round unmeaning face
 Which nature gives to sons of earth
 Whom she designs for ease and mirth,
 Should the *prim* Plausible be seen.
 Observe his stiff affected mien;
 'Gainst nature, arm'd by gravity,
 His features too in buckle fee;
 See what with sanctity he reads,
 With what devotion tells his beads!
 Now prophet, show me, by thine art,
 What's the religion of his heart;
 Show there, if truth thou canst unfold,
 Religion center'd all in gold;
 Show him, nor fear correction's rod,
 As false to friendship, as to God.

Horrid, unwieldy, without form,
 Savage, as ocean in a storm,
 Of *fine* prodigious in the rear,
 That post of honour, should appear
 Pompous: fame around should tell
 How he a slave to int'rest sell;
 How, for integrity renown'd,
 Which bookfellers have often found,
 He for subscribers baits his hook,
 And takes their cash—but where's the book?
 No matter where—*Wife* fear, we know,
 Forbids the robbing of a foe;
 But what, to serve our private ends,
 Forbids the cheating of our friends?
 No man alive, who would not swear
 All's *safe*, and therefore *honest* there.
 For, spite of all the learned say,
 If we to truth attention pay,
 The word *dishonesty* is meant
 For nothing else but *punishment*.
 Fame too should tell, nor heed the threat
 Of rogues, who brother rogues abet,
 Nor tremble at the terrors hung
 Aloft, to make her hold her tongue,
 How to all principles untrue,
 Not fix'd to old friends, nor to new,
 He damns the *person* which he takes,
 And loves the Stuart he forsakes.
 Nature (who justly regular
 Is very seldom known to err,
 But now and then in sportive mood,
 As some rude wits have understood,
 Or through much work requir'd in haste,
 Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)
 Pompous, form'd on doubtful plan,
 Not quite a *beast*, nor quite a *man*,
 Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
 Could the most subtle human wit
 Find out a monster, which might be
 The shadow of a *simile*.

THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE MIGHTY
 Nor can the poet's truth agree, [THESE,
 Howe'er report hath done him wrong,
 And warp'd the purpose of his song,

Amongst the refuse of their race,
The sons of infamy, to place
That open, gen'rous, manly mind
Which we with joy in Aldrich find
These three, who now are faintly shown,
Just sketch'd, and scarcely to be known,
If Dullman their request had heard,
In stronger colours had appear'd;
And friends, though partial, at first view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.

But had their journal been display'd,
And the whole process open laid,
What a vast unexhausted field
For mirth must such a journal yield!
In her own anger strongly charm'd,
'Gainst hope, 'gainst fear by confidence arm'd,
Then had bold satire made her way,
Knights, Lords, and Dukes, her destin'd prey.

But prudence, ever sacred name,
To those who feel not virtue's flame,
Or only feel it at the best,
As the dull dupe of interest,
Whisper'd aloud (for this we find)
A custom current with mankind,
So loud to whisper; that each word
May all around be plainly heard,
And prudence sure would never miss
A custom so contriv'd as this
Her candour to secure, yet aim
Sure death against another's fame)
Knights, Lords, and Dukes—mad wretch, forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambush there;
Confine thy rage to weaker slaves,
Laugh at small fools, and lash small knaves,
But never, helpless, meagre, and poor,
Rush on, where laws cannot secure;
Nor think thyself, mistaken youth,
Secure in principles of truth,
Truth! Why, shall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to speak truth against his betters?
Let ragged virtue stand aloof,
Nor nutter accents of reproof;
Let ragged wit a mute become,
When wealth and pow'r would have her dumb.
For who the devil doth not know,
That titles and estates bestow
An ample stock, where'er they fall,
Of graces which we mental call?
Beggars in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by situation;
The rich and great are understood
To be of course both wise and good.
Consult then int'rest more than pride,
Discreetly take the stronger side,
Desert in time the simple few,
Who virtue's barren path pursue;
Adopt my maxims—follow me—
To Baal bow the prudent knee;
Deny thy God, betray thy friend,
At Baal's altars hourly bend;
So shalt thou rich and great be seen,
To be great now, you must be mean.
Hence, tempter to some weaker soul,
Which fear and interest controul;
Vainly thy precepts are address'd,
Where virtue steals the steady breast.

Through meanness wade to boasted pow'r;
Through guilt repeated ev'ry hour;
What is thy gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels hast thou won?
Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praise thee for virtues not thy own;
But will, at once man's scourge and friend,
Impartial conscience too commend
From her reproaches can'st thou fly?
Can'st thou with worlds her silence buy?
Believe it not—her stings shall find
A passage to thy coward mind.
There shall the fix her sharpest dart,
There show thee truly, as thou art,
Unknown to those, by whom thou'rt priz'd,
Known to thyself to be despis'd.

The man who weds the sacred muse,
Disdains all mercenary views,
And he who virtue's throne would rear,
Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
I laugh folly, robd in purple, shins
Though vice exhausts Peruvian mines,
Yet shall they tremble, and turn pale,
When satire wields her mighty sail;
Or should they, of rebuke afraid,
With Melcombe seek hell's deepest shade,
Satire, still mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the cowards back to shame.

Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honest, though poor, (and who shall dare
To disappoint my boasting there?)
Hardy and resolute, though weak,
The dictates of my heart to speak,
Willing I bend at satire's throne;
What pow'r I have, be all her own.
Nor shall yon lawyer's specious art,
Conscious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary fear,
To damp us in our bold career.
Why should we fear? and what? The laws
They all are arm'd in virtue's cause,
And aiming at the self-same end,
Satire is always virtue's friend.
Nor shall that muse, whose honest rage,
In a corrupt degenerate age,
(When dead to ev'ry nicer sense,
Deep sunk in vice and indolence,
The spirit of old Rome was broke,
Beneath the tyrant fiddler's yoke),
Banish'd the role from Nero's cheek,
Under a Brunswick fear to speak.

Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf,
To prate about that thing himself!
After my promise made in rhyme,
And meant in earnest at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road,
What but that curse of heart and head,
To this digression could have led,
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't stay in, nor well get out.
Could I, whilst humour held the quill,
Could I digress with half that skill,

Could I with half that skill return,
Which we so much admire in Sterne;
Where each digression, seeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found on better recollection
To have a just and pice connection,
To help the whole with wondrous art,
Whence it seems idly to depart;
Then should our readers ne'er accuse
These wild excursions of the muse,
Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
To recollect what went before;
Deeply impress'd, and ever new,
Each image past should start to view,
And we to Dullman now come in,
As if we ne'er had absent been.

Have you not seen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn *rabble* with fear?
Have you not seen, when danger's fled,
The self-same cheek with joy turn red?
These are *low* symptoms which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honest features, void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart:
Our Dullman with a face was blest;
Where no one passion was express'd;
His eye, in a *fine stupor* caught,
Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought;
Nor was one line that whole face seen in,
Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.

To avarice by birth ally'd,
Debauch'd by marriage into pride,
In age grown fond of youthful sports,
Of pomps, of vanities, and courts,
And by success too mighty made
To love his country or his trade,
Stiff in opinion (no rare case
With blockheads in or out of place)
Too weak, and insolent of soul,
To suffer reason's just controul,
But bending, of his own accord,
To that *trim transient* toy, my lord;
The dupe of Scots (a fatal race,
Whom God in *wrath* contriv'd to place,
To scourge our crimes, and gall our pride,
A constant thorn in England's side;
Whom first, our greatness to oppose,
He in his vengeance mark'd for foes;
Then, more to serve his wrathful ends,
And more to *cuse* us, mark'd for friends)
Deep in the state, if we give credit
To him, for no one else e'er said it;
Sworn friend of great ones not a few,
Though he their titles only knew,
And those (which envious of his breeding
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
Merely to show himself polite,
He never would pronounce aright;
An orator with whom a host
Of those which Rome and Athens boast,
In all their pride might not contend;
Who, with no pow'rs to recommend,
Whilst Jackey Hume, and Billy Whitehead,
And Dickey Glover sat delighted,
Could speak whole days in nature's spite,
Just as those *able versificers* write,

Great Dullman from his bed arose—
Thrice did he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—
Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—
And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
Then silence broke—Crape, who am I?
Crape bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply.
Am I not, Crape—I am, you know,
Above all those who are below.
Have I not knowledge? and for wit,
Money will always purchase it;
Nor, if it needful should be found,
Will I grudge ten, or twenty pound,
For which the whole stock may be bought
Of *scoundrel wits* not worth a groat.
But lest I should proceed too far,
I'll feel my friend the Minister,
(Great men, Crape, must not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected;
For, as I stand a magistrate,
To serve him first, and next the state,
Perhaps he may not think it fit
To let his magistrates have wit.
Boast I not, at this very hour,
Those large effects which troop with pow'r?
Am I not mighty in the land?
Do not I sit, whilst others stand?
Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
In seat of honour always plac'd?
And do not *cits* of chief degree,
Though proud to others, bend to me?

Have I not, as a justice ought,
The laws such wholesome rigour taught,
That fornication, in disgrace,
Is now afraid to show her face,
And not one where these walls approaches,
Unless they ride in our own coaches?
And shall this *fatne*, an *old poor* trumpeter,
Without our licence sound her trumpet,
And, envious of our city's quiet,
In broad day-light blow up a riot?
If inference like this we bear,
Where is our state? our office where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the neck-ennobling chain,
Freedom's known badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the solemn-spredding robe,
Farewell the sword—farewell the mace,
Farewell all title, pomp, and place.
Remov'd from men of high degree,
(A loss to them, Crape, not to me)
Banish'd to Chippenham, or to Frome,

Dullman once more shall ply the loom.
Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,
Dullman—the loom—at Chippenham—cries,
If there be pow'rs which greatness love,
Which rule below, but dwell above,
Those pow'rs united all shall join
To contradict the rash design.
Sooner shall stubborn Will lay down
His opposition with his gown,
Sooner shall Temple leave the road
Which leads to virtue's *mean* abode,
Sooner shall Scots this country quit,
And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
Than Dullman, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-cast and unknown.

Sure as that *cane* (a *cane* there stood
Near to a *table*, made of *wood*,
Of *dry* *firm* *wood* a *table* made,
By some rare artist in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praise,
If he had liv'd in Homer's days)
Sure as that *cane*, which once was seen,
In pride of life all fresh and green,
The banks of Indus to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours shorn,
According to exactest rule,
Was fashion'd by the workman's tool;
And which at present we behold
Curiously polish'd, crown'd with gold,
With gold well-wrought; sure as that *cane*,
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afresh, shall never more
Flourish in tawny India's shore,
So sure shall Dullman and his race

To latest times this station grace
Dullman, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd as if he slept,
Now looking stedfastly on Crape,
As at some god in human shape—
Crape, I protest, you seem to me
To have discharg'd a prophecy;
Yea—from the first it doth appear,
Planted by fate, the Dullmans here
Have always held a quiet reign,
And here shall to the last remain.

Crape, they're all wrong about this *ghost*—
Quite on the wrong side of the post—
Blackheads, to take it in their head
To be a message from the dead,
For that by *mission* they design,
A word not half so good as mine,
Crape—here it is—start not one doubt—
A plot—a plot—I've found it out.

O God!—cries Crape,—how blest the nation,
Where one son boasts such penetration!
Crape, I've not time to tell you now
When I discover'd this, or how;
To Stentor go—if he's not there,
His place let Bully Norton bear—
Our citizens to council call—
Let all meet—'tis the cause of all—
Let the three witnesses attend
With a *legation* to befriend,
To swear just so much, and no more,
As we instruct them in before.

Stay—Crape—come back—what, don't you see
Th' effects of this discovery?
Dullman all care and toil endures—
The profit, Crape, will all be yours.
A *mitre* (for, this arduous task
Perform'd, they'll grant what'er I ask)
A *mitre* (and perhaps the best)
Shall through my interest make thee blest.
And at this time, when *gracious* fate
Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of state,
Who is more fit (and for your use)
We could some instances produce
Of England's *church* to be the head,
Than you, a *Presbyterian* bred?
But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,

Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
Like old Newcastle, be forgot.

But an affair, Crape, of this size
Will ask from conduct vast supplies;
It must not, as the vulgar say,
Be done in *bigger-mugger* ways;
Traitors indeed (and that's discreet)
Who hatch the plot, in private meeting
They should in public go; no doubt,
Whose business is to find it out.

To-morrow—if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand procession*—
Be all the city pomp display'd—
Let the *train-bands*—Crape shook his head—

They heard the trumpet and were fled—
Well—cries the knight—if that's the case, join in.
My servants shall supply their place—
My servants—mine alone—no more
Than what my servants did before—
Do not remember, Crape, that day,
When Dullman's grandeur to display
As all too simple, and too low,
Our city friends were thrust below;
Whilst, as more worthy of our love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above—
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My servants—mine—and why not now?
In haste then, Crape, to Stentor go—
But send up Hart, who waits below;
With him, till you return again,
(Reach me my *speacles* and *cane*)
I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accomplishment of *dancing*.

Not quite so fast as lightning flies,
Wing'd with red anger, through the skies;
Not quite so fast as, sent by Jove,
Iris descends on wings of love;
Not quite so fast as terror rides
When he the chafing winds besrides—
Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faster than he cou'd?

Near to that *tower*, which, as we're told,
The mighty Julius rais'd of old,
Where to the block by justice led,
The rebel Scot hath often bled,
Where arms are kept so clean, so bright,
'Twere sin they should be soild in fight,
Where brutes of foreign race are shown
By brutes much greater of our own—
Fast by the crowded *Thames*, is found
An ample square of sacred ground,
Where artists *elegance* presides,
And nature ev'ry sentence guides.

(Here *femely* *parliaments* debate
About religion, trade, and state;
Here ev'ry maid's patriot soul,
Disdaining foreign base controul,
Despising French, despising *Erse*,
Pours forth the plain old English curse,
And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The honours of the vulgar tongue.)

Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law.
Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and distinctly heard,

And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound,
The loudest virgin of the stream,
Compar'd with *him*, would silent seem:
Thames, (who, enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the bridge indignant rears,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with *him* at lowest tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.

Hither directed by the noise,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Through too much zeal and haste made lame,
The *reverend* slave of Dullman came,
Stentac—with such a serious air,
With such a face of solemn care,
As might import him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain—
Stentor—cries Crape—I'm hither sent
On business of most high intent;
Great Dullman's orders to convey;
Dullman commands, and I obey.
Big with those throes which patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the commonweal,
Some secret which forbids him resign
Tumbles and tumbles in his breast,
Tumbles and tumbles to get free;
And thus the chief commands by me
To-morrow, if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a grand procession—
Be all the city pomp display'd—
Our citizens to council call—
Let all meet—'tis the cause of all.

BOOK IV.

Coscombs, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted sense
Above other men, and, *graciously*,
Affect those pleasures to despise,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp; they would not go
For millions to a puppet-show,
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing pantomime;
No, not at Covent-Garden, where,
Without a head for play or play'r,
Or, could a head be found most fit,
Without one play'r to second it,
They must, obeying *folly's* call,
Thrive by mere show, or not at all.

With these *grave* sops, who (bless their brains)
Most cruel to themselves, take pains
For wretchedness, and would be thought
Much wiser than a wife man ought
For his own happiness to be;
Who, what they hear, and what they see,
And what they smell, and taste, and feel,
Distrust, till reason sets her seal,
And, by long trains of consequences
Ensur'd, gives sanction to the senses,
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waste
One hour in what the world calls taste,

Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,
Unless they know some reason why,
With these *grave* sops, whose system seems
To give up certainty for dreams,
The eye of man is understood
As for no other purpose good
Than as a door, through which of course
Their passage crowding objects force,
A downright usher, to admit
New-comers to the court of wit,
(Good gravity, forbear thy spleen,
When I say *wit*, I *wisdom* mean)
Where (such the practice of the court,
Which legal precedents support)
Not one idea is allow'd
To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,
But ere it can obtain the grace
Of holding in the brain a place,
Before the chief in congregation
Must stand a *strict* examination.

Not such as *these*, who phisic twirl,
Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl;
Who prove, with all becoming state,
Their voice to be the voice of fate;
Prepar'd with *essence*, *drop*, and *pill*,
To be another Ward, or Hill,
Before they can obtain their ends,
To sign death-warrants for their friends,
And talents vast as their's employ,
Secundum artem to destroy,
Must pass (or laws their rage restrain)
Before the chiefs of *Warwick-Lane*,
Thrice happy *Lane*, where uncontroll'd,
In *pow'r* and *labeary* grown old,
Most fit to take in this best land,
The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,
Her lawful throne great dullness rears,
Still more herself as more in years;
Where she (and who shall dare deny
Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One Garth who err'd in wit and rhyme,
Ordains from henceforth to admit
None of the rebel sons of wit,
And makes it her peculiar care
That Schomberg never shall be there.

Not such as *these*, whom folly trains
To letters, though unblest'd with brains;
Who destitute of *pow'r* and will
To learn, are kept to learning still;
Whose heads, when other methods fail,
Receive instruction from the tail,
Because their fires, a common case,
Which brings the children to disgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule,
They never could beget a fool,
Must pass, or must compound for, ere
The *chaplain*, full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his *reverend* permit,
Announcing them for orders fit,
So that the prelate (what's a name?
All prelates now are much the same)
May with a conscience safe and quiet
With holy hands lay on that *fat*,
Which doth all faculties dispense,
All sanctity, all faith, all sense,

Makes Madan quite a faint appear,
And makes an oracle of Cheere.

Not such as in that solemn seat,
Where the nine ladies hold retreat,
The ladies nine, who, as we're told,
Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Isis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford stir,
Are held for form; which Balaam's ass
As well as Balaam's self might pass,
And with his master take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the storehouse of the head
With furniture they ne'er can use,
Cannot forgive our rambling muse
This wild excursion; cannot see
Why *physic* and *divinity*,
To the surprize of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do;
But men of nice and subtle learning,
Remarkable for quick discerning,
Through spectacles of critic mould,
Without instruction, will behold
That we a method here have got,
To show what is, by what is not,
And that our drift (*parenthesis*
For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the brain's most secret cells
A certain *Lord Chief Justice* dwells
Of sov'reign pow'r, whom one and all,
With common voice, we reason call;
Though, for the purposes of satire,
A name in truth is no great matter,
Jefferies or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a *Lord Chief Justice* still.
Here, so our great projectors say,
The senses all must homage pay;
Hither they all must tribute bring,
And prostrate fall before their king.
Whatever unto them is brought,
Is carry'd on the wings of thought
Before his throne, where, in full state,
He on their merits holds debate,
Examines, cross-examines, weighs
Their right to censure or to praise;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow views of foe and friend;
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his steady course;
The channel of inquiry's clear,
No *foam examination's* here.

He, upright justicer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjusts and settles in a trice
What virtue is, and what is vice,
What is perfection, what defect,
What we must choose, and what reject;
He takes upon him to explain
What pleasure is, and what is pain;
Whilst we, obedient to the whim,
And resting all our faith on him,
True members of the *foeic* weal,
Must learn to think, and cease to feel.

This glorious system form'd, for man
To practise when and how he can,
If the five senses in alliance
To reason hurl a proud defiance,
And, though oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater slav'ry hold,
Than Jewish bondage was of old;
Or if they, something touch'd with shame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of royalty, and, as in sports,
To hold a mimic formal court;
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of puppet king,
And suffer'd by the way of toy,
To hold the globe, but not employ;
Our *system-mongers*, struck with fear,
Prognosticate destruction near;
All things to anarchy must run;
The little world of man's undone.

Nay should the eye, that nicest sense,
Neglect to send intelligence
Unto the brain, distinct and clear,
Of all that passes in her sphere:
Should the presumptuous joy receive,
Without the understanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring treason
Against the monarchy of reason,
Not thinking, though they're *wond'rous* wise,
That few have *reason*, most have *eyes*;
So that the pleasures of the mind
To a small circle are confin'd,
Whilst those which to the senses fall,
Become the property of all.
Besides (and this is sure a case
Not much at present out of place)
Where nature reason doth deny,
No art can that defect supply;
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to state the argument)
A man should want an eye or two,
The remedy is sure, though new;
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the chevalier—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in, as put them out.

But, argument apart, which tends
To embitter foes and separate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apostate for the *mine*,
Would I, though bred up a divine,
And foe of course to reason's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own sense and feelings taught,
In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him?
Might I, though never rob'd in *ermin*,
A matter of this weight determine,
No penalties should settled be
To force men to hypocrisy,
To make them ape an awkward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
I would not have, nought sentence rest
Finally fix'd within my breast,
E'en Annet censur'd and confin'd,
Because we're of a different mind.

Nature, who in her act most free,
Herself delights in liberty,
Profuse in love, and, without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If freedom did not crown them all.

By providence forbid to stray,
Brutes never can mistake their way;
Determin'd still, they plod along
By instinct, neither right nor wrong;
But man, had he the heart to use
His freedom, hath a right to choose;
Whether he acts or well or ill,
Depends entirely on his will:
To her last work, her fav'rite man,
Is giv'n on nature's better plan
A privilege in pow'r to err.
Nor let this phrase repentment stir
Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,
The little merit man can plead
In doing well, dependeth still
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinions should be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found
That my opinion must be bound,
And square with his; such slavish chains
From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,
Nor can, though true to friendship, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let those, who rigid judgment own,
Submissive bow at judgment's throne;
And if they of no value hold
Pleasure, till pleasure is grown cold,
Pall'd and insidid, forc'd to wait
For judgment's regular debate,
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull subjects suited to their mind;
Their's be slow wisdom: Be my plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless as the fashions go,
Whether there's reason for 't, or no;
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

But if, by error led astray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide observe, in ipse,
I'm wrong, who cannot let me right.
That doctor could I ne'er endure,
Who found disease, and not a cure;
Nor can I hold that man a friend,
Whose zeal a helping hand lend
To open happy folly's eyes,
And making wretched, make me wise;
For next, a truth which can't admit
Reproof from wisdom or from wit,
To being happy here below,
Is to believe that we are so.

Some few in knowledge find relief,
I place my comfort in *be*ief.
Some for reality may call,
Fancy to me is all in all.

Imagination, through the trick
Of doctors, often makes us sick;
And why, let any foplist tell,
May it not likewise make us well?
This am I sure, whate'er our view,
Whatever shadows we pursue,
For our pursuits, be what they will,
Are little more than shadows still,
Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,
For man to catch, or hold them long,
But joys which in the fancy live,
Each moment to each man may give.
True to himself, and true to ease,
He softens fate's severe decrees,
And (can a mortal wish for more)?
Creates, and makes himself new o'er,
Mocks boasted vain reality,
And *is*, whate'er he wants to be.

Hail, fancy--to thy pow'r I owe
Deliv'rance from the gripe of woe;
To thee I owe a mighty debt
Which gratitude shall ne'er forget,
Whilst mem'ry can her force employ,
A large increase of ev'ry joy.
When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard.
A *knave's* guard, ordain'd by law
To keep poor honesty in awe;
Authority, severe and stern,
To intercept my wish'd return;
When foes grew proud, and friends grew cool,
And laughter seiz'd each sober fool;
When candour started in amaze,
And, meaning censure, hinted praise;
When prudence, lifting up her eyes
And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that she was wise:
When all around me, with an air
Of hopeless sorrow, look'd despair;
Where they or said, or seem'd to say,
I there is but one, one only way
Better, and be advis'd by us,
Not be at all, than to be thus;
When virtue shunn'd the shock, and pride
Disabled, lay by virtue's side,
Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,
Which could not hope, yet would not fear;
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of pleasure speaking in her face,
Dull regularity thrown by,
And comfort beaming from her eye;
Fancy, in richest robes array'd,
Came smiling forth, and brought me aid,
Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bless me, came in rhyme.

Nor is her pow'r to me confin'd,
It spreads, it comprehends mankind.
When (to the spirit-stirring sound
Of trumpets breathing courage round,
And sifes, well mingled to restrain,
And bring that courage down again,
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of those who, England quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the Scot,

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Where Asgill held the foremost place,
Whilst my lord figur'd at a race;
Processions 'tis not worth debate
Whether they are of stage or state;
Move on, so very slow, and so
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
When the performers all the while
Mechanically frown or smile,
Or, with a dull and stupid stare,
A vacancy of sense declare,
Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought
Into a labyrinth of thought;
Where reason wanders still in doubt,
And, once got in, cannot get out;
What cause sufficient can we find
To satisfy a thinking mind,
Why dup'd by such vain farces, man
Descends to act on such a plan?
Why they, who hold themselves divine,
Can in such wretched follies join;
Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,
Themselves and nature to expose?
What cause, but that (you'll understand)
We have our remedy at hand,
That if perchance we start at doubt,
Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out;
As surgeons, when they lop a limb,
Whether for profit, fame, or whim,
Or mere experiment to try,
Must always have a *flyptic* by,
Which, *ipso facto*, is ideal.

Can none remember, yes, I know,
All must remember that rare show,
When to the country sene went down,
And fools came flocking up to town,
When knights (a work which all admit
To be for *knighthood* much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when *Parsons* play'd,
In robes canonical array'd,
And, fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
The price of tickets to advance;
Or, unto tapsters turn'd, deak out,
Running from booth to booth about,
To ev'ry scoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of beef and ale,
Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For present grand *electioneering*;
When *beralds*, running all about
To bring in order, turn'd it out;
When, by the *prudent marshal's* care,
Left the rude populace should stare,
And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay puppets of patrician strain;
The whole procession, as in spite,
Unheard, unseen, stole off by night;
When our lov'd monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that sacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements spring
Betwixt the *subject* and the *king*;
By which, in usual manner crown'd,
His head, his hands he bound,
Against himself, should passion stir
The least propensity to err,
Against all slaves, who might prepare
Or open force, or hidden snare,

That glorious charter to maintain,
By which we serve, and he must reign;
Then fancy, with unbounded sway,
Revell'd sole mistress of the day;
And wrought such wonders, as might make
Egyptian forcerers forsake;
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The palm of *magic* her's alone.

A knight (who in the *silken lap*
Of lazy peace had liv'd on papp,
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor even that, unless a *guide* narrow
Was plac'd to amble by his side,
And troops of slaves were spread around
To keep his honour safe and sound;
Who could not suffer for his life
A point, to sword or edge to knife,
And always fainted at the sight
Of blood, though 'twas not shed in fight;
Who disinherited one son
For firing off an *elder gun*,
And whipt another, six years old,
Because the boy, presumptuous, bold,
To madness, likely to become
A very *Swiss*, had beat a drum;
Though it appear'd an instrument
Most peaceable and innocent,
Having from first been in the hands
And service of the *city bands*;
Grac'd with those ensigns, which were meant
To further honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame,
And spur them on to deeds of fame;
With little sword, large spurs, high feather,
Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather,
(And all must own, who pay regard
To charity, it had been hard
That in his very first campaign
His honours should be soil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (seeing others much the same
In point of valour as himself,
Who leave their courage on a shelf
From year to year, till some such rout
In proper season calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more
Than ever hero did before;

Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
Like *Mavers*, grimly smil'd and frown'd;
Seem'd heav'n, and earth, and hell to call
To fight, that he might rout them all;
And personated valour's stile,
So long, spectators to beguile,
That passing strange, and wondrous true,
Himself at last believ'd it too;
Nor for a time could he discern
Till truth and darkness took their turn,
So well did fancy play her part,
That coward still was at the heart.

Whiffle (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of fame
Recorded first through all this land,
In vanity's illustrious band)
Who, by all-bounteous nature meant
For offices of hardiment,

A modern Hercules at least,
To rid the world of each wild beast,
Of each wild beast which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove,
His force on the *parade* of love,
Disclaims the joys which camps afford;
And for the distaff quits the sword;
Who fond of women would appear
To public eye, and public ear,
But when in private, lets them know
How little they can trust to show;
Who sports a woman as of course,
Just as a jockey shows a horse,
And then returns her to the stable,
Or vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather Venus find,
(So pall'd, and so deprav'd his mind)
Than, by some great occasion led,
To seize her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own desires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Through fashion, not through feeling wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As sense and nature have decreed,
From real passion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Because he nothing has to say,
As your *choice* spirits oaths dispense
To fill up vacancies of sense;
Who, having some small sense, desies it,
Or, using, always misapplies it;
Who now and then brings something forth,
Which seems indeed of sterling worth,
Something, by sudden start and fit,
Which at a distance looks like wit,
But, on examination near,
To his confusion will appear
By truth's fair glass, to be at best
A threadbare jester's threadbare jest;
Who frisks and dances through the street,
Sings without voice, rides without seat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like *Æsop's* ass,
A *gratis* fool to all who pass;
Who riots, though he loves not waste,
Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
Acts without sense, talks without thought,
Does ev'ry thing but what he ought;
Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
Of vice, is vicious; who one hour,
Proud without pride, the next will be
Humble without humility;
Whose vanity we all discern,
The spring on which his actions turn;
Whose aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be singular,
And all his utmost wishes mean,
Is, though he's laugh'd at, to be seen;
Such (for when flattery's soothing strain
Had robb'd the muse of her disdain,
And found a method to persuade,
Her art to soften ev'ry shade,
Justice enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd
From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd

Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,
From life this striking likeness taught)
In mind, in manners, and in mien,
Such Whiffle came, and such was seen
In the world's eye; but (strange to tell!)
Mistled by fancy's magic spell,
Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own,
O bow, bow all at fancy's throne,
Whose pow'r could make so vile an elf,
With patience bear that thing, himself
But, mistress of each art to please,
Creative fancy, what are these,
These pageants of a trifler's pen,
To what thy power effected then?
Familiar with the human mind,
As swift and subtle as the wind,
Which we all feel; yet no one knows,
Or whence it comes, or where it goes,
Fancy at once in ev'ry part
Possess'd the eye, the head, the heart,
And, in a thousand forms array'd,
A thousand various gambols play'd.
Here, in a face which well might ask
The privilege to wear a mask,
In spite of law, and justice teach
For public good t' excuse the breach,
Within the furrow of a wrinkle
'Twixt eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,
Like sentinels i' th' starry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
Their watch, like soldiers, in their sleep,
Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
Of law, must burn from hour to hour,
(Else they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that hall,
Which, once notorious for a *hop*,
Is now become a *justice shop*)
Which are so manag'd, to go out
Just when the time comes round about,
Which yet through emulation strive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find,
Amongst the children of mankind)
As they grew weaker, would seem stronger,
And burn a little, little longer;
Fancy, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd,
No brush to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wad her wand around, whose force
Chang'd in an instant Nature's course,
And, hardly credible in rhyme,
Not only stopp'd, but call'd back time.
The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
Down the neck ringlets spread their flame,
The neck admiring whence they came,
On the arch'd brow the *Graces* play'd;
On the full bosom *Cupid* laid
Suns, from their proper orbits sent,
Became for eyes a supplement,
Teeth, white as ever teeth were seen
Deliver'd from the hand of Green *,

* An eminent dentist at this period.

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Started, in regular array,
Like train-bands on a grand field-day,
Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady ——— was fifteen.

Here she made lordly temples rise
Before the pious Dashwood's eyes,
Temples which, built aloft in air,
Might serve for show, if not for pray'r;
In solemn form herself before,
Array'd like *Faith*, the *Bible* bore.

There, over Melcomb's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phiz,
More of another world than this,
To a dwarf muse a giant page,
The last grave top of the last age,
In a superb and feather'd herse,
Beset with d and betag'd with verse,
Which, to beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a cap rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the ballow'd plaid,
Naked, as when (in those drear cells,
Where, self-bliss'd, self-curs'd madneis dwells)

A Pleasure, on whom, in laughter's shape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
First brought her forth, before her time,
A Wild witness of her shame and crime,
Driving before an idol band
Of driv'ling Stuarts, hand in hand,
Some, who to curse mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er must think of more,
Others, whose baby brows were grac'd
With paper crowns, and toys of paste,
She jigg'd, and, playing on the flute,
Spread raptures o'er the soul of Bute.

Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
Which wrought the busy soul of man
To her full bent, the civil law,
Fit code to keep a world in awe,
Bound o'er her brows, fair to behold,
A fewish frontlets were of old,
The famous charter of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom best he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
By Tories guarded all around,
Dull solemn pleasure in his face,
He saw the honours of his race,
He saw their lineal glories rise,
And touch'd, or seem'd to touch, the skies,
Not the most distant mark of fear,
No sign of awe, or scaffold near,
Not one curs'd thought, to cross his will,
Of such a place as *Tower Hill*.

Curse on this muse, a flippant jade,
A shrew, like ev'ry other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peevishness and spleen,
Her tongue (for as, when bound for life,
The husband suffers for the wife,

So if in any works of rhyme
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards must always rue it,
Although 'tis plain the muses do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To send me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme (our themes we choose,
In modern days without a muse,
Just as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,
As if, though they must be the play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
Whate'er my theme, the muse, who still
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal politics appears.

Time was, and, if I aught discern
Of fate, that time shall soon return,
When decent and demure at least,
As grave and dull as any priest,
I could see *vice* in robes array'd,
Could see the game of folly play'd
Successfully in fortune's school,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
Time was, when nothing loth or proud

I lacquied with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in office, and would bow
To cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I stand, as if wife fate,
To compliment a shatter'd state,
Had me, like Atlas, hither sent
To shoulder up the firmament,
And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The heavens would tumble from my back.

Time was, when rank and situation
Secur'd the great ones of the nation
From all controul; *satire* and *larc*
Kept only little knaves in awe;
But now, *decorum* lost, I stand
Bemur'd, a pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry sense of shame,
Careless of safety and of fame,
The names of scoundrels minute down,
And libel more than half the town.

How can a statesmen be secure
In all his villanies, if poor
And dirty authors thus shall dare
To lay his rotten bosom bare?
Muses should pass away their time
In dressing out the poet's rhyme
With bills and ribbands, and array
Each line in harmless taste, though gay.

When the hot burning fit is on,
They should regale their restless son
With something to allay his rage,
Some cool Castalian beverage,
Or some such draught (though *they*, 'tis plain,
Taking the muses name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a Whitehead's ode go down,
Or flakes the *feverette* of Brown:
But who would in his senses think
Of muses giving gall to drink,

Or that their folly should afford
To raving poets gun or sword?
Poets were ne'er design'd by fate
To meddle with affairs of state,
Nor should (if we may speak our thought
Truly as men of honour ought)
Sound policy their rage admit,
To launch the thunderbolts of wit
About those heads, which, when they're shot,
Can't tell if 'was by wit or not.

These things well known, what devil in spite
Can have seduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which must have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which, had I more
Than ever poet had before,
Of wit and virtue, in disgrace
Would keep me still, and out of place,
Which, if some judge (you'll understand
One famous, famous through the land
For making law) should stand my friend,
At last may in a pill'ry end,
And all this, I myself admit,
Without one cause to lead to it.—

For instance now—this book—the GHOST—
Methinks I hear some critic post
Remark most gravely—"The first word
"Which we about the GHOST have heard."
Peace, my good Sir—not quite so fall—
What is the first may be the last,
Which is a point, all must agree,
Cannot depend on you or me.
FANNY, no ghost of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controul'd;
To keep her state, and show her skill,
She never comes but when she will.
I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And shrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my disgrace,
I too am in the self-same case)
But still I wrote, till FANNY came
Impatient, nor could any shame
On me with equal justice fall,
If she had never come at all.
An underling, I could not stir
Without the cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the subject aid receive
Until she came, and gave me leave.
So that (ye sons of erudition
Mark, this is but a supposition,
Nor would I to so wise a nation
Suggest it as a revelation)
If henceforth dully turning o'er
Page after page, ye read no more
Of FANNY, who, in sea or air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt fortune, but agree
No censure can be laid on me,
For sure (the cause let Mansfield try)
FANNY is in the fault, not I.

But to return—and this I hold,
A secret worth its weight in gold
To those who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Through ditch, through bog, o'er hedge and stile;
Make it but worth the reader's while,

And keep a passage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Through dirt, who scruples to approach,
At pleasure's call, to take a coach?
But we should think the man a clown
Who in the dirt should set us down.
But to return—if wit, who ne'er
The shackles of restraint could bear,
In wayward humour should refuse
Her timely succour to the muse,
And to no rules and orders tied,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She must renounce decorum's plan,
And get back when and how she can;
As *parsons*, who, without pretext,
As soon as mention'd, quit their text,
And, to promote sleep's genial pow'r,
Grope in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more reason (for we know
Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)
Why they come back (should it befall
That ever they come back at all)
Into the road, to end the rout,
Than they can give why they went out.

But to return—this book—the GHOST—
A mere amusement at the most,
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day,
A slight shot flit, for summer wear,
Just as our modern statesmen are,
If rigid honesty permit
That I for once purloin the wit
Of him, who, were we all to steal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel.
Yet in this book, where ease should join
With mirth to *sugar* ev'ry line,
Where it should all be *mere ibi-cha*,
Lively, good-humour'd, and all that,
Where *benign* satire, in disgrace,
Should not so much as show her face,
The shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into laughter's sacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In *science*, *trade*, and *politics*.

But why should the distemper'd scold
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
In pow'r's dread book, whose mighty skill
Can twist an empire to their will;
Whose voice is fate, and on their tongue
Law, *liberty*, and *rise*, are hung;
Whom, on inquiry, truth shall find
With Stuarts *link'd*, time out of mind
Superior to their country's laws,
Defenders of a tyrant's cause;
Men, who the same damn'd maxims hold
Darkly; which they avow'd of old;
Who, though by diff'rent means, pursue
The end which they had first in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much less honour, much more art?
Why, at the corners of the streets,
To ev'ry patriot drudge she meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should she wild clamours vent; or why,
The minds of *groundlings* to inflame,
A Dathwood, Bute, and Wyndham name?

Why, having not to bur surprise
The fear of death before her eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should the an argument afford,
For blood, to men who wear a sword,
Men, who can nicely trim and pare
A point of honour to a hair
(Honour—a word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a court,
Which my lord quite in rapture feels
Dangling and rattling with his seals—
Honour—a word, which all the
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a word which torture mocks,
And might confound a thousand Lockes—
Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What honour is, on their wild plan)
Is not, to take it in their way,
And this we sure may dare to say,
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, law, honesty, or sense;
Men, who all spirit, life, and soul,
Near butchers of a button-hole,
Having more skill, believe it true,
That they must have more courage too;
Men, who without a place or name,
Their fortunes speechless as their fame,
Would by the sword new fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than starve
At coronations, a vast field
Of good sound food, at once most fit
For purposes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious satire rest,
Content with what the mightiest
Could the not feast on things of course,
A champion, or a champion's horse,
A champion's horse—no, better say,
Though better figur'd on that day,
A horse, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rhyme, a Pegafus;
A rider, who, when once got on,
Might pass for a Bellerophon,
Drop on a sudden from the skies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand instead of whip,
The world with noble horsemanship,
To twist and twine, both horse and man,
On such a well-concerted plan,
That centaur-like, when all was done,
We scarce could think they were not one?
Could the not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of new-coin'd peers,
Who walk'd, nobility forgot,
With shoulders fitter for a knot
Than robes of honour; for whose sake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, because they could not find,
Great predecessors to their mind?
Could the not (though 'tis doubtful since
Whether he plumbet is, or prince)
Tell of a simple knights advance
To be a doughty peer of France;

Tell how he did a dukedom gain,
And Robinson was Aquitaine;
Tell how her city-chiefs disgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd,
A gross neglect, which, whilst they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive;
A gross neglect of all those rights,
Which march with city appetites;
Of all those canons, which we find
By gluttony, time out of mind,
Establish'd; which they ever hold
Dearer than any thing but gold.

Thanks to my stars—I now see shore—
Of courtiers, and of courts no more—
Thus stumbling on my city friends,
Blind chance my guide, my purpose bends
In line direct, and shall pursue
The point which I had first in view,
No more shall with the reader sport,
Till I have seen him safe in port,
Hush'd be each fear—no more I hear
Through the wide regions of the air,
The reader terrified, no more
Wild ocean's horrid paths explore,
Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Cross-roads to Allen† I resign—
Allen, the honour of this nation,
Allen, himself a corporation,
Allen, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own,
Allen, the first of letter'd men,
Since the good bishop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his stand,
To mend his head, and guide his hand,
But hold—once more digression hence—
Let us return to Common-Sense,
The car of Phœbus I discharge,
My carriage now a Lord-Mayor's barge.

Suppose we now—we may suppose
In verse, what would be fin in prose—
The sky with darkness overpread,
And ev'ry star retir'd to bed;
The gewgaw robes of pomp and pride
In some dark corner thrown aside;
Great lords and ladies giving way
To what they seem to scorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And nature taking place of art;
Desire triumphant through the night,
And beauty panting with delight;
Chastity, woman's fairest crown,
Till the return of morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not sullied in the night;
Dull ceremony, business o'er,
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
Precaution trudging all about
To see the candles safely out,
Bearing a mighty master-key,
Habited like economy.

* At the coronation, Sir Thomas Robinson walked as the representative of the Duke of Aquitaine.

† Ralph Allen, Esq. of Prior Park, near Bath, the correspondent of Pope, of whom Allworthy, in *Tom Jones*, is said to have been the representative.

Stamping each lock with triple seals, and woe his lot
Mean av'rice creeping at her heels, *doublet & hose*

Suppose we too, like sheep in pen, *and woe his lot*
The Mayor and Court of Aldermen, *thus we in pen*
Within their barge, which through the deep, *and woe his lot*
The rowers more than half asleep, *and woe his lot*
Mov'd slow, as overcharg'd with state; *and woe his lot*
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight, *and woe his lot*
And felt that burble heavier far, *and woe his lot*
Than a whole fleet of men of war; *and woe his lot*
Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head, *and woe his lot*
With lib'ral hand his poppies shed, *and woe his lot*
Each head, by dullness render'd fit, *and woe his lot*
Sleep and his empire to admit, *and woe his lot*
Through the whole passage not a word, *and woe his lot*
Not one faint, weak, half sound, was heard; *and woe his lot*
Sleep had prevail'd to overwhelm, *and woe his lot*
The steersman nodding o'er the helm; *and woe his lot*
The rowers without force or skill, *and woe his lot*
Left the dull barge to drive at will; *and woe his lot*
To sluggish oars suspended hung, *and woe his lot*
And even Beardmore * held his tongue, *and woe his lot*
Commerce, regardless of a freight, *and woe his lot*
On which depended half her fate, *and woe his lot*
Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand, *and woe his lot*
She safely clear'd that bank of sand, *and woe his lot*
Where, stranded, our well-country fleet, *and woe his lot*
Delay and danger often meet; *and woe his lot*
Till Neptune, anxious for the trade, *and woe his lot*
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid, *and woe his lot*
Next (for the muses can survey by night, *and woe his lot*
Objects by night as well as day, *and woe his lot*
Nothing prevents their taking aim, *and woe his lot*
Darkness and light to them the same) *and woe his lot*
They pass that building, which of old *and woe his lot*
Queen-mothers was design'd to hold; *and woe his lot*
At present a mere lodging-pen, *and woe his lot*
A palace turn'd into a den, *and woe his lot*
To barracks turn'd, and soldiers tread, *and woe his lot*
Where dangers have laid their head, *and woe his lot*
Why should we mention Surrey-street, *and woe his lot*
Where ev'ry week grave judges meet, *and woe his lot*
All fitted out with hum and oo, *and woe his lot*
In proper form, to draw out law, *and woe his lot*
To see all causes duly tried, *and woe his lot*
'Twixt knaves who drive, and fools who ride? *and woe his lot*
Why at the Temple should we stay? *and woe his lot*
What of the Temple dare we say? *and woe his lot*
A dangerous ground we tread on there, *and woe his lot*
And words perhaps may actions bear, *and woe his lot*
Where, as the brethren of the seas, *and woe his lot*
For fares, the lawyers ply for fees, *and woe his lot*
What of that bridge, most wisely made, *and woe his lot*
To serve the purposes of trade, *and woe his lot*
In the great mart of all this nation, *and woe his lot*
By stopping up the navigation, *and woe his lot*
And to that sand-bank adding weight, *and woe his lot*
Which is already much too great?— *and woe his lot*
What of that bridge, which, void of sense, *and woe his lot*
But well supplied with impudence, *and woe his lot*
Englishmen, knowing not the guild, *and woe his lot*
Thought they might have a claim to build,

* An attorney and common-council-man, suppos'd to have afforded some assistance at times to "The Bannister."

Till Paterfon, as white as milk, *and woe his lot*
As smooth as oil, as soft as silk, *and woe his lot*
In solemn manner had decreed, *and woe his lot*
That on the other side the Tweed, *and woe his lot*
Art, born and bred, and fully grown, *and woe his lot*
Was with one Mylne *, a man unknown, *and woe his lot*
But grace, preferment, and renown, *and woe his lot*
Deserving, just arriv'd in town; *and woe his lot*
One Mylne, an artist perfect quire, *and woe his lot*
Both in his own and country's right, *and woe his lot*
As fit to make a bridge, as he, *and woe his lot*
With glorious patavinity, *and woe his lot*
To build inscriptions worthy found, *and woe his lot*
To lie for ever under ground, *and woe his lot*

Much more, worth observation too, *and woe his lot*
Was this a season to pursue a trade, *and woe his lot*
The theme, our muse might tell in rhyme; *and woe his lot*
The will she hath, but not the time; *and woe his lot*
For, swift as shaft from Indian bow, *and woe his lot*
(And when a goddess comes, we know, *and woe his lot*
Surpassing nature acts prevail, *and woe his lot*
And boats want neither oar nor sail) *and woe his lot*
The vessel past, and reach'd the shore, *and woe his lot*
So quick, that thought was scarce before, *and woe his lot*

Suppose we now our city-court, *and woe his lot*
Safely deliver'd at the port, *and woe his lot*
And, of their state regardless quite, *and woe his lot*
Landed, like smuggled goods, by night; *and woe his lot*
The solemn magistrate laid down, *and woe his lot*
The dignity of robe and gown, *and woe his lot*
With ev'ry other ensign gone, *and woe his lot*
Suppose the woollen nightcap on, *and woe his lot*
The fish-brush us'd with decent state, *and woe his lot*
To make the spirits circulate, *and woe his lot*
(A form, which, to the senses true, *and woe his lot*
The liq'rish chaplain uses too, *and woe his lot*
Though, something to improve the plan, *and woe his lot*
He takes the maid instead of man) *and woe his lot*
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er, *and woe his lot*
To show the vigour of threescore, *and woe his lot*
The vigour of threescore and ten, *and woe his lot*
Above the proof of younger men, *and woe his lot*
Suppose the mighty Dullman led, *and woe his lot*
Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed; *and woe his lot*
Suppose the moment he lies down, *and woe his lot*
No miracle in this great town, *and woe his lot*
The drone as fast asleep as he, *and woe his lot*
Must in the course of nature be, *and woe his lot*
Who, truth for our foundation take, *and woe his lot*
When up, is never half awake, *and woe his lot*

There let him sleep, whilst we survey *and woe his lot*
The preparations for the day, *and woe his lot*
That day on which was to be shown *and woe his lot*
Court-pride by city-pride outdone, *and woe his lot*

The jealous mother sends away, *and woe his lot*
As only fit for childish play, *and woe his lot*
That daughter, who, to gall her pride, *and woe his lot*
Shoots up too forward by her side, *and woe his lot*

The wretch, of God and man accus'd, *and woe his lot*
Of all hell's instruments the worst, *and woe his lot*
Draws forth his pawns, and for the day, *and woe his lot*
Struts in some spendthrift's vain array, *and woe his lot*
Around his awkward doxy shine, *and woe his lot*
The treasures of Golconda's mine; *and woe his lot*

* The architect of Blackfriars Bridge.

Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.

Garments, well sav'd (an anecdote not quote)
Which we can prove or would not quote)
Garments well sav'd, which first were made,
When tailors, to promote their trade,
Against the *Picks* in arms arose,
And drove them out, or made them clothes;
Garments, immortal, without end,
Like names, and titles, which descend
Successively from sire to son;
Garments, unless some work is done
Of note, not suffer'd to appear
Above once at most in ev'ry year,
Were now, in solemn form, laid bare
To take the benefit of air,
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this solemnity, to void

That scent, which Russia's leather gave
From vile and impious moth to save.
Each head was busy, and each heart
In preparation bore a part.

Running together all about,
The servant put each other out,
Till the grave master had decreed,
The more haste, ever the worse speed
Miss, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a smugged toilet dos'd;
The waiting maid, whom story notes
A very scrub in petticoats,
Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
In slumbers lean'd against the wall;
Milliners, summon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in shoals at *Temple-Bar*,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of foppery from court;
With labour'd visible design
Art strove to be *superbly* fine;
Nature, more pleasing, though more wild,
Taught otherwise her *darling* child,
And cried with spirited disdain,
Be H—— elegant and plain,

Lo! from the chambers of the east,
A welcome prelude to the feast,
In *saffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
High in a car by Vulcan made,
Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed
High mettled, of celestial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,
And held her empire, till outrun
By that brave jolly groom the sun.

The trumpet—hark!—It speaks!—It swells
The loud full harmony—It tells
The time at hand, when Dullman, led
By form, his citizens must head,
And march those troops, which at his call
Were now assembled to *Guild-Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To court and city, church and state.

From end to end the found makes way,
All hear the signal and obey;
But Dullman, who, his charge forgot,
By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, to found he slept and fast,
Hear any trumpet but the last.

Crape, ever true and trusty known,
Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
Then in the spirituals of pride,
Planted himself at Dullman's side,
Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke death's adamanting chain,
On Dullman call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
The Theban boxer curse his trade,
The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
And *thrice* fell backward on his bed,
What could be done? Where force hath fail'd,
Policy often hath prevail'd;
And what an inference most plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again.

Under his pillow (still in mind)
The proverb kept, *Fast bind, fast find*,
Each blessed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away us'd;
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick started he with stupid stare,
For all his little soul was there.

Behold him taken up, rubb'd down,
In elbow-chair, and morning gown;
Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume;
Behold him, bending with the weight
Of robes and trumpery of state;
Behold him, (for the maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do,
We do ourselves; and chaplain paid,
Like slaves in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got),
Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,
Go titter totter to the stairs;
Behold him, for descent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He starts, he pauses on the brink,
And, hard to credit, seems to think
Through his whole train (the chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
At once, as if infection caught,
Each started, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and, silent for a season,
At last with Crape begins to reason:
But first of all he made a sign
That ev'ry soul but the *divine*,
Should quit the room; in him he knows,
He may all confidence repose.

Crape—though I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful step I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends,
By foes and friends, observe me still,
I meant not those who well or ill
Perhaps may wish me, but those who
Have 't in their power to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the state,
In too much hurry to be great,
Or through much zeal, a motive, Crape
Deserving praise, into a scrape

I, like a fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a wise man, should get out.
Not that, remark without replies,
I say that to get out is wise,
Or, by the very self-same rule
That to get in was like a fool:
The marrow of this argument
Must wholly rest on the event;
And therefore, which is really hard,
Against events too I must guard.

Should things continue as they stand,
And Bute prevail through all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, honours on my zeal may smile,
And stamp me Earl of some great isle:
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The present minister goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can stand fairly with the next?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with those in pow'r;
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too;
I should not, like a blockhead, choose
To gain *these* so as *those* to lose:
'Tis good in ev'ry case, you know,
To have two strings unto our bow.

As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd
His lord, who thus his speech pursu'd.

This, my good Crape, is my grand point,
And as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point desir'd.
What I would wish to bring about,
Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
The matter in dispute, you know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.

That be thy task.—The *rev'rend* slave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fix'd to the ground and rooted flood,
Just like a man cut out of wood
Such as we see (without the least
Reflection glancing on the priest)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almost in ev'ry church in town:
He stood some minutes; then, like one
Who wish'd the matter might be done;
But could not do it, shook his head,
And thus the man of sorrow said:

Hard is this task, too hard I swear,
By much too hard for me to bear;
Beyond expression hard my part,
Could mighty Dullman fee my heart,
When he, alas! makes known a will,
Which Crape's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To sense and honour? Could I reach
Thy meaning without help of speech;
At the first motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not said, not what I ought,
But what by earthly master taught?
Did I e'er weigh, through duty strong,
Lathy great biddings, right and wrong?

Did ever int'rest, to whom thou
Can'st not with more devotion bow,
Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When business call'd aloud for haste;
Torn myself thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, till thy great work was done;
All appetites as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd
Of voluntary servitude;
Pursu'd without or shame or fear,
Through the great circle of the year;
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r;
Commands which baffle all my skill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his slave afford;
This task, for my poor strength unfit,
Will yield to none but Dullman's wit.

With such gross incense gratified,
And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor Crape—and shook his empty head—
Poor puzzled Crape, wife Dullman said,
Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
For things of lower note desir'd,
For things within the vulgar reach,
To run of errands, and to preach,
Well hast thou judg'd, that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;
Well hast thou judg'd thyself unmeet
Of such high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
And all I said was but a joke.

Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace
Or to my person, or my place;
The wisest of the sons of men
Have desir'd to use them now and then:
The only caution, do you see,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common use and men exempt,
Is, that they may not breed contempt.
Great use they have, when in the hands
Of one, like me, who understands;
Who understands the time and place,
The persons, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect; so that we find,
If all the requisites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke must spring,
A joke's a very serious thing.

But to our business.—My design,
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which like broad-cloth, I can, with ease,
Cut out in any shape I please.

Some, in my circumstance, some few,
Aye, and those men of genius too,
Good men, who, without love or hate,
Whether they early rise or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit found,
Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,
By threadbare ways and means would try
To bear their point; so will not I.

New methods shall my wisdom find
To suit these matters to my mind,
So that the infidels at court,
Who make our city wits their sport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that Dullman bears a brain.

Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;
Would lend a wife, who they might swear
Safely, was none the worse for wear;
Would see a daughter, yet a maid,
Into a statesman's arms betray'd;
Nay, should the girl prove coy, nor know
What daughters to a father owe,
Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd
Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;
Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t' other;
Would ev'ry petty band forget;
The public eye be with one set,
In private with a second herd,
And be by proxy with a third;
Would (like a queen, of whom I read
The other day—her name is fled—
In a book (where, together bound,
Whittington and his cat I found,
A tale most true, and free from art,
Which all Lord Mayors should have by heart)
A queen (O might those days begin
Africk when queens would learn to spin)
Who wrought, and wrought, but for some plot,
The cause of which I've now forgot,
During the absence of the sun
Undid what she by day had done)
Whilst they a double visage wear,
What's sworn by day, by night unswear.

Such be their arts, and such per chance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new system mine shall spring,
A *locum-tenens* is the thing.
That's your true plan.—To obligate
The present ministers of state,
My shadow shall our court approach,
And bear my power, and have my coach;
My *fine slate coach*, superb to view,
A *fine slate coach*, and paid for too;
To curry favour and the grace
Obtain, of those who're out of plate:
In the mean time I—that's to say—
I proper, I myself—here stay.

But hold—perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scot's administration,
To lend my coach may seem to be
Declaring for the ministry;
For where the city coach is, there
Is the true essence of the Mayor:
Therefore (for wise men are intent
Evils at distance to prevent,
Whilst fools the evils first endure,
And then are plagu'd to seek a cure)
No coach—a horse—and free from fear
To make our Deputy appear,
Fast on his back shall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his side:
Then for a horse—through all the land,
To head our solemn city-band,

Vol. X,

Can any one so fit be found,
As he, who in *Avill's ground*,
Without a rider, noble sight,
Led on our bravest troops to fight.

But first, Crape, for my honour's sake,
A tender point, inquiry make
About that horse, if the dispute
Is ended, or is still in suit.
For whilst a cause (observe this plan
Of justice) whether horse or man
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That pow'r must tyranny appear,
Which should, prejudging, interfere,
And weak faint judges over-awe,
To bias the free course of law.

You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you must appear,
Whilst I in privacy sit here;
Here shall great Dullman sit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.

Crape heard, and speeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey.
Not without trouble, be assur'd,
A proper proxy was procur'd
To serve such infamous intent,
And such a lord to represent;
Nor could one have been found at all
On t' other side of *London-wall*.

The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow
Behold the grand procession go,
All moving on, at after kind,
As if for motion ne'er design'd.

Confablers, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the second place
By virtue of a silver mace,
Which ev'ry Saturday is drawn,
For use of Sunday, out of pawn;
Treasurers, who with empty keys
Secure an empty treasury;
Churchwardens, who their course pursue
In the same state, as to their pew;
Churchwardens of Saint Marg'ret go,
Since Peirson taught them pride and show,
Who in short transient pomp appear,
Like almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the *Poor's Box*,
Not knowing that with private keys
They open and shut it when they please;
Overseers, who by frauds ensure
The heavy curses of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, Bulls and Bears,
Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the Professor Sheridan;
A man of wire, a mere Pantine,
A downright animal machine.
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher Ammon's son,
And poor Jack Dryden both in one.

K k

On all occasions next the chair
He stands for service of the mayor,
And to instruct him how to use
His *a's* and *b's*, and *p's*, and *q's*.
O'er letters, into tatters worn,
O'er syllables, defac'd and torn,
O'er words disjointed, and o'er sense
Left destitute of all defence;
He strides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Crisis-Crisis-Roux*.
Before him, ev'ry *Consonant*
In agonies is seen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The ghosts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.

Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
And city favour, came in place.
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age.
When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
Resolv'd, is wed to city spouse,
Their aid with *Madam's* aid must join
The awkward dotard to refine,
And teach, whence truest glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a kit, and each
To show how fit he was to teach
A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
Led in a string a *dancing bear*.

Since the revival of *Fingal*,
Custom, and custom's all in all,
Commands that we should have regard,
On all high seasons, to the *Bar*.
Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty *Lockman* * came;
And, ne'er forgot in *Dullman's* reign,
With proper order to maintain
The *uniformity* of pride,
Brought brother *Whitehead* by his side.

On horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And cast his fiery eye-balls round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpose fit,
His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd
To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,
Great *Dymock*, in his glorious station,
Paraded at the coronation.
Not so our *City Dymock* came,
Heavy, dispirited, and tame;
No mark of sense, his eyes half-clos'd,
He on a mighty *dray-horse* doz'd.
Fate never could a horse provide
So fit for such a man to ride;
Nor find a man, with strictest care,
So fit for such a horse to bear.
Hung round with instruments of death,
The sight of him would stop the breath
Of braggart cowardice, and make
The very *Court Dravcanfir* quake.
With *dirks*, which, in the hands of spite,
Do their damn'd business in the night,

* *John Lockman*, secretary to the *British Berring* fishery, author of many forgotten poems, and translator of several works from the French.

From *Scotland* sent, but here display'd
Only to fill up the parade;
With *swords*, unless'd, of maiden hue,
Which rage or valour never drew;
With *blunderbusses*, taught to ride,
Like *pocket-pistols*, by his side,
In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
A little moving *armory*.
One thing much wanting to complete
The fight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horse (a courtesy
In horses found of high degree)
Instead of going forward on,
All the way backward should have gone.
Horses, unless they breeding lack,
Some scruple make to turn their back,
Though riders, which plain truth declares,
No scruple make of turning theirs.

Far, far apart from all the rest,
Fit only for a standing jest,
The *Independent* (can you get
A better suited epithet)
The *Independent* Anyand came,
All burning with the sacred flame
Of liberty, which well he knows
On the great flock of slav'ry grows.
Like sparrow, who, depriv'd of mate,
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of fate,
From spray to spray no more will hop,
But sits alone on the house-top,
Or like himself, when all alone
At *Croydon*, he was heard to groan,
Lifting both hands in the defence
Of interest and common sense;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and pursu'd his plan,
The *left-hand* had been lonesome quite,
If he had not held up the *right*.
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a distant prize,
On which in letters worthy note,
There "twenty thousand pounds" was wrote:
False trap, for credit sapp'd is found
By getting twenty thousand pound.
Nay, look not thus on me, and stare
Doubting the certainty.—To swear
In such a case I should be loth—
But *Perry Cust* * may take his oath.
In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim quaker fraud came trade;
Connivance, to improve the plan,
Habituated like a *Furyman*,
Judging as interest prevails,
Came next with measures, weights, and scales;
Extortion next, of hellish race,
A cub most damn'd, to show his face
Forbidden by fear, but not by shame,
Turn'd to a *Jew*, like ——— came;
Corruption, *Midas*-like, behold
Turning what'er she touch'd to gold;
Impotence led by lust, and pride
Strutting with *Pontion* by her side;
Hypocriy, demure and sad,
In garments of the priesthood clad,

* See *North Briton*, Vol. III.

So well disguis'd, that you might swear,
Deceiv'd, a very priest was there;
Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,
And wallowing in *well-fav'd* wealth,
Came sneering through a ruin'd band,
And bringing B—— in her hand;
Victory hanging down her head,
Was by a Highland stallion led;
Peace, cloth'd in fables, with a face
Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
Which spake a deep and rooted shame
Both of herself and of her name,
Mourning creeps on, and blushing feels
War, grim war treading on her heels;
Pale credit, shaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,
Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
Look'd wistful all around for Pitt;
Freedom—at that most hallow'd name
My spirits mount into a flame,
Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
E'en to the cracking; through my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am freedom's son—
Freedom came next, but scarce was seen,
When the sky, which appear'd serene
And gay before, was overcast;
Horror bestrode a foreign blast,
And from the *prison* of the North,
To freedom deadly, storms burst forth.

A car like those, in which, we're told,
Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with death, six horses bear
Through the blank region of the air.
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame
From their wide nostrils; ev'ry steed
Was of that ancient savage breed
Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food
The flesh of man, their drink his blood.

On the first horses, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and sleek, that lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd riders side by side,
And poverty was yok'd with pride,
Union most strange it must appear,
Till other unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterness,
With rage, which words can ill express,
With unforgiving rage, which springs
From a false zeal for holy things,
Wearing such robes as prophets wear,
False prophets plac'd in Peter's chair;
On which, in characters of fire,
Shapes antic, horrible and dire,
Inwoven flam'd; where, to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of fainter devils, where all round
Vile reliques of vile men were found,
Who, worse than devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of hell on earth,
Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,
Pointing at axes, wheels, and ropes,
And engines, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the destroyer man

Could, to promote his selfish views,
Have heads to make, and hearts to use;
Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
In her left hand a crucifix,
Remembrance of our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd sword*;
Having her brows, in impious sport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth peace, amongst men good-will,
Love bearing, and forbearing still,
All wrote in the *heart's-blood* of those
Who rather death than falsehood chose;
On her breast (where, in days of yore,
When God lov'd Jews, the high-priest wore
Those oracles, which were decreed
T' instruct and guide the chosen seed)
Having with glory clad and strength,
The virgin pictur'd at full length,
Whilst at her feet, in small pourtray'd,
As scarce worth notice, Christ was laid;
Came superstition, fierce and fell,
An imp detested, e'en in hell;
Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully besmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled *saints* she rode;
Fast at her heels death proudly strode,
And grimly smil'd, well-pleas'd to see
Such havoc of mortality.

Close by her side, on mischief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, savage, wild,
The mother fit of such a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of sin and death, came ignorance.

With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
And sov'reign pow'r by pride disgrac'd,
Where loudly witnessing a mind
Of savage more than human kind,
Not choosing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, misrule appear'd.

With eyeballs glaring fiery red,
Enough to strike beholders dead,
Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chaf'd jaws; without remorse
Whipping, and spurring on his horse,
Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,
E'en to the bone were open laid,
Came tyranny; disdainful awe,
And trampling over *sense* and *law*,
One thing and only one he knew,
One object only would pursue,
Though less (so low doth passion bring)
Than man, he would be more than king.

With ev'ry argument and art
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was flatter'd join'd.
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook;
When simple most, most to be fear'd;
Most crafty when no craft appear'd;
His tales no man like him could tell;
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might e'en a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe.

Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Those who had cheated been before;
Such flat'ry came in evil hour,
Poisoning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by p'ofitation great,
Would be first minister of state.

Within the chariot, all alone,
High seated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
Whom justice would, but dare not name.
Hard times when justice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear,
The names of those, who dare offend
'Gainst justice, and pervert her end:
But, if the muse afford me grace,
Description shall supply the place.
In foreign garments he was clad:
Sage ermine o'er the glossy plaid
Cast rev'rend honour; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of art,
In silver wrought, and brighter far,
Than heav'nly or than earthly star,
Shone a *robite ref*, the emblem dear
Of him he ever must revere:
Of that dread lord, who with his host
Of faithful native rebels lost,
Like those black spirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A bonnet, most superbly grac'd
With mighty *thistles*, nor forgot
The sacred motto, *Touch me not*.

In the right hand a sword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough north invade the south:
The reeking blade to view presents
The blood of helpless innocents;
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the shearers dumb,
With downcast eye, and solemn frown,
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when freedom reign'd,
Fast to a rock was justice chain'd.

In his left hand, in wax impress,
With bells and gowgaws idly drest,
An image, cast in baby mould,
He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
Bowing he gave the loyal kiss,
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to desire the antitype.
What if to that pretender's foes
His greatness, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And shake his constancy of mind?
Scorning such weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he still remains,
Though he the friend of George appear;
Diffimulation's virtue here
Jealous and mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to truth and justice bend,
Unless out-bullied by his friend;
Brave with the coward, with the brave
He is himself a coward slave;

Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a sly train he springs,
And, secret, slips the ears of kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainst the resistance of a worm:
Born in a country, where the will
Of one is law to all, he still
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To spread it where'soe'er he came;
Freedom he hated, law defied,
The prostitute of pow'r and pride:
Laws he with ease explains away,
And leads bewild'ring sense astray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cause he can't maintain;
Proceeds on most familiar grounds,
And, where he can't convince, confounds;
Talents of rarest stamp and size,
To nature false, he misapplies,
And turns to poison what was sent
For purposes of nourishment.
Painful, not such as on his wings
The messenger of sickness brings,
But such as takes its coward rise
From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
O'erspread his cheeks; *disdain* and *pride*,
To upstart fortunes ever tied,
Scow'd on his brow; within his eye,
Insidious, lurking like a spy
To caution principled by fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd covert *mischief*: *passion* hung
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breast
All that makes villain found a nest,
All that, on hell's completest plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man;
Soon as the ear reach'd land, he rose,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's best blood, which was enough,
Had hearts been made of sterner stuff
In cities than elsewhere, to make
The very stoutest quail and quake,
He cast his baleful eyes around.
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on surprise; all stood,
And horror chill'd their curdled blood:
No more they thought of *pomp*, no more
(For they had seen his face before)
Of law they thought; the cause forgot,
Whether it was or ghost, or plot,
Which drew them there. They all stood more
Like statues than they were before.
What could be done? Could art, could force,
Or both direct a proper course
To make this savage monster tame,
Or send him back the way he came?
What neither art, nor force, nor both
Could do, a lord of foreign growth,
A lord to that base wretch allied
In country, not in vice and pride,
Effected: from the self-same land,
(Bad news for our blaspheaming band
Of scribblers, but deserving note)
The poison came, and antidote.

Abash'd the monster hung his head;
And like an empty vision fled;
His train, like virgin snows which run,
Kiss'd by the burning bawdy fun,
To love-sick streams, dissolv'd in air;
Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,
Came smiling, freed from slavish awe;
Loyalty, liberty, and law,
Impatient of the galling chain,
And yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
And burning with the glorious flame
Of public virtue, Mansfield came.

THE CONFERENCE

GRACE said in form, which sceptics must agree,
When they are told that grace was said by me;
The servants gone, to break the scurvy jest
On the proud landlord, and his thread-bare
guest;
The king gone round, my lady too withdrawn,
My lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,
And lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—
Churchill, you have a poem coming out—
You've my best wishes; but I really fear
Your muse in general is too severe;
Her spirit seems her interest to oppose,
And where she makes one friend, makes twenty
foes.

C. Your lordship's fears are just, I feel their
force,
But only feel it as a thing of course.
The man whose hardy spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,
At his first setting forward ought to know,
That ev'ry rogue he meets must be his foe;
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.
But shall the partial rage of selfish men
From stubborn justice wrench the righteous pen,
Or shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes are foes to virtue too?

L. What is this boasted virtue, taught in schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her use? Point out one wholesome end:
Will the hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this same virtue stifle nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can virtue keep thee warm?
Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun,
Barely by saying, thou art virtue's son?
Or by base blund'ring statesmen sent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the name is in disgrace,
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.
Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True virtue means, let reason use her eyes,
Nothing with fools, and int'rest with the wife.

Wouldst thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name;
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to virtue poverty and scorn.
Let prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom prudence can with virtue go;
To be successful try thy utmost force,
And virtue follows as a thing of course.

Hirco, who knows not Hirco? stains the bed
Of that kind master who first gave him bread,
Scatters the seeds of discord through the land,
Breks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son:
What mortal in his senses can endure
The name of Hirco, for the wretch is poor!
Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot,
By all detested live, and die forgot;
Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in
"death."

Is now the gen'ral cry we all pursue:
Let fortune change, and prudence changes too;
Supple and pliant a new system feels,
Throws up her cap, and spaniels at his heels;
Long live great Hirco, cries, by int'rest taught,
And let his foes, though I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to such men, if such men can have
peace,
Let their possessions, let their state increase;
Let their base services in courts strike root,
And in the season bring forth golden fruit;
I envy not: let those who have the will,
And, with so little spirit, so much skill,
With such vile instruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve.

L. These stale conceits thrown off, let us ad-
vance

For once to real life, and quit romance.
Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honest man, would do it too.
Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the sky,
And dart from pole to pole the strengthen'd eye,
Through all that space you shall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on such a plan.
Cowards in calms will say, what in a storm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, spite of all you've said,
You'd give your honour for a crust of bread.

C. What proof might do, what hunger might
effect,
What famish'd nature, looking with neglect
On all the once held dear, what fear, at strife
With fainting virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care.

Once, at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
Those wounds, which fate severely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, mull for ever bleed,
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of
man,
Which brings such mighty aid to virtue's plan;

Once, aw'd by fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down;
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith; till one, a friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need,
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By virtue guided, and by wisdom taught,
Image of him whom Christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore.

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for some little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not lov'd by fools,
Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health,
That, as a boon, I should bafe shackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myself a slave;
That I should in the train of those appear,
Whom honour cannot love, nor manhood fear?

That I no longer skulk from street to street,
Afraid lest duns assail, and bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcass bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the awkward friend,
Whose every obligation must offend,
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn,
At sufl'ring favours which I can't return;
That, from dependence and from pride secure,
I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
Nor yet so low, that I my lord should fear,
Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer;
That, whilst sage prudence my pursuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
That, kind to others, to myself most true,
Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,
And with the will have power to aid distress;
These, and what other blessings I possess,
From the indulgence of the public rise;
All private patronage my soul desires.
By rancour more inclin'd to save than damn,
A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I am.
All that I have, they gave; just mem'ry bears
The grateful stamp, and what I am is theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for freedom's cause,
To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves best the purposes of private fraud.
Prudence by public good intends her own;
If you mean otherwise, you stand alone.
What do we mean by country and by court?
What is it to oppose, what to support?
Mere words of course, and what is more absurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word?
Majors and minors differ but in name;
Patriots and ministers are much the same;
The only difference, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is *in*, the other *out*.

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all.

Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wife,
Of goodness to the good, of public ties,
Which to our country link, or private bands,
Which claim most dear attention at our hands,
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our first great mover, and our last great end,
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, self is all in all.
This, which unwilling faction shall admit,
Guided in different ways a Bute and Pitt,
Made tyrants break; made kings observe the law,
And gave the world a Stuart and a Nassau.

Hath nature (strange and wild conceit of pride)
Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside?
Doth virtue in thy bosom brighter glow,
Or from a spring more pure doth action flow?
Is not thy soul bound with those very chains
Which shackle us; or is that self, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we see
Most strong and sov'reign, only weak in thee?
Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.
Think (and for once lay by thy lawless pen)
Think, and confess thyself like other men;
Think but one hour, and, to thy conscience led
By reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head;
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyself now, and own with strictest truth,
That self hath drawn thee from fair virtue's way
Farther than folly would have dar'd to stray,
And that the talents lib'ral nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a slave.

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have so long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundless will
Let self maintain her state and empire still,
But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought
To things of higher dainings; let her range
Through better pastures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wisely revolt, and join our stronger side.

Oh! what, my lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? Why to view
Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Must speak me something more or less than
man; to show how I am brought to pass
Which friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts controul,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul.
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No—'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When the with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Arm'd at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass;

The mind, which starting, heaves the heart-felt

And groans, which form the knows to be her own, ^{at}

Enough of this—let private sorrows rest—

As to the public I dare stand the test;

Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above

The good of England, and my country's love.

Stranger to party-rage, by reason's voice,

Unerring guide, directed in my choice,

Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,

No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind.

What! herd with men my honest soul disdains,

Men who, with servile zeal, are forging chains

For freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,

To spread destruction o'er my native land.

What! shall I not, e'en to my latest breath,

In the full face of danger and of death,

Exert that little strength which nature gave,

And boldly stem, or perish in the wave?

^{L.} When I look backward for some fifty years,

And see protesting patriots turn to peers;

Hear men, most loose, for decency declaim,

And talk of character without a name;

See infidels defend the cause of God,

And meek divines wield persecution's rod;

See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,

See Whitehead * take a place, † Ralph change his

pen,

I mock the zeal, and deem the men in sport,

Who rail at ministers, and curse a court.

Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rhyme,

Shall some preferment, offer'd at a time

When virtue sleeps, some sacrifice to pride,

Or some fair victim, move to change thy side.

Thee shall these eyes behold, to health restor'd,

Using, as prudence bids, bold satire's sword,

Galling thy present friends, and praising those

Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greatest foes.

^{C.} May I (can worse disgrace on manhood

fall)?

Be born a Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul;

May I (though to his service deeply tied

By sacred oaths, and now by will allied)

With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,

And use his name for some base private end;

May I (that thought bids double horrors roll

O'er my sick spirits, and unman my soul)

Ruin the virtue which I held most dear,

And still must hold; may I, through abject fear,

Betray my friend; may to succeeding times,

Engraid on plates of adamant, my crimes

Stand blazing forth, whilst mark'd with envious

blot,

Each little act of virtue is forgot;

Of all those evils which, to stamp men curs'd,

Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the world

Light on my head, and in my day of woe,

To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,

May I be scorn'd by every man of worth,

Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,

Bearing about a hell in my own mind,

Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,

If I am one among the many known

Whom Shelburne fled, and Calcraft blush'd to own;

^{L.} Do you reflect what men you make your

foes?

^{C.} I do, and that's the reason I oppose.

Friends I have made, whom envy must commend,

But not one foe, whom I would wish a friend.

What if ten thousand Butes and Hollands bawl,

One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all?

'Tis not the title, whether handed down

From age to age, or flowing from the crown,

In copious streams on recent men, who came

From stems unknown, and fires without a name;

'Tis not the star, which our great Edward gave,

To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,

Blazing without, whilst a base heart within

Is rotten to the core, with filth and sin;

'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait

At custom's call, to mark a fool of state,

From fools of lesser note, that soul can awe

Whose pride is reason, whose defence is law.

^{L.} Suppose (a thing scarce possible in art,

Were it thy cue to play a common part)

Suppose thy writings so well fenc'd in law,

That Norton * cannot find, nor make a flaw,

Hast thou not heard, that 'mongst our ancient

tribes,

By party warp, or lull'd asleep by bribes,

Or trembling at the Russian hand of force,

Law hath suspended stood, or chang'd its course?

Art thou assur'd, that, for destruction ripe,

Thou may'st it not smart beneath the self-same gripe?

What sanction hast thou, frantic in thy rhymes,

Thy life, thy freedom to secure?

^{C.} The times.

'Tis not on law, a system great and good,

By wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest blood,

My faith relies: by wicked men and vain,

Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.

No, on our great lawgiver I depend,

Who knows and guides her to her proper end;

Whose royalty of nature blazes out

So fierce, 'twere fin to entertain a doubt—

Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws dispense,

(Blest be the hour and hand which sent them

hence)

For something, or for nothing, for a word,

Or thought, I might be doom'd to death,

Life we might all resign to lawless pow'r,

Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour;

But envy ne'er shall fix to foul a stain

On the fair annals of a Brunswick's reign;

If, slave to party, to revenge, or pride,

By frail human error drawn aside,

I break the law, strict saviour let her wear;

'Tis her's to punish, and 'tis mine to bear;

Nor by the voice of justice doom'd to death,

Would I ask mercy with my latest breath;

But anxious only for my country's good,

In which my king's, of course, is understood,

Form'd on a plan with some few patriot friends,

Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends.

* Paul Whitehead.

† James Ralph. See Lord Melcombe's "Diary."

* Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-general.

My spirits cannot sink; though from the tomb
Stern Jeffries should be plac'd in Mansfield's
room;

Though he should bring, his base designs to aid,
Some *black attorney*, for his purpose made,
And shove, whilst decency and law retreat,
The modest Norton from his maiden seat;
Though both, in ill confed'rates, should agree,
In damned league, to torture law and me,
Whilst George is king; I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be secure.

But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers, should imperious fate,
In vengeance, with fresh Stuarts curse our state;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppressive force,
Divert sweet justice from her even course;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witness 'gainst my left;
Should they, abroad by inquisitions taught,
Search out my soul, and damn me for a thought;
Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write,
'Till death had plung'd me in the shades of night.

Thou God of truth, thou great, all-searching eye,
To whom our thoughts, our spirits open lie,
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when law submits to pow'r,
With firm resolve my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, though I deeply feel.

Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death;
And, if oppression brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, the ne'er shall mark a slave.
Let not forgive that friend who drops one tear,
No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to reason, and who dies a man.

THE AUTHOR.

Accurs'd the man, whom fate ordains in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? Wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well,

Much are the precious hours of youth mispent,
In climbing learning's rugged steep ascent;
When to the top the bold adventurer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the vale of ignorance below,
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to degrees,

Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praise each senior blockhead's thread bare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail,
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool, whose merit is his place;
Vice-chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,
And chancellors, who nothing know at all;
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science blest,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.

But now, when dullness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own,
When wit, seduc'd by envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with ignorance and pride,
What now should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread;
To bear those labours, which our fathers bore,
That crown withheld, which they in triumph
were?

When with much pains this boasted learning's
got,

'Tis an affront to those who have it not.
In some it causes hate, in other's fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school;
The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the heir.
In senates, at the bar, in church and state,
Genius is vile, and learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where merit and reward went hand in hand,
Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patrons sanctify'd their praise?
Is this the land, where, on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, description hung;
Where Jonson rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst reason through her critic fences smil'd;
Where nature list'ning stood, whilst Shakspeare
play'd,

And wonder'd at the work herself had made?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of sense;
Where health and honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of sorrow wear a smile;
Bade those, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land, where in some tyrant's reign,
When a weak, wicked, ministerial train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of interest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd
Those wretches, who, ordain'd in freedom's cause,
Gave up their liberties, and fold our laws;
When pow'r was taught by meanness where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;

When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her sores corruption spread,
Her iron arm when stern oppression rear'd,
And virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
The scourge of vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor freedom bow'd the neck to slavery's chain?
Is this the land, where in those worst of times,
The hardy poet rais'd his honest rhymes
To dread rebuke, and bade contumelious speak
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek,
Bade pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the muse, who fear'd not
law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowsy track of business trod,
Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
Who, form'd to dullness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to gospel truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like
these,

Whom reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not truth as truth, if told in rhyme?

How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary groan
In zeal for Scotland's welfare, and his own,
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring muse
Subjects more equal to her weakness choose;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May?

"All sacred is the name and pow'r of kings,
"All states and statesmen are those mighty things
"Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,
"Were never made for poets to controul."

Peace, peace, thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme:
I tell thee, wretch, search all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whose weight
The poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
The blessed saints above in numbers speak (weak;
The praise of God, though there all praise is
In numbers here below the bard shall teach
Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse
throat,

And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an English poet to pursue,

Undaunted to pursue, though, in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain;
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on
them.

"What, shall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown,
"Without one badge of merit, but his own,
"Great nobles lash, and lords, like common men,
"Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?"

What's in this name of lord, that I should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Wouldst thou, proud man, be safely plac'd above
The censure of the muse, deserve her love,
As thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and by thy worthy father taught,
Who earn'd those honours, thou wert born to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtues' heir.
But if, regardless of the road to fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of shame;
If such thy life, that should thy fire arise,
The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,
Would make him curse the hour which gave thee
birth,

Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth
Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the
dead

In endless night to hide his rev'rend head;
If such thy life, though kings had made thee more
Than ever king a scoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
Though God in vengeance had made thee a king,
Taking on virtue's wing her daring flight,
The muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
To the keen question of the searching air.

Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave,
Who smarts beneath the stroke which satire gave,
Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art,
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh, when with affected air,
(Scarce able through despite to keep his chair,
Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of conscience, which good men secure
From all those evil moments guilt endures,
And seems to laugh at those, who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.

"Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
"The mind of man, must always make her way;
"Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,
"Is all her malice worth a single thought.
"The wise have not the will, nor fools the pow'r
"To stop her headstrong course; within the hour
"Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife
"Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life

"All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
 "I can no patent for exemption claim,
 "Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
 "Which plays around, but cannot wound my
 "heart;

"Though pointed at myself, be satire free;
 "To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."

Dissembling wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
 And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;
 There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach,
 Lives there a man, whom satire cannot reach?
 Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
 And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
 When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
 Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
 But, when to truth allied, the wound she gives
 Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
 When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
 And ev'n by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
 Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
 Live in her page, and sink to after-times.

Hast thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
 And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
 S——, who from the moment of his birth,
 Made human nature a reproach on earth;
 Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,
 When folly, vice, and meanness led the way,
 Would blush, should he be told, by truth and wit,
 Those actions which he blush'd not to commit;
 Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
 And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
 Turning the brain, bears reason from her course;
 Carries me back to times, when poets, blest'd
 With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd;
 When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
 The bad to punish, and reward the good;
 When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,
 The foes of freedom try to justice brought,
 And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
 A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a court?
 Ah! what are poets now? As slavish those
 Who deal in verse, as those who deal in prose,
 Is there an author, search the kingdom round,
 In whom true worth and real spirit's found?
 The slaves of booksellers, or (doom'd by fate
 To baser chains) vile pensioners of state;
 Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
 Which honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
 Others *half-passed* only, mutes become, [dumb.
 And what makes Smollet write, makes Johnson

Why turns yon villain pale? Why bends his eye
 Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by?
 Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
 Who wages war with vice for virtue's sake?
 No, no—like other *wordlings*, you will find
 He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind.
 His soul the shock of interest can't endure:
 Give him a pension then, and sin secure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows
 adorn,

Bid virtue crouch, bid vice exalt her horn,
 Bid cowards thrive, put honesty to flight,
 Murphy shall prove, or try to prove it right.
 Try, thou state-juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
 Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,

Swear thou'rt my friend; by that base oath make
 way

Into my breast, and flatter to betray;
 Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
 Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
 Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
 And make them take my life who eat my bread;
 On authors for defence, for praise depend;
 Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
 He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes,
 To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes;
 To make corruption in false colours shine,
 And damn his own good name, to rescue thine.

But if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,
 And vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
 Expect no mercy; facts, well ground'd, teach,
 Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
 What though each man of nice and juster thought,
 Shunning his steps, decrees, by honour taught,
 He ne'er can be a friend, who stoops so low
 To be the base betrayer of a foe:
 What though, with thine together link'd, his name
 Must be with thine transmitted down to shame,
 To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
 Rather than not blast thine, he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
 To slander government, and libel kings,
 With freedom's name to serve a present hour,
 Though born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
 To talk of William with insidious art,
 Whilst a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart,
 And, whilst mean envy rears her loathsome head,
 Flatt'ring the living, to abuse the dead,
 Where is Shebheare? O, let not foul reproach,
 Travelling thither in a city coach,
 The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
 Of that parade was fame, not punishment,
 And that old staunch whig Beardmore standing by,
 Can in full court give that report the lie.

With rude unpar'ral jargon to support,
 Half *Scotch*, half *English*, a declining court;
 To make most glaring contraries unite,
 And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white;
 To make firm honour tamely league with shame,
 Make vice and virtue differ but in name;
 To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
 That to be sav'd must mean to be undone.
 Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
 All opposites to proof, and conquer all?
 He calls forth living waters from the rock;
 He calls forth children from the barren rock;
 He, far beyond the springs of nature led,
 Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
 He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
 In *wedlock's* sacred bands joins man to man;
 And, to complete the whole, most strange, but
 true,

By some rare magic, makes them fruitful too,
 Whilst from their joins, in the due course of years,
 Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's *English peers*.

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
 Something which nature shudders but to name,
 Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
 And the life-blood run backward to her seat?
 Dost thou contrive for some base private end,
 Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,

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To lure him on, ev'n to his parting breath,
And promise life, to work him surer death?
Grown old in villany, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face;
Behold, a paragon thy elbow stands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The Atheist chaplain of an Atheist lord.

Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I should learn to read;
Though that was nothing, for my friends, who,
What mighty dullness of itself could do, I knew
Never design'd me for a working priest,
But hop'd, I should have been a Dean at least;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the service of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd sons of
lawn, Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of *res res* beggary to appear,
To pray, and starve on forty pounds a year;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,
Whilst virtue to my conduct witness bears,
In throwing off that gown, which Francis wears.

What creature's that, so very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery, and whim;
So gentle, yet so brittle, so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet,
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
The villain lurks beneath the *cashe'd* brow;
That's an informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.

His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone restrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanor, plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd virtue fall a surer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
The preacher is a Christian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
And the vile priest is gospel to himself.

By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom by a brave repentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To virtue lost, to vice alone he wakes,
Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And, whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes.

Are these the arts, which policy supplies, [rise?
Are these the steps, by which grave churchmen
Forbidden it, Heav'n; or, should it turn out so,
Let me and mine continue mean and low.
Such be their arts, whom interest controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honest souls.

We scorn preferment which is gain'd by sin;
And will, though poor, without, have peace
within.

THE DUELLIST.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

THE clock struck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkness had spread her pitchy robe;
Morpheus, his feet with velvet shod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even tide,
Diffill'd his poppies far and wide.

Ambition, who, when waking dreams
Of mighty, but fantastic schemes,
Who, when asleep, ne'er knows that rest,
With which the humbler soul is blest,
Was building castles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.

Pale study by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading; but with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midst plenty, with a face
Which might the court of famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,

Gray avarice nodded o'er his gold,
Jealousy, his quick eye half-clos'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
And mean distrust not quite forgot,
Slumber'd, as if he slumber'd not,

Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring sleeping round,
Snor'd *reflex* labour; by his side
Lay health, a coarse, but comely bride.

Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
In the soft arms of sleep was laid,
Whilst vice, within the guilty breast,
Could not be physic'd into rest.

Thou bloody man! whose ruffian knife
Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,
And never scruples to descend
Into the bosom of a friend,

A firm, fast friend, by vice allied,
And to thy *secret* service tied,
In whom ten murders breed no awe,
If properly secur'd from law.

Thou man of lust! whose passion fires
To foulest deeds, whose hot desires
O'er honest bars with ease make way,
Whilst *idiot* beauty falls a prey,
And to indulge thy brutal flame,
A Lucrece must be brought to shame;

Who dost, a brave, bold sinner, bear
Rank incest to the open air,
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down.

Thou simular of lust! vain man,
Whose restless thoughts still form the plan
Of guile, which wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeless nerves can't execute,

Whilst in thy marrowless dry bones,
 Desire without enjoyment groans.
Thou perjurd wretch! whom falsehood clothes
 E'en like a garment; who with oaths
 Dost trifle, as with brokers' mintage
 To serve thy ev'ry vile intent,
 In the day's broad and searching eye
 Making God witness to a lie,
 Blaspheming Heav'n and earth for self,
 And hanging friends to save thyself.
Thou son of chance! whose glorious soul
 On the four aces doom'd to roll;
 Was never yet with honour caught;
 Nor on poor virtue lost one thought;
 Who dost thy wife, thy children set,
 Thy all, upon a single bet,
 Risking, the desperate stake to try,
Here and hereafter on a die;
 Who on thy own private fortune lost,
 Dost game on at thy country's cost,
 And, grown expert in sharpening rules,
 First fool'd thyself, now prey'st on fools.
Thou noble gamester, whose high place
 Gives too much credit to disgrace;
 Who, with the motion of a die,
 Dost make a mighty island fly,
 The sums, I mean, of good *French* gold
 For which a mighty island sold;
 Who dost betray intelligence,
 Abuse the dearest confidence,
 And, private fortune to create,
 Most falsely play the game of state;
 Who dost within the *Alley* sport
 Sums, which might beggar a whole court,
 And make us bankrupts all, if care
 With good *Earl* Talbot, was not there.
Thou daring infidel! whom pride
 And sin have drawn from reason's side;
 Who fearing his avengeful rod,
 Dost wish not to believe a God;
 Whose hope is founded on a plan,
 Which should distract the soul of man,
 And make him curse his abject birth;
 Whose hope is, once return'd to earth,
 There to lie down for worms a feast,
 To rot and perish like a beast
 Who dost, of punishment afraid,
 And by thy crimes a coward made,
 To ev'ry gen'rous soul a curse,
 Than hell and all her torments worse,
 When crawling to thy latter end,
 Call on destruction as a friend,
 Choosing to crumble into dust
 Rather than rise, though rise you must.
Thou hypocrite! who dost profane,
 And take the patriot's name in vain,
 Then most thy country's foe, when most
 Of love and loyalty you boast;
 Who for the filthy love of gold,
 Thy friend, thy king, thy God hast sold,
 And, mocking the just claim of hell,
 Were bidders found, thyself would sell.
Te villains! of whatever name,
 Whatever rank, to whom the claim
 Of hell is certain, on whose lids
 That worm which never dies, forbids

Sweet sleep to fall; *come and behold,*
 Whilst envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitiless conscience led,
 So justice wills, that holy bed,
 Where peace her full dominion keeps,
 And innocence with Holland sleeps.
 Bid terror, posting on the wind,
 Affray the spirits of mankind,
 Bid earthquakes heaving for a vent,
 Rive their concealing continent,
 And, forcing an untimely birth,
 Through the vast bowels of the earth,
 Endeavour in her monstrous womb
 At once all nature to entomb;
 Bid all that's horrible and dire,
 All that man hates and fears, conspire
 To make night hideous, as they can;
 Still is thy sleep, thou virtuous man,
 Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breast
 Inhabit, and insure thy rest;
 Still shall thy Ayliff, taught, though late,
 Thy friendly justice in his fate,
 Turn'd to a guardian angel, spread
 Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.
 Dark as the night, by fate decreed
 For the contrivance of a deed,
 More black than common, which might make
 This land from her foundations shake,
 Might tear up freedom from the root,
 Destroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.
 Deep horror held her wide domain;
 The sky in fullen drops of rain,
 Forewep't the morn, and through the air,
 Which, op'ning, laid its bosom bare,
 Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning stream'd;
 The owl at freedom's window scream'd,
 The screech owl, prophet dire, whose breath
 Brings sickness, and whose note is death;
 The church-yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
 All sad and silent, through the gloom,
 The ghosts of men, in former times
 Whose public virtues were their crimes,
 Indignant stalk'd; sorrow and rage
 Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
 The prop of freedom, Hampden there
 Felt after death the gen'rous care
 Sidney by grief from heav'n was kept,
 And for his brother patriot wept
 All friends of liberty, when fate
 Prepar'd to shorten Wilkes's date,
 Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
 And knew that wound to be their own.
 Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
 In other countries scarcely heard,
 Or heard but as a thing of course,
 Without or energy or force;
 Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, the spring,
 Far, far beyond the reach of kings,
 Fresh blooming from our mother earth
 With pride and joy the own's her birth,
 Deriv'd from us, and in return
 Bids in our breasts her genius burn;
 Bids us with all those blessings live
 Which liberty alone can give,
 Or nobly with that spirit nobly die,
 Which makes death more than victory.

Hail those old patriots, on whose tongue
Persuasion in the senate hung;
Whilst they the sacred cause maintain'd!
Hail those old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who spread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner; and prevail'd!
Shall men like these unmention'd sleep
Promiscuous with the common heap,
And (gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the stream of time
In shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's stream, like flags, to rot?
No—they shall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of fame,
Founded on honour's basis, fast
As the round earth to ages last.
Some virtues vanish with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himself, his scythe thrown by,
Himself lost in eternity,
An everlasting crown shall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.

But should some slave-gor villain dare
Chains for his country to prepare,
And, by his birth to slavery broke,
Make her to feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurs'd,
Amongst bad men be rank'd the worst;
May he be still himself, and still
Go on in vice, and perfect ill:
May his broad crimes each day increase,
'Till he can't live, nor die in peace;
May he be plung'd so deep in shame
That Satan mayn't endure his name;
And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,
His children curse him for their birth;
May liberty, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be still a slave,
Grant him what here he most requires,
And damn him with his own desires!

But should some villain, in support
And zeal for a despairing court,
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepest shame,
Whilst filthy lucre is his aim;
Should such a wretch, with sword or knife,
Contrive to practise 'gainst the life
Of one, who honour'd through the land,
For freedom made a glorious stand;
Whose chief, perhaps his only crime,
Is (if plain truth at such a time
May dare her sentiments to tell)
That he his country loves too well—
May he—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to speak—
May he—O for a noble curse
Which might his very marrow pierce—
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age.

BOOK II.

Deep in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a temple stood;

Ancient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from side to side,
Menac'd destruction far and wide,
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer,
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, most unfound,
Some rotten to the heart aloof,
Seem'd to support the tott'ring roof,
But to inspection nearer laid,
Instead of giving wanted aid,

The structure, rare and curious, made
By men most famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was suffer'd into dust to fall;
Or, just to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime
A crime, which art would treason hold,
To mention with those names of old

Builders, who had the pile survey'd,
And those not *Flitcroft** in their trade,
Doubted (the wife hand in a doubt
Merely sometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a brief,
Taught wisely to obtain relief
Through Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other charities)
It must not, in all parts unfound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (though after-ages ne'er
Shall raise a building to compare)
Art, if they should their art employ,
Meant to preserve, might not destroy:
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and hasting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of art despair,
Cannot those very medicines bear,
Which, and which only can restore,
And make them healthy as before.

To LIBERTY, whose gracious smile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the isle,
Our grateful ancestors, her plain
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.

Full in the front, stretch'd out in length,
Where nature put forth all her strength
In spring eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their sons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and steel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy nurse, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung;
Abstinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they first drew breath,
The best of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
Health in their cheeks bade colour rise,
And glory sparkled in her eyes.

The instruments of husbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,

* Henry Flitcroft was the architect of St. Giles's in the Fields, St. Olive, Southwark, &c.

And, flattering a manly pride,
 War's keener tools their place supplied.
 Their arrows to the head they drew,
 Swift to the point their javelins flew;
 They grasp'd the sword, they shook the spear;
 Their fathers felt a pleasing fear;
 And even courage, standing by,
 Scarcely beheld with steady eye.
 Each stripling, lesson'd by his fire,
 Knew when to close, when to retire,
 When near at hand, when from afar
 To fight, and was himself a war.

Their wives, their mothers all around,
 Careless of order, on the ground,
 Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
 And for a son's or husband's brow,
 With eager fingers laurel wove;
 Laurel, which in the sacred grove,
 Planted by LIBERTY, they find,
 The brows of conquerors to bind,
 To give them pride and spirits, fit
 To make a world in arms submit.

What raptures did the bosom fire
 Of the young, rugged, peasant fire,
 When from the toil of mimic fight,
 Returning with return of night,
 He saw his babe resign the breast,
 And, smiling, stroke those arms in jest,
 With which hereafter he shall make
 The proudest heart in Gallia quake!

Gods! with what joy, what honest pride,
 Did each fond, wishing, rustic bride
 Behold her manly swain return!
 How did her love-sick bosom burn,
 Though on parades he was not bred,
 Nor wore the livery of red,
 When, pleasure height'ning all her charms,
 She strain'd her warrior in her arms,
 And begg'd, whilst love and glory fire,
 A son, a son just like his fire!

Such were the men in former times,
 Ere luxury had made our crimes
 Our bitter punishment, who bore
 Their terrors to a foreign shore;
 Such were the men, who free from dread,
 By Edwards and by Henries led,
 Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
 O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains;
 Such were the men, when lust of pow'r,
 To work him woe, in evil hour
 Debauch'd the tyrant from those ways
 On which a king should found his praise;
 When stern oppression, hand in hand,
 With pride, stalk'd proudly through the land;
 When weeping justice was misled
 From her fair course, and mercy dead;
 Such were the men, in virtue strong,
 Who dar'd not see their country's wrong;
 Who left the mattock, and the spade,
 And, in the robes of war array'd,
 In their rough arms, departing, took
 Their helpless babes, and with a look
 Stern and determin'd, swore to see
 Those babes no more, or see them free;
 Such were the men whom tyrant pride
 Could never fashen to his side

By threats or bribes; who, freemen born,
 Chains, though of gold, beheld with scorn;
 Who, free from ev'ry servile awe,
 Could never be divorc'd from law,
 From that broad gen'ral law, which sense
 Made for the general defence;
 Could never yield to partial ties,
 Which from dependent stations rise;
 Could never be to slav'ry led,
 For property was at their head;
 Such were the men in days of yore,
 Who, call'd by liberty, before
 Her temple on the sacred green,
 In martial pastimes oft were seen—
 Now seen no longer—in their stead,
 To laziness and vermin bred,
 A race who, strangers to the cause
 Of freedom, live by other laws,
 On other motives fight, a prey
 To interest, and slaves for pay.
 Valour, how glorious on a plan
 Of honour founded, leads their van;
 Discretion, free from taint of fear,
 Cool, but resolv'd, brings up their rear,
 Discretion, valour's better half;
 Dependence holds the gen'ral's staff.

In plain and home-spun garb array'd,
 Not for vain show, but service made,
 In a green flourishing old age,
 Nor damn'd yet with an equipage,
 In rules of portage untaught,
 Simplicity, not worth a groat,
 For years had kept the temple door;
 Full on his breast a glass he wore,
 Through which his bosom open lay
 To ev'ry one that pass'd that way.
 Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
 But prouder heart, his vacant place
 Corruption fills, and bears the key;
 No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and fully fat face,
 Which on the house reflected grace,
 Full of good fare, and honest glee,
 The steward hospitality,
 Old welcome smiling by his side,
 A good old servant, often tried,
 And faithful found, who kept in view
 His lady's fame and int'rest too,
 Who made each heart with joy rebound,
 Yet never run her state a-ground,
 Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
 Is more in modern use) resign'd.

Half-starv'd, half-starving others, bred
 In beggary, with carrion fed,
 Detested, and detesting all,
 Made up of avarice and gall,
 Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more
 Than ever steward did before,
 Succeeding one, who, to engage
 The praise of an exhausted age,
 Assum'd a name of high degree,
 And call'd himself economy.

Within the temple, full in sight,
 Where, without ceasing, day and night,
 The workmen toil'd, where labour bar'd
 His brawny arm, where art prepar'd,

In regular and even rows,
Her types, a printing-press arose;
Each workman knew his task, and each
Was honest and expert as Leach.

Hence learning struck a deeper root,
And science brought forth riper fruit;
Hence loyalty receiv'd support,
Even when banish'd from the court;
Hence government gain'd strength, and hence
Religion fought, and found defence;
Hence England's fairest fame arose,
And liberty subdu'd her foes.

On a low, simple, turf-made throne
Rais'd by allegiance, scarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that equality
She with'd to all, so far as cou'd
Safely consist with social good,
The goddesses sat; around her head
A cheerful radiance glory spread;

Courage, a youth of royal race,
Lovely stern, possess'd a place
On her left-hand, and on her right
Sat honour, cloth'd with robes of light;

Before her Magna Charta lay,
Which some great lawyer, of his day
The Pratt, was offic'd to explain,
And make the basis of her reign;

Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breast
Two smiling twin-born infants pre-
At her feet couching, war was laid,
And with a brindled lion play'd;

Justice and mercy, hand in hand,
Joint guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And truth walk'd all about at large;

Health for the royal troop the feast
Prepar'd, and virtue was high-priest.
Such was the fame our goddess bore,
Her temple such in days of yore.

What changes ruthless time presents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding spires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name despis'd, her priests destroy'd,
Her friends disgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herself (by ministerial arts
Depriv'd e'en of the people's hearts,
Whilst they, to work her surer woe,
Feign her to monarchy a foe)

Exil'd by grief, self-doom'd to dwell
With some poor hermit in a cell,
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If she walks forth, she walks unknown,
Hooted and pointed at with scorn,
As one in some strange country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of spoilers, seize her place;
With looks, which might the heart dis-seat,
And make life sound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A scoundrel, old blood-bond at their head,
Who, free from virtue and from awe,
Knew none but the bad part of law,
They rovd at large; each on his breast
Mark'd with a greyhound, stood confess'd.

Controulment waited on their nod,
High-wielding persecution's rod;
Confusion follow'd at their heels,
And a cast statesman held the seals;
Those seals, for which he dear shall pay,
When awful justice takes her day.

The printers saw—they saw and fled—
Science declining, hung her head,
Property in despair appear'd,
And for herself destruction fear'd;
Whilst under foot the rude slaves trod
The works of men, and word of God;
Whilst, close behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay—could not read,

A bold, bad man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark
In the full day, the mark of hell,
And on the gospel stamp'd an L.

Liberty fled, her friends withdrew,
Her friends, a faithful, chosen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and shame,
Clothing herself with honour's name,
Usurp'd his station; on the throne
Which liberty once call'd her own,
(Gods, that such mighty ills should spring
Under so great, so good a king,
So lov'd, so loving, through the arts
Of statesmen curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpose fit,
Behold in triumph state-craft sit.

BOOK III.

Au me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a state,
Whether to strengthen, or oppose!
False are his friends, and firm his foes.
How must his soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin!
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Must he in jest or earnest fight,
Risking for those both life and limb,
Who would not risk one groat for him!

Under the temple lay a cave,
Made by some guilty, coward slave,
Whose actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One passage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where fraud in secret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and slaves about her,
Nor fear'd lest honesty should rout her.

In a dark corner, shunning light
Of man, and shrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper through the cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkness, she prepares,
Working unseen, all kinds of snares,
With curious, but destructive art:
Here, through the eye to catch the heart,

Gay stars their tinsel beams afford,
 Neat artifice to trap a lord;
 There, fit for all whom folly bred,
 Wave plumes of feathers for the head;
 Garters the hag contrives to make,
 Which, as it seems, a babe might break,
 But which ambitious madmen feel
 More firm and sure than chains of steel;
 Which, slipp'd just underneath the knee,
 Forbid a freeman to be free;
 Purfs she knew (did ever curse
 Travel more sure than in a purse)?
 Which, by some strange and magic bands
 Enslave the soul, and tie the hands.

Here flatt'ry, eldest-born of guile,
 Weaves with rare skill the silken smile.
 The courtly cringe, the supple bow,
 The private squeeze, the levee vow,
 With which, no strange or recent case,
 Fools in deceive fools out of place.

Corruption (who, in former times,
 Through fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,
 And what she did, contriv'd to do it
 So that the public might not view it)
 Presumptuous grown, unfit was held
 For their dark councils, and expell'd,
 Since in the day her business might
 Be done as safe as in the night.

Her eye down-bending to the ground,
 Planning some dark and deadly wound,
 Holding a dagger, on which stood,
 All fresh and reeking, drops of blood,
 Bearing a lantern, which of yore,
 By treason borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
 By which, since they improv'd in trade,
E. d. t. men have their lanterns made,
 Assassination, her whole mind
 Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd.
 Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,
 And held forth instruments of blood,
 Vile instruments, which cowards choose,
 But men of honour dare not use;
 Around his lordship and his grace,
 Both qualified for such a place,
 With many a Forbes *, and many a Dun †,
 Each a resolv'd, and pious son,
 Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd,
 As she around her orders shar'd,
 Proof 'gainst remorse, to run to fly,
 And bid the destin'd victim die,
 Posting on villainy's black wing,
 Whether he patriot is, or king.

Oppression, willing to appear
 An object of our love, not fear,
 Or at the most a rev'rend awe
 To breed, usurp'd the garb of law.
 A book she held, on which her eyes
 Were deeply fix'd, whence seem to rise
 Joy in her breast; a book, of might
 Most wonderful, which black to white
 Could turn, and without help of laws,
 Could make the worse the better cause.

* A Scotch officer who challenged Mr. Wilkes.

† A poor lunatic, who was charged with an intention to assassinate Mr. Wilkes.

She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
 She wish'd, and what she wish'd, believ'd,
 To make that book for ever stand
 The rule of wrong through all the land;
 On the back, fair and worthy note,
 At large was Magna Charta wrote,
 But turn your eye within, and read,
 A bitter lesson, Norton's creed.
 Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
 Fast as the couriers of the sun,
 To worry virtue, at her hand
 Two half starv'd greyhounds took their stand.
 A curious model cut in wood,
 Of a most ancient castle stood
 Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
 And soldiers on the watch kept guard;
 In the front, openly, in black
 Was wrote, "the Tow'r;" but on the back,
 Mark'd with a secretary's seal,
 In bloody letters, "the Bastille."

Around a table, fully bent
 On mischief of most black intent
 Deeply determin'd, that their reign
 Might longer last, to work the bane
 Of one firm patriot, whose heart, tied
 To honour, all their pow'r defied,
 And brought those actions into light
 They wish'd to have conceal'd in night,
 Begot, born, bred to infamy,
 A privy-council sat of three;
 Great were their names, of high repute
 And favour through the land of Bute.

The first (entitled to the place
 Of honour both by gown and grace,
 Who never let occasion slip
 To take right-hand of fellowship,
 And was so proud, that should he meet
 The twelve apostles in the street;
 He'd turn his nose up at them all,
 And shove his Saviour from the wall;
 Who was so mean (meanness and pride
 Still go together side by side)
 That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
 And hold a stirrup for the devil,
 If in a journey to his mind,
 He'd let him mount and ride behind;
 Who basely fawn'd through all his life,
 For patrons first, then for a wife;
 Wrote dedications which must make
 The heart of ev'ry Christian quake;
 Made one man equal to, or more
 Than God, then lest him, as before
 His God he left, and drawn by pride,
 Shifted about to t' other side)
 Was by his fire a parson made,
 Merely to give the boy a trade;
 But he himself was thereto drawn
 By some faint omens of the lawn,
 And on the truly Christian plan
 To make himself a gentleman,
 A title, in which form array'd him, [him.
 Though fate ne'er thought on't when she made
 The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
 But took them, as all wise men do,
 With an intent, if things should turn,
 Rather to temporize, than burn.

Gospel and loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade;
Religions are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, just like a glove;
All gods, all kings (let his great aims
Be answer'd) were to him the same.

A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain,
With more than the could well contain,
More than the was with spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digested food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London from the plough,
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
And was the poet's parasite,
With wits conversing (and wits then
Were to be found 'mongst noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught the flame,
And would be nothing, or the same;
He drank with drunkards, liv'd with sinners,
Herd with infidels for dinners;
With such an emphasis and grace
Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace;
He, in the highest reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdry songs to a psalm tune;
Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his salvation for a smile,
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with man;
Prais'd them when living in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.

To prove his faith, which all admit
Is at least equal to his wit,
And make himself a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it:
He wrote too of the inward light,
Though no one knew how he came by't,
And of that influencing grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place:
He wrote too of the Holy Ghost,
Of whom no more than doth a post
He knew; nor, should an angel show him,
Would he or know, or choose to know him.

Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry science
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, to advance his Maker's praise,
Comments on rhymes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-sufficient air
Plac'd himself in the critic's chair,
Upp'd o'er reason full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain simple man of law*,
He arm'd dead friends †, to vengeance true,
To abuse the man they never knew.

* Thomas Edwards, Esq. See *Canons of Criticism*.

† See *Notes to Pope*.

Examine strictly all mankind,
Most characters are mix'd, we find;
And vice and virtue take their turn
In the same breast to heat and burn;
Our priest was an exception here,
Nor did one spark of grace appear,
Not one dull, dim spark in his soul;
Vice, glorious vice possess'd the whole;
And, in her service truly warm,
He was in sin most uniform.

Injurious satire, own at least
One snivelling virtue in the priest,
One snivelling virtue which is plac'd,
They say, in or about the waist;
Call'd chastity; the predestin'd dame
Knows it at large by virtue's name,
To this his wife (and in these days
Wives seldom without reason praise)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And swears that Tom was vastly wild.

Ripen'd by a long course of years,
He great and perfect now appears,
In shape scarce of the human kind;
A man, without a manly mind;
No husband, though he's truly wed;
Though on his knees a child is bred,
No father; injur'd, without end
A foe; and though oblig'd, no friend;
A heart, which virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
A head, where learning runs to waste;
A gentleman well bred, if breeding
Rests in the article of reading;
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A judge of genius, though confess
With not one spark of genius blest;
Amongst the first of critics plac'd,
Though free from ev'ry taint of taste;
A Christian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
A great divine, as lords agree,
Without the least divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Enflam'd with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A false faint, and true hypocrite.

Next sat a lawyer, often try'd
In perilous extremes; when pride
And pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
This bold, bad man arose to view,
And gave his hand to help them through.
Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they pass,
He saw poor freedom breathe her last;
He saw her struggle, heard her groan,
He saw her helpless and alone,
Whelm'd in that storm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd.

Bred to the law, he from the first
Of all bad lawyers was the worst.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime;
He, for a prodigy design'd
To spread amazement o'er mankind,

Started full ripen'd all at once

A perfect knave, and perfect dunce.

Who will for him may boast of sense,

His better guard is impudence.

His front, with tenfold plates of brass

Secur'd, shame never yet could pass,

Nor on the surface of his skin

Blush for that guilt which dwelt within.

How often in contempt of laws,

To sound the bottom of a cause,

To search out ev'ry rotten part,

And worm into its very heart,

Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,

And undertaken the defence

Of trusting fools, whom in the end

He meant to ruin, not defend?

How often, ev'n in open court,

Hath the wretch made his shame his sport,

And laugh'd off, with a villain's ease,

Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?

Such things, as, though to roguery bred,

Had struck a little villain dead.

Causes, whatever their import,

He undertakes, to serve a court;

For he by heart this rule had got,

Pow'r can effect, what law cannot.

Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;

If genius, yok'd with worth, appears,

His weak soul sickens at the sight,

And strives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, so very loud,

He is an angel with the crowd,

Whilst he makes justice hang her head,

And judges turn from pale to red.

Bid all that nature, on a plan

Most intimate, makes dear to man,

All that with grand and gen'ral ties

Binds good, and bad, the fool and wife,

Knock at his heart; they knock in vain,

No entrance there such suiters gain.

Bid kneeling kings forsake the throne;

Bid at his feet his country groan;

Bid liberty stretch out her hands;

Religion plead her stronger bands;

Bid parents, children, wife, and friends;

If they come 'thwart his private ends,

Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,

And bravely tramples on them all.

Who will for him may cant and whine,

And let weak conscience with her line

Chalk out their ways; such starving rules

Are only fit for coward fools,

Fellows who credit what priests tell,

And tremble at the thoughts of hell;

His spirit dares contend with grace,

And meets damnation face to face.

Such was our *lawyer*; by his side,

In all bad qualities allied,

In all bad counsels, sat a *third*,

By birth a lord. O sacred word!

O word most sacred, whence men get

A privilege to run in debt;

Whence they at large exemption claim

From satire, and her servent shame;

Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,

Forbid bold truth to hold her course.

Consult his person, dress, and air,

He seems, which strangers well might swear,

The master, or by *courtesy*,

The captain of a colliery.

Look at his visage, and agree

Half-hang'd he seems, just from the tree

Escap'd; a rope may sometimes break,

Or men be cut down by mistake.

He hath not virtue (in the school

Of vice bred up), to live by rule,

Nor hath he sense (which none can doubt

Who know the man) to live without.

His life is a continued scene

Of all that's infamous and mean;

He knows not change, unless grown nice

And delicate, from vice to vice;

Nature design'd him, in a rage,

To be the Wharton of his age,

But, having giv'n all the sin,

Forgot to put the virtues in.

To run a horse, to make a match,

To revel deep, to roar a catch,

To knock a tott'ring watchman down,

To sweat a woman of the town,

By fits to keep the peace, or break it,

In turn to give a pox, or take it,

He is, in faith, most excellent,

And in the word's most full intent,

A true choice spirit we admit;

With wits a fool, with fools a wit:

Hear him but talk, and you would swear

Obcenicity herself was there;

And that profaneness had made choice,

By way of trump, to use his voice;

That, in all mean and low things great,

He had been bred at *Billinggate*;

And that, ascending to the earth

Before the season of his birth,

Blasphemy, making way and room,

Had mark'd him in his mother's womb;

Too honest (for the worst of men

In forms are honest now and then)

Not to have, in the usual way,

His bills sent in; too great, to pay;

Too proud to speak to, if he meets,

The honest tradesman whom he cheats;

Too infamous to have a friend,

Too bad for bad men to commend,

Or good to name; beneath whose weight

Earth groans; who hath been spar'd by fate

Only to show, on mercy's plan,

How far and long God bears with man.

Such were the three, who, mocking sleep,

At midnight fat, in counsel deep,

Plotting destruction 'gainst a head,

Whose wisdom could not be mis'd;

Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart,

Which ne'er from honour would depart.

"Is he not rank'd amongst our foes?"

"Hath not his spirit dar'd oppose

"Our dearest measures, made our name

"Stand forward on the roll of shame?"

"Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,

"By scornning menaces and bribes,

"And proving, that his darling cause

"Is of their liberties and laws

"To stand the champion? In a word,
 "Nor need one argument be heard
 "Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
 "To quicken our resolves, and steel
 "Our steady souls to bloody bent
 " (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
 "Each flatt'ring hope), he, without fear,
 "Hath dar'd to make the truth appear."

They said, and, by repentment taught,
 Each on revenge employ'd his thought;
 Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain
 To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain;
 Scheme after scheme they brought to view;
 All were examin'd, none would do.
 When fraud, with pleasure in her face,
 Forth issu'd from her hiding-place,
 And at the table where they meet,
 First having blest them, took her seat.
 "No trifling cause, my darling boys,
 "Your present thoughts and cares employs;
 "No common snare, no random blow
 "Can work the bane of such a foe:

"By nature cautious as he's brave,
 "To honour only he's a slave;
 "In that weak part without defence,
 "We must to honour make pretence:
 "That lure shall to his ruin draw
 "The wretch, who stands secure in law.
 "Nor think that I have idly plann'd
 "This full-ripe scheme; behold at hand,
 "With three months training on his head,
 "An instrument, whom I have bred,
 "Born of these bowels, far from sight
 "Of virtue's false, but glaring light,
 "My youngest-born, my dearest joy,
 "Most like myself, my darling boy.
 "He, never touch'd with vile remorse,
 "Resolv'd and crafty in his course,
 "Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,
 "Most mine, when most he honours seems;
 "Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
 "So firm and full a slave of fraud."

She said, and from each envious son
 A discontented murmur run
 Around the table; all in place
 Thought his full praise their own disgrace,
 Wond'ring what stranger she had got,
 Who had one voice that they had not,
 When strait the portals open flew,
 And clad in armour, to their view
 M——, the Duellist, came forth;
 All knew, and all confess his worth,
 All justified, with smiles array'd,
 The happy choice their dam had made.

GOTHAM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether east or west,
 A real country, or one made in jest)
 Nor yet by modern Mandevilles disgrac'd,
 Nor by map-jobbers wretchedly misplac'd,

There lies an island, neither great nor small,
 Which, for distinction-sake, I Gotham call.

The man who finds an unknown country out,
 By giving it a name, acquires, no doubt,
 A gospel title, though the people there
 The pious Christian thinks not worth his care.
 Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
 The claim of Europe to the western world.

Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,
 Some roving buccaneer set up a post;
 A beam in proper form transversely laid,
 Of his Redeemer's cross the figure made,
 Of that Redeemer, with whose laws his life,
 From first to last, had been one scene of strife;
 His royal master's name thereon engrav'd,
 Without more process, the whole race enslav'd,
 Cut off that charter they from nature drew,
 And made them slaves to men they never knew.

Search ancient histories, consult records,
 Under this title the most Christian lords
 Hold (thanks to conscience) more than half the
 ball;

O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
 For never yet might any monarch dare,
 Who liv'd to truth, and breath'd a Christian air,
 Pretend that Christ (who came, we all agree,
 To bless his people, and to set them free)
 To make a convert ever one law gave,
 By which converters made him first a slave.

Spite of the glosses of a canting priest,
 Who talks of charity, but means a feast;
 Who recommends it (whilst he seems to feel
 The holy glowings of a real zeal)
 To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
 To give them heaven, whom they have robb'd
 of earth,

Never shall one, one truly honest man,
 Who, blest with liberty, reveres her plan,
 Allow one moment, that a savage fire
 Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,
 By a wild grant, their all, their freedom pass,
 And sell his country for a bit of glass.

Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and
 France,

In slav'ry bred, as purchasers advance,
 Let them, whilst conscience is at distance hurl'd,
 With some gay bawble buy a golden world;
 An Englishman, in charter'd freedom born,
 Shall spurn the slavish merchandise, shall scorn
 To take from others through base private views,
 What he himself would rather die, than lose.

Happy the savage of those early times:
 Ere Europe's sons were known; and Europe's
 crimes

Gold, cursed gold! slept in the womb of earth,
 Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth;
 In full content he found the truest wealth;
 In toil he found diversion, food, and health;
 Stranger to ease and luxury of courts,
 His sports were labours, and his labours sports;
 His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
 Life's morn was vigorous, and her eve serene;
 No rules he held, but what were made for use;
 No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
 False lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
 He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy now the savage race,
 Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace!
 Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
 Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
 And on sure grounds the gospel pile to rear,
 Sends missionary felons ev'ry year;
 Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
 She teaches them, and in return takes theirs;
 Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise,
 Her want of prudence means, and arms supplies,
 Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,
 Rising in blood, adopts the *scalping-knife*;
 Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
 How abject is their state, how deep their woe;
 The worth of freedom strongly she explains,
 Whilst she bows down, and loads their necks
 with chains;

Faith too she plants, for her own ends impress,
 To make them bear the worst, and hope the best;
 And whilst she teaches on vile int'rest's plan,
 As laws of God, the wild decrees of man,
 Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
 She makes them ten times more the sons of hell.

But whither do these grave reflections tend?
 Are they design'd for any, or no end?

Briefly but this—to prove, that by no act
 Which nature made, that by no equal pact [heard,
 'Twixt man and man, which might, if justice
 Stand good, that by no benefits conferr'd,
 Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold
 The sons of India, and her mines of gold.
 Chance led her there in an accursed hour,
 She saw, and made the country her's by pow'r;
 Nor drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
 Shall my rash folly controvert the claim,
 Or wish in thought that title overthrown,
 Which coincides with, and involves my own.

Europe discover'd India first; I found
 My right to Gotham on the self-same ground:
 I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea
 To her be granted, and denied to me.
 I plead possession, and till one more hold
 Shall drive me out, will that possession hold:
 With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine;
 Her's be the western world, be Gotham mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a king:
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

As on a day, a high and holy day,
 Let ev'ry instrument of music play,
Ancient and modern; those which drew their birth
 (*Punchilio* laid aside) from *Pagan* earth,
 As well as those by *Christian* made and *Jew*;
 Those known to many, and those known to few;
 Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,
 And those which swell the slow and solemn note;
 Those which (whilst reason stands in wonder by)
 Make some *complexions* laugh and others cry;
 Those which by some strange faculty of sound,
 Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;
 Those which can rear up forests by the roots,
 And make brutes dance like men, and men like
 brutes;

Those which, whilst ridicule leads up the dance,
 Make clowns of Monmouth ape the fops of France;
 Those which, where *Lady* Dullness with *Lord*
 Mayors

Presides, disdaining light and trifling airs,
 Hallow the feast with *psalmody*; and those
 Which, planted in our churches to dispose
 And lift the mind to heaven, are disgrac'd
 With what a foppish organist calls *taste*:
 All, from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
 The pert son of dull fire, discharg'd from school,
 Serves an apprenticeship in college ease,
 And rises through the *gamut* to degrees)
 To those which (though less common, not less
 sweet)

From fam'd *St. Giles's*, and more fam'd *Vine-street*,
 (Where Heav'n, the utmost wish of man to grant,
 Gave me an old house, and an older aunt)

Thornton, whilst humour pointed out the road
 To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode *;
 All instruments (attend ye list'ning spheres,
 Attend ye sons of men, and hear with ears)
 All instruments (nor shall they seek one hand
 Imprest from *modern music's coxcomb* band)
 All instruments, *self-acted*, at my name
 Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
 Loud, but yet sweet, to the according globe,
 My praises; whilst *gay* nature, in a robe,
 A *coxcomb* doctor's robe, to the full sound [round,

Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a king;
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Infancy, straining backward from the breast,
 Techy and wayward, what he loveth best
 Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
 The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
 And the fond father sits on th' other side,
 Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with
 pride,

Shall stand forth my name, whilst at his hand
 Nurse stumrs interpreter, through Gotham's land.

Childhood, who like an *April* morn appears,
 Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
 Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
 In reason weak; who, wrought into a storm,
 Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
 Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep;
 Who, with a feverish appetite oppress'd,
 For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd;
 His trembling lash suspended in the air,
 Half bent, and stroking back his long lank hair,
 Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
 And let his top go down to prate of me.

Youth who, fierce, sickle, insolent, and vain,
 Impatient urges on to manhood's reign,
 Impatient urges on, yet with a cast
 Of dear regard looks back on childhood past,
 In the *mid-chase*, when the hot blood runs high,
 And the quick spirits mount into his eye,

* A burlesque ode on *St. Cecilia's day*, by *Barnd*
Thornton, performed at *Ranelagh*.

When pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health,
When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly at the rein,
And ere he starts, hath run o'er half the plain,
When, wing'd with fear, the stag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,
Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
And e'en the *buntzman* stop to cry *Amen*.

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
Though worlds should crack around him; on his brow

Wisdom serene, to passion giving law,
Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildness wrought;
Courage attempter'd and refin'd by thought;
Virtue supreme enthron'd; within his breast
The image of his Maker deep impress'd;
Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reason blest'd, and only less than God;
Manhood, though weeping beauty kneels for aid,
Though honour calls in danger's form array'd,
Though cloth'd with sackcloth, justice in the gates,
By wicked elders chain'd, redemption waits,
Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little one)? to hail my pow'r,

Old age, a *second child*, by nature curs'd
With more and greater evils than the first,
Weak, sickly, full of pains; in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
From day to day, without one day to spare;
Without enjoyment, covetous of self,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself;
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
E'en with the acting on his shatter'd brain,
Though the false registers of youth remain;
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise
Of those rare men who liv'd in those rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young;
Dull repetition falt'ring on his tongue,
Praising gray hairs, sure mark of wisdom's sway,
E'en whilst he curses time which made him gray;
Scuffling at youth, e'en whilst he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth restor'd;
Shall for a moment, from himself set free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
Things without life shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

The *snow-drop*, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the *herald* of fair Flora's train;
The coxcomb *crocus*, flow'r of simple note,
Who by her side struts in a *herald's* coat;
The *tulip*, idly glaring to the view, [drew,
Who, though no clown, his birth from Holland
Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir,
The fop of flow'rs, the More of a parterre;
The *woodbine*, who her *elm* in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in surrounding sweets;

The *lily*, silver mistress of the vale;
The *rose* of Sharon which perfumes the gale;
The *jessamine*, with which the queen of flow'rs,
To charm her god, adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which brides, by the plain hand of neatness dress'd,
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breast,
Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist;
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the sun into strength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf *duffy*, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it
springs,

To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Forming a gloom, through which to spleen-
struck minds

Religion, horror-stamp'd, a passage finds,
The *ivy* crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
Where some old hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the *myrtle* ever green,
Beneath whose shade love holds his rites unseen;
The *willow* weeping o'er the fatal wave
Where many a lover finds a wat'ry grave;
The *cypress* sacred held, when lovers mourn
Their true love snatch'd away; the *laurel* worn
By poets in old time, but desin'd now
In grief to wither on a Whitehead's brow;
The *fig*, which, large as what in India grows,
Itself a grove, gave our first parents clothes;
The *vine*, which, like a blushing new-made bride,
Clust'ring, empurples all the mountain's side;
The *yew*, which, in the place of sculptur'd stone,
Marks out the resting place of men unknown;
The hedge-row *elm*, the *pine* of mountain race,
The *fir*, the Scotch *fir*, never out of place;
The *cedar*, whose top mates the highest cloud,
Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud
Of such a child, and his vast body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade;
The *oak*, when living, monarch of the wood;
The English *oak*, which, dead, commands the
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join, [flood;
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The *snow'rs* which make the young hills, like
young lambs,
Bound and rebound; the old hills, like old rams,
Unwieldy, jump for joy; the *streams* which glide,
Whilst plenty marches smiling by their side,

And from their bosom rising commerce springs;
The winds which rise with healing on their wings,
Before whole cleansing breath contagion flies;
The sun, who, travelling in eastern skies,
Fresh full of strength, just risen from his bed,
Though in Jove's pastures they were born and
bred.

With voice and whip, can scarce make his steeds
Step by step up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for rest,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the west,
As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,
Drove for a crown, or post-boys for an inn;
The moon, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain,
Who to her sons, those sons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their
senses;

The stars, who, by I know not what strange right,
Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
Who without reason govern those, who most
(How truly, judge from thence) ! of reason boast,
And, by some mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The moment, minute, hour, day, week, month, year,
Morning and Eve, as they in turn appear;
Moments and minutes which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or, if omitted (proof we might afford),
Worthy by parliaments to be restor'd;
The hours, which dress by turns in black and
white,

Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on day and night;
The day, those hours I mean when light presides,
And business in a cart with prudence rides;
The night, those hours I mean with darkness hung,
When sense speaks free, and folly holds her tongue;
The morn, when nature, rousing from her strife
With death-like sleep, awakes to second life;
The eve, when, as unequal to the task,
She mercy from her foe descends to ask;
The week, in which six days are kindly given
To think of earth, and one to think of heaven;
The months, twelve sisters all of different hue,
Though there appears in all a likeness too;
Not such a likeness, as, through Hayman's works,
Dull manerest, in Christians, Jews, and Turks,
Cloys with a sameness in each female face,
But a strange something born of art and grace,
Which speaks them all, to vary and adorn,
At different times of the same parents born;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,

The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
Frore January, leader of the year,

Mine'd pies in van, and calves heads in the rear;
Dull February, in whose leaden reign
My mother bore a bard without a brain;
March various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd
cheeks,

By wilder Welchmen led, and crown'd with leeks!
April with fools, and May with bastards blest;
June with white roses on her rebel breast;
July, to whom, the dog-star in her train,
Saint James gives oysters, and Saint Swithin rain;
August, who, banish'd from her Smithfield stand,
To Chelsea flies, with dogget in her hand*;
September, when by custom (right divine)
Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,
Whist the priest, not so full of grace as wit,
Falls to, unblest'd, nor gives the saint a bit;
October, who the cause of freedom join'd,
And gave a second George to bless mankind;
November, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint Andrew boasts, and our Augusta's † birth;
December, last of months, but best, who gave
A Christ to man, a Saviour to the slave,
Whist, falsely grateful, man, at the full feast,
To do God honour, makes himself a beast;
All, one and all shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The Seasons as they roll; spring, by her side
Leech'ry and Lent, lay, folly, and church-pride,
By a rank monk to copulation led,
A tub of faint salt-fish on her head;
Summer, in light transparent gauze array'd,
Like maids of honour at a masquerade,
In bawdry gauze, for which our daughters leave
The fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, inflam'd with lustful fires,
Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,
Leaning on sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Steps at each step, and slumbers on his feet;
Autumn, when nature, who with sorrow feels
Her dread foe winter treading on her heels,
Makes up in value what she wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs and puts forth all her strength,
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection rise,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without excise;
Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of fur, since furs become our own;
A hag, who loathing all, by all is loth'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly libels cloth'd,
Vile faction at her heels, who mighty grown,
Would rule the ruler, and foreclose the throne,

* Dogget the celebrated comedian's badge, rowed for
on the first of August.

† Princess Dowager of Wales.

Would turn all state-affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggars at home a people fear'd abroad,
And, force defeated, make them slaves by fraud;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises sung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The year, grand circle, in whose ample round
The seasons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who in his course repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the same things which he had seen before;
The same stars keep their watch, and the same sun
Runs in the track where he from first hath run;
The same moon rules the night; tides ebb and
flow;

Man is a puppet, and this world a show;
Their old dull follies old dull fools pursue,
And vice in nothing but in mode is new;
He — a lord (now fair beset that pride,
He liv'd a villain, but a lord he died)

Dashwood is pious, Berkeley fix'd as fate*,
Sandwich (thank Heav'n!) first minister of state;
And, though by fools despis'd, by saints unblest'd,
By friends neglected, and by foes oppress'd,
Scorning the servile arts of each court elf,
Founded on honour, Wilkes is still himself)
The year, encircled with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
And, dumb to others praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises sung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Thus far in sport—nor let our critics hence,
Who sell out monthly trash, and call it sense,
Too lightly of our present labours deem,
Or judge at random of so high a theme;
High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the sharpest stroke of satire's pen;
But when kind time a proper season brings,
Inferious mood to treat of serious things,
Then shall they find, disdainful idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.

Thus far in sport—nor let half patriots, those
Who shrink from ev'ry blast of pow'r which
blows;

Who with tame cowardice familiar grown, [own;
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their
Who (left bold truths, to do sage prudence spite,
Should burst the portals of their lips by night,
Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep),
Condemn our course, and hold our caution cheap.
When brave occasion bids, for some great end
When honour calls the poet as a friend,

Then shall they find, that, e'en on danger's brink,
He dares to speak, what they scarce dare to think.

BOOK II.

How much mistaken are the men, who think
That all who will, without restraint, may drink,
May largely drink, e'en till their bowels burst,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beside whose streams the muses love to dwell!
Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, music comes of course.

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest;
To know the times when humour on the cheek
Of mirth may hold her sports; when wit should
speak,

And when be silent; when to use the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air;
To form (which few can do, and scarcely one,
One critic in an age can find, when done)
To form a plan, to strike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture shine
A full, and perfect piece; to make coy rhyme
Renounce her follies, and with sense keep time;
To make proud sense against her nature bend,
And wear the chains of rhyme, yet call her friend.

Some sops there are, among the scribbling tribe,
Who make it all their business to describe,
No matter whether in, or out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull propriety in state preside
O'er her dull children, nature is their guide,
Wild nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of those tame drudges, judgment, taste, and sense,
Nor would forgive himself the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with person, place, and time.

Let liquid gold emblaze the sun at noon,
With borrow'd beams let silver pale the moon,
Let surges boarse lash the resounding shore,
Let streams meander, and let torrents roar,
Let them breed up the melancholy breeze
To sigh with sighing, sob with sobbing trees,
Let vale-embroid'ry wear, let flow'rs be ting'd
With various tints, let clouds be lac'd or fring'd,
They have their wish; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys;
Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.

Others there are, who, in one solemn pace,
With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On sense to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their course
delay,

Nor for a moment step out of their way,

* A phrase used by Lord Bute, then Norborne Berkeley, in an address to his electors.

To make the barren road those graces wear,
Which nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.

Vain men! who blindly thwarting nature's plan,
Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man;
Who, bred 'mongst fogs in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand;
Who, destitute of humour, wit, and taste,
Let all their little knowledge run to waste,
And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear
The robes of learning with a sloven's air.
Though solid reasoning arms each sterling line,
Though truth declares aloud, "This work is
"mine."

Vice, whilst from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and virtue falls asleep.

Sense, mere, dull, formal sense, in this gay town
Must have some vehicle to pass her down,
Nor can she for an hour ensure her reign,
Unless she brings fair pleasure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave solemnities appear, [streets
And, with the voice of trumpets, through the
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets,
Half who pass by are deaf, and t' other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd pride,
Taking for once experience as a guide,
Quit this grand error, this dull college mode;
Be your pursuits the same, but change the road;
Write, or at least appear to write with ease,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to please.

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
Because they wield the pen in virtue's name.
Thrice sacred is that name, thrice blest'd the man
Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a
plan!

This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
But cannot with the world promote success.
He may be strong, but, with effect to speak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak;
Plain, rigid truths, which saints with comfort bear,
Will make the sinner tremble, and despair.
True virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which she nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do those mistake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
They make that goddess, whom they'd have en-
gage

Our dearest love, in hideous terror-rise!
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight:
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence.
But, to make strong conviction deeper sink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,
Like God made man, she lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye.
In earnest most, when most she seems in jest,
She worms into, and winds around the breast;
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.
The sons of sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime

To hush the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant conscience in delusive sleep,
Read on at random, nor suspect the dart,
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
'Gainst vice they give their vote, nor know at first
That, curling that, themselves too they have
They see not, 'till they fall into the snares, [cur'd;
Deluded into virtue unawares.

Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind
When pregnant horror sits, and broods o'er wind,
Discarding drugs, and striving how to please,
Lures on insensibly, by slow degrees.

The patient to those manly sports, which bind
The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.

Some few, whom fate ordain'd to deal in rhymes
In other lands, and *here*, in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the *midwife* muse
Sprinkled all over with Castalian dews,
To whom true genius gave his magic pen,
Whom art by just degrees led up to men;
Some few, extremes well shunn'd, have steer'd
between

These dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean;
Sense in their works maintains her proper state,
But never sleeps, or labours with her weight;
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
But never dares from sense to run astray:
So nice the master's touch, so great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare;
Mutually giving and receiving aid,
They set each other off, like light and shade,
And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend,
'Tis hard to say, where they begin or end:
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
Sense perfects grace, and grace enlivens sense.

Peace to the men who these high honours
claim,

Health to their souls, and to their mem'ries fame:
Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach
A reverence for that worth I cannot reach:
Let me at distance, with a steady eye,
Observe, and mark their passage to the sky;
From envy free, applaud such rising worth,
And praise their heav'n, though pinion'd down
to earth.

Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilst spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of book, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town:
Hence rude, unfinish'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of rhyme,
And the poor *flatter* muse is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.

Some, as no life appears, no pulses play [way,
Through the dull dubious mafs, no breath makes
Doubt, greatly doubt, 'till for a glass they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all:

Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the sex might well a midwife pose,
Whether they should baptize it, verse or prose.

E'en what my masters please; bards, mild,
meek men,

In love to critics stumble now and then.
Something I do myself, and something too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the small compass of my careless page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed, where Macon can feed one.

When satire stoops, unmindful of her state,
To praise the man I love, curse him I hate;
When sense, in tides of passion borne along,
Sinking to prose, degrades the name of song;
The censor smiles, and, whilst my credit bleeds,
With as high relish on the carrion feeds
As the proud earl fed at a turtle feast,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worse than beast,
Eat, 'till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,
Yet still eat on, and dying call'd for more.

When loose digression, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning *connection*, and her formal yoke,
Bounds through the forest, wanders far astray
From the known path, and loves to lose her way,
'Tis a full feast to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down, and bring her back.

When gay description, fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleasure wild,
Waking with nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walk's o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heaven's fresh
dew,

And like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks, she not one mark imprints,
Nor brushes off the dews, nor soils the tints;
When thus description sports, e'en at the time
That drums should beat, and cannons roar in
rhyme,

Critics can live on such a fault as that
From one month to the other, and grow fat.

Ye mighty monthly judges, in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth
Of my materials, which against your will
Oft you've confess'd, and shall confess it still;
Materials rich though rude, enflam'd with thought,
Though more by fancy than by judgment
wrought;

Take, use them as your own, a work begin,
Which suits your genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the critic loom, with critic art,
'Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with colour mingling, light with shade,
To your dull taste a formal work is made,
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swears it surpasses Rome, and rivals Greece.

Nor think this much, for at one single word,
Soon as the mighty critic *fat*'s heard,
Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
Order takes place, and genius is dethron'd!
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher business calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,

The good of man committed to my charge:

If idle fancy rambles forth at large,
Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays
May friendship envy, and may folly praise;
The crown of Gotham may some Scot assume,
And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room.

O my poor people, O thou wretched earth,
To whose dear love, though not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,
How (by thy father can that thought be borne,
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the best degree)

How must thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand
Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,
Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd,
Be robb'd of vigour! how must freedom's pile,
The boast of ages, which adorns the isle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, secure from force and fraud!
How must that pile, by ancient wisdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one short moment into ruins fall,
Should any slip of Stuart's tyrant race,
Or bastard or legitimate, disgrace
Thy royal seat of empire! But what care,
What sorrow must be mine, what deep despair
And self-reproaches, should that hated line
Admittance gain through any fault of mine!
Curs'd be the cause whence Gotham's evils spring,
Though that curs'd cause be found in Gotham's
king.

Let war, with all his needy, ruffian band,
In pomp of horror stalk through Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her stately towers
Sink in the dust; that court which now is ours
Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harvests rise, be brambles found;
Where vines now creep, let thistles curse the
ground;

Dry in her thousand vallies be the rills;
Barren the cattle on her thousand hills;
Where pow'r is plac'd, let tygers prow for prey;
Where justice lodges, let wild asses bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their nest,
And on the sails of commerce bitterness rest;
Be all, though princes in the earth before,
Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of fate
Give me to choose, see Gotham's ruin'd state
By ills on ills thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to see a Stuart wear a crown.

Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all nature's host,
Those servants who their Maker know, who boast
Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will;
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with destruction big, o'er Gotham sweep;
Let rains rush down, till faith with doubtful eye
Looks for the sign of mercy in the sky;
Let pestilence in all her horrors rise;
Where'er I turn, let famine blast my eyes;
Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to
in the deep gulf let all my subjects sink [think,

Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel;
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myself, but them, I'll kiss the rod,
And, having own'd the justice of my God,
Myself with firmness to the ruin give,
And die with those for whom I wish'd to live.

This (but may Heaven's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these)
This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the Stuart race my crown should wear,
That crown, where, highly cherish'd, freedom
shone

Bright as the glories of the mid-day sun;
Born and bred slaves, that they, with proud mis-
rule, [School,
Should make brave, free-born men, like boys at
To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is e'en to madness brought
By the dread vision; at the mere furnise
The thronging spirits, as in tumult, rise;
My heart, as for a passage, loudly beats,
And, turn me where I will, distraction meets.

O my brave fellows, great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms
To high achievements, can your spirits bend
Through base controul (ye never can descend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let in freedom's seat a Stuart reign?
If fame, who hath for ages far and wide
Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,
The tyranny and falsehood of those lords,
Contents you not, search England's fair records;
England, where first the breath of life I drew,
Where next to Gotham my best love is due;
There once they rul'd, though crush'd by Wil-
liam's hand,

They rul'd no more, to curse that happy land.
The first, who, from his native soil remov'd,
Held England's sceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd:
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which
spring

In souls of vulgar stamp to be a king;
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd tyrant with applause;
On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
And craft oft gave what wisdom oft denied.
Ne'er could he feel how truly man is blest
In blessing those around him; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, honour found no room;
Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his without a crime,
He bore a mother's exile; to secure
A greater crown, he basely could endure
The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
Nay, by fond fear and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was
shed. [throne,

Call'd up to pow'r, scarce warm on England's
He fill'd her court with beggars from his own:
Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was
caught,
Or English knaves, who would be Scotsmen thought.

To vain expence unbounded loose he gave;
The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave;
On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
And damn'd those senates rich, whom, poor, he
prais'd:

From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilst a daughter * fed,
He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.

Lies were his play-things, parliaments his sport,
Book-worms and catamites engross'd the court:
Vain of the scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
The pedant scholar, he forgot the prince,
And having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wish'd to learn, the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crowd;
False friend, false son, false father, and false king,
False wit, false statesmen, and false ev'ry thing,
When he should act, he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he should save the
state.

Religious, if religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him,
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for religion's sake, but argument;
More vain, if some sly, artful, *High-Dutch* slave,
Or, from the *Jesuit* school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd
By his full soldiiership, worlds hail'd him lord.

Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The pow'r, without controul, of doing ill.
But what he wish'd, what he made *bishops* preach,
And *statesmen* warrant, hung within his reach
He dar'd not seize: Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That freedom to the realm his will denied.

Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry treaty of his own mean arts
He sell'd the dupe: Peace was his coward care,
E'en at a time when justice call'd for war:
His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
But, rather than unsheath the sword, submit.
Truth fairly must record, and, pleas'd to live
In league with mercy, justice may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.

At length (with white let freedom mark that
year)
Not fear'd by those whom most he wish'd to fear,
Not lov'd by those whom most he wish'd to love,
He went to answer for his faults above;
To answer to that God, from whom alone
He claim'd to hold, and to abuse the throne;
Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,
The bloody legacy of right divine.

With many virtues, which a radiance fling
Round private men; with few which grace a king,
And speak the monarch; at the time of life
When passion holds with reason doubtful strife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean fire undone,
Who envied virtue even in a son.

His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the man up ere he left the child;

* The Queen of Bohemia, grandmother of George the First.

His soul was eager for imperial sway,
 Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey.
 Surrounded by a fawning, flattering throng,
 Judgment each day grew weak, and humour
 strong:

Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,
 And all his follies let to run to seed. [spring!

What ills from such beginnings needs must
 What ills to such a land from such a king!
 What could she hope! what had she not to fear!
 Base Buckingham possess'd his youthful ear;
 Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
 Engros'd his love, and made him all their own;
 Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
 The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now:
 Each strove t' undo him, in his turn and hour,
 The first with pleasure, and the last with pow'r.
 Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the
 throne)!

That all mankind were made for kings alone,
 That subjects were but slaves, and what was whim
 Or worse in common men, was law in him;
 Drunk with *prerogative*, which fate decreed
 To guard good kings, and tyrants to mislead;
 Which in a fair proportion, to deny
 Allegiance dares not; which to hold too high
 No good can with, no coward king can dare,
 And held too high, no *English* subject bear;
 Besieg'd by men of deep and subtle arts,
 Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
 Who saw his weakness, made their king their tool,
 Then most a slave, when most he seem'd to rule;
 Taking all public steps for private ends,
 Deceiv'd by favourites, whom he called friends,
 He had not strength enough of soul to find
 That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,
 Sink their great state, and stamp their fame un-
 done,

When what was meant for all they give to one;
 List'ning uxorious, whilst a woman's prate
 Modell'd the church, and parcell'd out the state,
 Whilst (in the state not more than women read)
 High-churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious
 Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes; [head;
 Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries;
 Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do)
 He heard a nation hearing one or two;
 Taught by state-quacks himself secure to think,
 And out of danger e'en on danger's brink;
 Whilst pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
 Whilst murmurs ran through an insulted land,
 As if to sanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,
 He proudly fought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious
 years,
 Did England, crush'd by pow'r and aw'd by fears,
 Whilst proud oppression struck at freedom's root,
 Lament her senates lost, her Hampden mute.
 Illegal taxes and oppressive loans,
 In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;
 Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
 And loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage shook the state,
 New courts were rais'd to give new doctrines
 weight;

State-inquisitions kept the realm in awe,
 And curs'd *star-chambers* made, or rul'd the law;
 Juries were pack'd, and judges were unsound;
 Through the whole kingdom not one Pratt was
 found.

From the first moments of his giddy youth
 He hated senates, for they told him truth.
 At length against his will compell'd to treat,
 Those whom he could not fright, he strove to
 cheat,

With base dissembling ev'ry grievance heard,
 And, often giving, often broke his word.
 O where shall helpless truth for refuge fly,
 If kings, who should protect her, dare to lie?

Those who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
 Sought in their country's good their monarch's
 fame;

Those who were anxious for his safety; those
 Who were induc'd by duty to oppose;
 Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,
 He held as foes, and traitors to his throne;
 Nor found his fatal error till the hour
 Of saving him was gone and past; till pow'r
 Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,
 Making their faith and his repentance vain.

Hence (be that curse confin'd to Gotham's foes)
 War, dread to mention, civil war arose;
 All acts of outrage, and all acts of shame,
 Stalk'd forth at large, disguis'd with honour's
 name;

Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand,
 Spread universal havoc through the land;
 With zeal for party, and with passion drunk,
 In public rage all private love was sunk;
 Friend against friend, brother 'gainst brother stood,
 And the son's weapon drank the father's blood;
 Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign
 Should last no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.

Unhappy Stuart: hardly though that name
 Grates on my ear, I should have died with shame,
 To see my king before his subjects stand,
 And at their bar hold up his royal hand;
 At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
 By their decrees to see that monarch bleed.
 What though thy faults were many, and were
 great,

What though they shook the basis of the state,
 In royalty secure thy person stood,
 And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.
 Vile ministers, who dar'd abuse their trust,
 Who dar'd seduce a king to be unjust,
 Vengeance, with justice leagu'd, with pow'r made
 strong,

Had nobly crush'd: *The king could do no wrong.*

Yet grieve not, Charles, nor thy hard fortunes
 blame;

They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame.
 Their greater crimes made thine like specks appear,
 From which the sun in glory is not clear.
 Had'st thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath
 At nature's call; had'st thou laid down in death
 As in a sleep; thy name, by justice borne
 On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
 Pity, the virtue of a gen'rous soul,
 Sometimes the vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole.

Misfortune gave what virtue could not give,
And bade the tyrant slain, the martyr live.

Ye princes of the earth, ye mighty few,
Who, worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue;
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reason but your will,
And scorn restraint, though 'tis from doing ill;
Who of all passions groan beneath the worst,
Then only bless'd when they make others curst;
Think not for wrongs like these uncourag'd to live;
Long may ye sin, and long may Heav'n forgive:
But, when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone:
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone:
No; like some base distemper, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted father's veins,
In the son's blood, such broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down vengeance e'en to latest times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilst usurpation lorded it at home,
Of majesty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
Nor daring, like a king, to reign or die,
Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne
More at his people's seeking than his own,
Another Charles succeeded. In the school
Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors sent
To shame their country on the continent,
From love of England by long absence wean'd,
From ev'ry court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, so close do evil habits cling, [king.
Till crown'd, a beggar; and when crown'd, no

Those grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n
An instance of his mercy to mankind, [design'd
Were lost, in storms of dissipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bless a world;
Lighter than levity which strides the blast,
And of the present fond, forgets the past,
He chang'd and chang'd, but, ev'ry hope to curse,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worse;
State he resign'd to those whom state could please,
Careless of majesty, his wish was ease;
Pleasure, and pleasure only was his aim;
Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble fame;
Dignity through his reign was made a sport,
Nor dar'd decorum show her face at court.
Morality was held a standing jest,
And faith a necessary fraud at best;
Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too:
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was folly, folly to acquit)
Stood all absolv'd in that poor bauble, wit.

In gratitude, alas! but little read,
He let his father's servants beg their bread,
His father's faithful servants, and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counsels he embrac'd through indolence,
Through love of ease, and not through want of
sense;

He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them so.

Women rul'd all, and ministers of state
Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait;
Women, who have, as monarchs, grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at second-hand.

To make all other errors slight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd stand Dunkirk and Tangier;
In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain,
Amboyna stands—Gods, that a king should hold
In such high estimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be so careless found,
That, when the blood of subjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,
And butcher'd subjects wander'd *unston'd*!
O dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him, deep shame!
Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
Av'rice is that which least becomes a king.

To crown the whole, scorning the public
good,

Which through his reign he little understood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He resum'd a bigot brother's claim;
And, having made time-serving senators bow,
Suddenly died, that brother best knew *bow*.

No matter *bow*—he slept amongst the dead,
And James his brother reigned in his stead.
But such a reign—so glaring an offence
In ev'ry step 'gainst freedom, law, and sense,
'Gainst all the rights of nature's gen'ral plan,
'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
That the relation would mere fiction seem,
The mock creation of a poet's dream,
And the poor bards would in this sceptic age,
Appear as false as *their* historian's page.

Ambitious folly seiz'd the seat of wit,
Christians were forc'd by bigots to submit;
Pride without sense, without religion zeal,
Made daring inroads on the commonweal;
Stern persecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of kings the power of God;
Conscience and fame were sacrific'd to Rome,
And England wept at freedom's sacred tomb.

Her laws despis'd, her constitution wretch'd
From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's suff'rance, conscience forc'd,
And healing justice from the crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile ads of pow'r,
Her *patriot* bishops sentenc'd to the Tow'r,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,
She wept—but wept not long; to arms she flew,
At honour's call th' avenging sword she drew,
Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
And sent him in despair to beg his bread;
Whilst she (may ev'ry state in such distress)
Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)
Whilst she (may Gotham, should my subject mind
Choose to enslave rather than free mankind,
Pursue her steps, tear the proud tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown]

Whilst she (through ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold let revolution stand)
Whilst she, secur'd in *liberty* and *law*,
Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau.

BOOK III.

CAN the fond mother from herself depart,
Can she forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom the bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed?
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live?
Yes, from herself the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom the bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live;
But I cannot forget, whilst life remains,
And pours her current through these swelling
veins,

Whilst mem'ry offers up at reason's shrine,
But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.
Can the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast tear her young child;
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone?
Yes, the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast may tear her child;
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone;
But I (forbid it Heav'n), but I can ne'er
The love of Gotham from this bosom tear;
Can ne'er so far true royalty pervert
From its fair course, to do my people hurt.
With how much ease, with how much confidence,

As if, superior to each grosser sense,
Reason had only, in full pow'r array'd,
To manifest her will, and be obey'd,
Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind! With how much ease
In such resolves doth passion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!
In empire young, scarce warm, on Gotham's
throne,

The dangers and the sweets of pow'r unknown,
Pleas'd, though I scarce know why, like some
young child,

Whose little senses each new toy turns wild,
How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,
And wanton with dominion! how lay down,
Without the sanction of a precedent,
Rules of most large and absolute extent;
Rules, which from sense of public virtue spring,
And all at once commence a patriot king.

But, for the day of trial is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are stak'd on me, and all their weal or woe
Must from my good or evil conduct flow,
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I assume that name, deserve it too?
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
I'm now to play? Have I explor'd my heart,

That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell,
Where, unsuspected e'en by me, may dwell
Ten thousand follies? Have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
Have I trac'd ev'ry passion to its rise,
Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treach'rous vice?
Have I familiar with my nature grown,
And am I fairly to myself made known?

A patriot king—Why, 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate stamp of heav'n; which
wears

The nearest, best resemblance we can show
Of God above through all his works below
To still the voice of discord in the land,
To make weak faction's discontented band,
Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren in the self-same int'rests warm'd,
Like diff'rent bodies with one soul inform'd,
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thought, grow up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That sacred balance, temperate, yet bold,
With such an equal hand, that those who fear
May yet approve, and own my justice clear;
To be a common father, to secure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor;
Vice and her sons to banish in disgrace,
To make corruption dread to show her face;
To bid afflicted virtue take new state,
And be at last acquainted with the great;
Of all religions to elect the best,
Nor let her priests be made a standing jest;
Rewards for worth with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the arts, not let the artists starve;
To make fair plenty through the realm increase,
Give fame in war, and happiness in peace;
To see my people virtuous, great and free,
And know that all those blessings flow from
me;

O 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought
Which flatters nature more than flattery ought;
'Tis a great, glorious task, for man too hard,
But not less great, less glorious the reward,
The best reward which here to man is giv'n,
'Tis more than earth, and little short of heav'n;
A task (if such comparison may be)
The same in nature, diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.

How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Because it glistens, must be lin'd with down!
With outside show and vain appearance caught,
They look no farther, and, by folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worship, which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might reflection folly's place supply,
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we know what woe from grandeur
springs,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his business and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour,
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.

Call'd up by health, he rises with the day,
And goes to work as if he went to play,
Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake;
'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by constant use, without complaint
He bears what we should think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirst he flakes at some pure neighb'ring
brook.

Nor asks for sauce where appetite stands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the sun retires
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,
At distance catch and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean, coarse food,
Which, season'd with good-humour, his fond bride
'Gainst his return is happy to provide; [creeps
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he
Into his straw, and 'till the morning sleeps.

Not so the king—With anxious cares oppress'd,
His bosom labours, and admits not rest.
A glorious wretch, he sweats beneath the weight
Of majesty, and gives up ease for state.
E'en when his smiles, which, by the fools of pride,
Are treasure'd and preserv'd from side to side,
Fly round the court, e'en when compell'd by form,
He seems most calm, his soul is in a storm!
Care, like a spectre, seen by him alone,
With all her nest of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view; when night bids sleep,
Sweet nurse of nature, o'er the senses creep,
When misery herself no more complains,
And slaves, if possible, forget their chains,
Though his sense weakens, though his eyes grow
dim,

That rest which comes to all, comes not to him.
E'en at that hour, care, tyrant care, forbids
The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night she watches at his bed;
Now, as one mop'd, sits brooding o'er his head;
Again she starts, and, borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud—"Sleep was not made for
kings."

Thrice hath the moon, who governs this vast
Who rules most absolute o'er me, and all;
To whom by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the dutious vow;
Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since (blessed be that season, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,
One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life to die and pass away)
Since I became a king, and Gotham's throne,
With full and ample pow'r, became my own;

Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since sleep, kind sleep, who like a friend supplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd these eyes,
Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,
And I am made an instrument to bless
The people whom I love, shall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.

Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,
Of millions lord, sole ruler in the land,
Let me, and reason shall her aid afford,
Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord.
With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown,
Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown
'Gainst faults in other men, yet all the while
Meets his own vices with a partial smile.
How can a king (yet on record we find
Such kings have been, such curses of mankind)
Enforce that law 'gainst some poor subject elf,
Which conscience tells him he hath broke himself?
Can he some petty rogue to justice call
For robbing one, when he himself robs all?
Must not, unless extinguish'd, conscience fly
Into his cheek, and blast his fading eye,
To scourge th' oppressor, when the state, distress'd
And sunk to ruin, is by him oppress'd?
Against himself doth he not sentence give?
If one must die, t' other's not fit to live.

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground;
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would perish to obtain.
Nor can those spirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
Be hush'd to peace, but when fair legal sway
Makes it their real interest to obey;
When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not less in virtue than in pow'r excel.

Be that my object, that my constant care,
And may my soul's best wishes centre there.
Be it my task to seek, nor seek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign;
And, to those virtues which from reason spring,
And grace the man, join those which grace the
king.

First (for strict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all, who on that care depend,
Bids me with servants keep a steady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
First (and that method reason shall support)
Before I look into, and purge my court,
Before I cleanse the stable of the state,
Let me fix things which to myself relate.
That done, and all accounts well settled here,
In resolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye slaves, who dare abuse your trust,
Who dare be villains, when your king is just

Are there, amongst those officers of state
To whom our sacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commission'd, guide the helm;
Are there, who, trusting to our love of ease,
Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees,
And make the law, warp'd from their fair intent,
To speak a language which they never meant;

Are there such men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in safety to their end?
Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a statesman's tool,
And live a stranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myself and to my state unjust,
Shall I from ministers take things on trust,
And, sinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependants of my own?
Shall I, most certain source of future cares,
Not use my judgment, but depend on theirs?
Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with state,
Have nothing but the name of being great;
Attend at councils which I must not weigh;
Do what they bid; and what they dictate say;
Enrob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cypher there?
Perish the thought—'tis treason to my throne—
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be
known,

Insults me more than he, who, leagu'd with hell,
Shall rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel.

The wicked statesman, whose false heart pursues
A train of guilt; who acts with double views,
And wears a double face: whose base designs
Strike at his monarch's throne; who undermines
E'en whilst he seems his wishes to support;
Who seizes all departments, packs a court,
Maintains an agent on the judgment-seat
To screen his crimes, and make his frauds com-
plete;

New-models armies, and around the throne
Will suffer none but creatures of his own;
Conscious of such his baseness, well may try,
Against the light to shut his master's eye,
To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from those,
Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,
Nor ever let him in one place appear,
Where truth, unwelcome truth, may wound his ear.

Attempts like these, well weigh'd, themselves
proclaim,

And, whilst they publish, baulk their author's aim,
Kings must be blind, into such snares to run;
Or worse, with open eyes must be undone.

The minister of honesty and worth
Demands the day to bring his actions forth;
Calls on the sun to shine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which must end in praise.
None fly the day, and seek the shades of night,
But those whose actions cannot bear the light;
None wish their king in ignorance to hold,
But those who feel that knowledge must unfold
Their hidden guilt, and that dark mist dispell'd
By which their places and their lives are held,
Confusion wait them, and by justice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.

Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit
Where kings have oft been lost, shall I submit,
And rust in chains like these? Shall I give way,
And whilst my helpless subjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance sit down,
Nor dare assert the honour of my crown?
When stern rebellion (if that odious name
Justly belongs to those, whose only aim

Is to preserve their country; who oppose,
In honour leagu'd, none but their country's foes;
Who only seek their own, and found their cause
In due regard for violated laws)
When stern rebellion, who no longer feels
Nor fears rebuke, a nation at her heels,
A nation up in arms, though strong not proud,
Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud
For due redress presents, from truth's fair pen,
A list of wrongs, not to be borne by men;
How must that king be humbled, how disgrace
All that is royal in his name and place,
Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance
No other plea but that of ignorance!
A vile defence, which was his all at stake,
The meanest subject well might blush to make;
A filthy source, from whence shame ever springs;
A stain to all, but most a stain to kings.
The soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
Panting for knowledge, reits not till inform'd:
And shall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
Feel those brave passions which my subjects feel?
Or can a just excuse from ignorance flow
To me, whose first, great duty is—To know?

Hence ignorance—thy settled, dull, blank eye
Would hurt me, though I knew no reason why—
Hence ignorance—thy slavish shackles bind
The free-born soul, and lethargy the mind—
Of thee, begot by pride, who look'd with scorn
On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
That grave inflexibility of soul,
Which reason can't convince, nor fear controul;
Which neither arguments nor pray'rs can reach,
And nothing less than utter ruin teach—
Hence ignorance—hence to that depth of night
Where thou wast born, where not one gleam of
light

May wound thine eye—hence to some dreary cell,
Where monks with superstition love to dwell;
Or in some college sooth thy lazy pride,
And with the heads of colleges reside;
Fit mate for royalty thou can't not be;
And if no mate for kings, no mate for me.

Come study, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the plains
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind;
Come study—painful though thy course and slow,
Thy real worth by thy effects we know—
Parent of knowledge, come!—Not thee I call,
Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall
Dost sit, all solemn sad, and moping weigh
Things which when found, thy labours can't re-
pay—

Nor, in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
A rod; in t' other, gaudily array'd
A burnbook, gilt and letter'd, call I thee,
Who dost in form profess o'er A B C—:
Nor (fyrn though thou art, and thy strange
charms,

As 'twere by magic, lure men to thy arms)
Do I call thee, who through a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling, pleasing ways,
Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains,
Where, in full glory, real science reigns:

Fair though thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
 Though full rewards in thy possession lie
 To crown man's wish, and do thy fav'rites grace,
 Though (was I station'd in an humbler place)
 I could be ever happy in thy sight,
 Toil with thee all the day, and through the night
 Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
 Fast rivetted on science, sleep defy;
 Yet (such the hardships which from empire flow)
 Must I thy sweet society forego,
 And to some happy rival's arms resign
 Those charms, which can, alas! no more be mine.

No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
 Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way
 Where eager love of science calls; no more
 Attempt those paths which man ne'er trod before.
 No more the mountain scal'd, the desert cross,
 Losing myself, nor knowing I was lost,
 Travel through woods, through wilds, from morn
 to night,

From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
 And having found thee, lay me down content,
 Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent.

Farewell ye muses too—for such mean things
 Must not presume to dwell with mighty kings—
 Farewell ye muses—though it cuts my heart
 E'en to the quick, we must for ever part.

When the fresh morn bade lusty nature wake;
 When the birds, sweetly twitt'ring through the
 brake,

Tun'd their soft pipes; when from the neighb'ring
 bloom,

Sipping the dew, each zephyr stole perfume:
 When all things with new vigour were inspir'd,
 And seem'd to say they never could be tir'd;
 How often have we stray'd, whilst sportive rhyme
 Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of time,
 O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to see,
 Yourself made visible to none but me,
 The clown, his work suspended, gape and stare,
 And seem'd to think that I convers'd with air!

When the sun, beating on the parched soil,
 Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil;
 When a faint languor crept through ev'ry breast,
 And things most us'd to labour, wish'd for rest;
 How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
 Where safe, and fearless of the impious stroke,
 Some sacred dryad liv'd, or in some grove,
 Where with capricious fingers fancy wove
 Her fairy bow'r, whilst nature all the while
 Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a smile,
 Have we held converse sweet! how often laid,
 Fast by the Thames, in Ham's inspiring shade,
 Amongst those poets which make up your train,
 And, after death, pour forth the sacred strain,
 Have I, at your command, in verse grown gray,
 But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay,
 Which might have drawn an angel from his sphere,
 And kept him from his office list'ning here.

When dreary night, with Morpheus in her train,
 Led on by silence to resume her reign,
 With darkness covering as with a robe,
 This scene of levity, blank'd half the globe;
 How oft enchanted with your heav'nly strains,
 Which stole me from myself, which in soft chains

Of music bound my soul; how oft have I,
 Sounds more than human floating through the sky,
 Attentive sat, whilst night, against her will,
 Transported with the harmony, stood still!
 How oft in raptures, which man scarce could bear,
 Have I, when gone, still thought the muses there;
 Still heard their music, and, as mute as death,
 Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
 Left, breathing all too rudely, I should wound,
 And mar that magic excellence of sound;
 Then, sense returning with return of day,
 Have chid the night, which fled so fast away.

Such my pursuits, and such my joys of yore,
 Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.
 Plac'd out of envy's walk (for envy sure
 Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,
 Would never stoop to wound my homespun lays)
 With some few friends, and some small share of
 praise,

Beneath oppression, undisturb'd by strife,
 In peace I trod the humble vale of life,
 Farewell these scenes of ease, this tranquil state;
 Welcome the troubles which on empire wait.

Light toys from this day forth I disavow,
 They pleas'd me once, but cannot suit me now;
 To common men all common things are free,
 What honours then might fix disgrace on me.
 Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
 Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand
 Are all engros'd, each private view withstood,
 And task'd to labour for the public good;
 Be this my study, to this one great end
 May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.

Let me the page of history turn o'er,
 Th' instructive page, and heedfully explore
 What faithful pens of former times have wrote
 Of former kings; what they did worthy note,
 What worthy blame; and from the sacred tomb
 Where righteous monarchs sleep, where laurels
 Unhurt by time, let me a garland twine, [bloom
 Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.

Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
 Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly
 Quick as a post which travels day and night;
 Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by false delight,
 And, into barren theory betray'd,
 Forget that monarchs are for action made.
 When am'rous spring, repairing all his charms,
 Calls nature forth from hoary winter's arms,
 Where, like a virgin to some letcher fold,
 Three wretched months she lay benumb'd, and
 cold; [breath

When the weak flow'r, which, shrinking from the
 Of the rude north, and timorous of death,
 To its kind mother earth for shelter fled,
 And on her bosom hid its tender head,
 Peeps forth afresh, and, cheer'd by milder skies,
 Bids in full splendour all her beauties rise;
 The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
 Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
 Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch:
 Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,
 The bee goes forth; from herb to herb she flies,
 From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring
 thighs

With treasur'd sweets; robbing those flow'rs,
which left,

Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth she sit on pleasure's lilken wing,
Ne'er doth she, blit'ring, let the bloom of spring
Unrifed pass, and on the downy breast
Of some fair flow'r indulge untimely rest.
Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
Which chemist night prepar'd, that faith abuse
Due to the Lave, and, selfish in her toils,
To her own private use convert the spoils.
Love of the flock first call'd her forth to roam,
And to the flock she brings her booty home.

Be this my pattern—As becomes a king,
Let me fly all abroad on reason's wing;
Let mine eye, like the lightning, through the earth
Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man
Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan,
Escape my note: be all, from the first day
Of nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From those, whom time at the desire of fame
Hath spar'd, let virtue catch an equal flame;
From those, who not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, lesson'd to distill,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill.
Nor let these gear researches in my breast
A monument of useless labour rest;
No—let them spread—their effects let Gotham share,
And reap the harvest of their monarch's care:
Be other times and other countries known,
Only to give fresh blessings to my own.

Let me (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful succour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth:
Through whom I reign, in mercy to my youth
Assist my weakness, and direct me right;
From ev'ry speck which hangs upon the sight
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To spread the shades of error o'er my brain)
Let me, impartial, with unwearied thought
Try men and things; let me, as monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my pow'r depends;
What are the gen'ral principles and ends
Of government; how empire first began;
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.

Let me consider, as from one great source
We see a thousand rivers take their course,
Dispers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their parent still supply'd and fed, (wide,
That government (though branch'd out far and
In various modes to various lands apply'd),
Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main groundwork's ev'ry where the same;
The same her view though different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view the good of man.

Let me find out, by reason's sacred beams,
What system in itself most perfect seems,
Most worthy man, most likely to conduce
To all the purposes of gen'ral use:
Let me find, too, where, by fair reason try'd,
It fails when to particulars apply'd;

Vol. X.

Why in that mode all nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine.

Let me the gradual rise of empires trace,
Till they seem founded on perfection's base;
Then (for when human things have made their
To excellence they hasten to decay) [way
Let me, whilst observation lends her close,
Step by step to their quick decline pursue,
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell,
Not only how they rose but how they fell.

Let me not only the distempers know
Which in all states from common causes grow,
But likewise those which, by the will of fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait;
Which in its various constitution lurk,
Too sure at last to do its destin'd work;
Let me, forward, each sign, each system, learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
Ere 'tis too late wish'd health to reassure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.

Let me (though great grave brethren of the
gown
Preach all faith up, and preach all reason down,
Making those jar whom reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)
Let me through reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that religion pry
Which law hath sanction'd; let me find out there
What's form, what's essence; what, like vagrant
air,

We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last hour of time;
Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal
Which, without knowledge furious bigots feel,
Fair in pretence, though at the heart unsound,
These sep'rate points at random to confound.

The times have been when priests have dar'd
to tread,
Proud and insulting, on their monarch's head;
When whilst they made religion a pretence,
Out of the world they banish'd common sense;
When some soft king, too open to deceit,
Easy and unsuspecting join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock piety, and gave his name
To serve the vilest purposes of shame,
Fear not, my people! where no cause of fear
Can justly rise—your king secures you here;
Your king, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of priests the voice of God;

Let me (though lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their monarch to behold what they wish hid,
And for the purposes of knavish gain,
Would have their trade a mystery remain)
Let me, disdaining all such slavish awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the law;
Let me (the weak dead letter left behind)
Search out the principles, the spirit find,
Till from the parts made master of the whole,
I see the constitution's very soul.

Let me (though statesmen will no doubt resist,
And to my eyes present a fearful list
Of men whose wills are opposite to mine,
Of men, great men! determin'd to resign),
Let me (with firmness, which becomes a king,
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,

M m

Determin'd not by worlds to be withstood,
 When my grand object is my country's good)
 Unravel all low ministerial scenes,
 Destroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
 And trap them step by step; let me well know
 How places, pensions, and preferments, go;
 Why guilt is provided for when worth is not,
 And why one man of merit is forgot;
 Let me in peace, in war, supreme preside,
 And dare to know my way without a guide.

Let me (though dignity, by nature proud,
 Retires from view, and swells behind a cloud,
 As if the sun shone with less pow'rful ray,
 Less grace, less glory, shining ev'ry day,
 Though when she comes forth into public sight,
 Unbending as a ghost the stalks upright,
 With such an air as we have often seen,
 And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
 Nor at her presence, though base myriads crouch
 The supple knee, vouchsafes a single look);
 Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
 All terrors of dominion laid aside,
 All ornament, and needless helps of art,
 All those big looks which speak a little heart)
 Know (which few kings, alas! have ever known)
 How affability becomes a throne,
 Destroys all fear, bids love with reverence live,
 And gives those graces pride can never give.
 Let the stern tyrant keep a distant state,
 And, hating all men, fear return of hate,
 Conscious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
 Secure from all upbraidings but his own:
 Let all my subjects have access to me,
 Be my ears open as my heart is free;
 In full fair tide let information flow;
 That evil is half cur'd whose cause we know.
 And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched
 thing!

Who art afraid to look up to a king,
 Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
 And, if I not redress thee, may my reign
 Close up that very moment—To prevent
 The course of justice from her fair intent,
 In vain my nearest, dearest friend shall plead,
 In vain my mother kneel—my soul may bleed,
 But must not change—When justice draws the
 dart,
 Though it is doom'd to pierce a favourite's heart,
 'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—
 I know it duty, and I feel it shame.

THE CANDIDATE.

ENOUGH of actors—let them play the play'r,
 And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut, and
 stare.

Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
 To waste one couplet on a barren stage?
 Ungrateful Garrick! when these *lusty* days,
 In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise;
 When, at thy bidding, sense, for twenty years,
 Indulg'd in laughter, or dissolv'd in tears;
 When, in return for labour, time, and health,
 The town had giv'n some little share of wealth,

Could'st thou repine at being still a slave?
 Dar'st thou presume t' enjoy that wealth she gave?
 Could'st thou repine at laws ordain'd by those,
 Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes;
 Whom, too resind' for honesty and trade,
 By need made tradesmen, pride had bankrupts
 made;

Whom fear made drunkards, and by modern rules,
 Whom drink made wits, though nature made
 them fools;

With such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
 In such a manner, and at such a time,
 To quit the stage; but men of real sense,
 Who neither lightly give nor take offence,
 Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
 Since thou hast left a Powell in thy place.

Enough of authors—Why, when scribblers fail,
 Must other scribblers spread the hateful tale?
 Why must they pity, why contempt express,
 And why insult a brother in distress?
 Let those, who boast th' uncommon gift of brains,
 The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains;
 Fresh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
 And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.
 Let those, who without genius write, and write,
 Versemen or prosemen, all in nature's spite,
 The pen laid down, their course of folly run
 In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone.
 Why should I tell, to cross the will of fate,
 That Francis * once endeavour'd to translate?
 Why, sweet oblivion winding round his head,
 Should I recal poor Murphy from the dead?
 Why may not Langhorne, simple in his lay,
Effusion on effusion pour away †;
 With friendship and with fancy trifle here,
 Or sleep in *pastoral* at Belvedere ‡?
 Sleep let them all, with dullness on her throne,
 Secure from any malice but their own.

Enough of critics—let them, if they please,
 Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees;
 Wide and extensive be their infant state,
 Their subjects many, and those subjects great,
 Whilst all their mandates as found law succeed,
 With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
 What though they lay the realms of genius waste,
 Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taste;
 Though they, like doctors, to approve their skill,
 Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
 Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
 They damn those authors whom they never read;
 Though, other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
 To deal out so much praise for so much gold;
 Though *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned close intrigues,
 Against the commonwealth of letters leagues;
 Uncensur'd let them pilot at the helm,
 And rule in letters, as they rul'd the realm.
 Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse,
 (Nor could ingenious malice make a worse,

* Dr. Philip Francis, the translator of Horace and Demosthenes.

† See the *Effusions of Friendship and Fancy*, by Langhorne, 2 vols. 12mo. 1763.

‡ See the *Enlargement of the Mind*, Langhorne's Poems.

To do our sense and honour deep despite)
To credit what they say, read what they write.

Enough of *Scotland*—let her rest in peace,
The cause remov'd, effects of course should cease.
Why should I tell, how *Tweed*, to mighty grown,
And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
Burst o'er his banks, and by destruction led,
O'er our faint England desolation spread,
Whilst riding on his waves, ambition plum'd
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assum'd,
Now that the river god, convinc'd, though late,
And yielding, though reluctantly, to fate,
Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides.

Enough of *states*, and such like trifling things;
Enough of kinglings, and enough of kings;
Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen lie,
Spread the court web, and catch the patriot fly;
Henceforth, unwhipt of justice, uncontroll'd
By fear or shame, let vice, secure and bold,
Lord it with all her sons, whilst virtue's groan
Meets with compassion only from the throne.

Enough of *patriots*—all I ask of man,
Is only to be honest as he can.
Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive;
'Tis the fool's curse at random to believe.
Would those, who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this essential doctrine—*persevere*.
Should they (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
Of some proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their king and country sell, with endless shame
Th' avenging muse shall mark each traitorous
name;

But if, to honour true, they scorn to bend,
And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
Their grateful country shall their fame record,
And I myself defend to praise a lord.

Enough of *Wilkes*—with good and honest men
His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
And future ages shall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful, and unjust,
But fostering France shall ne'er betray her trust;
'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impose,
To pay with praise the merit e'en of foes.
When the great warrior of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her base,
To prove her virtue, though it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had deny'd.

Enough of *self*—that darling luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd strong with pride!
What man can from himself himself divide?
For me (nor dare I lie), my leading aim
(Conscience first satisfied) is love of fame,
Some little fame deriv'd from some brave few,
Who prizing honour, prize her vot'ries too.
Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely
So those (the greatest curse I meet below) [speak,
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.

Let none of those, whom blest'd with parts above
My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
Doing more mischief than a thousand fops,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
And call it mine, for mine though never known,
Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own,
Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
Let none of those, whom I despise though great,
Pretending friendship to give malice weight,
Publish my life: let no false speaking peer
(Some such there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
Nor soul gall'd bishop damn me with a note.
Let one poor spire of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead.
Let it (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams through the church-yard whilst his dis-
ner's dress'd.

Let it hold up this comment to his eyes:
"Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies;
Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing stat'ry gives)
Reading my works, he cries—"Here Churchill
lives."

Enough of *satire*—in less harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.
I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave,
Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms.
When, in her faithful and immortal page,
They saw transmitted down from age to age
Recorded villains, and each spotted name
Branded with marks of everlasting shame,
Succeeding villains fought her as a friend,
And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend.
But in an age, when actions are a show,
Which strike all honour dead, and crimes a row,
Too terrible to suffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a court;
Propp'd by the arm of pow'r, when vice, high-
born,

High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn;
When she is lost to ev'ry thought of fame,
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to shame;
When prudence a much easier task must hold
To make a new world, than reform the old;
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if she cannot cure, she will not wound.

Come, panegyric—though the muse disdains
Founded on truth, to prostitute her strains
At the base instance of those men, who hold
No argument but pow'r, no god but gold;
Yet, mindful that from heav'n she drew her birth,
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth,
Virtuous herself, brings virtue forth to view,
And loves to praise, where praise is justly due.

Come, panegyric—in a former hour,
My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,
Thy shrine I sought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r;
E'en at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
The pen of truth and honour in my hand,

Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,
Whilst, Hayter * brought too quickly to his end,
I lost a subject, and a mankind a friend.

Come, panegyric—bending at thy throne.
Thee and thy pow'r my soul is proud to own.
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
And lead me safe through passes yet untry'd.
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the house of satire leads mankind;
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praise.

What though no theme I choose of vulgar note,
Nor wish to write as brother-bards have wrote,
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream;
What though a theme I choose, which might demand

The nicest touches of a master's hand;
Yet, if the inward workings of my soul
Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
And envy shall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The poet praising, and the patron prais'd.

What patron shall I choose? Shall public voice
Or private knowledge influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
Or, seeking patriots, to friend Wildman's † go?

To Wildman's! cry'd discretion, (who had heard,

Close standing at my elbow, ev'ry word) [sure
To Wildman's! Art thou mad? Canst thou be
One moment there to have thy head secure?
Are they not all (let observation tell)

All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
In *Doomsday* book by ministers set down,
Who style their pride the honour of the crown?
Make no reply—let reason stand aloof—

Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof.
That settled faith, that love which ever springs

In the best subjects for the best of kings,
Must not be measur'd now, by what men think,
Or say, or do—by what they eat, and drink;
Where and with whom, that question's to be try'd,

And statesmen are the judges to decide;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,
They, facts confess, in themselves vest the law.

Each dish at Wildman's of sedition smacks;
Blasphemy may be gospel at Ailmack's. [vain;

Peace, good discretion, peace—thy fears are
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train,
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, against the mighty stir.

If, from long proof, my temper you distrust,
Weigh my profession, to my gown be just;

Dost thou one parson know so void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place? [mains]

If still you doubt (though scarce a doubt re-
Search through my alter'd heart, and try my reins;
There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the court.

* Dr. Thomas Hayter, Bishop of London. He died January 9. 1762.

† Master of the tavern where the then opposers of administration used to meet.

Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of mistakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor blush to own that change, which reason wrought.

For such a change as this, must justice speak;
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.

Begot to no one man, or set of men,
Without one selfish view, I drew my pen;
My country ask'd, or seem'd to ask my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade:
A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong;
Convinc'd, I change (can any man do more?
And have not greater patriots chang'd before?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do less!)
Without a single blush, that change confess;
Confess it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the losing for the winning side;
Granting, whilst virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,
What Bute for ages might have fought in vain.

Hail, Sandwich—nor shall Wilkes resentment show,

Hearing the praises of so brave a foe— [refuse
Hail, Sandwich—nor, through pride, shalt thou
The grateful tribute of so mean a muse—

Sandwich, *all hail*—when Bute with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, scour'd the land,
When Scots, or slaves to Scotsmen, steer'd the helm,
When peace, inglorious peace, disgrac'd the realm,
Distrust, and gen'ral discontent prevail'd;

But when (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd;
When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a Mars (fear order'd to retreat)
We saw thee nimbly vault into his seat,

Into the seat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoisseur in stateman'ship;
When, like another Machiavel, we saw
Thy fingers twisting and untwisting law,

Straining, where godlike reason bade, and where
She warrant'd thy mercy, pleas'd to spare;
Saw thee resolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come
might)

To do thy God, thy king, thy country right;
All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no
more,

Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,
What virtues such as thine must needs produce.

Thy foes (for honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,
In sullen silence sit; thy friends (some few,
Who, friends to thee, are friends to honour too)

Plaud thy brave bearing, and the common weal
Express her safety from thy stubborn zeal.

A place amongst the rest the muses claim,
And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.

From his youth upwards, to the present day,
When vices more than years have mark'd him gray,
When riotous excess with wasteful hand
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing
sand,

Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.

Where (reason left without the least defence)
Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense,
Where impudence made decency submit,
Where noise was humour, and where whim was wit.

Where rude, untemper'd licence had the merit
Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit,
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
Lothario was, with justice, always first.

To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle,
Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out—encore,
Whilst gray authority, who slumbers there
In robe's of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches through the streets at noon,
To force plain nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
To make one leg run races with his brother;
'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
Bute to ride first, and he to ride behind;
To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
Lothario, on that stock which nature gives,
Without a rival stands, though March * yet lives.

When folly (at that name, in duty bound,
Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
Whilst they who, in the presence, upright stand,
Are held as rebels through the loyal land),
Queen ev'ry where, but most a queen in courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her sports,
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age;
Lothario, great above the common size,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And ev'ry day deserves it more and more.

Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
Vice, bold, substantial vice, puts in her claim,
And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
Observe his follies well, and you would swear
Folly had been his first, his only care;
Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,
And swear that he was born for vice alone.

Is the soft nature of some hapless maid
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd;
Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt, declare her shame?
Is some brave friend, who, men but little known,
Deems ev'ry heart as honest as his own,

And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnar'd, and ruin'd with a smile?
Is law to be perverted from her course?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is freedom to be crush'd, and ev'ry son,
Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone?
Is base corruption, creeping through the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, sure, though slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are kings, who trust to servants, and depend
In servants (fond, vain thought!) to find a friend,
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkness thicker than the shades of death?
Is God's most holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphem'd?
Are debauchees in morals to preside?
Is faith to take an Atheist for her guide?
Is science by a blockhead to be led?
Are states to totter on a drunkard's head?
To answer all these purposes, and more,
More black than ever villain plann'd before,
Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.

Is this nobility, which, sprung from kings,
Was meant to swell the pow'r from whence it springs,

Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which nature hop'd for from so rich a root?
Were there but two (search all the world around)
Were there but two such nobles to be found,
The very name would sink into a term
Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a lord; but nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,
Made only one; and, having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more.
Nor stopp'd she there, but, like a gen'rous friend,
The ills which error caus'd, she strove to mend;
And, having brought Lothario forth to view,
To save her credit, brought forth Sandwich too.

Gods! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art,
Of ev'ry art which great ones in the state
Practise on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Not prone to think that virtues can descend,
Do I behold (a sight, alas! more rare
Than honesty could wish) the noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known
They're his by virtue, not by birth alone,
When he recalls his father from the grave,
And pays with int'rest back the same he gave,
Cur'd of her splenetic and sullen fits,
To such a peer my willing soul submits,
And to such virtue is more proud to yield,
Than 'gainst ten-titled rogues to keep the field,
Such (for that truth e'en envy shall allow)

Such Wyndham * was, and such is Sandwich now,
O gentle Montague, in blessed hour
Didst thou start up, and climb the stairs of pow'r;

* Afterwards Duke of Queensberry.

Earl of Egremont. He died August 1763.

England, of all her fears at once was eas'd;
 Nor 'mongst her many foes, was one displeas'd.
 France heard the news, and told it *cousin* Spain;
 Spain heard, and told it *cousin* France again;
 The Hollander relinquish'd his design
 Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine,
 Of Indian villainies he thought no more;
 Content to rob us on our native shore;
 Aw'd by thy fame (which winds with open mouth
 Shall blow from east to west, from north to south),
 The western world shall yield us her increase,
 And her wild sons be foster'd into peace;
 Rich eastern monarchs shall exhaust their stores,
 And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores;
 Unbounded wealth, which from those golden
 scenes,

And all acquir'd by *honourable means*,
 Some *honourable chief* shall hither steer,
 To pay our debts, and set the nation clear.

Nabobs themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
 Shall pay due homage to the English crown,
 Shall freely as their king our king receive—
 Provided the *directors* give them leave.

Union at home shall mark each rising year;
 Nor taxes be complain'd of, though severe;
 Envy her own destroyer shall become,
 And faction with her thousand mouths be dumb;
 With the meek man thy meekness shall prevail,
 Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail;
 Some to thy force of reason shall submit,
 And some be converts to thy princely wit;
 Reverence for thee shall still a nation's cries,
 A grand concurrence crown a grand excise;
 And unbelievers of the first degree,
 Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.

When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
 Possess'd the region of each heated brain;
 When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
 And all were mad, but mad in different ways;
 When commonwealth's-men, starting at the shade
 Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
 Of tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
 And with state-bloodhounds hunted freedom down;
 When others, struck with fancies not less vain,
 Saw mighty kings by their own subjects slain,
 And in each friend to liberty and law,
 With horror big, a future Cromwell saw;
 Thy manly zeal stepp'd forth, bade discord cease,
 And sung each jarring atom into peace;
 Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,
 Shall, waking from her trance, live, and not die;
 And, patroniz'd by thee, prerogative
 Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live;
 Whilst privilege, hung betwixt earth and sky,
 Shall, not well know, whether to live or die.

When on a rock which overhung the flood,
 And seem'd to totter, commerce shiv'ring stood;
 When credit, building on a sandy shore,
 Saw the sea swell, and heard the tempest roar,
 Heard death in ev'ry blast, and in each wave
 Or saw, or fancied that she saw her grave;
 When property, transferr'd from hand to hand,
 Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly through the
 land;

When mutual confidence was at an end,
 And man no longer could on man depend;

Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
 When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state;
 When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
 A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid;
 That to be sav'd we must be more undone,
 And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
 Like England's better genius, born to bless,
 And snatch his sinking country from distress,
 Didst thou step forth, and without fail or oar
 Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore;
 Nor shalt thou quit, till anchor'd firm and fast,
 She rides secure, and mocks the threat'ning blast!

Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
 Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
 By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
 Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
 Economy her needful aid shall join

To forward and complete thy grand design,
 And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
 Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
 Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
 Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still,
 In vain have sly and subtle sophists tried
 Private from public justice to divide;

For credit on each other they rely,
 They live together, and together die.
 'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,
 High-treason in the eye of common sense,
 To think a statesman ever can be known
 To pay our debts, who will not pay his own.
 But now, though late, now may we hope to see
 Our debts discharg'd, our credit fair and free,
 Since rigid honesty, fair fall that hour,
 Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
 With what delight I view thee, wond'rous man,
 With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
 That plan which all with wonder must behold,
 And stamp thy age the only age of gold.

Nor rest thy triumphs here—that discord fled,
 And fought with grief the hell where she was
 bred;

That faction, 'gainst her nature forc'd to yield,
 Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,
 Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
 Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck
 dumb;

That our most bitter foes (so much depends
 On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
 That our offended friends (such terror flows
 From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
 That credit, gasping in the jaws of death,
 And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
 Grows stronger from disease; that thou hast sav'd
 Thy drooping country; that thy name engrav'd
 On plates of brass defies the rage of time;
 'Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred rhyme
 Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
 And gives thee what the muse alone can give;
 These heights of virtue, these rewards of fame,
 With thee in common other patriots claim.

But that poor sickly science, who had laid
 And droop'd for years beneath neglect's cold shade,
 By those who knew her purposely forgot,
 And made the jest of those who knew her not,
 Whilst ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd pride,
 Clad like a priest, pass'd by on t' other side,

Recover'd from her wretched state, at length
Puts on new health, and clothes herself with
strength,

To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand,
Which rais'd, and gave her to possess the land.
This praise, though in a court, and near a throne,
This praise is thine, and thine, alas! alone.

With what fond rapture did the goddess smile,
What blessings did she promise to this isle,
What honour to herself, and length of reign!
Soon as she heard, that thou didst not disdain
To be her steward; but what grief, what shame,
What rage, what disappointment shook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will dispute,
When youth was insolent, and age was mute.

That young men should be fools, and some wild
few,
To wisdom deaf, be deaf to int'rest too,
Mov'd not her wonder; but that men grown gray
In search of wisdom, men who own'd the sway
Of reason, men who stubbornly kept down
Each rising passion, men who wore the gown,
That they should cross her will, that they should
dare

Against the cause of int'rest to declare,
That they should be so abject and unwise,
Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, scorning the ready means
Of being vicars, rectors, canons, deans,
With all those honours which on mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of state;
That they should dare a Hardwick to support,
And talk within the hearing of a court,
Of that vile beggar confidence, who undone,
And starv'd herself, starves ev'ry wretched son;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore.
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Though dullness there unrivall'd state *dash* keep,
Would she at Winchester with Burton * sleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull, and still more mean,
Rather than bear such insults, she would fly
Far, far beyond the search of *English* eye,
And reign amongst the Scots: to be a queen
Is worth ambition, though in Aberdeen.

O, stay thy flight, fair science! what though some,
Some base-born children rebels are become,
All are not rebels; some are dutious still,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy int'rest is oppos'd by those alone,
Who either know not, or oppose their own.

Of stubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
Marshall'd by form, and by discretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black † Smith of Trinity; on Christian ground
For faith in mysteries none more renown'd.

* Dr. John Burton, master of Winchester school.

† Dr. Robert Smith, master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Next (for the best of causes now and then
Mult beg assistance from the worst of men)
Next (if old story lies not) sprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece;
Her, wretched maid! committed to his trust,
To a rank lecher's coarse and bloated lust,
The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had sold,
And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a college bred,
No woman knew but those which made their bed,
Who, planted virgins on Cam's virtuous shore,
Continued still male virgins at three score;
Comes Sumner *, wife, and chaste as chaste can be,
With Long †, as wife, and not less chaste than he.

Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cause,
Who, for thy sake, defying penal laws,
Were, to support thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jersey and the Isle of Man?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree
Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee?
Are there not proctors faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo still,
Who may, perhaps, in some ten years, or more,
Be ascertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a still more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind?

With such a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcases, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And, ere they dare the battle, found retreat.

But if persuasions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor prayers can move,
Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe,
Why talk of Burton? why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford? she with open arms
Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms;
Shall for thy love her former loves resign,
And jilt the banish'd Stuarts, to be thine.
Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
Tutor'd to get by heart the despot's creed,
She, of subjection proud, shall kneel thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;
She shall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial sway,
If subjects none but just commands obey?

Then, and then only is obedience seen;
When, by command, they dare do all that's mean.
Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.

Gods, with what joy (for fancy now supplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)
Gods, with what joy I see the worthies meet,
And brother Litchfield ‡ brother Sandwich greet.

* Dr. John Sumner, provost of King's College, Cambridge.

† Dr. Roger Long, master of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

‡ The Earl of Litchfield, then high steward of Oxford.

Blest be your greetings, blest each dear embrace,
 Blest to yourselves, and to the human race,
 Sick'ning at virtues which she cannot reach,
 Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
 Let envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
 Outrageous, search the corners of the world,
 Ranfack the present times, look back to past,
 Rip up the future, and confess at last,
 No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
 Produce, and bless the world with such a pair.

Phillips *, the good old Phillips, out of breath,
 Escap'd from Monmouth, and escap'd from death,
 Shall hail his Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,
 That glorious ardour for the commonweal,
 Which warm'd his loyal heart, and bless'd his
 tongue,

When on his lips the cause of rebels hung;
 Whilst womanhood, in habit of a nun,
 At Mednam lies, by backward monks undone;
 A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouse score,
 Whilst Paul the aged chalks behind a door,
 Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up;
 Dastwood † shall pour, from a communion cup,
 Libations to the goddess without eyes,
 And bob and nob in cyder and excise.

From those deep shades, where vanity, unknown,
 Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone;
 Curs'd in herself, by her own thoughts undone,
 Where she sees all, but can be seen by none;
 Where she no longer, mistress of the schools,
 Hears praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
 Or hears it at a distance; in despair
 To join the croud, and put in for a share,

Twisting each thought a thousand different ways,
 For his new friends new-modelling old praise,
 Where frugal sense so very fine is spun,
 It serves twelve hours, though not enough for
 one,

‡ King shall arise, and burbling from the dead,
 Shall hurl his *piccolo* Latin at thy head.

Burton (whilst awkward affectation's hung
 In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
 Who 'gainst their will makes junior blockheads
 speak,

Ign'rant of both, new Latin, and pew Greek,
 Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
 But of a modern cut, and all his own;
 Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such
 a string,

They're praise, and censure; nothing, ev'ry thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and style so full of trick,
 They even make a Merry Andrew sick;
 Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,
 They're verse, they're prose, they're neither, and
 they're both)

Shall (though by nature ever loth to praise)
 Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase;
 Obscurely stiff, shall crush poor sense to death,
 Or in long periods run her out of breath;

* Sir John Phillips. At this juncture he was so
 unpopular as to excite the rage of a mob at Monmouth
 against him.

† Sir Francis Dastwood, Lord Le Despenser.

‡ Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.

Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
 Adam could not have found a proper name;
 Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
 He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it style.

Hush'd be all nature as the land of death;
 Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his
 breath;

Be the bells muffled, nor one sound of care,
 Pressing for audience, wake the slumb'ring air;
 Brown comes—behold how cautiously he creeps—
 How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
 But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
 He cannot wake, but he shall dream of thee.

Physic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
 Her loins by the chaste matron camphire bound,
 Physic, obtaining succour from the pen
 Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden,
 If there are men who can thy virtue know,
 Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe,
 Shall, like a *scholar*, stop their rebel breath,
 And in each recipe send *classe* death.

So deep in knowledge, that few lines can found
 And plumb the bottom of that vast profound,
 Few grave ones with such gravity can think,
 Or follow half so fast as he can sink,
 With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
 Obscure with meaning, and in words perplex,
 With subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
 Meant to divide and subdivide the mind,
 Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,
 The scowling Blackstone * bears the train of law.

Divinity, enrob'd in college fur,
 In her right hand a *new court kalendar*,
 Bound like a book of pray'r, thy coming waits
 With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.

Loyalty, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,
 A stranger long, but stranger now no more,
 Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
 Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies,
 Shall with much pleasure and more wonder view
 Men great at court and great at Oxford too.

O sacred loyalty! accurs'd be those,
 Who, seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes;
 Who prostitute to kings thy honour'd name,
 And smother their passions to betray their fame:
 Nor praise'd be those, to whose proud nature
 clings

Contempt of government, and hate of kings;
 Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
 A strange intemperance of zeal avow,
 And start at loyalty, as at a word
 Which without danger freedom never heard.

Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
 And to the state not wholesome, like the dreams,
 Children of night, of indigestion bred,
 Which, reason clouded, seize and turn the head.
 Loyalty without freedom is a chain
 Which men of lib'ral notice can't sustain;
 And freedom without loyalty, a name
 Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.

Thine be the art, my Sandwich, thine the toil,
 In Oxford's stubborn and untoward soil

* Sir William Blackstone, afterwards one of the
 Judges of the Common-Pleas.

To rear this plant of union, till at length,
 Rooted by time, and foster'd into strength,
 Shooting aloft, all danger it defies,
 And proudly lifts its branches to the skies;
 Whilst wisdom's happy son, but not her slave,
 Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
 Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
 Beneath that shade which thy own labours wrought
 And fashion'd into strength, shalt thou repose,
 Secure of lib'ral praise, since his flows,
 True to her Tame, as duty hath decreed,
 Nor longer, like a harlot, lust for Tweed,
 And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dar'd
 twine
 To grace a Stuart brow, the plants on thine.

THE FAREWELL.

P. FAREWELL to Europe, and at once farewell
 To all the follies which in Europe dwell!
 To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
 Richer, alas! in ev'ry thing but rhyme,
 The muses steer their course, and, fond of change,
 At large, in other worlds, desire to range;
 Resolv'd at least, since they the fool must play,
 To do it in a diff'rent place and way.

F. What whim is this, what error of the brain,
 What madness worse than in the dog-star's reign?
 Why into foreign countries would you roam,
 Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
 If satire be thy object, and thy lays
 As yet have shown no talents fit for praise;
 If satire be thy object, search all round,
 Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found
 Like England, where to rampant vigour grown
 Vice chokes up ev'ry virtue; where, self-fown,
 The seeds of folly shoot forth rank and bold,
 And every seed brings forth a hundred fold.

P. No more of this—though truth (the more
 our shame [claim,
 The more our guilt) though truth perhaps may
 And justify her part in this, yet here,
 For the first time, e'en truth offends my ear.
 Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
 Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,
 I hear, and hate—be England what she will,
 With all her faults she is my country still. [word

F. Thy country, and what then? Is that mere
 Against the voice of reason to be heard?
 Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
 To counteract, and make thee hate the truth?
 'Tis the sure symptom of a narrow soul
 To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
 And take up with a part: men, not confin'd
 Within such paltry limits, men design'd
 Their nature to exalt; where'er they go,
 Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,
 Where'er the blessed sun, plac'd in the sky
 To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,
 Are still the same, and, prejudice out-grown,
 Consider every country as their own.
 At one grand view they take in nature's plan,
 Not more at home in England than Japan.

P. My good grave Sir of theory, whose wit,
 Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,

'Tis mighty easy e'er a glass of wine
 On vain refinements vainly to refine;
 To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
 To boast of apathy when out of pain,
 And in each sentence, worthy of the schools,
 Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules
 Most fit for practice but for one poor fault,
 That into practice they can ne'er be brought.

At home, and sitting in your elbow chair,
 You praise Japan, though you was never there,
 But was the ship this moment under sail,
 Would not your mind be chang'd, your spirits fail,
 Would you not cast one longing eye to shore,
 And vow to deal in such wild schemes no more?
 Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
 Those passions which we cannot choose but feel,
 There's a strange something, which without a
 brain

Fools feel, and which e'en wife men can't explain,
 Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
 In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.

If honour calls, where'er the points the way,
 The sons of honour follow, and obey;
 If need compels, wherever we are sent,
 'Tis want of courage not to be content;
 But, if we have the liberty of choice,
 And all depends on our own single voice,
 To deem of ev'ry country as the same,
 Is rank rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim
 Of nature; and such dull indifference
 May be philosophy, but can't be sense.

F. Weak and unjust distinction, strange design,
 Most peevish, most perverse, to undermine
 Philosophy, and throw her empire down
 By means of sense, from whom she holds her
 crown.

Divine philosophy, to thee we owe
 All that is worth possessing here below;
 Virtue and wisdom consecrate thy reign,
 Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.

When, like a garden, where, for want of toil,
 And wholesome discipline, the rich rank soil
 Teems with encumbrances; where all around
 Herbs noxious in their nature make the ground,
 Like the good mother of a thankless son,
 Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undone;
 Like such a garden, when the human soul,
 Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of controul,
 Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race,
 Which spread, and stifle ev'ry herb of grace,
 Whilst virtue, check'd by the cold hand of scorn,
 Seems with'ring on the bed where she was born,
 Philosophy steps in; with steady hand
 She brings her aid, she clears th' encumber'd land;
 Too virtuous to spare vice one stroke, too wise
 One moment to attend to pity's cries,
 See with what godlike, what relentless pow'r
 She roots up ev'ry weed

P. And ev'ry flow'r.
 Philosophy, a name of meek degree,
 Embrac'd, in token of humility,
 By the proud sage, who, whilst he strove to hide,
 In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride:
 Philosophy, whom nature had design'd
 To purge all errors from the human mind,

Herself misled by the philosopher,
At once her priest and master, made us err;
Pride, pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,
Tainted her laws, and e'en made virtue sour.

Had she, content within her proper sphere,
Taught lessons suited to the human ear,
Which might fair virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament, but real use,
The heart of man unrivall'd she had sway'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd.
But when she, overturning reason's throne,
Strive proudly in its place to plant her own;
When she with apathy the breast would steel,
And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel;
When she would wildly all her force employ,
Not to correct our passions, but destroy;
When, not content our nature to restore,
As made by God, she made it all new o'er;
When, with a strange and criminal excess,
To make us more than men, she made us less;
The good her dwindled pow'r with pity saw,
The bad with joy, and none but fools with awe.

Truth with a simple and unvarnish'd tale
E'en from the mouth of N—— might prevail,
Could she get there; but falsehood's sugar'd strain
Should pour her fatal blandishments in vain,
Nor make one convert, though the fyren hung,
Where the too often hangs, on M—— tongue.
Should all the Sophs, whom in his course the sun
Hath seen, or past or present, rise in one;
Should he, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
Like Plato, give us poetry in prose;
Should he, full orator at once, impart
Th' Athenian's genius with the Roman's art,
Genius and art should in this instant fail,
Nor Rome though join'd with Athens here pre-
vail:

'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man,
To make me find one fault in nature's plan.
Plac'd low ourselves, we censure those above,
And, wanting judgment, think that she wants
love;

Blame where we ought in reason to commend,
And think her most a foe when most a friend.
Such be philosophers—their specious art,
Though friendship pleads, shall never warp my
heart;

Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,
Which nature, my best friend hath planted there.

F. Forgiving, as a friend, what, whilst I live,
As a philosopher I can't forgive,
In this one point at last I join with you;
To nature pay all that is nature's due;
But let not clouded reason sink so low
To fancy debts she does not, cannot owe.
Bear, to full manhood grown, those shackles bear,
Which nature meant us for a time to wear,
As we wear leading-strings, which, useless grown,
Are laid aside, when we can walk alone.
But on thyself, by peevish humour sway'd,
Wilt thou lay burdens nature never laid? [errs,
Wilt thou make faults, whilst judgment weakly
And then defend, mistaking them for her's?
Dar'it thou go, say, in our enlighten'd age,
That this grand master passion, this brave rage,

Which flames out for thy country, was impress'd
And fix'd by nature in the human breast?

If you prefer the place where you was born,
And hold all others in contempt and scorn
On fair comparison; if on that land
With lib'ral and a more than equal hand
Her gifts as in profusion plenty sends;
If virtue meets with more and better friends;
If science finds a patron 'mongst the great;
If honesty is minister of state;
If pow'r, the guardian of our rights design'd,
Is to that great, that only end confin'd;
If riches are employ'd to bless the poor;
If law is sacred, liberty secure;
Let but these facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reason declares, thy love can't be too great;
And in this light could he our country view,
A very Hottentot must love it too.

But if, by fate's decrees, you owe your birth
To some most barren and penurious earth,
Where, ev'ry comfort of this life denied,
Her real wants are scantily supplied,
Where pow'r is reason, liberty a joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke;
To fix thy love on such a wretched spot,
Because in lust's wild fever there begot,
Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
But chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee
there,

Is folly, which admits not of defence;
It can't be nature, for it is not sense.
By the same argument which here you hold,
(When falsehood's insolent, let truth be bold)
If propagation can in torments dwell,
A devil must, if born there, love his hell.

P. Hard fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,
And e'en in punishment confess a friend,
Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untry'd,
On purpose made to mortify my pride,
Where the sun never gave one glimpse of day,
Where science never yet could dart one ray;
Had I been born of some bleak, blasted plain
Of barren Scotland, in a Stuart's reign;
Or in some kingdom, where men, weak or worse,
Turn'd nature's ev'ry blessing to a curse,
Where crowns of freedom by the father's won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate son;
In spite of all the wisdom you display,
All you have said, and yet may have to say,
My weakness here, if weakness, I confess,
I, as my country, had not lov'd her less.

Whether strict reason bears me out in this,
Let those who, always seeking, always miss
The ways of reason, doubt with precious zeal;
Their's be the praise to argue, mine to feel.
With we to trace this passion to the root,
We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,
From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling;
Yet in the circle of revolving years,
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence then, and what you reason call adore;
This, if not reason, must be something more.

But (for I will not others to confine,
Be their opinions unrestrict'd as mine)

Whether this love's of good or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a spice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide:
If it is virtuous, sooth an honest pride
With lib'ral praise; if vicious, be content,
It is a vice I never can repent;
A vice which, weigh'd in heav'n shall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other scale.

F. This wild untemper'd zeal (which after all
We, candour unimpeach'd, might madness call)
Is it a virtue? That you scarce pretend:
Or can it be a vice, like virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and dissolves the force
Of private ties, nay stops us in our course
To that grand object of the human soul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,
This nook, which scarce deserves a frown or smile,
Weigh'd with creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one.
The generous soul, by nature taught to soar,
Her strength confirm'd in philosophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with ease,
And, seeing all mankind, loves all she sees.

P. Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in reason's creed, though found in
yours,

That these two services, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's cannot hold
And draw together; that however loth,
We neither serve, attempting to serve both;
I could not doubt a moment which to choose,
And which in common reason to refuse.

Invented oft for purposes of art,
Born of the head, though father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world must be confess'd
A barren speculation at the best.
Not one man in a thousand, should he live
Beyond the usual term of life, could give,
So rare occasion comes, and to so few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true.

The love we bear our country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;
'Tis in the mind an everlasting spring
Of glorious actions, which become a king,
Nor less become a subject; 'tis a debt
Which bad men, though they pay not, can't forget;
A duty, which the good delight to pay,
And ev'ry man can practise ev'ry day.

Nor, for my life (so very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument), can I desert
What you with faith assert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my country can remove,
And make me of necessity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Those ties of private nature, small extent,
In which the mind of narrow cast is pent,
Are only steps on which the gen'rous soul
Mounts by degrees 'till she includes the whole.
That spring of love, which in the human mind,
Founded on self, flows narrow and confin'd,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The social charities of blood and friends,
'Till smaller streams included, not o'erpass,
Rises to our country's love at last;

And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend as you would appear to common
sense,

Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your country?

P. Can the son,
(Shame, shame, on all such sons) with ruthless
eye,

And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,
And by some ruffian, from all shame divorc'd,
All virtue, see his honour'd mother forc'd!
Then, no, by him that made me, not e'en then,
Could I with patience, by the worst of men,
Behold my country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost
Beyond redemption, all her glories cross'd
E'en when occasion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while she awakes to shame.

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her sinking state, than basely to decline
So great a cause, and in despair resign?

P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilst mere able patriots doubt, she dies.
From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that peace our glorious hopes defeats,
'Tis not the voice of faction in the streets,
'Tis not a gross attack on freedom made,
'Tis not the arm of privilege display'd
Against the subject; whilst she wears no sting
To disappoint the purpose of a king;
These are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With those, which are contriv'd, though not de-
Tell me philosopher, is it a crime

To pry into the secret womb of time,
Or, born in ignorance, must we despair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it so—still the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to cast,
And judge of what's to come, by what is past.

Should there be found in some not distant year
(O how I wish to be no prophet here),
Amongst our British lords, should there be found
Some great in pow'r, in principles unsound,
Who look on freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the springs of loyalty are dry;
Who wish to soar on wild ambition's wings,
Who hate the commons, and who love not kings;
Who would divide the people and the throne
To set up separate interests of their own;
Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
And only join with, to destroy them both;
Should there be found such men in after times,
May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them
And to their rage this wretched land condemn.

Thou God above, on whom all states depend,
Who knowest from the first their rise and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the book of fate
When ruin must involve our equal state;
When law, alas! must be no more, and we,
To freedom born, must be no longer free;

Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,
Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm:
Let not, whatever other ill assail,
A damned aristocracy prevail.

If, all too short, our course of freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,
Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be slaves to one, and be that one a king.

F. Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft substitute creations of the brain
For real substance, and themselves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your case.—But grant, to sooth your
pride,

That you know more than all the world beside.
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Resolv'd, and like a man, at once speak out;
Show us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to ensure our safety, make us wise.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools
stray;

The proud will rather lose than ask their way;
To men of sense what needs it to unfold
And tell a tale which they must know untold?
In the bad, in'trest warps the canker'd heart,
The good are hoodwink'd by the tricks of art;
And whilst arch, subtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of discontent alive,
Whilst they, with arts to honest men unknown,
Breed doubts between the people and the throne,
Making us fear, where reason never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,
And 'gainst our real danger seal our eyes.

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded
stand [land.

On shame's black roll, and sink through all the
P. That might some courage, but no prudence
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me. [be;

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks;
But may not judges sometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your country's laws in doubt then you reject?

P. The laws I love, the lawyers I suspect:

Amongst twelve judges may not one be found,
(On bare, bare possibility I ground
This wholesome doubt, who may enlarge, retrench,
Create and uncreate, and from the bench,
With winks, smiles, nods, and such like paltry arts,
May work and worm into a jury's hearts;
Oh, baffled there, may, turbulent of soul,
Cramp their high office, and their rights controul;
Who may, though judge, turn advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making interpretation all the way,
In spite of facts, his wicked will obey,
And, leaving law without the least defence,
May damn his conscience to approve his sense?

F. Whilst the true guardians of this charter'd
land,

In full and perfect vigour, juries stand,

A judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex.

P. Suppose I should be tried in Middlesex?

F. To pack a jury they will never dare.

P. There's no occasion to pack juries there.

F. 'Gainst prejudice all arguments are weak,
Reason herself without effect must speak.

Fly then thy country, like a coward fly,
Renounce her int'rest; and her laws defy.
But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vast wrath suffice?
Cannot thy misbegotten muse lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?

P. Thy counsel taken, what should satire do?
Where could she find an object that is new?
Those travell'd youths, whom tender mothers
wean,

And send abroad to see, and to be seen,
With whom, lest they should fornicate, or worse,
A tutor's sent, by way of a dry nurse,
Each of whom just enough of spirit bears,
To show our follies, and to bring home theirs,
Have made all Europe's vices so well known,
They seem almost as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will India for thy purpose better do? [new.

P. In one respect at least—there's something

F. A harmless people, in whom nature speaks
Free and untainted; 'mongst whom satire seeks,
But vainly seeks, so simply plain their hearts,
One bosom where to lodge her poison'd darts.

P. From knowledge speak you this, or doubt
on doubt

Weigh'd and resolv'd, hath reason found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by reason taught,
You have faith ev'ry where but where you ought,
India or Europe—What's there in a name?

Propensity to vice in both the same,
Nature alike in both works for man's good,
Alike in both by man himself withstood.
Nabobs, as well as those who hunt them down,
Deserve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debate
As any polish'd prince of Christian race.

F. Could you a task more hard than you suppose,
Could you, in ridicule whilst satire glows,
Make all their follies to the life appear,
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here.
Howe'er well drawn, the picture after all,
Because we know not the original,
Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try,
And if your observations sterling hold,
If the piece should be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the side of nature lean,
And, meaning nothing, something seem to mean,
To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us something that we know,
And from all honest men applause to win,
I'll grouse the company, and put them in.

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by shame sup-
press'd,

Add not distress to those too much distress'd.
Have they not, by blind zeal misfed, laid bare
Those sores which never might endure the air?
Have they not brought their mysteries so low,
That what the wise suspected not, fools know?
From their first rise e'en to the present hour,
Have they not prov'd their own abuse of pow'r?
Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd;

Whilst uneduc'd by ministers, the throne
Regards our interest, and knows its own?

P. Should ev'ry other subject chance to fail,
Those who have fail'd, and those who wish to fail
In the last fleet, afford an ample field,
Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.

F. On such vile food satire can never thrive.

P. She cannot starve, if there was only Clive.

THE TIMES.

The time hath been, a boyish, blushing time,
When modesty was scarcely held a crime;
When the most wicked had some touch of grace,
And trembled to meet virtue face to face:
When those, who in the cause of sin grown gray,
Had serv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet so weak an awkward shame to feel,
And strove that glorious service to conceal;
We, better bred, and than our fires more wise,
Such paltry narrowness of soul despise,
To virtue ev'ry mean pretence disclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our shame.

Time was, ere temperance had fled the realm;
Ere luxury sat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's space
Reserv'd for business, or allow'd for grace;
Ere vanity had so far conquer'd sense
To make us all wild rivals in expence,
To make one fool strive to outvie another,
And ev'ry coxcomb dress against his brother;
Ere banish'd industry had left our shores,
And labour was by pride kick'd out of doors;
Ere idleness prevail'd sole queen in courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for sports;
Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And dissipation held the place of thought;
Ere gambling Lords in vice so far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the sun look on;
Ere a great nation, not less just than free,
Was made a beggar by economy;
Ere rugged honesty was out of vogue,
Ere fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogue;
Time was, that men had conscience, that they
made

Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,
Who dar'd abuse and falsify his trust,
Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjust;
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,
He walk'd the crowded streets in solitude,
Nor could his rank, and station in the land,
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxima (O, might such revive
To keep expiring honesty alive)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd,
Not just through principle, but just through pride.
Our times, more polish'd, wear a different face;
Debts are an honour; payment a disgrace.
Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on folly's list,
May gravely tell us trade cannot subsist,
Nor all those thousands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once destroy'd,

Why—be it so—We in that point accord;
But what is trade and tradesmen to a lord?

Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,
Of tradesmen by his villany betray'd,
And, vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made;
What is't to Faber? Lordly as before,
He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,
Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? He continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state.
The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,
In bitterness of soul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the

skies.
What is't to Faber? He stands safe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here;
And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
The name of privilege 'gainst vulgar awe;
He feels no conscience, and he fears no law.

Nor think, acquainted with small knaves alone,
Who have not shame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on such men, to whom contempt is due,
Contempt shall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded stand through all the Land of Shame.
No—to his porch, like Persians to the sun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All sworn to keep his crimes in countenance.
Nor wonder at it—They partake the charge,
As small their conscience, and their debts as large.

Propp'd by such clients, and without controul,
From all that's honest in the human soul,
In grandeur mean, with insolence unjust,
Whilst none but knaves can praise, and fools will
Carefs'd and courted, Faber seems to stand
A mighty pillar in a guilty land,
And (a sad truth to which succeeding times
Will scarce give credit, when 'tis told in rhyme)
Did not strict honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the throne, did not true piety
(Who, link'd with honour for the noblest ends,
Ranks none but honest men amongst her friends)
Forbid us to be crush'd with such a weight,
He might in time be minister of state.

But why enlarge I on such petty crimes?
They might have shock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as nothing.—We begin
Where our fires ended, and improve in sin,
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our sons to do.

Nor deem this censure hard; there's not a place
Most consecrate to purposes of grace,
Which vice hath not polluted; none so high,
But with bold pinion the hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleasure; none so low,
But the hath crept into it; made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in courts, in camps the reigns,
O'er sober citizens, and simple swains;

E'en in our temples she hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.

More to increase the horror of our state,
To make her empire lasting as 'tis great;
To make us in full-grown perfection feel
Curfes which neither art nor time can heal,
All shame discarded, all remains of pride,
Meanness sits crown'd, and triumphs by her side;
Meanness, who gleans out of the human mind
Those few good seeds which vice had left behind,
Those seeds which might in time to virtue tend,
And leaves the soul without a pow'r to mend;
Meanness, at sight of whom, with brave disdain
The breast of manhood swells, but swells in vain,
Before whom honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And freedom is compell'd to quit her seat;
Meanness, which, like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,
God, in his great and all-subduing rage,
Ordains the standing mark of this vile age.

The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The patriot's virtue for a place is sold,
The statesman bargains for his country's shame,
And for preferment priests their God disclaim.
Worn out with lust, her day of lech'ry o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which she bore
In her own paths; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to some old lecher for a wife,
And makes her an adulteress for life,
Or in the papers bids his name appear,
And advertises for a L———;
Husband and wife (whom av'rice must applaud)
Agree to save the charge of pimp and bawd;
These parts they play themselves, a frugal pair,
And share the infamy, the gain to share;
Well pleas'd to find, when they the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue so well.

Nor are these things (which might imply a spark
Of shame still left) transacted in the dark.
No—to the public they are open laid,
And carried on like any other trade.
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkness in a cloud,
In fullest vigour vice maintains her sway;
Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.
Meanness, now wed to impudence, no more
In darkness skulks, and trembles, as of yore,
When the light breaks upon her coward eye;
Boldly she stalks on earth, and to the sky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,
And turn her husband's love to canker'd hate,
Since fate, to make them more sincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their son;
A son so like his dam, so like his fire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image so express in every part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had they fifty children, he alone
Would stand as heir apparent to the throne.

With our own island vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the Continent,
Dance Europe round, and visit ev'ry court,
To ape their follies, and their crimes import.

To diff'rent lands for diff'rent sins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,
Nobly industrious to make vice appear
In her full state, and perfect only here.

To Holland, where politeness ever reigns,
Where primitive sincerity remains,
And makes a stand, where freedom in her course
Hath left her name, though she hath lost her force
In that, as other lands, where simple trade
Was never in the garb of fraud array'd,
Where av'rice never dar'd to show his head,
Where, like a smiling cherub, mercy, led
By reason, blesses the sweet-blooded race,
And cruelty could never find a place,
To Holland for that charity we roam,
Which happily begins and ends at home.

France, in return for peace and pow'r restor'd,
For all those countries, which the hero's sword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;
France hath afforded large and rich supplies
Of vanities full-trimm'd, of poliss'd lies,
Of soothing flatteries, which through the ears
Steal to, and melt the heart, of slavish fears
Which break the spirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas! we need not fend abroad.

Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth—
Gives us that jealousy, which, born of fear
And mean distrust, grows not by nature here—
Gives us that superstition, which pretends
By the worst means to serve the best of ends—
That cruelty, which, stranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward, and the slave;
That cruelty, which led her Christian bands
With more than savage rage o'er savage lands,
Bade her without remorse whole countries thin,
And hold of nought but mercy as a sin.

Italia, nurse of ev'ry softer art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart,
Who lays the realms of sense and virtue waste,
Who mars whilst she pretends to mend our taste;
Italia, to complete and crown our shame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The farce of greatness without being great,
Pride without pow'r, titles without estate,
Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cause, revenge without remorse,
Dark mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealousy without love, sound without sense,
Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reason, gospel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart,
Half-men, who, dry and pitiless, are debar'd
From man's best joys—no sooner made than marr'd—

Half-men, whom many a rich and noble dame,
To serve her lust, and yet secure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,
To glut out appetites at last decreed;
Women, who dance in postures so obscene,
They might awaken shame in Aretine;
Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the mysteries of night,

Might make the muses, in a corner plac'd
To view their monstrous lusts, deem Sappho chaste;
These, and a thousand follies rank as these,
A thousand faults, ten thousand fools, who please
Our pall'd and sickly taste; ten thousand knaves,
Who serve our foes as spies, and us as slaves,
Who by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expence
Of fame, of virtue, taste, and common sense.

Nor stop we here—the soft luxurious east,
Where man, his soul degraded, from the beast
In nothing diff'rent but in shape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
Attracts our eye; and flowing from that source,
Sins of the blackest character, sins worse
Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,
And strike all manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame;
Sins, if such sins can be, which shut out grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place,
E'en in God's mercy, sins 'gainst nature's plan,
Possess the land at large, and man for man
Burn in those fires, which hell alone could raise
To make him more than damn'd, which, in the
days

Of punishment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures she can scarce repay.

Be grace shut out; be mercy deaf; let God
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
Which speaks them lost, and sentenc'd to despair;
Disending wide her jaws, let hell prepare
For those who thus offend amongst mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
On earth, which groans beneath their monstrous
weight,

On earth, alas! they meet a diff'rent fate;
And whilst the laws, false grace, false mercy
shown,

Are taught to wear a softness not their own,
Men, whom the beasts would spurn, should they
appear

Amongst the honest herd, find refuge here.

No longer by vain fear or shame controul'd,
From long, too long security grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our streets,
And Lumley e'en at noon his mistress meets:
So public in their crimes, so daring grown,
They almost take a pride to have them known;
And each unnat'ral villain scarce endures
To make a secret of his vile amours.
Go where we will, at ev'ry time and place,
Sodom confronts, and stares us in the face;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honest
whores.

Those who are mean high paramours secure,
And the rich guilty screen the guilty poor;
The sin too proud to feel from reason awe,
And those who practise it too great for law.

Woman, the pride and happiness of man,
Without whose soft endearments nature's plan
Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the loves and graces taught,

With softest arts, and sure, though hidden skill,
To humanize, and mould us to her will;

Woman, with more than common grace form'd

With the persuasive language of a tear

To melt the rugged temper of our isle,

Or win us to her purpose with a smile;

Woman, by fate the quickest spur decreed,

The fairest, best reward of ev'ry deed,

Which bears the stamp of honour; at whose name

Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,

And dar'd beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain,

Spurning the carcasses of princes slain,

Confusion proudly strode, whilst horror blew

The fatal trump, and death stalk'd full in view;

Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by

As having lost its use; no more the eye

With female beauty caught, in wild amaze,

Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;

No more the heart, that seat where love resides,

Each breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tides

Life posting through the veins, each pulse on fire,

And the whole body tingling with desire,

Pants for those charms, which virtue might engage

To break his vow, and thaw the frost of age,

Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle strain,

And giving pleasure which is almost pain.

Women are kept for nothing but the breed;

For pleasure we must have a Ganymede;

A fine, fresh Hylas, a delicious boy,

To serve our purposes of beastly joy.

Fairest of nymphs where ev'ry nymph is fair,

Whom nature form'd with more than common
care,

With more than common care whom art improv'd,

And both declar'd most worthy to be lov'd,

neglected wanders, whilst a crowd

Pursue, and consecrate the steps——

She, hapless maid, born in a wretched hour,

Wastes life's gay prime in vain, like some fair
flower,

Sweet in its scent, and lively in its hue,

Which withers on the stalk from whence it grew,

And dies uncropp'd; whilst he, admir'd, carest,

Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome guest,

With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,

For this unnat'ral lust a common sewer.

Dine with Apicius—at his sumptuous board

Find all the world of dainties can afford—

And yet (so much distemper'd spirits pall

The sickly appetite) amidst them all

Apicius finds no joy, but, whilst he carves

For ev'ry guest, the landlord sits and starves.

The forest haunch, fine fat, in flavour high,

Kept to a moment, smokes before his eye,

But smokes in vain; his heedless eye runs o'er

And lothes what he had deified before;

The turtle, of a great and glorious size,

Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize

For which a man of taste all risks would run,

Itself a feast, and ev'ry dish in one;

The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,

Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dress'd by Quin:

In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;

As Quin hath dress'd it, he may eat it too.

Apicius cannot.—When the glass goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roofs with mirth rebound,
Sober he sits, and silent—All alone
Though in a crowd, and to himself scarce known,
On grief he feeds, nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suspend his cares, and make him cease to pine.

Why mourns Apicius thus? Why runs his eye,
Heedless' o'er delicacies, which from the sky
Might call down Jove? Where now his generous
wifh,

That, to invent a new and better dish,
The world might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roast a Phoenix at the fire?
Why swims that eye in tears, which, through a
race

Of sixty years, ne'er show'd one sign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pumper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his stomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of sorrow? Hath fate call'd
His father from the grave to second life?
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife;
Or hath the law, by strictest justice taught,
Compell'd him to restore the dower he brought?
Hath some bold creditor against his will
Brought in, and forc'd him to discharge a bill,
Where eating had no share? Hath some vain
wench

Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
Hath any rival glutton got the start,
And beat him in his own luxurious art;
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or dress'd old dainties in a newer way?
Hath his cook, worthy to be slain with rods,
Spoil'd a dish fit to entertain the gods;
Or hath some varlet, cross'd by cruel fate,
Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?

None, none of these—his servants all are try'd,
So sure they walk on ice, and never slide;
His cook, an acquisition made in France,
Might put a Chloe out of countenance,
Nor, though old Holles still maintains his stand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land;
Women are all the objects of his hate,
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his state
In full security and triumph held,
Unless for once a knave should be expell'd;
His wife is still a whore, and in his pow'r,
The woman gone, he still retains the dow'r;
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mix'd the draught, and kindly sent him
there)

His father sleeps, and, till the last trump shake
The corners of the earth, shall not awake.

Whence flows this sorrow then? behind his chair
Didst thou not see, deck'd with a solitaire,
Which on his bare breast glitt'ring play'd, and
grac'd

With nicest ornaments, a stripling plac'd,
A smooth, snug, stripling, in life's fairest prime?
Didst thou not mind too, how from time to time
The monstrous lecher, tempted to despise
All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
How he seem'd inly to reproach us all,
Who strove his fix'd attention to recal,

And how he wish'd, e'en at the time of grace,
Like Janus, to have had a double face?
His cause of grief behold in that fair boy;
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy.

Vain and unthinking stripling! When the glass
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you pass,
Flat'ring, presents in smiles thy image there,
Why dost thou bless the gods, who made thee
fair?

Blame their large bounties, and with reason blame;
Curse, curse thy beauty, for it leads to shame,
When thy hot lord, to work thee to his end,
Bids show'rs of gold into thy breast descend,
Suspect his gifts, nor the vile giver trust;
They're baits for virtue, and smell strong of lust.
On those gay, gaudy trappings which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with scorn,
View them with horror; they pollution mean,
And deepest ruin: thou hast often seen,
From 'mongst the herd, the fairest and the best
Carefully singled out, and richly dress'd,
With grandeur mock'd, for sacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at last to bleed.

Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger shun,
To stay a moment is to be undone.
What though, temptation proof, thy virtue shine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine,
All other methods failing, one resource
Is still behind, and thou must yield to force.
Paint to thyself the horrors of a rape, [escape;
Most strongly paint, and, whilst thou canst,
Mind not his promises—they're made in sport—
Made to be broke—Was he not bred at court?
Trust not his honour, he's a man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths—they're made on earth,
Not register'd in heav'n—He mocks at grace,
And in his creed God never found a place—
Look not for conscience—for he knows her not,
So long a stranger, she is quite forgot—
Nor think thyself in law secure and firm—
Thy master is a lord, and thou a worm,
A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well supplied with meat and drink,
And suffer'd just to crawl from place to place,
Must serve his lusts, and think he does thee grace.

Fly, then, whilst yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly;
But whither canst thou go? on whom rely
For wish'd protection? Virtue's fure to meet
An armed host of foes in ev'ry street.

What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone?
Or why take refuge in the house of pray'r,
If sure to meet with an Apicius there?
Trust not old age, which will thy faith betray,
Saint Socrates is still a goat, though gray;
Trust not green youth; Florio will scarce go down,
And, at eighteen, hath forfeited the town;
Trust not to rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
They take up raking only as a fence
'Gainst common fame—place H— in thy view;
He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two;
Trust not to marriage—T— took a wife,
Who chaste as Dian might have pass'd her life;
Had she not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,

And save expiring titles) taken care
Without his knowledge to provide an heir;
Trust not to marriage, in mankind unread;
S—'s a married man; and S— new wed.

Would'st thou be safe? Society forbear,
Fly to the desert; and seek shelter there,
Herd with the brutes—they follow nature's plan—
In Afric's wilds—'mongst them that refuge
find,

Which lust denies thee here among mankind;
Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on manhood; on all four
Walk, as you see those honest creatures do,
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.

But if the thoughts of solitude alarm,
And social life hath one remaining charm,

If still thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongst the monsters of Augusta's breed,

Lay by thy sex, thy safety to procure;
Put off the man, from men to live secure;

Go forth a woman to the public view,
And with their garb assume their manners too.

Had the *light-footed* Greek of Chiron's school
Been wise enough to keep this single rule,

The maudlin hero, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his plaything, on the plains of Troy

Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his minion in his mistress' room.

Be not in this than catamites more nice,
Do that for virtue which they do for vice.

Thus shalt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus stand uncourted in the drawing-room,

At midnight thus, untempted, walk the street,
And run no danger but of being beat.

Where is the mother, whose officious zeal
Discreetly judging what her daughters feel

By what she felt herself in days of yore,
Against that lecher man makes fast the door?

Who not permits, e'en for the sake of pray'r,
A priest, uncastrated, to enter there,

Nor (could her wishes and her care prevail)
Would suffer in the house a boy that's male?

Let her discharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;

Nor can a man be found, as times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.

Though they more fresh, more lively than the
morn,

And brighter than the noon-day sun, adorn
The works of nature; though the mother's grace

Revives, improv'd, in ev'ry daughter's face;
Undisciplin'd in dull discretion's rules,

Untaught, and undebauch'd by boarding-schools,
Free and unguarded, let them range the town,

Go forth at random, and run pleasure down,
Start where she will, discard all taint of fear,

Nor think of danger when no danger's near.
Watch not their steps—They're safe without thy

care,
Unless, like jennets, they conceive by air,

And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,
Unless they breed, like carrion, in the sun.

Men, dead to pleasure, as they're dead to grace,
Against the law of nature set their face,

VOL. X.

The grand primeval law, and seem combin'd
To stop the propagation of mankind;
Vile Pathics read the marriage act with pride,
And fancy that the law is on their side.

Broke down, and strength a stranger to his bed,
Old L——, though yet alive, is dead;

T—— lives no more, or lives not to our ill;
No longer blest with a Cz——'s smile

T—— is at P—— disgrac'd,
And M—— grown gray, perforce grows chaste;

Nor, to the credit of our modest race,
Rises one stallion to supply their place.

A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December the rank fly would blow

Though closely kept, *now*, when the Dog-star's heat
Inflames the marrow in the very street,

May lie untouched, left for the worms, by those
Who daintily pass by, and hold their nose.

Poor, plain concupiscence is in disgrace,
And simple lech'ry dares not show her face,

Left she be sent to Bridewell: bankrupts made,
To save their fortunes, bawds leave off that trade,

Which first had left off them; to *Wellfleet-Square*
Fine, fresh, young strumpets (for Dodd preaches

there)
Throng for subsistence; pimps no longer thrive,

And pensions only keep L—— alive.
Where is the mother, who thinks all her pain,

And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
When a man-child is born; thinks ev'ry pray'r

Paid to the full, and answer'd in an heir?
Short-sighted woman! little doth she know

What streams of sorrow from that source may flow;
Little suspect, while she surveys her boy,

Her young Narcissus, with an eye of joy,
Too full for continence, that fate could give

Her darling as a curse; that she may live,
Ere sixteen winters their short course have run,

In agonies of soul, to curse that son.
Pray then for daughters, ye wife mothers,

pray;
They shall reward your love, not make you gray;

Before your time with sorrow; they shall give
Ages of peace and comfort, whilst ye live

Make life most truly worth your care, and save,
In spite of death, your memories from the grave.

That sense, with more than manly vigour
fraught,

That fortitude of soul, that stretch of thought,
That genius, great beyond the narrow bound

Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted most, that purity of taste

Which critics mention by the name of chaste
Adorn'd with elegance, that easy flow

Of ready wit which never made a foe,
That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,

Those pow'rs of pleasing with that will to please,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,

E'en from the curish Pope extorted praise,
We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine,

And view a new Lepel in Caroline.
Is a son born into this world of woe?

In never-ceasing streams let sorrow flow;
Be from that hour the house with fables hung,

Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
N a

E'en from the moment that he first began
To wail and whine; let him not see a man;
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye,
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought: B——, though rich, was sold,
And gave his body up to shame for gold.

Let it be bruited all about the town,
That he is coarse, indelicate and brown,
An antidote to lust, his face deep scarr'd
With the small-pox, his body mair'd and marr'd,
Eat up with the king's evil and his blood,
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running sore.
Should'st thou report him as by nature made,
He is undone and by thy praise betray'd;
Give him out fair, lechers in number more, [door
More brutal and more fierce, than through'd the
Of Lot in Sodom, shall to thine repair,
And force a passage, though a god is there.

Let him not have one servant that is male;
Where lords are baffled, servants oft prevail.
Some vices they propose, to all agree:
H—— was guilty, but was M—— free?

Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than trust his morals to a monk—
Monks we all know—we, who have liv'd at home,
From fair report and travellers, who roam,
More feelingly—nor trust him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For base designs; ourselves have liv'd to see
More than one parson in the pillory.
Should he have brothers, (image to thy view
A scene, which, though not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t' other known,
Nor let his father sit with him alone.
Be all his servants female, young, and fair;
And if the pride of nature spur thy heir
To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get some score of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime,
Which, more at this than any other time,
Call for indulgence, and, 'mongst such a race,
To have a bastard is some sign of grace.

Born in such times, should I sit tamely down,
Suppress my rage, and saunter through the town
As one who knew not, or who shar'd these
crimes?

Should I at lesser evils point my rhymes,
And let this giant sin, in the full eye
Of observation, pass unwarded by?
Though our meek wives, passive obedience taught,
Patiently bear those wrongs for which they ought,
With the brave spirit of their dams possess'd,
To plant a dagger in each husband's breast,
To cut off male increase from this fair isle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Though, on his Sunday, the smug pulpiteer,
Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here,
And thinks himself absolv'd, in the pretence
Of decency, which meant for the defence
Of real virtue, and to raise her price,
Becomes an agent for the cause of vice; [take
Though the law sleeps, and through the care they
To drug her well, may never more awake;

Born in such times, nor with that patience curb
Which saints may boast of, I must speak, or burst.

But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice and chaster ear,
If all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,
And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, ye fair—my real motives view,
And to forgiveness add your praises too.
For you I write—nor with a better plan,
The cause of woman is most worthy man—
For you I still will write, nor hold my hand,
Whilst there's one slave of Sodom in the land.

Let them fly far, and skulk from place to place,
Not daring to meet manhood face to face,
Their steps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads, or rest their
feet.

'Till God in wrath shall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile this town expire,
Her towers in dust, her Thames a lake of fire;
Or they (most worth our wish) convinc'd, though
late,

Of their past crimes, and dangerous estate,
Pardon of women with repentance buy,
And learn to honour them, as much as I.

INDEPENDENCE.

HAPPY the bard (though few such bards we find)
Who, 'bove controulment, dares to speak his mind;
Dares, unabash'd, in every place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear,
His fashion cannot tempt, him abject need
Cannot compel, him pride cannot mislead
To be the slave of greatness, to strike fail,
When, sweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality, in full plumage, passes by;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due state,
And is above conversing with the great.

Perish those slaves, those minions of the quill,
Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred hill
Where the nine sisters pour a genuine strain,
And sunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean, private views, and servile art,
No spark of virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd apostates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have disgrac'd,
Like Eli's sons, the altar where they stand,
And caus'd their name to sink through all the
land,

Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen
For the support of great but guilty men,
Have made the bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a lord.

What is a lord? Doth that plain, simple word
Contain some magic spell? As soon as heard,
Like an alarm-bell on night's dull ear,
Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Through reason's court doth it unquestion'd go
E'en on the mention, and of course transmit
Notions of something excellent, of wit [chaste,
Pleasing though keen, of humour free though
Of sterling genius with sound judgment grac'd,

Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas nature's first intent,
Before their rank became their punishment.
They should have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to
prize

The blessings she bestow'd.—She gave them eyes,
And they could see—she gave them ears—they
heard—

The instruments of stirring, and they stirr'd—
Like us, they were design'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think:
'Till they, by pride corrupted, for the sake
Of singularity, disclaim'd that make;
'Till they, disdainful nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and struck into another road,
More fitting *quality*, and to our view
Came forth a species altogether new, [know,
Something we had not known, and could not
Like nothing of God's, making here below;
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—*lords* are things,
Which, never made by me, were made by kings.

A *lord* (nor let the honest and the brave,
The true, old noble with the fool and knave
Here mix his fame: curst be that thought of
mine,

Which with a B—and F—should Grafton join)

A *lord* (nor here let censure rashly call
My just contempt of some, abuse of all,
And as of *late*, when S-dom was my theme,
Slander my purpose, and my muse blaspheme,
Because she stops not, rapid in her song,
To make exceptions as she goes along,
Though well she hopes to find, another year,
A whole minority exceptions here)
A mere, mere *lord*, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame,
Lives on another man; himself a blank,
Thankless he lives, or must some grandfire thank
For smugged honours, and ill-gotten pelf;
A *lord* owes all to nature and himself.

Gods, how my soul is burnt up with disdain,
When I see men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lacquer the heels of those
Whom genius ranks amongst her greatest foes!
And what's the cause? Why these same sons of
scorn,

No thanks to them, were to a title born,
And could not help it; by chance hither sent,
And only deities by accident.
Had fortune on our getting chanc'd to shine,
Their birthright honours had been *your's* or *mine*.
'Twas a mere random stroke; and should the
throne

Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, though a bard, might'st be their fellow yet,
But Felix never can be made a wit.
No, in good faith—that's one of those few things
Which fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of kings.
Bards may be lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn lords into bards.

A *lord*—a *lord*—Why let them hand
Go forth as friends, and travel through the land;
Observe which word the people can digest
Most readily, which goes to market best,

Which gets most credit; whether men will trust
A *lord* because they think he may be just,
Or on a *lord* will choose to risk their gains,
Though *privilege* in that point still remains.

A *lord*—a *lord*—let reason take her scales,
And fairly weigh those words; see which pre-
vails,

Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,
And which by sinking, we the victor deem.

'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a synod in the sacred grove. [high,
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on
And sit in state the senate of the sky;
Whilst, in a kind of parliament below,
Men stare at those above, and want to know
What they're transacting. Reason takes her stand
Just in the midst, a balance in hand,
Which o'er and o'er she tries, and finds it true.
From either side, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth of figure strange and queer;
We now and then see something like them here.

The *first* was meagre, slimy, void of strength,
But nature kindly had made up in length
What she in breadth denied. Erect and proud,
A head and shoulders taller than the crowd,
He deem'd them pigmies: all: loose hung his skin
O'er his bare bones; his face so very thin,
So very narrow, and so much beat out,
That physiognomists have made a doubt,
Proportion lost, expression quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not;
At end of it howe'er, unblest with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd;
With legs, which we might well conceive that fate
Meant only to support a spider's weight,
Firmly he strove to tread, and with a stride
Which show'd at once his weakness and his pride,
Shaking himself to pieces, seem'd to cry,
"Observe good people, how I shake the sky."

In his right hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Distinct, and plain for those who run to see,
Saint Archibald had wrote *L O R D*.
This, with an air of scorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into reason's scales, and on that bar,
Which from his soul he hated, yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd,
The judge to all around his name declar'd;
Each goddess titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove
star'd,

And the whole people cried, with one accord,

"Good Heaven bless us all, is that a *lord*!"

Such was the *first*—the *second* was a man,
Whom nature built on quite a different plan;
A *bear*, whom from the moment he was born
His dam despis'd, and left *unlick'd* in scorn;
A *Babel*, which, the pow'r of art overdone,
She could not finish when she had begun;
An utter *chaos*, out of which no might
But that of God could strike one spark of light.
Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to
blade

A *H*—might at full length have laid;
Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong;
His face was short, but broader than 'twas long;

His features, though by nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge,
And bury meaning, save that we might spy
Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye;
His arms were two twin oaks; his legs so stout
That they might bear a mansion-house about;
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Design'd by fate a much less weight to bear.

O'er a brown *cassock*, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A sight most strange, and awkward to behold,
He threw a covering of *blue* and *gold*,
Just at that time of life, when man by rule,
The top laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He started up a fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another Hercules turn'd *beau*.

A subject met with only now and then,
Much sifter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (envy must allow)
E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now.

With such accoutrements, with such a form,
Much like a porpoise just before a storm,
Onward he roll'd: a laugh prevail'd around,
E'en Jove was seen to smother; at the sound
(Nor was the cause unknown, for from his youth
Himself he studied by the glass of truth)
He join'd their mirth, nor shall the gods condemn,
If, whilst they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd through his soul, and quite forgot his face,
And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other scale the name of *bard*.

Then (for she did as judges ought to do,
She nothing of the case beforehand knew,
Nor wish'd to know; she never stretch'd the laws,
Nor, safely to anticipate a cause,
Compell'd solicitors, no longer free,
To show those briefs she had no right to see)
Then she with equal hand her scales held out,
Nor did the cause one moment hang in doubt;
She held her scales out fair to public view,
The *lord*, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew,
More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The *bard*, preponderating, kept his state.
Reason approv'd, and with a voice whose sound
Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground,
Pronouncing for the *bards* a full decree,
Cried—"Those must honour *them* who honour *me*;

"They from this present day, where'er I reign,
In their own right precedence shall obtain:
"Merit rules here; be it enough that *birth*
Intoxicates, and sways the fools of earth."

Nor think that here, in hatred to a lord,
I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;
Search when you will (I am not now in sport)
You'll find it register'd in reason's court.

Nor think that envy here hath strung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I most admire;
And look on titles with an eye of scorn,
Because I was not to a title born.

By him that made me, I am much more proud,
More inly satiated to have a crowd
Point at me as I pass, and cry,—"That's he—
"A poor, but honest bard, who dares be free
"Amidst corruption," than to have a train
Of sick'ning levee slaves, to make me vain

Of things I ought to blush for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am less than man, my faults I adore,
And make me think that I am something more.

Recal past times, bring back the days of old,
When the great noble bore his honours bold,
And in the face of peril, when he dar'd
Things which his legal bastard, if declar'd,
Might well discredit; faithful to his trust,
In the extremest points of justice just,
Well knowing all, and lov'd by all he knew,
True to his king, and to his country true;
Honest at court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dress, and in his manners plain;
Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous, but not profuse,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their use;
Possessing much, and yet deserving more,
Deserving those high honours which he wore
With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, because he did not claim;
When the grim war was plac'd in dread array,
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,
Or lionses of royal whelps foredone,
In peace, as mild as the departing sun,
A gen'ral blessing whereof'er he turn'd,
Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd;
Ever awake at pity's tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all;
Recal such times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart shall bend or crack;
My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And ev'ry muse conspire to swell his fame,
Till envy shall to him that praise allow
Which she cannot deny to Temple now.

This justice claims, nor shall the bard forget,
Delighted with the task, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a man, and in his lays,
Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise.
But let not pride and prejudice misdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme;
Titles with me are vain, and nothing worth,
I reverence virtue, but I laugh at birth.
Give me a lord that's honest, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his slave;
Though none indeed but blockheads would pretend
To make a slave where they may make a friend.
I love his virtues, and will make them known,
Confess his rank, but can't forget my own.
Give me a lord, who, to a title born,
Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.
What, shall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way, if such a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee
To such a shadow of nobility,
A shred, a remnant? He might rot unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note,
Had he not worn by chance his father's coat.
To think a M—— worth my least regards,
Is treason to the *majesty* of *bards*.

By nature form'd (when for her honour's sake
She something more than common strove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour she impress'd
Her stamp most strongly on the favour'd breast)

The *bard*, nor think too lightly that I mean
Those little, piddling wittings, who o'erween
Of their small parts, the Murphys of the stage,
The Masons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
And draw out measure'd prose, which they call
verse)

The real *bard*, whom native genius fires,
Whom every maid of Castaly inspires,
Let him consider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but answer nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himself with other men,
Would ne'er debase the glories of his pen,
Would in full state, like a true monarch, live,
Nor 'bate one inch of his prerogative.

Methinks I see old Wingate frowning here,
(Wingate may in the season be a peer,
Though now, against his will, of figures sick,
He's forc'd to diet on arithmetic,
E'en whilst he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old clothes to sell about the streets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His *Tyburn* bob turn'd to a dress'd bag wig)
I hear him cry—"What doth this jargon mean?
"Was ever such a damn'd dull blockhead seen?
"Majesty—*Bard*—*Prerogative*—Disdain
"Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
"To *Bethlem* with him—give him whips and
draw—

"I'm very sensible he's mad in law.
"A saucy groom who trades in reason, thus
"To set himself upon a *par* with us;
"If this *here's* suffer'd, and if that *there* fool
"May when he pleases send us all to school,
"Why then our only business is outright
"To take our caps, and bid the world good night.
"I've kept a *bard* myself this twenty years,
"But nothing of this kind in him appears.
"He, like a thorough true-bred spaniel, licks
"The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which
kicks;
"He fetches and he carries, blacks my shoes,
"Nor thinks it a discredit to his muse;
"A creature of the right camelion hue,
"He wears my colours, yellow or true blue,
"Just as I wear them; 'tis all one to him
"Whether I change through conscience or through
whim.

"Now this is something like; on such a plan
"A *bard* may find a friend in a great man;
"But this proud coxcomb—Zounds, I thought
that all

"Of this queer tribe had been like my *old Paul*."
Injurious thought! accursed be the tongue
On which the vile insinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd! Curse be those,
Those *bards*, who not themselves alone expose,
But me, but *all*, and make the very name
By which they're call'd a standing mark of shame.

Talk not of custom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but passes not with me;
An old stale trick, which guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better side.
Why tell me then that from the birth of rhyme,
matter when, down to the present time,

As by th' original decree of fate,
Bards have protection sought amongst the great;
Conscious of weakness, have applied to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their stem,
Flourish'd on high; to gain this wish'd support,
E'en Virgil to Mæcenas paid his court?
As to the custom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a foolish diffidence, not need,
From which it rose: had *bards* but truly known
That strength, which is most properly their
own,

Without a *lord*, *unpropp'd*, they might have stood,
And overtopp'd those giants of the wood.

But why, when present times my care engage,
Must I go back to the *Augustan* age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the mansions of the ancient dead?
Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,
And must I seek Mæcenas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mæcenas quote;
Under his colours *lords* are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mæcenas was a *knight*;
They mention him, as if to use his name
Was in some measure to partake his fame,
Though Virgil, were he living, in the street
Might rot for them, or perish in the *Fleet*.
See how they redden, and the charge disclaim—
Virgil, and in the *Fleet*!—Forbid it, shame.
Hence, ye vain boasters, to the *Fleet* repair,
And ask, with blushes ask, if LLOYD is there*.

Patrons, in days of yore, were men of sense,
Were men of taste, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters.—Some of them were heard
To read off hand, and never spell a word;
Some of them too, to such a monstrous height
Was learning risen, for themselves could write,
And kept their secretaries, as the great
Do many other foolish things, for state.

Our patrons are of quite a different strain,
With neither sense nor taste, against the grain,
They patronize for fashion sake—no more—
And keep a *bard*, just as they keep a *woror*.
Melcombe † (on such occasion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
Nor could deserve their *clergy* by their *creed*;
Others can write, but such a *pagan* hand,
A Willes ‡ should always at our elbow stand;
Many, if begg'd, a *chancellor*, of right,
Would order into keeping at first sight.
Those who stand fairest to the public view,
Take to themselves the praise to others due;
They rob the very *spital*, and make free
With those, alas! who've least to spare.—We see,
—hath not had a word to say,
Since winds and waves bore Singleſpeech away.

Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the *bard* should make his bow

* Lloyd died in the *Fleet*, Dec. 15, 1764, shortly
after the publication of this poem.

† George Bulb Dodington, Lord Melcombe. He
died July 28, 1762.

‡ Doxyphorus to the state.

At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the present day,
They never birk'd the poet of his pay.
Virgil lov'd rural ease, and, far from harm,
Mæcenas fix'd him in a neat, snug farm,
Where he might free from trouble, pass his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.
Horace lov'd wine, and, through his friend at
court,

Could buy it off the quay in ev'ry port;
Horace lov'd mirth, Mæcenas lov'd it too,
They met, they laugh'd, as Goy * and I may do,
Nor in those moments paid the least regard
To which was *minister*, and which was *bard*.

Not for our patrons—grave as grave can be,
They *know themselves*, they keep up *dignity*;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit;
Wit, if familiar made, will find her strength—
'Tis best to keep her weak and at arms-length.
'Tis well enough for *bards*, if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live.
Such is their language, and their practice such,
They promise little, and they give not much.
Let the weak *bard*, with prostituted strain, [dain;
Praise that proud Scot, whom all good men dis-
What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rhyme;
Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)
May at the *second* table get a place,
With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.

And are there *bards*, who on creation's file
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair ile
The air of freedom with so little gill,
So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall
Before these idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a
stone?

Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The sight of men, and in some cave, secure
From all the outrages of pride, to feast
On nature's fallads, and be free at least.
Better (though that, to say the truth, is worse
Than almost any other modern curse)
Discard all sense, divorce the thankless muse,
Critics commence, and write in the *reviews*;
Write without tremor, Griffiths cannot read;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can succeed.

But (not to make a brave and honest pride
Try those means first, she must disdain when
tried)

There are a thousand ways, a thousand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts
May gain a living, gain what nature craves;
Let those, who pine for more, live, and be slaves.
Our real wants in a small compass lie,
But lawless appetite with eager eye,
Kept in a constant fever, more requires,
And we are burnt up with our own desires.

* A Frenchman, secretary to Mr. Wilkes.

Hence our dependence, hence our slav'ry springs;
Bards, if contented, are as great as kings.
Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;
We may be independent, if we will.
The man who suits his spirit to his state,
Stands on an equal footing with the great;
Moguls themselves are not more rich, and he
Who rules the English nation, not more free.
Chains were not forg'd more durable and strong
For *bards* than others, but they've worn them long,
And therefore wear them still; they've quite for-
got

What freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
Could they, though in their sleep, could they but
know

The blessings which from independence flow;
Could they but have a short and transient gleam
Of liberty, though 'twas but in a dream;
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But, once made freemen, would be always free.
The muse, if she one moment freedom gains,
Can never more submit to sing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his song,
But if some playful child sets wide the door,
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
With love of liberty begins to burn,
And rather starves than to his cage return.

Hail, Independence—by true reason taught,
How few have known, and priz'd thee as thou
ought.

Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,
Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys;
Ambition some, some avarice misleads,
And in both cases independence bleeds:
Abroad, in quest of thee, how many roam,
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home;
Some, though about their paths, their bed-abouts,
Have never had the sense to find thee out;
Others, who know of what they are possess'd,
Like fearful misers, lock thee in a chest,
Or have the resolution to produce
In these bad times, and bring thee forth for use.
Hail, Independence—though thy name's scarce
known,

Though thou, alas! art out of fashion grown,
Though all despise thee, I will not despise,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy presence, and enjoy: by angry fate
Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, thou cam'st
though late,

Thou cam'st upon me, like a second birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail, Independence—never may my cot,
Still I forget thee, be by thee forgot;
Thither, O thither oftentimes repair;
Cotes *, whom thou lov'st too, shall meet thee
there;

All thoughts, but what arise from joy, give o'er;
Peace dwells within, and law shall guard the door.
O'erweening bard! law guard thy door, what
law?

The law of England?—To controul, and save

* Humphrey Cotes,

Those saucy hopes, to strike that spirit dumb,
Behold, in state, administration come.

Why let her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to suffer all she dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her strength, but will not change my side.
This melting mals of flesh she may controul
With iron ribs, she cannot chain my soul.
No—to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,
I'm still at large, and independent there.

Where is this minister? Where is the band
Of ready slaves, who at his elbow stand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will?
Why for the first time, are they slow to ill?
When some grand act 'gainst law is to be done,
Doth — sleep: doth bloodhound — run
To L——, and worry those small deer,
When he might do more precious mischief here?
Doth Webb turn tail? Doth he refuse to draw
Illegal warrants; and to call them law? (run,
Doth Webb, a Guildford kick'd, from Guildford
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his son,
And, his more honest rival Ketch to cheer,
Purchase a burial-place where three ways meet?
Believe it not; — is — still.
And never sleeps, when he should wake to ill;
— doth lesser mischief, by the bye,
The great ones till the term in *to* lie;
Webb lives, and, to the strictest justice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.

O my poor country—weak and overpowered
By thine own sons—eat to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed;
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I see,
And, for myself not feeling, feel for thee.
I grieve, but can't despair—for, lo, at hand
Freedom presents a choice, but faithful band
Of loyal patriots men who greatly dare
In such a noble cause, men fit to bear
The weight of empires; *fortune, rank, and sense,*
Virtue, and knowledge, leagu'd with eloquence,
March in their ranks—freedom from file to file.
Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile
Approves her honest sons, whilst down her cheek,
As 'twere by stealth (her heart too full to speak)
One tear in silence creeps, one honest tear,
And seems to say, "Why is not Granby here?"

O ye brave few in whom we still may find
A love of virtue, freedom, and mankind,
Go forth, in majesty of woe array'd,
See, at your feet your country kneels for aid,
And (many of her children traitors grown)
Kneels to those sons the still can call her own;
Seeming to breathe her last in ev'ry breath,
She kneels for freedom, or she begs for death—
Fly then, each dutious for each English chief,
And to your dropping paren bring relief.
Go forth—nor let the tyren voice of ease
Tempt ye to sleep, whilst tempests swell the seas;
Go forth—nor let the hypocrit, whose tongue
With many a fair, false, fatal art is hung,
Like Bethel's fawning prophet, cross your way,
When your great errand brooks not of delay;
Nor let vain fear, who cries to all she meets,
Trembling and pale—"A lion in the streets"—

Damp your free spirits; let not threats affright,
Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight.
Be as one man—concord success ensures—
There's not an English heart but what is yours.
Go forth—and virtue ever in your fight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth the champions of your native land,
And may the battle prosper in your hand—
It may, must—Ye cannot be withstood—
Be your heart honest, as your cause is good.

THE JOURNEY.

SOME of my friends (for friends I must suppose
All, who, not daring to appear my foes
Feign great good-will, and not more full of spite
Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
Sons of my friends (so lavishly I print)
As more in sorrow than in anger, hint
(I thought that indeed scarce will admit a doubt)
That I shall run my stock of genius out;
My no great stock, and, publishing so fast,
Must needs become a bankrupt at the last.
"The husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,
"Which, rich in disposition, pays his toil
"More than a hundred fold, which swells his store
"E'en to his wish, and makes his barns run o'er,
"By long experience taught who teaches best,
"Foregoes his hopes a while, and gives it rest.
"The land, allow'd its losses to repair,
"Refresh'd; and full in strength, delights to wear
"A second youth, and to the farmer's eyes
"Bids richer crops and double harvests rise.
"Not think this practice to the earth confin'd;
"It reaches to the culture of the mind.
"The mind of man craves rest, and cannot bear,
"Though next in pow'r to God's continual care.
"Genius himself (not here let genius frown)
"Must, to ensure his vigour, be laid down,
"And fallow'd well: had Churchill known but
"this, [mis],
"Which the most slight observer scarce could
"He might have flourish'd twenty years or more,
"Though now, alas! poor man! worn out in
"four."

Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
I feel alas! this melancholy truth,
Thank to each cordial, each advising friend,
And am, if not too late, resolv'd to mend,
Resolv'd to give some respite to my pen,
Apply myself once more to books and men,
View what is present, what is past review,
And my old stock exhausted, lay in new.
For twice six moons (let winds, turn'd porters, bear
This oath to Heav'n) for twice six moons, I swear
No muse shall tempt me with her syren lay,
Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way:
Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that friend,
Who in my hearing shall a rhyme commend.
It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in measures flow,
Convinc'd, determin'd, I in prose begin,
But ere I write one sentence, verse creeps in, [light,
And taints me through and through: by this good
In verse I talk by day, I dream by night;

If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rhyme.
E'en now I err, in spite of common sense,
And my confession doubles my offence.

Rest then, my friends—spare, spare your precious breath,

And be your slumbers not less sound than death;
Perturbed spirits rest, nor thus appear
To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear;
On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
Nor e'en in verse become *economist*;
Rest then, my friends, nor, hateful to my eyes,
Let envy in the shape of pity rise

To blast me ere my time; with patience wait,
('Tis no long interval) propitious fate
Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry son of phlegm
Find ample room to censure and condemn.
Read some three hundred lines (no easy task ;
But probably the last that I shall ask),
And give me up for ever ; wait one hour,
Nay not so much, revenge is in your pow'r,
And ye may cry, " Ere time hath turn'd his glass,
" Lo ! what *we* prophesy'd is come to pass."

Let those, who poetry in poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame;
Let those, who are by fiction's charms enslav'd,
Return me thanks for half-a-crown well sav'd;
Let those, who love a little gall in rhyme,
Postpone their purchase now, and call next time;
Let those, who, void of nature, look for art:
Take up their money, and in peace depart;
Let those, who energy of diction prize,
For Billingsgate quit Flexney, and be wise;
Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force;
Mean are the words, and such as come of course,
The subject not less simple than the lay;
A plain, unlabour'd Journey of a day.

Far from me now be ev'ry tuneful maid,
I neither ask, nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the sisters of the hill
Behold their bard in such a disabille.
Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let them carefs some dearer son of rhyme;
Let them, as far as decency permits,
Without suspicion, play the fool with wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are safe things, there's danger in a fool.

Let them, though modest, Gray more modest
woo;

Let them with Mason bleat, and bray, and coo;
Let them with Franklin, proud of some small Greek,
Make Sophocles disguis'd, in English speak;
Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Doodley wail Cleone's woes,
Whilst he, fine feeling creature, in tears,
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with simple Whitehead, taught to creep,
Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep;
Let them with Brown contrive, no vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living sick †;

* See the *School for Lovers*, by Mr. Whitehead,
taken from Fontenelle.

† See the *Cure of Saul*, by Dr. Brown.

Let them in charity to Murphy give
Some old French piece, that he may steal and live;
Let them with *antic* Foote subscriptions get,
And advertise a summer-house of wit.

Thus, or in any better way they please,
While these great men, or with great men like
these,

Let them their appetite for laughter feed:
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

If fashionable grown, and fond of pow'r,
With *hum'rous* Scots let them disport their hour:
Let them dance, fairy-like round Ossian's tomb;
Let them forge *lies* and *histories* for Hume;
Let them with Home, the very prince of verse,
Make something like a tragedy in *Erse*;
Under dark allegory's flimsy veil
Let them with Ogilvy spin out a tale
Of rueful length; let them plain things obscure,
Debate what's truly rich, and what is poor
Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth;
With ev'ry pert, prim prettiness of youth
Born of false taste, with fancy (like a child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated style, by affectation taught,
With much false colouring, and little thought,
With phrases strange, and dialect decreed
By reason never to have pass'd the *Tweed*,
With words which nature meant each others foe,
Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;
With such materials, let them, if they will,
To prove at once their pleasantry and skill,
Build up a bard to war 'gainst common sense,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
Read musty lectures on *benevolence*,
Or con the pages of his gaping *day*,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a *letter'd* Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness; when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when memory wakes,
When for our past misdoings conscience wakes
A deep revenge, when by reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
Let ev'ry muse be gone; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for sleep; an *Ætna* burns,
A more than *Ætna* in his coward breast,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest
Though fast as plumage from young zephyr's
wing,

His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring.
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.

Thus, or in any better way they please
With these great men, or with great men like
these,

Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

DEDICATION TO CHURCHILL'S SERMONS.

HEALTH to great Gloster—from a man un-
known,
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own,

Accept
Call up
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By charity

Accept this greeting—nor let modest fear
Call up one maiden blush—I mean not here
To wound with flattery—'tis a villain's art,
And suits not with the frankness of my heart.
Truth best becomes an *orthodox* divine,
And, spite of hell, that character is mine:
To speak e'en bitter truths I cannot fear;
But truth, my *Lord*, is panegyric here.

Health to great Gloster—nor, through love of ease,
Which all priests love, let this address displease.

I ask no favour, not one note I crave,
And when this busy brain rests in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have rest)
I will not trouble you with one bequest;
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew, or a son,
In that dread hour executor I'll leave;
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give but little—to great Gloster *health*;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a false alarm—in purse though poor,
In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free,
I, though dedicator, scorn a fee.

Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.

Think not, a thought unworthy thy great soul,
Which pomps of this world never could controul,
Which never offer'd up at power's vain shrine,
Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on mine.
Tis not thy name, though that indeed is great,
Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state,

Tis not thy title, doctor though thou art,
Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.

State is a farce, names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by mistaken kings,
Titles are oft misplac'd; mitres, which shine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unless set off by virtue: who deceives
Under the sacred sanction of *lawn sleeves*,
Enhances guilt, commits a double sin;
So fair without, and yet so foul within.

Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien,
Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,

Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty cupids, as in ambush, lie,

Which can from sixty to sixteen impart,

The force of love, and point his blunted dart;

Tis not thy face, though that by nature's made
An index to thy soul, though there display'd
We see thy mind at large, and through thy skin
Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within;

Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories shine—

—but what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
Heralds can make those arms they cannot find;

When thou art to thyself, thy fire unknown,
Whole Welch genealogy *alone*?

O, 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,

Thy right just estimation here on earth,

Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,

And flowing from that wholesome source thy
mind,

Thy known contempt of persecution's rod,

Thy charity for man, thy love of God,

Thy faith in Christ, so well approv'd amongst men,
Which now give life and utterance to my pen:

Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;

'Tis not the bishop, but the saint I praise.

Rais'd by that theme, I fear on wings more strong,
And burst forth into praise withheld too long.

Much did I wish, e'en whilst I kept those sheep,
Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep;

Ordain'd, alas! to keep through need, not choice,
Those sheep which never heard their shepherd's

voice, [way,

Which did not know, yet would not learn their
Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I should

stray,

Those sheep, which my good father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)

Kept well, yet starv'd himself; e'en at that time,

Whilst I was pure, and innocent of rhyme,

Whilst, sacred dullness ever in my view,

Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,

Much did I wish, though little could I hope,

A friend in him who was the friend of Pope.

His hand, said I, my youthful steps shall guide;

And lead me safe where thousands fall beside;

His temper, his experience shall controul,

And hush to peace the tempest of my soul;

His judgment teach me, from the critic school,

How not to err, and how to err by rule;

Instruct me, mingle profit with delight,

Where Pope was wrong, where Shakspeare was

not right; [whim,

Where they are justly prais'd, and where through

How little's due to them, how much to him.

Rais'd 'bove the slav'ry of common rules,

Of common-sense, of modern, ancient schools,

Those feelings banish'd, which mislead us all,

Fools as we are, and which we nature call,

He, by his great example, might impart

A better something, and baptize it art;

He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,

Might show me what is taste, by what is not;

By him supported, with a proper pride,

I might hold all mankind as fools beside;

He (should a world perverse and peevish grow,

Explode his maxims, and assert their own)

Might teach me, like himself, to be content,

And let their folly be their punishment;

Might like himself teach his adopted son,

'Gainst all the world, to quote a Warburton.

Fool that I was, could I so much deceive

My soul with lying hopes; could I believe

That he, the servant of his Maker sworn,

The servant of his Saviour, would be torn

From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,

The cure of souls, his duty and his joy,

For toys like mine, and waste his precious time,

On which so much depended, for a rhyme?

Should he forsake the task he undertook,

Desert his flock, and break his past'ral crook?

Should he (forbid it Heaven) so high in place,

So rich in knowledge, quit the work of grace,

And, idly wand'ring o'er the muses' hill,

Let the salvation of mankind stand still?

Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee

Be such revolt from grace, and far from me

The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
Not so, not so hath Warburton been taught,
Not so learn'd Christ—Recal that day, well-
known,

When (to mainrain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blasphemers forth—Methinks I now
See stern rebuke enthroned on his brow,
And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from his tongue,
Where fiery zeal and Christian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-ron'd thunders roll,
And chill with horror ev'ry sinner's soul --
In vain they strive to fly—flight cannot save,
And Potter trembles even in his grave---
With all the conscious pride of innocence,
Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
Bear witness to himself, whilst all men knew,
By gospel rules, his witness to be true.

O glorious man, thy zeal I must commend,
Though it depriv'd me of my dearest friend.
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes must the justice of that anger own,
And could thy bosom have been bar'd to view,
Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you.

Bred to the law, you wisely took the gown,
Which I, like *Demas*, foolishly laid down.
Hence double strength our *Holy Mother* drew :
Me she got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant, fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,
Grasping at shadows, let the substance slip;
But you, my *Lord*, renounc'd attorney'ship
With better purpose, and more noble aim,
And wisely play'd a more substantial game.

Nor did *law* mourn, blest'd in her younger son,
For Mansfield does what *Gloster* would have
done.

Declar, Dean, Bishop, Gloster, and my Lord,
If haply these high titles may accord
With thy meek spirit, if the barren sound
Of pride delights thee, to the topmost round
Of fortune's ladder got, despite not one,
For want of smooth hypocrisy undone,
Who, far below, turns up his wond'ring eye,
And, without envy, sees thee plac'd so high;
Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill
And wanted powers of knowing good from ill,
Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from
foes ;

Let *Gloster* well remember, how he rose,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great;
Let him not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk with
state,

Forget what once he was, though now so high;
How low, how mean, and squal as poor as I.

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Cætera defunt †.

† It is presumed the sudden death of the author
will sufficiently apologize for the Dedication remaining
unfinished.

JOHN CHURCHILL.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM FALCONER.

Containing

THE SHIPWRECK,
THE DEMAGOGUE,



ODES,
SONGS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

'Tis mine. retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing,
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fare with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
And lawless floods rebel against the skies;
Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the wat'ry way.

SHIPWRECK, CANTO 6.

EDINBURGH:
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Anno 1794.

200

POETICAL WORKS

WILLIAM FALCONER

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

The author of this poem, the late
John Falconer, Esq. of the
High Court of Justice, was
born in the year 1710, and
died in the year 1750. He
was a man of great talents,
and a man of great industry.
He was a man of great
learning, and a man of great
virtue. He was a man of
great fame, and a man of
great honor. He was a man
of great power, and a man
of great influence. He was
a man of great wealth, and
a man of great rank. He was
a man of great beauty, and
a man of great grace. He was
a man of great strength, and
a man of great courage. He was
a man of great wisdom, and
a man of great judgment. He
was a man of great piety, and
a man of great devotion. He
was a man of great charity, and
a man of great kindness. He
was a man of great honesty, and
a man of great integrity. He
was a man of great truthfulness,
and a man of great sincerity.
He was a man of great
modesty, and a man of great
humility. He was a man of
great simplicity, and a man
of great plainness. He was
a man of great purity, and
a man of great holiness. He
was a man of great sanctity,
and a man of great godliness.
He was a man of great
righteousness, and a man of
great justice. He was a man
of great mercy, and a man
of great compassion. He was
a man of great love, and a
man of great affection. He
was a man of great peace,
and a man of great quietness.
He was a man of great
joy, and a man of great
cheerfulness. He was a man
of great hope, and a man of
great confidence. He was a
man of great faith, and a
man of great trust. He was
a man of great patience, and
a man of great forbearance.
He was a man of great
longsuffering, and a man of
great gentleness. He was a
man of great meekness, and
a man of great mildness. He
was a man of great lowliness,
and a man of great humility.
He was a man of great
self-denial, and a man of
great abstinence. He was a
man of great temperance, and
a man of great sobriety. He
was a man of great chastity,
and a man of great modesty.
He was a man of great
continence, and a man of
great purity. He was a man
of great chastity, and a man
of great modesty. He was
a man of great continence,
and a man of great purity.

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THE LIFE OF FALCONER.

Of the family, birth-place, and education of WILLIAM FALCONER, there are no memorials. He was a native of Scotland, and bred to the sea, in which he spent the greatest part of his life in a very low station.

He displayed his poetical powers at an early age, and published, at Edinburgh, *A Poem sacred to the Memory of Frederick Prince of Wales*, 8vo, 1751.

In the course of his sea life, he served on board the *Britannia*, a merchant-man, bound from Alexandria to Venice, which touched at the Island of Candia, whence, proceeding on her voyage, she met with a violent storm, that drove her on the coast of Greece, where she suffered shipwreck near *Cape Colonne*, three only of the crew being left alive. The dangers which he really experienced, he feelingly described in his next performance, intitled *The Shipwreck, a Poem, in three Cantos, by a Sailor*, 4to. 1762. He inscribed it to the Duke of York, and prefixed a chart of the ship's way, and a section of the ship itself, in order to render the poem completely intelligible.

It has been frequently observed, that true genius will surmount every obstacle that opposes its exertion. This very poetical and interesting performance, is a striking proof of this observation. The situation of a sailor may be thought unfavourable to the poet; but the two characters are not incompatible; for none but an able sailor could give so didactic an account, and so accurate a description of the voyage and catastrophe related in this performance; and none but a genuine poet could have embellished both with equal harmony of numbers and strength of imagery.

Unless a variety of affecting circumstances are to be attributed to the power of imagination, he appears to have been possessed of no inconsiderable share of fortitude, to possess, under such circumstances, so tenacious a memory; for it appears, from various parts of the poem, and particularly from the motto,

— quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui —

that he was personally aboard, and shipwrecked by the storm he so poetically describes.

The publication of this work drew him from the obscurity of his situation; he was patronized by the Duke of York, to whom he addressed an *Ode on his second departure from England, as Rear Admiral*. *London*. 1763.

Availing himself of the disputes in politics, which were then carried on with peculiar acrimony, and eager to promote the interest of those with whom he was connected, he wrote a satirical poem, called *The Demagogue*, in which he censures the conduct of Mr. Pitt, and his defenders, Mr. Wilkes, Churchill, &c. with great severity.

In 1764, he published a new edition of *The Shipwreck*, in 8vo, with considerable additions, comprehending several new descriptions, characters, and episodes, amounting on the whole to upwards of a thousand lines.

In 1769, he published his *Marine Dictionary*, in one volume, 4to., an acknowledged useful work, and a third edition of the *Shipwreck*, in 8vo, with alterations; and soon afterwards embarked on board the *Aurora*, with the Indian supervisors, to settle in the East Indies.

* published in 1766 under the assumed signature of
Theophilus Thorne.

In December 1769, he arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, from whence he sailed soon after. These were the last tidings of the ship, which was never heard of afterwards. It is generally supposed to have taken fire, and that all the crew perished.

This is all that is known of Falconer, an able *seaman*, and an excellent *poet*, whose nautical knowledge and poetical abilities entitle him to more attention than he has hitherto received, from the writers of literary and poetical biography.

Since his death, *The Shipwreck* his principal performance, and *An Occasional Elegy*, has been frequently reprinted; and, together with *The Demagogue*, *Poem on the Death of the Prince of Wales*, *Ode on the Duke of York's departure from England*, and *The Fond Lover*, a ballad, inserted in the edition of the "English Poets," 1790. They are republished in the present collection, with an *Address to Miranda*, a ballad first printed in Dr. Stuart's "Edinburgh Magazine and Review," for 1773. 2v/1-22.

Falconer seems to have had a natural vein for poetry, and a facility of writing verses. His compositions appear to be the unstudied and genuine offspring of natural genius, more than of poetical art. He seems to have bestowed little attention to the art and mystery of a poet, which is not merely the effect of genius, but is to be acquired only by long application, or a due attention to the practice of the best writers. Of the two, he is perhaps a greater master of the nautical, than of the poetical art. Indeed, he himself confesses, that he is more tenacious of his reputation as a sailor than a poet; though, in the latter capacity, if not a first-rate writer, he may be justly reckoned the first poetical sailor of our nation.

The Shipwreck amply establishes his fame. It has received considerable additions since the first impression, but it may be reasonably doubted, whether it has been improved in the same proportion as it has been lengthened. There is frequently a copious simplicity in first designs, that no after-thought or labour can amend; an irregular beauty that every alteration must efface. In lengthening works, an author is apt to fall into repetitions, or to increase the number of words, without adding to the number or energy of the thoughts. Thus, the two following lines, in the first edition of the poem, are swelled into four, in the second; with what improvement, the critical reader will judge.

*Rous'd by the tempest, and the blustering night,
A troop of Grecians mount Colonna's height.
A troop of Grecians, who inhabit nigh,
And oft the perils of the deep descry,
Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height.*

The alteration of two nervous and concise lines, the sense of which was full and perfect, into four tame ones, whose imperfect expression lags to the very end of the sentence, cannot be justified by the unimportant and unnecessary information which they contain. The love tale of *Palemon and Anna*, is, however, interwoven with great art, and is in itself pathetic and affecting; but it diverts the attention from the more genuine and manly distress of the poem. It is to be regretted, that he altered the conclusion, for the sake of the particular catastrophe of *Palemon*, which, however affecting, does not compensate for the separation and alteration of the beautiful lines that ended the poem, in the first edition.

*Rous'd by the tempest, and the blustering night,
A troop of Grecians mount Colonna's height;
When gazing down with horror on the flood,
Full to the view a scene of horror stood;
The surf with mangled bodies cover'd o'er,
And those yet breathing on the sea-beat shore,
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their simple hearts;
Straight down the vale their hastening steps they bend,
The wretched sufferers helpful to attend.
Three still alive, in mournful plight they find,
Benumb'd and shivering, on a rock reclin'd.
Th' affected natives, touch'd with gen'rous pain,
The feeble seamen in their arms sustain;*

With pitying sighs their helpless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

The poem opens with a general intimation of the subject and a comparative description of the present state of the island of *Candia* and ancient *Crete*; which is followed by several beautiful marine descriptions, such as the prospect of the shore, a shoal of dolphins, a water spout, the method of taking an azimuth, working the ship, &c.

In the second canto, the storm begins, and with it the consultations of the pilots and operations of the seamen, which are described with an amazing minuteness, and the technical terms expressed in smooth and harmonious numbers. Homer has been justly admired for reducing a catalogue of ships into tolerably flowing verse. Falconer has versified his own sea language, reef-tackles, halliards, clue-garnets, bunt-lines, lashings, lanyards, &c. with equal happiness and skill.

The following lines, taken from many others of the same kind, may serve to show how successfully he has ventured out of the common road, to excel in his own.

The mainfail by the squali so lately rent,
In streaming pendants flying is unrent;
With sails reflex'd, another soon prepar'd,
Ascending spreads along beneath the yard;
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend,
And soon the earings and the robands bend
That task dispatch'd, they first the traces slack,
Then to the chestree bring aboard the tack;
And while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet, they tally and belay.

The description of *Parnarus* is elegant and harmonious in the highest degree. His *Pilot* appears to much greater advantage than the *Palinurus* of Virgil, whom he sometimes imitates. The splitting of the ship on the rocks, beginning, *Lifted on gathering billows*, &c. is represented in glowing and lively colours. Nor is his talent confined to the description of inanimate scenes; he relates and bewails the fate of his companions in the most animated and pathetic strains. The close of the *Pilot's* address to the seamen, in the time of their greatest danger, is noble and philosophical. It is impossible to read the circumstantial account of the unfortunate end of the ship's crew, without being deeply affected by the tale, and charmed with the manner of the relation.

The *Occasional Elegy* on the unfortunate crew of the *Britannia* is appropriate, pathetic, and pleasing. The *Demagogue* is not one of the pleasantest of his poems, though it contains a number of animated passages. The sentiments are, for the most part, noble and manly, the satire poignantly severe, the expression strong and nervous; but the tendency of the poem cannot be commended, and the obloquy thrown on Mr. Pitt is totally inexcusable. The *Poem on the Death of the Prince of Wales* does not rise above the usual strain of funeral panegyric. His *Ode on the Duke of York's departure from England*, is written with uniform mediocrity. His *Songs* are tender and easy.

THE WORKS OF FALCONER.

THE SHIPWRECK.*

— quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

VIRG. ÆN. Lib. II.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Proposal of the Subject—Invocation—Apology—
Allegorical description of Memory—Appeal to
her assistance—The story begun—Retrospect
of the former part of the voyage—The ship ar-
rives at Candia—Ancient state of that island—
Present state of the adjacent isles of Greece—
The season of the year—Character of the master
and his officers—Story of Palemon and Anna—
Evening described—Midnight—The ship weighs
anchor and departs from the haven—State of
the weather—Morning—Situation of the neigh-
bouring shores—Operation of taking the sun's
azimuth—Description of the vessel as seen from
the land.

The scene is near the city of Candia; and the
time about four days and a half.

The scene of the second canto lies in the sea, be-
tween Cape Freschin in Candia, and the Island of
Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues north-
ward of Cape Spada.—The time is from nine
in the morning till one o'clock of the following
morning.

While jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;

* ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD EDITION.

"The favourable reception which this performance
has hitherto met with from the public has encouraged
the author to give it a strict and thorough revision; in
the course of which he flatters himself it will be found
to have received very considerable improvement."
Somerset-House, Oct. 1. 1769.

Vol. X.

Sick of the scene, where war, with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death I
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing,
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain;
But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
And lawless floods rebel against the skies;
I'll hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.

Immortal train, who guides the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstacy of pain;
Or listen, while the enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove;
Oh! by the hallow'd blast that mingles around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams through yonder
cave, whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe;
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!
Alas! neglected by the sacred nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plow the tide where wintry tempests roar?

Q. p.

Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train!--
Far from the muses' academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
* A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast *
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador.
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus†, lav'd by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,
In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way!
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new distresses ev'ry infant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.
In regions where the Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe!
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join;
Where the torn vessel wind and wave assail,
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail--
Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive fate
Pursued his weary steps with lasting hate!
Rous'd by her mandate, storms of black array
Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day;
Relax'd the sinews of the living lyre,
And quench the kindling spark of vital fire.--
Thus while forgotten or unknown he woos,
What hope to win the coy reluctant muse!
Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptur'd bras to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound
The softer sense with inharmoonious sound,
Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
While conscious truth unfolds her piteous tale?
And lo! the power that wakes the eventful
song,
Hastes hither from Lethæan banks along:
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the flight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light!--
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began:
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch† dispels oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow,
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores, [shores.
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's

* *Shakspeare.*† *Darwin.*

To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary time from her fresh youth receives.
Congenial sister of immortal fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.
O first-born daughter of primeval time!
By whom transmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blaz'n'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose breath dissolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light!
Whose wing unerring glides through time and
place,
And trackless scours th' immensity of space!
Say! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship beset,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores?--
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasur'd stores!

A SHIP from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held;
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew.
The wayward steps of fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursu'd,
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal snare;
Though warn'd full oft the slippery track to shun,
Yet hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on,
Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
The scene of peace, and social joy resign'd.
Long absent they from friends and native home,
The cheerless ocean were inur'd to roam:
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success;
Still, to atone for toils and hazards past,
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.
Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial store.
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursu'd;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile.
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal.
They, blind to fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw;
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near.
A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
That fondly date to scenes of future joy.
Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which, blest with favouring winds, they soon ex-
plored;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.
Eternal Powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war!
Here art and commerce, with auspicious reign,
Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain!

While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young pleasure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the valleys with eternal green,
For wealth, for valour, courted and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke!
No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
For rude oppression quench'd its genial fires.
But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles!
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never
smiles.

The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year scorn the weary lab'rer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
Now views with triumph, captive gods adore.
No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms.
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here fallen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her venal bloom decay.
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!

Now, in the southern hemisphere the sun
Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had
run;

And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand;
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand:
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.
True to his trust when sacred duty calls,
No brooding storm the master's soul appals:
Th' advancing season warns him to the main;
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain!
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay;
Determin'd, from whatever point they rife,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire!
Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew!
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?

They can! for gold too oft, with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart:
This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom, in vain, sad merit pleads her cause:
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to pleasure's blest abode;

With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And smooths the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command;
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad confest the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, just, the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay serene.
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by seas repell'd;
Or point her devious track, through climes un-
known,

That leads to every shore and every zone.

He saw the moon through heaven's blue con-
cave glide,

And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sink the poles.
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force;
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous ocean's roll;
His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shar'd.

The second powers and office Rodmond bore:
A hardy son of England's furthest shore!
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
A footy tribe! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger; proud of skilful bands!
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar* and shelf the watery path they sound,
With dextrous arm; sagacious of the ground!
Fearless they combat ev'ry hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclin'd.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road;
Or win the anchor from its dark abode:
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind:
Boisterous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice controul,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul! [shore,
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the
With foul intent the stranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword—
Th' indignant muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal!

* A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven; so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

Too oft example, arm'd with poison-fell,
Pollutes the shrine where mercy lives to dwell :
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew :
Unskill'd to argue ; in dispute yet loud ;
Bold without caution without honours proud ;
In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily despis'd :
Yet though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
Through snares of death the reeling bark to
guide,

When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name ?
That courts no rank among the sons of fame ?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms,
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms ;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower ;
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.---
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more ;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range extensive o'er th' unravell'd zone.
In vain !---for rude adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope against him clos'd.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill-fated swain !
For, like that band unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep ;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction panting to the shore.
This last our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save ;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at ev'ry vein.

Such were the pilots ; tutor'd to divine
Th' unravell'd course by geometric line ;
Train'd to command, and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.---
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came.
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name ;
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love !
His heart for Albert's beautiful daughter bled ;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, nature's eldest born !
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While booming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.
Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.

O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent ;
The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love :
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confess.
Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
And learnt, fagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth ! thy liberal heart he knew ;
A heart to nature's warm impressions true !
Full oft his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous soil :
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of fortune's sun,
With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade,
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy :
He scold'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim :
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting music fail'd,
And pleasure's siren voice no more prevail'd.
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice assum'd an harsher strain.
In absence now his only hope remain'd ;
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.
In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that fordid mind ;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth :
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone ;
To him since young Arion first was known ;
Who, wandering here through many a scene re-
nown'd,

In Alexandria's port the vessel found ;
Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With him Palemon kept the watch of night ;
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd,
Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.
Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
Though stunning still to probe a wounded mind :
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow ;
He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love in ancient lore.
Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent shore,
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.

Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore;
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred age, and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew!
Her wing of deepest shade oblivion drew.

A fullen languor still the skies oppress.
And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest.
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.
Relax'd from toil the sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more:
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
Rodmond a rucful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coast,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost---
But with Arion, from the fury hat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat.
And lo! the shore with mournful prospects
crown'd *:

The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand;
Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand;
What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'er-spread!
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled,
Full twice twelve summ'ers were yon towers af-
fl'd barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd; (sail'd,
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'er-
turn'd,

While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.
But now before them happier scenes arise!
Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes:
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine:
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
And lo! the stream, renew'd in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove:
Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclin'd,
In pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme---
Too true thy words!--by sweet remembrance
taught,

My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought:
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betray'd!--
The pride of generous woe dildains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.

* The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever-memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669, & being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.

Albert thou know'st with skill and science grac'd,
In humble station though by fortune plac'd,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conqu'ring squadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flow'ry lawns, and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
Where Thames, slow-winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife,
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object these prepare;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd
Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd,
No vice untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd.
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms:
Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,
The smile of maiden innocence express'd:
While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.
Still in her look complacence smil'd serene
She mov'd the charmer of the rural scene.

'Twas at that season when the field resume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ship, rich freighted from th' Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
While thus my father saw his ample horde,
From this return, with recent treasure stor'd;
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he sent
To Albert's humble mansion: soon I went,
Too soon, alas! unconscious of th' event---
There struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw:
There, wounded first by love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms.
My ever charming Anna, who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
O! while all-conscious memory holds her power,
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning
fraught,

My fluttering spirits first th' infection caught:
When, as I gaz'd, my faltering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid:
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And every limb unstrung with terror shook!
With all her powers dissenting reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of love:
She strove in vain! subdu'd by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.
Ust from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
In happier scenes, to see my lovely maid.
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current
leads,

We row'd at evening hour through flowery meads,
There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd.

While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
 Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd;
 For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
 Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
 She never knew the city damsel's art,
 Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart!—
 My suit prevail'd; for love inform'd my tongue,
 And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
 Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
 And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.—
 'Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay,
 Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day!
 For here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,
 From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
 Elysian scenes, too happy long to last!—
 Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast!
 Too soon some demon to my father bore
 The tidings that his heart with anguish tore—
 My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
 Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice:
 Then, in the whirling wave of pleasure, fought
 From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
 With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
 In chains of adamant, the lawless wind:
 For love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure:
 Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
 With alienated look, each art he saw
 Still baffled by superior nature's law.
 His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd;
 At last on cruel exile he resolv'd.
 The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain
 To him of tender anguish to complain!
 His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
 By social sympathy could never melt;
 With stern command to Albert's charge he gave,
 To wait Palemon o'er the distant wave.
 The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail,
 And only waited now the leading gale.
 'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
 The heart-felt torments of despairing love.
 Th' impatient with that never feels repose;
 Desire that with perpetual current flows;
 The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;
 Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near!
 Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
 The western breezes inauspicious blew,
 Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
 The vessel parted on the falling tide;
 Yet time one sacred hour to love supply'd.
 The night was silent, and, advancing fast,
 The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.
 Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,
 And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
 Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear!
 She came confest! the lovely maid drew near!
 But ah! what force of language can impart
 Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
 O! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
 The trembling ecstasies of genuine love!
 When, with delicious agony, the thought
 Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
 Your secret sympathy alone can tell
 What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell:
 O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
 While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul!

In transport lost, by trembling hope impress,
 The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
 While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
 Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
 Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
 Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
 O bliss supreme! where virtue's self can melt
 With joys that guilty pleasure never felt!
 Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
 And kindle sweet affection's purest fire!
 Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,
 While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
 For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
 Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
 My heart through scenes of fair illusion stray'd,
 To joys decreed for some superior maid.
 'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief,
 Where never gentle hope affords relief.
 Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone;
 And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone!
 The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
 Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas!
 Find out some happier daughter of the town,
 With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown;
 Where smiling o'er thee, with indulgent ray,
 Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
 Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard
 fate,
 Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate;
 Go then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,
 That fatal to my father thus may prove!
 On me alone let dark affliction fall!
 Whose heart, for thee, will gladly suffer all.
 Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
 Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate!
 She ceas'd; while anguish in her angel-face
 O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace.
 Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
 Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
 O soul of all my wishes! I reply'd.
 Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
 Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth!
 To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
 And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see
 Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
 Sooner this moment may the eternal doom
 Palemon in the silent earth entomb!
 Attest thou moon, fair regent of the night!
 Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight;
 By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
 That sweet possession only knows to heal!
 By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
 Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
 Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
 And claims obedience to her stern commands:
 Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
 Her smile or frown shall never change my love!
 My heart, that now must every joy resign,
 Incapable of change, is only thine!—
 O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
 And these sad clouds of sorrow melt away.
 While through the rugged path of life we go,
 All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
 The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
 Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.

For this prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months
are o'er.

Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more.

Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender
grief,

Now found an interval of short relief:

So melts the surface of the frozen stream,

Beneath the wint'ry sun's departing beam.

With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,

And gave the signal of a sad adieu.

As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,

A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung;

She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,

Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!

With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,

And from her cheek beguill'd the falling tear.

While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,

She pour'd her soul to Heaven in suppliant sighs—

Look down with pity, oh! ye powers above,

Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love!

Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,

Alone can tell if he returns no more:

Or if the hour of future joy remain,

Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain!

Bid every guardian minister attend,

And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!

With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in
vain,

And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.

At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,

While tender passion stream'd in either heart,

Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,

One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.

Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,

Perfide and pale; of every joy bereft.

She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,

While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.

His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief,

Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.

The hapless bird, thus ravish'd from the skies,

Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,

In secret long bewails his cruel fate,

With fond remembrance of his winged mate:

Till grown familiar with a foreign strain,

Compos'd at length, his sadly-warbling strain

In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.

Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls

Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls;

Whose warm affections exquisitely feel

The secret wound you tremble to reveal;

Ah! may no wanderer of the faithless main

Pour through your breast the soft delicious bane!

May never fatal tenderness approve

The fond effusions of their ardent love.

O! warn'd by friendship's counsel, learn to shun

The fatal path where thousands are undone!

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,

Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,

First, with attention rous'd, Arion ey'd

The graceful lover, form'd in nature's pride.

His frame the happiest symmetry display'd;

And locks of waving gold his neck array'd.

In every look the Paphian graces shine.

Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.

With lighten'd heart, he smil'd serenely gay,

Like young Adonis or the son of May.

Not Cytherea from a fairer swain

Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain!

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,

Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.

Creation smiles around; on every spray

The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.

Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train

Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:

The golden lime and orange there were seen,

On fragrant branches of perpetual green.

The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,

To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.

The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,

But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:

And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!

Glow in the west, a sea of living gold!

While, all above, a thousand liveries gay

The skies with pomp ineffable array.

Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:

Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!

While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,

With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;

While yet the songsters of the vocal grove

With dying numbers tune the soul to love,

With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees

Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.—

Now radiant vesper leads the starry train,

And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;

Round the charg'd bow! the sailors form a ring;

By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing:

As love or battle, hardships of the main,

Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:

Then some the watch of night alternate keep,

The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,

While infant breezes from the shore arise.

The waning moon, behind a war'ry shroud,

Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.

A mighty ring around her silver throne,

With parting meteors cross, portentous shone.

This in the troubled sky full oft prevails;

Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.—

While young Arion sleeps, before his sight

Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.

Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,

Approach'd the sacred Hymeneal fane:

Anon tremendous lightnings flash between;

And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen!

Now with Palemon up a rocky sleep,

Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,

With painful step he climb'd; while far above

Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.

Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,

While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell—

Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound

He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.

Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung;

Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle

ring.

All bands unmoor! proclaims a boisterous cry:

All bands unmoor, the cavern rocks reply!

O o iij

Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlafs * arm.
The order given, up springing with a bound
They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round :

At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend :
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And through inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream :
Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
From east to north the transient breezes play ;
And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.

A calm ensues ; they dread th' adjacent shore ;
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before :
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow †.
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend ;
And prancing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
Success attends their skill : the danger's o'er :
The port is doubled and beheld no more. [light,

Now morn, her lump pale glimmering on the
Scatter'd before her van reluctant night.
She comes not in resplendent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in fullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.

With winning postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.

The swelling stu'n-fails ‡ now their wings extend,
Then stay-fails § sidelong to the breeze ascend :
While, all to court the wandering breeze are
plac'd :

With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.
The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud :
Through the wide atmosphere, condens'd with
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze. [haze,
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mytic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray §,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey !

* The windlass is a sort of large roller, used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically, by a number of long bars or levers ; in which operation it is prevented from recoiling by the pauls.

† Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forward, by means of ropes, extending from her fore-part to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

‡ Studding-sails are long, narrow sails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the larger square-sails. Stay-sails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

§ The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.

Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides,
Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height,
And polar distance of the source of light :
Then through the chiliads triple mazes they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
No more the attentive pilot's eye beguils

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.

The wales †, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd below :
Where'er she mov'd, the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter-hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left propitious bore a mytic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field.
There her bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
And lo ! the beasts, that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tam'd into union, yok'd in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main,
From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view !—

Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav'd.
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest ;
A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast ;
There, from one parent foil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd prow—from van to rear,
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier !
Embalmd with orient gum above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controul'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius, in the youth express'd,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confess'd,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd :
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,

† The wales here alluded to are an assemblage of strong planks which envelope the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops, which supports the bottom from the upper works.

Serene as summer's evening skies she saw; and
 Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe.
 Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
 Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear.
 The dreadful faulchion of the hills she wore;
 Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
 That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.
 Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
 Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky;
 Her crest, high-plum'd, was rough with many a
 And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
 The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
 The hardy offspring of some Runic dame.
 Loofe o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,
 Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe;
 The sword, that oft the barbarous north defy'd,
 The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side.
 Clad in resplendent arms, in battle won,
 The George emblazon'd on his corselet shone.
 Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
 Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire;
 Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell;
 Or waft wrapt fancy through the gulfs of hell—
 Struck with contagion, kindling fancy hears
 The songs of heaven, the music of the spheres!
 Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,
 Where other suns to other systems rise!
 These front the scene conspicuous—over-head
 Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread:
 While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
 Beneath their feet, the father of the flood—
 Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
 Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
 There on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
 With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.
 Yonder fair commerce stretch'd her winged sail;
 Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
 High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
 Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
 Deep-blushing armors all the tops invest;
 And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
 Then tower'd the masts; the canvas swell'd on
 high;
 And waving streamers floated in the sky.
 Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
 Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
 Thus like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain,
 The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land—The gale continues—A water-spout—Beauty of a dying dolphin—The ship's progress along the shore—Wind strengthens—The sails reduced—A shoal of porpoises—Last appearance of Cape Spado—Sea rises—A squall—The sails further diminished—Main-sail split—Ship bears away before the wind—Again hauls upon the wind—Another main-sail fitted to the yard—The gale still increases—The top-sails furl'd—Top-gallant-yards sent down—Sea enlarges—Sun-set—Coursers reefed—Four seamen lost off the lee

main-yard-arm—Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation—Resolute behaviour of the sailors—The ship labours in great distress—The artillery thrown overboard—Dismal appearance of the weather—Very high and dangerous sea—Severe fatigue of the crew—Consultation and resolution of the officers—Speech and advice of Albert to the crew—Necessary disposition to veer before the wind—Disappointment in the proposed effect—New dispositions equally unsuccessful—The mizen-mast cut away.

ADIZU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
 Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene!
 To me in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
 With summer crown'd the Elysian vallies smile!
 To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
 But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
 For these, alas! reluctant I forego,
 To visit storms and elements of woe!
 Ye tempests, o'er my head congenial roll,
 To suit the mournful music of my soul!
 In black progression, lo! they hover near;
 Hail social horrors, like my fate severe!
 Old ocean hail, beneath whose azure zone
 The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
 Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
 And fearless view this awful scene with me!
 Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
 Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause!
 The muse invites you; judge if the depart
 Unequal from the precepts of your art.
 In practice train'd, and conscious of her pow'r,
 Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.
 O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
 Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
 Rodmond exulting felt th' auspicious wind,
 And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd—
 The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
 With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul:
 Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
 Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
 Already Britain's parent-cliffs arise,
 And in idea greet his longing eyes!
 Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
 Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
 E'en they th' impressive dart of love can feel,
 Whose stubborn souls are sheath'd in triple steel.
 Nor less o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
 Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth;
 In distant bosoms equal ardours glow,
 And mutual passions mutual joys bestow—
 Fall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
 And Jove's high hill was rising on the view;
 When, from the left approaching, they descry
 A liquid column towering shoot on high.
 The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
 Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
 Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
 Scattering dun night and horror through the
 skies.
 The swift volution, and th' enormous train,
 Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain!
 The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
 And white with foam the whirling surges fly!

The guns were prim'd; the vessel northward veers
Till her black battery on the column bears;
The nitre fir'd; and while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high.
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell;
But soon, this transient undulation o'er;
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear:
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirsty canvas, all around supplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.
And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam resplendent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides unhappy near the triple prong.
Rodmond unerring o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid well,
With parting beams all o'er profusely dress'd.
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews imperl th' enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray;
What terms of art can nature's powers display?
Now, while on high the fresh'ning gale she
feels,

The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
The auxiliary sails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high stations sink by slow degrees.
The watchful ruler of the helm no more
With fix'd attention eyes th' adjacent shore;
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wond'rous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
The wind, that still the impetive canvas swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.
Impatient thus she glides along the coast,
Till far behind the hill of Jove is lost:
And while aloof from Retimo she steers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress-grove
That once enclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove.
Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.

This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke
The trembling states around to slavery broke,
Through Greece for murder, rape, and incest
known.

The muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne.
For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
The prince, whom blushing virtue holds in scorn.
Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast;
The black'ning ocean curls; the winds arise;
And the dark feud * in swift succession flies.
While the swollen canvas bends the masts on high,
Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie †.

The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
Reduce the topsails by a single reef ‡.
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels.
Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain;
And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.

More distant grew receding Candia's shore;
And fourward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.

A squall deep-lowing blots the southern sky,
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the topsails can no more sustain,
Reef topsails, Reef, the boatwain calls again!

The haliards § and top-bowlines ¶ soon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles ¶ next they run:
The shivering sails descend; and now they
square

The yards, while ready sailors mount in air.

* *Sud* is a name given by seamen to the lowest clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmosphere, in squally or tempestuous weather.

† When the wind crosses a ship's courses, either directly or obliquely; that side of the ship upon which it acts, is called the weather-side; and the opposite one, which is thus pressed downwards, is call'd the lee-side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side on which they are situated, as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

‡ The topsails are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases; and again enlarged proportionally when its force abates.

§ Haliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

¶ Bow-lines are ropes intended to keep the windward edge of the sail steady, and prevent it from shaking in an unfavourable wind.

¶ Clue-lines are ropes used to truss up the clues, or lower corners, of the principal sails to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close reefed or furled.—Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef close up to the yard, so that the interval becomes slack, and is therefore easily rolled up and fastened to the yard by the points employed for this purpose.

The weather-carings and the lee they pass;
The reefs enroll'd, and ev'ry point made fast;
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend;
It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And storm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies—
Brail up the mizen quick! the master cries,
Man the clue-garnets! let the main-sheet fly!—
The boisterous squall still presses from on high,
And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course,
Through the torn main-sails bursts with thunder-
ing force.

While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,
Still on her flank the stooping bark inclin'd.—
Bear up the helm! a-weather! Rodmond cries!
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
The prow with secret instinct veers apace;
And now the fore-sail right athwart the brace:
With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer † the helm applies.
As in pursuit along th' aerial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling through the liquid space;
So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the fullen blast.
The helm to starboard ** turns; with wings inclin'd
The sidelong canvas clasps the faithless wind.

* Earrings are small cords, by which the upper corners of the principal sails, and also the extremities of the reefs, are fastened to the yard-arms.

† The mizen is a large sail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen-mast.

‡ Clue-garnets are employed for the same purposes on the mainsail and foresail, as the clue-lines are upon all other square sails.

§ It is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by the English poets and their readers for the sails themselves, are no other than the ropes used to extend the clues, or lower the corners of the sails to which they are attached. To the main-sail and fore-sail there is a sheet and tack on each side; the latter of which is a thick rope, serving to confine the weather-clue of the sail down to the ship's side, whilst the former draws out the lee clue or lower corner on the opposite side. Tacks are only used in a side-wind.

¶ The helm is said to be a-weather, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the side of the ship next the wind.

¶ Timoneer (from timonnier, Fr.) the helmsman or steersman.

** The helm being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and vice versa. Hence the helm being put a-starboard, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

The mizen draws; the springs aloof once more,
While the fore stay-sail * balances before,
The fore-sail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd:
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bowline to the bowsprit end.
To topmasts next they halle: the buntlines gone,
The clue-lines through their wheel'd machinery run:
On either side below the sheets are mann'd;
Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand.
Once more the topmasts, though with humbler
plume,

Mounting aloft their ancient post resume.
Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd †;
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.

The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
In tatter'd fluttering is unbent;
With brails ‡ refix'd another soon prepar'd,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope ¶ they extend,
And soon their earings and the roebins § bend.
That task perform'd, they the first braces ¶ slack,
Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack;
And while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet, they tally and belay **.

Now to the north from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore:
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide;
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
The fleetest couriers of the finny race, [face,
When threat'ning clouds th' ethereal vault de-
Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.

Fair Candia now no more, beneath her lee,
Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea:
Round her broad arms, impatient of countroul,
Rous'd from their secret deeps the billows roll.
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.

* The sail, which is with more propriety called the fore topmast-stay-sail, is a triangular sail that runs up on the fore topmast stay, over the bowsprit. It is used to command the fore part of the ship, and counterbalance the sails extended towards the stern. See also the last note of this Canto.

† A yard is said to be braced, when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called braces.

‡ The ropes used to trust up a sail to the yard or mast where to it is attached, are, in a general sense, called brails.

¶ The head rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

¶ Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are small cords, used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

¶ Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

** Taught implies stiff, tense, or extended straight; and tally is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To belay, is to fasten.

The guns were prim'd; the vessel northward veers
Till her black battery on the column bears;
The nitre fir'd; and while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the thundering air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high.
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell.
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirsty canvas, all around supplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.
And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam resplendent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides unhappy near the triple prong.
Rudmond unerring o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest.
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impair th' enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray;
What terms of art can nature's powers display?
Now, while on high the fresh'ning gale she
feels,

The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
The auxiliar sails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high stations sink by slow degrees.
The watchful ruler of the helm no more
With fix'd attention eyes th' adjacent shore;
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wond'rous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
The wind, that still the impetive canvas swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.
Impatient thus she glides along the coast,
Till far behind the hill of Jove is lost:
And while aloof from Rerimo she steers,
Malacha's forehead full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress-grove
That once enclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove.
Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.

This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke
The trembling states around to slav'ry broke,
Through Greece for murder, rape, and incest

The mules rais'd to high Olympus' throne—
For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
The prince whom blushing virtue holds in scorn.
Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But see! in confluence, borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast;
The black'ning ocean curls; the winds arise;
And the dark feud * in swift succession flies.
While the swollen canvas bends the masts on high,
Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie.
The failors now, to give the ship relief,
Reduce the topsails by a single reef.
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels.
Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain;
And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.

More distant grew receding Candia's shore;
And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.

A squal-deep-low ring blots the southern sky,
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the topsails can no more sustain,
Reef topsails, Reef, the boatwain calls again!

The haliards || and top-bowlines § soon are gone;
To clue-lines and reef-tackles ¶ next they run:
The shivering sails descend; and now they
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The yards, while ready failors mount in air.

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† When the wind crosses a ship's courses, either directly or obliquely; that side of the ship upon which it acts, is called the *weather-side*; and the opposite one, which is thus pressed downwards, is called the *lee-side*. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side on which they are situated, as the *lee-cannon*, the *lee-braces*, the *weather-braces*, &c.

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¶ Bow-lines are ropes intended to keep the windward edge of the sail steady, and prevent it from shaking in an unfavorable wind.

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The weather-earings and the lee they past *
The reefs enroll'd, and ev'ry point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend;
It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep
Upruns the whitening surface of the deep.
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And storm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies—
Brail up the mizen quick †! the master cries,
Man the clue-garnets ‡! let the main-sheet fly ||!—
The boisterous squall still presses from on high,
And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course,
Through the torn main-sails bursts with thunder-
ing force.

While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,
Still on her flank the slooping bark inclin'd.—
Bear up the helm § a-weather! Rodmond cries!
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
The prow with secret intin'd veers apace;
And now the fore-sail right athwart the brace:
With equal sheets restrain'd, the belying sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer ¶ the helm applies.
As in pursuit along th' aerial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling through the liquid space;
So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall to leeward past,
Again the rallies to the fullen blast.
The helm to starboard ** turns; with wings inclin'd
The sidelong canvas claps the faithless wind.

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The mizen draws; the springs aloof once more,
While the fore stay-sail * balances before.
The fore-sail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd:
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bowline to the bowsprit end.
To topails next they haste: the buntlines gone,
The clue-lines through their wheel'd machinery run:
On either side below the sheets are mann'd;
Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand:
Once more the topails, though with humbler
plume,

Mounting aloft their ancient post resume,
Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd †;
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.

The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins fluttering is absent,
With brails ‡ refix'd another soon prepar'd,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope || they extend,
And soon their earings and the roebins § bend.
That task perform'd, they the first braces ¶ slack,
Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack;
And while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught ast the sheet, they tally and belay **

Now to the north from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore:
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide;
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
The fleetest couriers of the fishy race, † (face,
When threat'ning clouds th' ethereal vault de-
Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.

Fair Candia now no more, Beneath her lee,
Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea:
Round her broad arms, impatient of countroul,
Rous'd from their secret deeps the billows roll.
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.

* The sail, which is with more propriety called the fore topmast-stay-sail, is a triangular sail that runs up on the fore topmast stay over the bowsprit. It is us'd to command the fore part of the ship, and counterbalance the sails extended towards the stern. See also the last note of this Canto.

† A yard is said to be brac'd, when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called braces.

‡ The ropes us'd to trust up a sail to the yard or mast whereto it is attached, are, in a general sense, called brails.

|| The head rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

§ Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are small cords, us'd to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

¶ Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

** Taught implies stiff, tense, or extended straight; and tally is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling ast the sheets, or dragging them towards the ship's stern. To belay, is to fasten.

The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.—
Toss'd on the tide he feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.
As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
Exulting prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight;
Even so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide.—
Fierce and more fierce the southern demon blew,
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.
The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
Bowlines and halliards are relax'd again;
Clothes-hauls down, and sheers let fly again;
Clued-up each topsail, and by braces squar'd;
The seamen climb aloft on either yard.
They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind.
The yard, by rolling-tackles * then confin'd.
While o'er the ship the gallant boatwain flies,
Like a hoarse maul'd through the storm he cries:
Prompt to direct the unskillful still appears;
Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
Now some to strike, top-gallant yards attend;
Some travellers † up the weather backstays ‡
At each mast-head the top-ropes others § bend.
The youngest sailors from the yards above
Their parrels ¶, lifts **, and braces soon remove;
Then topt an end, and to the travellers tied, (slide
Charg'd with their sails, they down the backstays
The yards secure along the booms †† reclin'd;
While some they flying cords aloft confin'd.—

* The rolling tackle is an assemblage of pulleys, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

† It is usual to send down the top gallant yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

‡ Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the backstays, and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering the top-gallant yards, by confining them to the backstays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.

§ Backstays are long ropes, extending from the right and left side of the ship to the top-mast-heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the sails.

¶ Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

** The parrel, which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

*** Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter; to retain it in balance; or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called topping.

†† The booms in this place imply any masts or yards lying on the deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by disports of weather, &c.

Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe.
Awhile their spirits, with fatigue oppress'd,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest:
But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
And watery hills in fell succession flow
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies;
New troubles grow! new difficulties rise.
No season this from duty to descend—
All hands on deck; th' eventual hour attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray.
His sick'ning fires, half-lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerless night the sky resigns!
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast.
No ray of friendly light is seen around;
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can her courses † bear;
To reef the courses is the master's care:
The sailors' summons'd aft, a daring band!
Attend th' enfolding brail's at his command.
But here the doubtful officers dispute;
Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.—
Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond
The narrow rules of art his youth had cun'd,
Still to the hostile fury of the wind
Releas'd the sheers, and kept the tack confin'd.
To long tried practice obstinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
But the sage master this advice declines;
With whom Arion in opinion joins.—
The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foresees th' effect,
His barbarous practice ever will reject.
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon fits to-runs in the furious gale;
And he who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrace the lee yard-arm.
The master said:—obedient to command,
To raise the tack, the ready sailors stand.—
Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
The sheet and weather-brace they now stand
by ‡;

The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines fly.
Thus all prepar'd, Let go the sheet, he cries;
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies;

* The courses are generally understood to be the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, which are the largest and best sails on their several masts: the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.

† It has been remarked before, that the tack is always fastened to windward: accordingly as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard: and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by swinging.

‡ It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace when the sheet is cast off, to preserve the sail from flaking violently.

Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas swell'd :
By spilling-lines * embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind,
The foresail then secur'd, with equal care
Again to reef the mainsail they repair.—
While some high mounted overhaul the tie,
Below the down-haul-tackle † others ply
Jars ‡, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
Along the mast the willing yard descends.
When lower'd sufficient they securely brace;
And fix the rolling-tackle in its place;
The reef lines || and their earings now prepar'd,
Mounting on pliant shrouds §, they man the
yard.

Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
Arion there, the hardy boatwain here;
That in the van to front the tempest hung;
This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd † clung.
Each earing to its station first they bend;
The reef bard ¶ then along the yard extend;
The circling earings, round th' extremes entwinn'd
By outer and by inner turns * they bind.
From hand to hand, the reef-lines next receiv'd,
Through eye-let holes and robin-legs were receiv'd.
The reef in double folds involv'd they lay;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.

Hadst thou, Arion, held the leeward post,
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil.—
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer and relate!

For, while their orders thofe aloft attend,
To furl the mainsail, or on deck descend,

* The spilling-lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

† The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot easily be lowered, so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling tackle.

‡ Jars are the same to the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, as the balliards are to all the inferior sails. The tie is the upper part of the jars.

§ Reef-lines are only used to reef the mainsail and foresail. They are passed in spiral turns through the cyclet holes of the reef, and over the head of the sails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

¶ Shrouds are thick ropes stretching from the mast-head downwards, to the outside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are also used as a range of rope-ladders, by which the seamen ascend or descend, to perform whatever is necessary about the sails and rigging.

‡ The reef band is a long piece of canvas sewed across the sail to strengthen the canvas in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.

§ The outer turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along the yard; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface.

A sea * up-surfing with tremendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole:
O friends, secure y- or hold! Arion cries:
It comes all-dreadful, stooping from the skies!
Uplifted on its horrid edge, the feels
The shock, and on her side half-bury'd reels:
The sail, half-bury'd in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the seamen gave:
While from its margin, terrible to tell
Three sailors with their gallant boatwain fell.
Torn with restless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold;
In vain to grapple flying cords they try;
The cords, alas, a solid gripe deny!
Prone on the midnight surge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep;
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee;
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clashing tide;

Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore!
Should they, though reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend;
Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain
The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
Too late to weather † now 'Mere a land,
Yet verging fast to Athens' rocky strand.—

Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.
Long in their minds revolving each event,
At last to furl the courses they consent.
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try ‡ beneath it, sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the sloping yard declin'd,
Fill by the jars and topping lift || confin'd.
The head, with doubling canvas fence'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound.

* A sea is the general name given by sailors to a single wave or billow: hence when a wave bursts over the deck the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.

† To weather a shore, is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the storm.

‡ To lay, is to lay the ship with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that position. See a further illustration of this in the last note of this canto.

§ The topping lift, which tops the upper end of the mizen yard. This line and the six following, describe the operation of reefing; and balancing the mizen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knittles being small short lines used in the room of points for this purpose: they are a cordingly knitted under the fast-rope, or lower edge of the sail.

The reef enwrap, th' inserted knittles ty'd,
To hoist the shorten'd sail again they hied,
The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd;
The brails relax'd, th' extended sheet belay'd,
The helm its post forlook, and, lash'd a-lee*,

Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea,
When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine implor'd his comfort lost;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way;
Not more advent'rous was th' attempt to move
The powers of hell with strains of heavenly love,
Than mine to bid th' unwilling meech explore
The wilderness of rude mechanic lore.
Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endur'd,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd;
Till art her salutary help bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode.
Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the sweet Pierian lay,
The muse, that tun'd to barbarous sounds, her
string,

Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet amid this elemental war,
That scatters desolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear.
Though their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles in his post;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn.
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide,
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
No future ills unknown their souls appal;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all!
But ev'n the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdu'd by toil, a friendly respite crave;
A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
Their haras'd powers by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the master's mind employ;
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;
In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands.
Ungrateful task! for no asylum trac'd,
A passage open'd from the wat'ry waste.
Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
The path to every friendly port around.
While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
Secure your lives—grasp every man a shroud!—
Rous'd from his trance he mounts with eyes aglaze,
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down-rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dislever'd ruins lie.—
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main;
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;

* Lashed a-lee, is fastened to the lee-side.

Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone:
Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke;
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke;
Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
Th' extended cordage all asunder springs.
The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In streaming ruins from the margin fled.

The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams.
They found the well*, and terrible to hear!
Five feet immers'd along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brake†,
And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,
At this sad task, all diligent appear.
As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,
Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way;
Till in some destin'd hour, against her wall,
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend;
And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend;
Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
Resolv'd till death their sacred charge to guard:
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant by rotation lend;
But all in vain—for now the sounding cord,
Updrawn, an undiminis'd depth explor'd.
Nor this severe distress is found alone;
The ribs oppress'd by ponderous cannon groan.—
Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.
So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarse through his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And fate vindictive all their skill defies,
One only remedy the season gave;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan;
But arduous is the task their lot requires;
A task that hovering fate alone inspires!
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.
No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their misery can relieve;
These only now a dawn of safety give!

* The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to enclose the pumps. It is founded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

† The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

While o'er the quivering deck, from van to-rear,
Broad surgea roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond defending claim'd the weather-side.
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave;
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the
deep,

Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untam'd he stood; the stern aerial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.—
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist*,
The cordage of the leeward guns unbrac'd,
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile,
The ponderous arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship thus eas'd, some little respite finds,
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.
Such ease Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore;
When, stung with burning pain, he strove, too late,
To stop the swift career of cruel fate.

Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd!
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found:
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings gleaming on the fight,
Flash through the gloom a pale disastrous light.
Above all ether, fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below.

Beneath the storm-lash'd furies furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound:
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress'd,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess;

For, while with boundless inundation o'er
The sea-beat ship th' involving waters roar,
Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume;
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove;
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.

While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever-clanking strokes resound.
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd:
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill;
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems:
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems!

Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's resplendent throne:
But here, alas! his science nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way* explor'd,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart;
When Falconera's rugged side he found
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound;
For if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost:
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots of their hopeless state

In mournful consultation now debate:
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
When some proud city verges to her fall;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft the head:
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, disastrous to the view:
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and snow—
Black melancholy rul'd the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Enclos'd with ills, by peril unsubs'd,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to advise;
Expert in action; and in council wise;

Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief refer'd:
Ye faithful mates, who all my trouble share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well!
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.

These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, th' occasion all your skill demands;
A leaky ship embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no transient jeopardy furrounds;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.

'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
To shun the fury of the seas and wind.
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more:
Yet this or other ills she must endure;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice.

* The waist of a ship of this kind is an hollow space, of about five feet in depth, contained between the elevations of the quarter-deck and forecabin, and having the upper deck for its base, or platform.

* The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which a ship is driven sideways at the mercy of the wind and sea, when she is deprived of the government of the sails and helm.

These only in our power are left to try;
To perish here, or from the storm to fly,
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast;
For various reasons I prefer the last.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight
To me consign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign;
Forbid it, Heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay.
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale.
For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,
Our dropsy'd ship may founder by the lee;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame de-
vour.

He said; the listening mates with fix'd regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril try'd,
Had oft the master's happier skill descri'd.
Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right prefer'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate and each blast;
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissent.

Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils exceeding toils our strength o'erpower!
Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
With death before still opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind.
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chas'd by this tempest and outrageous sea?
For while its violence the tempest keeps,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps:
At random driven, to present death we haste;
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
In vain the gulf of Corinth on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a passage free;
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares;
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares.
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitting bark that instant were no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief were doom'd to perish too.
Thus if to send too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Though sorely buffetted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a lee.
The crew, though harass'd long with toils severe,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.
Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?

Prudence forbids!—This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon.
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide.
These leaks shall then decrease; the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore—

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the vessel, through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,
Sounding her depth; they ey'd the wetted scale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdu'd,
They with redoubting force their task pursu'd.
— And now the senior pilot seem'd to wait
Arion's voice to close the dark debate.
Though many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling

taught,
Not twiceline summers yet matur'd his thought.
So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at last innoxious on his heart.
His mind still stunning care with secret hate,
In patient indolence resign'd to fate.
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul.

With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark distresses on each side combin'd;
While here we linger in the pass of fate,
I see no moment left for sad debate.
For, some decision if we wish to form,
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
Her shatter'd state and yon desponding crew
At once suggest what measures to pursue.
The labouring hull already seems half-fill'd
With waters through an hundred leaks distill'd;
As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight!
Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck
Strip'd and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
These fell invasions of the bursting main.
At ev'ry pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load, the quiv'ring bowsprit-end.
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely.
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dark dismay anticipating death.
Still all our powers th' increasing leak defy:
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and save us from the wat'ry tomb.
That bids us shun the death impending here;
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward
steer,

'Tis urg'd indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And driven before it on the wat'ry waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste,
But haply Falconera we may shun;
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
Th' assaunting surge repell'd upon her rear;
Ev'n then the wearied storms as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.

Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there a while may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.

He said;---Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolv'd.
High beat his bosom; with such fear subdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explor'd
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, child'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd;
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas! no season this for tender love;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove!---
With comfort's soothing voice, from hope deceiv'd,
Palemon's drooping spirit he reviv'd.
For consolation oft with healing art,
Returns the jarring numbers of the heart.---
Now had the pilots all th' events resolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd;
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts per-

plex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:

Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near!
The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find;
At once to wear and scud before the wind*.
Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may steer;
For broken shores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and instant death is here;
Yet there by Heaven's assistance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blast subside.

But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These counsels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating sailors in the surf may save.

And first let all our axes be secur'd,
To cut the masts and rigging from a board.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd.
So they who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand.
Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar,
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard.
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.---
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend:
Then each, secur'd by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board.
Let the broad axes next assail each mast!
And booms, and oars, and rafts to leeward cast.
Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may
guide

Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them o'er
The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
But as your firmest succour, till the last,
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itself farewell!

I know, among you some full oft have view'd,
With murd'ring weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,
On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,
The foul reproach and scandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
Who, 'scap'd from every horror of the main,
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
But dread not this!--a crime to Greece un-
known,

Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown:
Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress'd,
Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for a while their native land.
They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian sailor's cause.
Mean while the master's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.

No more remains!--but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pump industrious stand;
And while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair!---
O Source of life! our refuge and our stay!
Whose voice the warring elements obey,

* For an explanation of these manœuvres the reader is referred to the last note of this canto.

On thy supreme assistance we rely;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and
death!

'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is just."

He said; and with consenting reverence fraught,
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought.
His intellectual eye, serenely bright!
Saw distant objects with prophetic light.
Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortunes and distress;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey;
Her bulwarks sinking, as her troops decay;
Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm,
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm:
He darts around his penetrating eyes
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise!
With deep attention marks th' invading foe;
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates ev'ry blow;
Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins find a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise; tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between."

* That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles, as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying as well as in scudding the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm, and in either state, is the storm if excessive, she may have all her sails furled; or be, according to the sea phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from sailing to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counter-balance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind is called her coming to; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her sailing off.

Veering or wearing as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or, of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, "That every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uni-

The balance'd ship, now forward, now behind,
Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd."

formerly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed; and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts."

ence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length, in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus, in the act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind-part of the ship, are either furled or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. The fore-part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards, situated near the head and stern, serve to counter-balance each other, in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer in order to save the ship from destruction, the mizen mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her fore-mast, or if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern, the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching to; and the want of sufficient sea room. A sea which strikes the stern violently, may shatter it in pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned; and for want of sea room, she is exposed to the danger of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw---
The order now was given to bear away;
The order given, the timoneers obey.
High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortur'd sail,
As on the rack, defends beneath the gale.
But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew!--
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
Away there; lower the mizen-yard on deck!
He calls, and brace the foremast yards aback!
His great example every bosom fires;
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires;
While to the helm unfaithful still he lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries.--
Haste, with your weapons cut the shrouds and stay;
And hew at once the mizen-mast away!

He said; th' attentive sailors on each side,
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands;
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound;
The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound.
Deep gash'd with force, the tott'ring structure
rings,

And crafhing, thund'ring, o'er the quarter swings.
Thus when some limb, convuls'd with pangs of
death,

Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath;
Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays:
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
Resolv'd at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
Severs the member, and preserves the life.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The design and influence of poetry.--Applied to the subject--Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away--Ship veers before the wind--Her violent agitation--Different stations of the officers--Appearance of the island of Falconera--Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece, renowned in antiquity--Athens--Socrates--Plato--Aristides--Solon--Corinth--Sparta--Leonidas--Invasion of Xerxes--Lycurgus--Epaminondas--Modern appearance--Arcadia--Its former happiness and fertility--Present distress, the effect of slavery--Ithaca--Ulysses and Penelope--Argos and Mycenæ--Agamemnon--Macronissi--Lemnos--Vulcan and Venus--Delos--Apollo and Diana--Troy--Sestos, Leander and Hero--Delphos Temple of Apollo--Parnassus--The Muses--The subject resumed--Sparkling of the sea--Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors--Darkness, lightning, and thunder--Approach of day--Discovery of land--The ship in great danger passes the island of St. George--Turns her broadside to the shore--Her bowsprit, foremast, and main-top-mast carried away--She

strikes a rock--Splits asunder--Fate of the crew.

The scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica.--The time is about seven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When sullen ignorance her flag display'd,
And rapine and revenge her voice obey'd:
Sent from the shores of light the muses came,
The dark and solitary race to tame.
'Twas their's the lawless passions to controul,
And melt in tender sympathy the soul;
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breast celestial flame.
The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.
Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair truth and reason sprung to light.--
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.
From earth upborn, on Pegasean wings,
Far through the boundless realms of thought he springs;

While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue.
But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire distress Laertes' son besel,
The strain, meand'ring through the maze of woe,
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the muses' heavenly breath
With vital force dissolv'd the chains of death:
Each bard in epic lays began to sing,
Taught by the master of the vocal string.--
'Tis mine, alas! through dangerous scenes to stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray!
While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!--
Full oft indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore:
But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan.
'Tis mine, the unravell'd prospect to display,
And chain th' events in regular array.
Though hard the task, to sing in varied strains,
While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains!
Thrice happy! might the secret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart!
Might the sad numbers draw compassion's tear
For kindred-miseries, oft beheld too near:
For kindred-wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast:
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know!
So pity, gushing o'er each British breast,
Might sympathize with Britain's sons distress:
For this, my theme through mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonidas nor Maro knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
 Balanc'd the impression of the helm and wind :
 The wounded serpent, agoniz'd with pain,
 Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain,
 But now the wreck dissolv'd from the rear,
 The long reluctant prow began to veer ;
 And while around before the wind it falls,
 Square all the yards * the attentive master calls—
 You timoneers, her motion still attend !
 For on your steerage all our lives depend.
 So, steady † ! meet her, watch the blast behind,
 And steer her right before the seas and wind !
 Starboard again ! the watchful pilot cries ;
 Starboard, th' obedient timoneer replies.
 Then to the left the ruling helm returns ;
 The wheel ‡ revolves ; the ringing axle burns !
 The ship no longer, foundering by the lee,
 Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea :
 All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
 Scourg'd on by furies, storm and bursting skies.
 As when the masters of the lance assail,
 In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale ;
 Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
 With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide ;
 In vain he flies ! no friendly respite found ;
 His life-blood gushes through th' inflaming wound.
 The wounded bark, thus smarting with her
 pain,
 Scuds from pursuing waves along the main ;
 While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
 Like burning adamant the waters glow.
 Her joints forget their firm elastic tone ;
 Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
 Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
 The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright !
 Now shivering, o'er the topmost wave she rides,
 While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
 Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
 She hears no more the roaring of the gale ;
 Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
 Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
 As that rebellious angel who from heaven
 To regions of eternal pain was driven :
 When dreadful he forsook the Stygian shore,
 The distant realms of Eden to explore ;
 Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,
 With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd ;
 There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
 Far in the rayless void of night was thrown :
 Even so the scales the briny mountain's height,
 Then down the black abyfs precipitates her flight.
 The masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds
 sing,
 With long vibration round her axle swing.
 To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
 The watchful pilots different posts assume.
 Albert and Rodmond, station'd on the rear,
 With warning voice direct each timoneer.

* To square the yards, in this place is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ship's length.

† Steady, is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which she advances at that instant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

‡ In all large ships the helm is managed by a wheel.

High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
 To shun the cruisers wand'ring o'er the deeps :
 Where'er he moves Palamon still attends,
 As if on him his only hope depends :
 While Rodmond, fearful of some neighbouring
 shore,

Cries, ever and anon, *Look out afore !*
 Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
 When Falconera's rocky height they view.
 High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
 The glimmering watch-tower cast a mournful
 light.

In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
 And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand :
 But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies,
 Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.
 So from the fangs of her insatiate foe,
 O'er the broad champain scuds the trembling
 roe.—

That danger past, reflects a feeble joy ;
 But soon returning fears their hope destroy.
 Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the sailor eyes,
 While melting in the reign of softer skies,
 Some alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
 Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone :
 Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales supply :
 In cooling stream the æreal billows fly ;
 Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
 In gentler tides the feverish pulses beat.

So, when their trembling vessel past this isle,
 Such visionary joys the crew beguile :
 Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire !
 Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire !

Say, memory ! thou, from whose unerring
 tongue

Instructive flows the animated song !
 What regions now the flying ship surround ?
 Regions of old, through all the world renown'd ;
 That, once the poet's theme, the muses boast,
 Now lie in ruins, in oblivion lost !
 Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
 Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore
 Unconscious pass each famous circling shore ?

They did ; for, blasted in the barren shade,
 Here, all too soon, the buds of science fade :
 Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
 Withers the bloom of every springing flower.
 Here fancy droops, while fullen cloud and storm
 The generous climate of the soul deform.
 Then if, among the wandering naval train,
 One stripling, exil'd from th' Aonian plain,
 Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's soothing dream,
 Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream,
 (Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
 To purer sense th' attemper'd soul refine)
 His heart, with liberal commerce here unblest,
 Alien to joy ! sincerer grief poss'it
 Yet on the youthful mind th' impression cast
 Of ancient glory, shall for ever last.
 There, all unquench'd by cruel fortune's ire,
 It glows with inextinguishable fire.

Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
 Contiguous lies at Port Lione's head.
 Great source of science ! whose immortal name
 Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame.

Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.
The first in virtue's cause his life resign'd,
By heav'n pronounc'd the wisest of mankind:
The last foretold the spark of vital fire,
The soul's fine essence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage.
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws.
Of all her towering structures, now alone
Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds o'er-
grown.

The wandering stranger, near the port, descries
A milk-white lion of stupendous size;
Unknown the sculptor; marble is the frame:
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.

Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies:
Whom, though by tyrant-victors oft subdu'd,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd*,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd.
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward on Morea's land,
Fair Mistra! thy modern turrets stand.
Ah! who, unmov'd with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedemon's glory fell?
Here once the flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around.
Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore
Through all Achaia bade her thunders roar:
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanc'd with Persia's sumless troops to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece dismay'd beheld the chief draw near;
He, at Thermopylae's immortal plain,
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.
Till Oeto saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gassing millions, bleed on hostile lands.
Thus vanquish'd Asia trembling heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame!
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause.
Even great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.
But ah! how low her free-born spirit now!
Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Infect thy region, and thy name disgrace!

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.
Thrice happy soil! where still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obsequious field,
Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield.
Then with some rural nymph supremely blest,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.
Now, sad reverse! oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land.

* *Architecture.*

In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight-ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.

Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies
The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise;
Where fair Penelope her absent lord
Full twice ten years with faithful love deplor'd.
Though many a princely heart her beauty won,
She, guarded only by her tripling son,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foil'd.
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
The beauteous princess triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Far o'er th' Aegean main to Dardan coasts.
Unhappy prince! who, on a hostile shore,
Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore.
And when to native realms restor'd at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past;
A perjurd friend, alas! and faithless wife,
There sacrific'd to impious lust thy life!—
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair isle of Helena* is seen,
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian host,
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coast;
For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
The sacred turrets of imperial Troy.
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilium came.
The port an image bears of Parian stone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears th' immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore:
Delos, through all th' Aegean seas renown'd!
(Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround)
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd;
Her hallow'd groves even distant Persia fear'd,
But now, a silent unfrequented land!
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.
Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' ethereal world,
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd.
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders, that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by skill divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul dis-
grace

And living scandal of th' empyreal race,
The beauteous queen of love in wedlock dwelt,
In fires profane can heavenly bosoms melt?

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
Illustrious Troy! renown'd in every clime,
Through the long annals of unfolding time!
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou saw'st thy tutelary gods in vain descend!

† Now known by the name of *Magronisi*.

Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain.

Though nations perish'd on her bloody plain,
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
Was doom'd at length to sink in Grecian flame:
And now, by time's deep plough-share harrow'd
o'er,

The seat of sacred Troy is found no more.
No trace of all her glories now remains;
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore;
Scamander oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore!

Not far remov'd from Iliion's famous land,
In counter view appears the Thracian strand;
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Display'd her crescent each revolving night;
Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Hellepont to Asia's shore;
Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost:
Then felt her bosom agony severe;
Her eyes sad-gazing pour'd th' incessant tear;
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her beauteous breast and tore her hair—
On dear Leander's name in vain the cry'd:
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide,
The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight.

Far west of Thrace, beyond th' Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
August the fabric! elegant its style!
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors.
The roof, where storied tabulatures appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train!
Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane:
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd;
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd.
The sciences and arts around the shrine
Conspicuous shone, engrav'd by hands divine!
Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories spark'd on his breast:
While from his eye's insufferable light
Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found. [spread,

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'er-
Parnassus lifts to heaven its honour'd head;
Where, from the deluge sav'd, by Heaven's com-
mencement leading Pyrrha hand in hand, [maud,
Repeopled all the desolated land.

Around the scene unsading laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.
The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol sweet numbers through the vocal grove;
While o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath,
Young zephyrs borne on rosy pinions breathe.
Fair daughters of the sun! the sacred nine,
Here wake to ecstacy their songs divine;

Or crown'd with myrtle, in some sweet alcove
Attune the tender strings to bleeding love.
All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,
Soothing to softest peace the tortur'd soul,
While hill and vale with choral voice around
The music of immortal harps resound,
Fair pleasure leads in dance the happy hours,
Still scattering where she moves Elylian flowers!
Even now the strains, with sweet contagion fraught,
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought.—
Adieu ye vales, that smiling peace bestow,
Where Eden's blossoms ever-vernal blow!
Adieu ye streams, that o'er enchanted ground
In lucid maze th' Aonian hill surround!
Ye fairy scenes, where fancy loves to dwell,
And young delight, for ever, O farewell!
The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethæan dews distil!
Awake, O memory, from th' inglorious dream!
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme!
Collect thy powers! arouse thy vital fire!
Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire!
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrents pour along the swelling strain!

Now borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps:
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.
For this assault should either quarter * feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel.
The steersmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks; the routed squadrons join;
And guide the flight in one embodied line:
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted traveller, through the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress;
So, while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below, [woe,
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of
Now thunders, wasted from the burning zone,
Growl from afar a deaf and hollow groan!
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
Her joints unning'd, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower,
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.

* The quarter is the hinder part of a ship's side, or that part which is near the stern.

Th' ætheria dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread, [head.
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er his
It seem'd the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd;
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' enflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!—
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks;
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge:
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ætherial frame;
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo! at last from tenfold darkness borne,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descri'd.
For now in front her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That saw him parting, never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain, [reign:
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise:
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose.
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.
While, as the wheels, unable to subdue
Her fallies, still they dread her broaching-to*.

* Broaching-to is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ship, whilst scudding or sailing

Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear th' invading sea;
And if the following surge she feuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore;
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.—
Far less dismay'd Anchifes' wandering son
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun:
When Palinurus from the helm descri'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side;
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf oppos'd;
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies,
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud-dashing surges roar.
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest

raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares
To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd shores.
But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
Though scarce ten fathoms distant from the land,
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing, the isle she past.
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore!

When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day;
Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
When far above the sacred light he eyes,
While all forlorn the victim pines in vain
For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descrie,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
Beside the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning

rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind;
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.

before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the difficulty of steering her, or by some disaster happening to the machinery of the helm. See the last note of the second canto.

Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend ! he cries ;
Thy only succour on the mast relies !—
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridled course :
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous fallies to reclaim.
Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the founding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
When mounted on the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling try'd
Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.—
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly :
Fate spurs her on.—Thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star ;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen cy'd the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand :
Swift from their minds clasp'd all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.—
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring.
The fatal sisters, on the surge before,
Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.—
The steersmen now receiv'd their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend ;
Fare! retreat ! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-press'd by wat'ry weight the bowprit bends,
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high :
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main-topmast from its post away.
Clung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink for ever, number'd with the dead !

Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.—
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the mast appear ;
Even they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Enclos'd with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.

Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While fancy views the mansions of the blest.

For Heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore ;

But Heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more !
And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near !
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !

In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the ions of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of phrenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess !—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove.
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain !
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain !

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard ;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven the flies,
Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans ! air trembles ! and the deeps resound !

Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment, reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.—
Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock !
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak :
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart ;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress !
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrival'd strains deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surge the slooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast :
Awhile they bore th' overwhelming billows rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.

Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, whom seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew!

Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses! red with human blood!
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expri'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe:
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray---
While these reflections reach his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold---
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clenching joint adhere. }
All-faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinished found!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!

Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all the assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die:
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly.
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp! they bleed!
And, groaning, cling upon th' elusive weed!--
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and memory views no more!
Ha! total night and horror here preside!
My rattling car tingles to the whizzing tide!

It is the funeral knell! and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd!
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again!

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore:
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow:
Awhile they wait th' exhausted wave's retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.

O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sickn'd spark of life revives;
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the deep defry,
Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height;

When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood;
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground!
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts:
Strait down the vale with hasting steps they hied,

Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath explore
The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore:
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay---
It is Palemon!—oh! what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul!
If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend and this sole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown.
Arion thus; but ah! sad doom of fate!
That bleeding memory sorrows to relate,
While yet afloat on some resisting rock,
His ribs were dash'd and fractur'd with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade!
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head!
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung pourtray'd;

Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
Hast thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine anguish? thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again!
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:
"O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,
"Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;
"Are we then exil'd to this last retreat
"Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
"Ah! how unlike what yestern-morn enjoy'd,
"Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd!
"For wounded far beyond all healing power,
"Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
"By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
"At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
"Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
"That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
"Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
"Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
"How will remembrance of this blinded care
"Bend down thy head with anguish and de-
"spair!
"Such dire effects from avarice arise,
"That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wise,
"With force severe endeavours to controul
"The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
"But O, thou sacred Power! whose law connects
"Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
"Let not thy chafening ministers of rage
"Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age!
"And you, Arion! who with these the last
"Of all our crew survive the shipwreck past—
"Ah, cease to mourn! those friendly tears re-
"strain!
"Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
"Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps re-
"store,
"When parted hence, to England's distant shore;
"Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of fate,
"To him the tragic story first relate,
"Oh, friendship's generous ardour then suppress!
"Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
"Nor let each horrid incident sustain
"The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
"Ah! then remember well my last request
"For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
"Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
"The helpless maid to succour and defend.
"Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
"So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
"But oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
"What dire untimely end thy friend beset,
"Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
"And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
"Say that my love, inviolably true,
"No change, no diminution ever knew,
"Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
"Is all Palemon rescu'd from the wreck;

"Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
"I struggled, life and this alone to save!
"My soul that fluttering hastens to be free,
"Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
"But strives in vain!—the chilling ice of death
"Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of
"breath:
"Resign'd she quits her comfortless abode,
"To course that long, unknown, eternal road—
"O Sacred Source of ever-living light!
"Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
"Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
"Where peril, pain, and death, are felt no more!
"When thou some tale of hapless love shalt
"hear,
"That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,
"Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
"To absence, sorrow, and despair, consign'd,
"Oh then! to swell the tides of social woe,
"That heal th' afflicted bosom thy o'erflow,
"While memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell,
"And what distress thy wretched friend beset!
"Then, while in streams of soft compassion
"drown'd,
"The swains lament, and maidens weep around;
"While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
"With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious
"tear;
"Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain;
"All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."
The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung:
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!
As thus desec'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.
Oh, ill-starr'd vot'ry of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, though painful, thy demand:
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day!
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred!
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;
Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain!
Can sacred justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wond'rous maze,
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays:
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, "Thy will be done!"
Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd:
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corse of the dead,
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.

* ——— fed scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini; "dicique beatus
"Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."
Ovid. Metam. lib. 3.

The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

THE scene of death is clos'd, the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear:
Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains, [fear.
And dumb suspense awaits o'erwhelm'd with

But the sad muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore;
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to th' eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear
The voice of friendship still lament thy doom;
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas! the gentle maid shall weep,
While secret anguish nips her vital bloom;
O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,
And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentless phrenzy shall the father sting,
Untaught in virtue's school distress to bear;
Severer remorse his tortur'd soul shall wring,
'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!
Your toils, and pains, and dangers, are no more!
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharg'd with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat:
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

No more the joyful maid, the sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide wat'ry waste you stray,
While hunger and disease your life consume;
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel contagion's mortal breath,
That taints the realms with misery severe;
No more behold pale famine, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling
strain,

Unheard shall form the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards, still molest
The wandering vassals of the faithless deep,
O! happier now escap'd to endless rest,
Than we, who still survive to wake and weep.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell:

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What though no sculptur'd pile your name dis-
plays,

Like those who perish in their country's cause;
What though no epic muse in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applause:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal muses crown
The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall remembrance from oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere;
And soft compassion, at your tragic tale,
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

P O E M S.

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

FROM the big horror of war's hoarse alarms,
And the tremendous clang of clashing arms,
Descend, my muse! a deeper scene to draw
(A scene will hold the list'ning world in awe*)
Is my intent: Melpomene inspire,
While, with sad notes, I strike the trembling lyre:
And may my lines with easy motion flow,
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe:

* By awe, here, is meant attention.

Big with the sorrow it describes, my song,
In solemn pomp, majestic, move along.

Oh! bear me to some awful silent glade
Where cedars form an unrelenting shade;
Where never track of human feet was known;
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus shone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
And hoarser winds howl morn'ring through the
grove;

Where some unhappy wretch ay mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wand'ring through the gloom;
Where solitude and meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpse of hope can come:
Place me in such an unfrequented shade,
To speak to none but with the mighty dead:

T' assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with my sighs.

When winter's horrors left Britannia's isle,
And spring in blooming verdure 'gan to smile;
When rills unbound, began to purr along,
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal song;
When sprouting roses, deck'd in crimson dye,
Began to bloom,
Hard fate! then, noble Fred'ric, didst thou die:
Doom'd by inexorable fate's decree,
Th' approaching summer ne'er on earth to see;
In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
Whose flame the virtue of no herbs assuage;
No cooling med'cine can its heat allay,
Relentless destiny cries, "No delay."
Ye pow'rs! and must a prince to noble die?
(Whose equal breathes not under th' ambient sky):
Ah! must he die, then, in youth's full-blown
prime,

Cut by the scythe of all-devouring time?
Yes, fate has doom'd: his soul now leaves its
weight,

And all are under the decree of fate;
Th' irrevocable doom of destiny
Pronounc'd, All mortals must submissive die.
The princes wait around with weeping eyes,
And the dome echoes all with piercing cries:
With doleful noise the matrons scream around,
With female shrieks the vaulted roofs rebound:
A dismal noise! Now one promiscuous roar
Cries. "Ah! the noble Fred'ric is no more!"
The chief reluctant yields his latest breath;
His eye-lids settle in the shades of death:
Dark sable shades present before each eye,
And the deep vast abyss, eternity!
Through perpetuity's expanse he springs;
And o'er the vast profound he shoots on wings:
The soul to distant regions fleers his flight,
And sail incumbent on inferior night:
With vast celerity she shoots away,
And meets the regions of eternal day,
To shine forever in the heav'nly birth,
And leave the body here to rot on earth.
The melancholy patriots round it wait,
And mourn the royal hero's timeless fate.
Disconsolate they move, a mournful band!
In solemn pomp they march along the strand:
The noble chief interr'd in youthful bloom,
Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.

Adown Augusta's pallid visage flow
The living pearls, with unaffected woe:
Disconsolate, hapless, see pale Britain mourn,
Abandon'd isle! forsaken and forlorn!
With desp'rate hands her bleeding breast she beats;
While o'er her, frowning, grim destruction threatens,
She mourns with heart-lent grief, she rends her hair,
And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.
Well may'st thou mourn thy patriot's timeless end,
Thy muses patron, and thy merchants friend.
What heart shall pity thy full-flowing grief?
What hand now deign to give thy poor relief?
T' encourage arts, whose bounty now shall flow,
And learned science to promote, bestow?
Who now protect thee from the hostile frown,
And to the injur'd just return his own?

From us'ry and oppression who should guard
The helpless, and the threat'ning ruin ward?
Alas! the truly noble Briton's gone,
And left us here in ceaseless woe to moan!
Impending desolation hangs around,
And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground:
The blooming spring droops her enamell'd head,
Her glories wither, and her flow'rs all fade:
The sprouting leaves already drop away;
Languish the living herbs with pale decay:
The bowing trees, see! o'er the blasted heath,
Depending, bend beneath the weight of death;
Wrapp'd in th' expansive gloom, the lightning
play,

Hoarse thunder mutters through th' aerial way:
All nature feels the pangs, the storms renew,
And sprouts, with fatal haste, the baleful yew.

Some pow'r avert the threat'ning horrid weight,
And, godlike, prop Britannia's sinking state!
Minerva, hover o'er y'ung George's soul;
May sacred wisdom all his deeds controul!
Exalted grandeur in each action shine,
His conduct all declare the youth divine.

Methinks I see him shine a glorious star,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!
Methinks each region does his praise resound,
And nations tremble at his name around!
His fame, through ev'ry distant kingdom rung,
Proclaims him of the race from whence he sprung:
So sable smoke, in volumes, curls on high,
Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the sky:
Already so, his fame, methinks, is hurl'd
Around th' admiring venerating world.
So the benighted wand'rer, on his way,
Laments the absence of all-cheering day;
Far distant from his friends and native home,
And not one glimpe does glimmer through the
gloom:

In thought he breathes, each sigh his latest breath,
Present, each meditation, pits of death:
Irreg'lar, wild chimeras fill his soul,
And death, and dying, every step controul.
Till from the east there breaks a purple gleam,
His fears then vanish as a fleeting dream,
Hid in a cloud the sun first shoots his ray,
Then breaks effulgent on th' illumin'd day;
We see no spot then in the flaming rays,
Confus'd and lost within th' excessive blaze,

O D E

ON THE DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND DEPARTURE
FROM ENGLAND AS REAR ADMIRAL.

Written aboard the Royal George.

AGAIN the royal streamers play!
To glory Edward hastes away;
Adieu, ye happy sylvan bowers,
Where pleasure's sprightly throng await!
Ye domes, where regal grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of state!
Ye scenes where virtue's sacred strain
Bids the tragic muse complain!
Where satire treads the comic stage,
To scourge and mend a venal age;

Where music pours the soft, melodious lay,
 And melting symphonies congenial play!
 Ye silken sons of ease, who dwell
 In flowery vales of peace, farewell!
 In vain the goddess of the myrtle grove
 Her charms ineffable displays;
 In vain she calls to happier realms of love,
 Which spring's unfading bloom arrays:
 In vain her living roses blow.
 And ever vernal pleasures grow;
 The gentle sports of youth no more
 Allure him to the peaceful shore:
 Arcadian ease no longer charms,
 For war and fame alone can please.
 His throbbing bosom beats to arms,
 To war the hero moves, through storms and
 wintry seas.

CHORUS.

The gentle sports of youth no more
 Allure him to the peaceful shore.
 For war and fame alone can please;
 To war the hero moves, through storms and
 wintry seas.

Though danger's hostile train appears
 To thwart the course that honour steers;
 Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,
 Despising peril and dismay:
 His country calls: to guard her laws,
 Lo! every joy the gallant youth resigns;
 Th' avenging naval sword he draws,
 And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines:
 Hark! his sprightly clarions play;
 Follow where he leads the way!
 The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
 Tell the deeps their master's come.

CHORUS.

Hark! his sprightly clarions play,
 Follow where he leads the way!
 The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
 Tell the deeps their master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike son
 The thorny course of virtue run,
 When, taught by her unerring voice,
 He made the glorious choice:
 Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
 Youth's genial ardours to subdue:
 For pleasure Venus' lovely form assum'd;
 Her glowing charms, divinely bright,
 In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
 And struck his ravish'd sight.

Transfix'd, amaz'd,
 Alcides gaz'd:
 Enchanting grace
 Adorn'd her face,

And all his changing looks confess
 Th' alternate passions in his breast:
 Her swelling bosom half reveal'd,
 Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
 A thousand tender pains instill'd,
 A thousand flatt'ring thoughts inspir'd:
 Persuasion's sweetest language hung
 In melting accent on her tongue:
 Deep in his heart, the winning tale
 Intus'd a magic power;

She prest him to the rosy vale,
 And show'd th' Elysian bower:
 Her hand, that trembling ardours move,
 Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove:
 Ah! see, o'erpow'rd by beauty's charms,
 And won by love's resistless arms,
 The captive yields to nature's soft alarms!

CHORUS.

Ah! see, o'erpow'rd by beauty's charms,
 And won by love's resistless arms,
 The captive yields to nature's soft alarms!

Assist, ye guardian powers above!
 From ruin save the son of Jove!
 By heavenly mandate virtue came,
 And check'd the fatal flame:
 Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
 Whose point the magnet's influence feels,
 Inspir'd with awe,
 He, turning, saw
 The nymph divine
 Transcendent shine;

And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
 His heart a sacred impulse sway'd:
 His eyes with ardent motion roll,
 And love, regret, and hope, divide his soul.
 But soon her words his pain destroy,
 And all the numbers of his heart,
 Return'd by her celestial art,
 Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.
 Instructed thus by virtue's lore,
 His happy steps the realms explore
 Where guilt and error are no more:
 The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
 Before her breath dispelling, melt away:
 Broke loose from pleasure's glittering chain,
 He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign:
 Convinced, resolv'd, to virtue then he turn'd,
 And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

CHORUS.

Broke loose from pleasure's glittering chain,
 He scorn'd the soft inglorious reign:
 Convinced, resolv'd, to virtue then he turn'd,
 And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other hope she shone,
 Like him the royal youth she won:
 Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
 To curb the power of Spain and France:
 Aloft his martial ensigns flow,
 And hark! his brazen trumpets blow:
 The wat'ry profound,
 Awak'd by the sound,
 All trembles around:
 While Edward o'er the azure fields
 Fraternal wonder wields:
 High on the deck behold he stands,
 And views around his floating bands
 In awful order join:
 They, while the warlike trumpet's strain,
 Deep sounding, swells along the main,
 Extend the embattled line.
 Then Britain triumphantly saw
 His armament ride
 Supreme on the tide,
 And o'er the vast ocean give law.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy,
The ships their horrid tubes display,
Tier over tier in terrible array,
And wait the signal to destroy :
The failors all burn to engage :
Hark ! hark ! their shouts arise,
And shake the vaulted skies !
Exulting with Bacchanal rage.
Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine !
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign !

CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine !
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign !

Albion, wake thy grateful voice !
Let thy hills and vales rejoice :
O'er remotest hostile regions
Thy victorious flags are known ;
Thy resistless martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone ;
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe controul :
Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can subdue :
To thy great trust
Severely just,
All dissident strife they disclaim :
To meet the foe,
Their bosoms glow ;
Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud can subdue :
All dissident strife they disclaim,
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye nine !
Triumphant strike each living string,
For him, in ecstacy divine,
Your choral lo Pæans sing !
For him your festive concerts breathe !
For him your flowery garlands wreath !
Wake ! O wake the joyful song !
Ye fauns of the woods,
Ye nymphs of the floods,
The musical current prolong !
Ye sylvans, that dance on the plain,
To swell the grand chorus accord !
Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
Exulting, acknowledge your lord !
Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
That floating proclaim
Our admiral's name,
In symphony roll on the wind !

CHORUS.

Wake ! O wake the joyful song !
Ye sylvans, that dance on the plain,

Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
The musical current prolong !

O ! while consenting Britons praise,
Those votive measures deign to hear ;
For thee muse awakes her lays,
For thee th' unequal viol plays,
The tribute of a soul sincere.
Nor thou, illustrious chief, refuse
The incense of a nautic muse !
For ah ! to whom shall Neptune's sons complain,
But him whose arms unrivall'd rule the main.
Deep on my grateful breast
Thy favour is impress ;
No happy son of wealth or fame
To court a royal patron came !
A hapless youth, whose vital page
Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,
Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,
To glittering stars and titled names unknown,
Preferr'd his suit to thee alone.
The tale your sacred pity mov'd ;
You felt, consented, and approv'd.
Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire !
Exalt to rapture every happy line !
My bosom kindle with Promethean fire !
And swell each note with energy divine,
No more to plaintive sounds of woe
Let the vocal numbers flow !
Perhaps the chief to whom I sing
May yet ordain auspicious days,
To wake the lyre with nobler lays,
And tune to war the nervous string.
Though all the powers of genius he possess,
For who, untaught in Neptune's school,
Though disciplin'd by classic rule,
With daring pencil can display
The fight that thunders on the watery way,
And all its horrid incidents express ?
To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong !
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

CHORUS.

To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

THE FOND LOVER,

A BALLAD.

A NYMPH of ev'ry charm possess'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all confess'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create ?
Since all her thoughts, by sense refin'd,
Unartful truth express,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress ?

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Through all my veins the sweet excess
In trembling motion thrills:
Say whence this secret anguish grows,
Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch, where pleasure glows,
Should vital peace destroy?

If when my fair, in melting song,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Such pleasing sounds convey:
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
Why heaves this broken sigh?
For then my blood forgets to move,
I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain
Which you alone inspire;
To thee the dying strings complain
That quiver on my lyre.
O! give this bleeding bosom ease,
That knows no joy but thee;
Teach me thy happy art to please,
Or deign to love like me.

AN ADDRESS TO MIRANDA.

The smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are dress'd in all the pride of May;
The birds, on ev'ry spray above,
To rapture wake the vocal grove.

But ah! Miranda! without thee,
Nor spring, nor summer smiles on me:
All lonely in the secret shade,
I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!
Serenely sweet as vernal air!
Come to my arms, for you alone
Can all my absence past atone.

O come! and to my bleeding heart
The sovereign balm of love impart;
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring!

THE DEMAGOGUE.

BOLD is the attempt, in these licentious times,
When with such towering strides sedition climbs,
With sense or satire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great decisive hour:
BOLD is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the path of fate to bar her way:
Whose heart, by frowning arrogance unaw'd,
Or the deep-lurking snares of specious fraud,
The threats of giant-faction can deride,
And stem, with stubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await,
Scorn, malice, infence, reproach, and hate:
At him, who dares this legion to defy,
A thousand mortal shafts in secret fly:
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Pursues the incautious victim to destroy:
And slander strives, with unrelenting aim,
To spit her blasting venom on his name:

Around him faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming vermin dart their feeble stings:
In vain the wretch retreats, while, in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.
Enclos'd with perils thus the conscious muse,
Alarm'd, though undismay'd, her danger views.
Nor shall unmanly terror now controul
The strong resentment struggling in her soul.
While indignation, with resistless strain,
Pours her full deluge through each swelling vein.
By the vile fear that chills the coward breast,
By fardid caution is her voice suppress'd,
While arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious struts on power's imperial stage;
While o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black discord, screaming, shakes her fatal brand:
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The sacrilegious sword rebellion draws;
Shall she at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire?
Honour forbid! she fears no threat'ning foe,
When conscious justice bids her bosom glow:
And while she kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of friendship blame!
She feels the sting of keen resentment goad,
Though guiltless yet of satire's thorny road.
Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown!
While fools adore, and vassal-bards obey,
Let the great Monarch Afs through Gotham
bray!

Our poet brandishes no mimic sword,
To rule a realm of dances self explor'd:
No bleeding victims curse his iron sway;
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herself, unarm'd, the fearless muse
Through reason's path her steady course pursues;
True to herself advances, undeter'd
By the rude clamours of the savage herd.
As some bold surgeon, with inserted steel,
Probes deep the putrid sore, intent to heal;
So the rank ulcers that our PATRIOT load,
Shall she with caustic's healing fires corrode.

Yet ere from patient slumber satire wakes,
And brandishes th' avenging scourge of snakes;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark recesses of his heart display;
Let candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in severest danger's trying hour!
Let truth consenting, with the trump of fame,
His glory, in auspicious strains, proclaim!
He bade the tempest of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from shore to shore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of danger's car,
How oft my bosom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applause bestow'd;
Applause, that, genuine as the blush of youth
Unknown to guile, was sanctify'd by truth!
How oft I blest the PATRIOT's honest rage,
That greatly dar'd to lash the guilty age;
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along;
That power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride
And all corruption's venal arts defy'd!

When from afar those penetrating eyes
Beheld each secret hostile scheme arise;
Watch'd every motion of the faithless foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow:
A fond enthusiast, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in secret with congenial flame;
While my young bosom, to deceit unknown,
Believ'd all real virtue thine alone.

Such then he seem'd, and such indeed might
If truth with error ever could agree!
Sure satire never with a fairer hand
Pourtray'd the object she design'd to brand.
Alas! that virtue should so soon decay,
And faction's wild applause thy heart betray!
The muse with secret sympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments:
But when those dangerous errors, big with fate,
Spread discord and distraction through the state,
Reason should then exert her utmost power
To guard our passions in that fatal hour.

There was a time, ere yet his conscious heart
Durst from the hardy path of truth depart,
While yet with generous sentiment it glow'd,
A stranger to corruption's slippery road;
There was a time our PATRIOT durst avow
Those honest maxims he despises now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the insatiate German vulture rail!
Whose cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whose hungry maw was glutted with her gore!
The mists of error, that in darkness held
Our reason, like the sun, his voice dispell'd.
And lo! exhausted, with no power to save,
We view Britannia panting on the wave; [weight
Hung round her neck, a millstone's ponderous
Drags down the struggling victim to her fate!
While horror at the thought our bosom feels,
We bless the man this horror who reveals.

But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze;
For, lo! possessor of power's imperial reins,
Our chief those visionary ills disdains!
Alas! how soon the sleddy PATRIOT turns!
In vain this change astonish'd England mourns!
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill the accurs'd Westphalian drain,
Then ceas'd to flow; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey!
The millstone feels the touch, and melts away!
And, strange to tell, still stranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er saw, and heart could ne'er conceive,

At once, transplanted by the forcerer's wand,
Columbian hills in distant Austria stand!
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Westphalia utters groan for groan:
By sympathy she severs with her fires,
Burns as she burns, and as she dies expires.

From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true:
Sworn with success, and with applause enflam'd,
He scorn'd all caution, all advice disclaim'd;
Arm'd with war's thunder, he embrac'd no more
Those patriot principles maintain'd before.

Perverse, inconstant, obstinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent, and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful strand
He once devoted all his powers to brand!

Our hapless country views with weeping eyes
On every side o'erwhelming horrors rise;
Drain'd of her wealth, exhausted of her power,
And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour;
Her armies wasted with incessant toils,
Or doom'd to perish in contagious soils,
To guard some needy royal plunderer's throne,
And sent to fall in battles not their own. [charg'd,
Th' enormous debt at home, though long o'er-
With grievous burdens annually enlarg'd:
Crush'd with increasing taxes to the ground,
That suck like vampires every bleeding wound:
Ground with severe distress th' industrious poor,
Driven by the ruthless landlord to the door.

While thus our land her hapless fate bemoans
In secret, and with inward sorrow groans;
Though deck'd with tinsel trophies of renown,
All gash'd with sores, with anguish bending down,
Can yet some impious parricide appear,
Who strives to make this anguish more severe?
Can one exist, so much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with fresh effusion flow?

There can; to him in vain the lifts her eyes,
His soul relentlessly hears her piercing sighs!
Shameless of front, impatient of controul,
He spurs her onward to destruction's goal!
Nor yet content on curs'd Westphalia's shore
With mad profusion to exhaust her store,
Still peace his pompous fulminations brand,
As pirates tremble at the sight of land:
Still to new wars the public eye he turns;
Defies all peril, and at reason spurns:
Till prest with danger, by distress assail'd,
That baffled courage, and o'er skill prevail'd;
Till foundering in the storm himself had brew'd,
He strives at last its horrors to elude.
Some wretched shift must still protect his name,
And to the guiltless head transfer his shame:
Then hearing modest diffidence oppose
His rash advice, that golden time he chose;
And while big furies threaten'd to o'erwhelm
The ship, ingloriously forsook the helm.

But all th' events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate.

He first assum'd, by mean perfidious art,
Those patriot tenets foreign to his heart:
Next, by his country's fond applauses swell'd,
Thrust himself forward into power, and held
The reins on principles which he alone, [own:
Grown drunk and wanton with success, could
Betray'd her interest, and abus'd his trust;
Then, deaf to prayers, forsook her in disgust;
With tragic mummery, and most vile grimace,
Rode through the city with a woeful face,
As in distress, a PATRIOT out of place!
Insults his generous prince, and in the day
Of trouble skulks, because he cannot sway!
In foreign climes embroils him with allies!
And bids at home the flames of DISCORD rise!

She comes! from hell the exulting fury springs!
With grim destruction sailing on her wings!

Around her scream an hundred harpies fell !
 An hundred demons shriek with hideous yell !
 From where, in mortal venom dipt on high,
 Full-drawn the deadliest shafts of satire fly,
 Where Churchill brandishes his clumsy club,
 And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,
 Down to where Entick, awkward and unclean,
 Crawls on his native dust, a worm obscene !
 While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear
 Myriads of nameless buzzing drones appear :
 From their dark cells the angry insects swarm,
 And every little sting attempt to arm.
 Here *Chaplains* *, *Privileges* *, moulder round,
 And feeble *Scourges* * rot upon the ground :
 Here hungry Kenrick strives, with fruitless aim,
 With Grub-street slander to extend his name :
 At Bruin flies the flaving, snarling cur,
 But only fills his famish'd jaws with fur.
 Here Baldwin spreads th' assassinating cloke,
 Where lurking rancour gives the secret stroke ;
 While gorg'd with filth, around this senseless block,
 A swarm of spider-bards obsequious flock :
 While his demure Welch Goat, with lifted hoof,
 In *Pot's-Corner* hangs each flimsy woof ;
 And frisky grown, attempts, with awkward prance,
 On wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.
 Here, seiz'd with iliac passion, mouthing Leech,
 Too low, alas ! for satire's whip to reach,
 From his black entrails, faction's common sewer,
 Disgorges all her excremental store.

With equal pity and regret the muse
 The thundering storms that rage around her
 views ;

Impartial views the tides of discord blend,
 Where lordly rogues for power and place contend ;
 Were not her patriot-heart with anguish torn,
 Would eye the opposing chiefs with equal scorn.
 Let freedom's deadliest foes for freedom bawl,
 Alike to her who govern or who fall !
 Aloof she stands, all unconcern'd and mute,
 While the rude rabble bellow, " Down with
 Butè !"

While villany the scourge of justice bilks,
 Howl on, ye ruffians ! " Liberty and Wilkes."
 Let some soft mummy of a peer, who stains
 His rank, some sodden lump of ass's brains,
 To that abandon'd wretch his sanction give ;
 Support his slander, and his wants relieve !
 Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
 And power and wisdom all to him submit !
 Let proud ambition's sons, with hearts severe,
 Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear !
 Sedition her triumphant flag display,
 And in embodied ranks her troops array !
 While coward justice, trembling on her seat,
 Like a vile slave defends to lick her feet !
 Nor here let censure draw her awful blade,
 If from her theme the wayward muse has stray'd !
 Sometimes th' impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
 Redundant bursting, swamps the adjacent grounds ;
 But rapid and impatient of delay,
 Through the deep channel still pursues its way.

Our pilot now retir'd, no pleasure knows,
 But every man and measure to oppose ;
 Like *Æsop's* cur, still snarling and perverse,
 Bloating with envy, to mankind a curse,
 No more at council his advice will lend,
 But with all others who advise contend :
 He bids distraction o'er his country blaze,
 Then, swelter'd with revenge, retreats to *Hayes* * :
 Swallows the pension ; but, aware of blame,
 Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
 The felon thus of old, his name to save,
 His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave. [know

But should some frantic wretch, whom all men
 To nature and humanity a foe,
 Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
 And dead to shame and friendship's social tie,
 Should such a miscreant, at the hour of death,
 To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath ;
 With cruel rancour wrestling from his heirs
 What nature taught them to expect as theirs ;
 Would'st thou with this detested robber join,
 Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin ?
 Forbid it, Heav'n ! thou canst not be so base,
 To blast thy name with infamous disgrace !
 The muse who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
 Dares not so black a thought anticipate :
 By Heaven, the muse her ignorance betrays ;
 For while a thousand eyes with wonder gaze,
 Though gorg'd and glutted with his country's
 store,

The vulture pounces on the shining ore ;
 In his strong talons gripes the golden prey,
 And from the weeping orphan bears away.

The great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,
 That, big with fate, strikes expectation dumb.
 O ! patient, injur'd England, yet unveil
 Thy eyes, and listen to the muse's tale,
 That true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
 Thy wrongs in fair succession shall impart !

Ere yet the desolating god of war
 Had crush'd pale Europe with his iron car,
 Had shook her shores with terrible alarms, farms !
 And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, to
 In climes remote, beyond the setting sun,
 Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
 Alas ! poor country, how with pangs unknown
 To Britain did thy filial bosom groan !
 What savage armies did thy realms invade,
 Unarm'd, and distant from maternal aid !
 Thy cottages with cruel flames consum'd,
 And the sad owner to destruction doom'd ;
 Mangled with wounds, with pangs of anguish torn,
 Or left to perish naked and forlorn !
 What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain !
 What infants bled ! what virgins shriek'd in vain !
 In every look distraction seem'd to glare,
 Each heart was rack'd with horror and despair.
 To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
 America lift up her dying eyes ;
 To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
 To whom the wretched never wept in vain.

* Certain poems intended to be very satirical ; but
 also — we refer our reader to the *Reviews*.

* See anecdotes of *Luca Pitt*, a man of a very simi-
 lar complexion and constitution, in "*Macbiavel's*
History of Florence," 1753.

She heard, and instant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming sword of vengeance drew;
Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
That shook the deep abyss from zone to zone:
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the storm of lightning on the foe:
Nor ceas'd till, crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet*.

Her fears dispell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
Her fertile grounds industriously improv'd,
Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours
crown'd,

And plenty smiling on her plains around;
Thus blest with all that commerce could supply,
America regards, with jealous eye,
And canker'd heart, the parent, who so late
Had snatch'd her gasping from the jaws of fate;
Who now, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
Her treasures wasted by a hungry brood
Of cormorants, that suck her vital blood;
Who now of her demands that tribute due,
For whom alone th' avenging sword the drew.

Scarce had America the just request
Receiv'd, when kindling in her faithless breast
Repentment glows, enrag'd sedition burns,
And, lo! the mandate of our laws she spurns!
Her secret hate, incapable of shame
Or gratitude, incites to a flame,
Derides our power, bids insurrection rise,
Insults our honour, and our laws defies;
O'er all her coasts is heard th' audacious roar,
"England shall rule America no more!"

Soon as on Britain's shore th' alarm was heard,
Stern indignation in her look appear'd;
Yet, loth to punish, she her scourge withheld
From her perfidious sons who thus rebell'd:
Now stung with anguish, now with rage assail'd,
Till pity in her soul at last prevail'd,
Determin'd not to draw her penal steel
Till fair persuasion made her last appeal.

And now the great decisive hour drew nigh,
She on her darling patriot cast her eye;
His voice like thunder will support her cause,
Enforce her dictates, and sustain her laws;
Rich with her spoils, his sanction will dismay,
And bid th' insurgents tremble and obey.

He comes!—but where, th' amazing theme to
Discover language or ideas fit? [hit,
Splay-footed words, that he'll or bounce, and swag-

ger,
The sense to puzzle, and the brain to stagger?
Our patriot comes!—with frenzy fir'd, the muse
With alleg'ry eyes his figure views:
Like the grim portrets of hell-gate he stands,
Bellona's scourge hangs trembling in his hands!
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous shark,
A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing bark!
And lo! th' enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden millstone hangs upon his neck!

* See *Marine Dictionary*, article *Cartel*, and a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the several Governors and Councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Truce Trade, Aug. 24. 1760.

On him ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.
Our patriot comes!—the buckles of whose shoes
Not Cromwell's self was worthy to unloose.
Repeat his name in thunder to the skies!
Ye hills fall prostrate, and ye vales arise!
Through faction's wilderness prepare the way!
Prepare, ye listening senates, to obey!
The idol of the mob, behold him stand,
The alpha and omega of the land!

Mé thinks I hear the bellowing *demagogue*
Dumb-sounding declamations disembody,
Expressions of immeasurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense;
And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
Exasperated metaphors convey!
With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enrag'd sedition beat the charge;
From England's sanguine hope his aid with-
draws,

And lifts to guide in insurrection's cause.
And lo! where, in her sacrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand!
Go, while she yet suspends her impious aim,
With those infernal lungs arouse the flame!
Though England merits not her least regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes shall reward!
Arise, embark! prepare thy martial car,
To lead her armies and provoke the war!
Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
The signal her black ensigns to display*.

To thee, whose soul, all steadfast and serene,
Beholds the tumults that distract our scene;
And, in the calmer seats of wisdom plac'd,
Enjoys the sweets of sentiment and taste;
To thee, O *Marius*! whom no factions sway,
Th' impartial muse devotes her honest lay!
In her fond breast no prostituted aim,
Nor venal hope, assumes fair friendship's name:
Sooner shall *Churchill's* feeble meteor-ray,
That led our foundering *demagogue* astray,
Darkling to grope and flounder in error's night,
Eclipse great *Mansfield's* strong meridian light,
Than shall the change of fortune, time or place,
Thy generous friendship in my heart efface!
O! whether wandering from thy country far,
And plung'd amid the murdering scenes of war;
Or in the best retreat of virtue laid,
Where contemplation spreads her awful shade;
If ever to forget thee I have power,
May Heaven desert me at my latest hour!
Still satire bids my bosom beat to arms,
And throb with irresistible alarms,
Like some full river charg'd with falling showers,
Still o'er my breast her swelling deluge pours.
But rest and silence now, who wait beside,
With their strong flood gates bar th' impetuous
tide.

* See account of the fall of *Luca Pitt*, in "*Macbiavel's History of Florence*."

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT LLOYD.

Containing

THE ACTOR,
THE PROGRESS OF ENVY,
THE LAW STUDENT,
ARCADIA,
EPISTLES,
FABLES,



TALES,
ODES,
SONGS,
PROLOGUES,
TRANSLATIONS
IMITATIONS,

Uc. Uc. Uc.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Peace to thy ashes, LLOYD, ill-treated bard—
Hard was thy lot, sweet bird! in this rude age,
That coop'd thee up to whistle in a cage :
Yet thou could'st even freedom's self survive,
And blithly sing while Churchill was alive,
But when your mate 'was snatch'd, you droop'd and died ;
Blest was that trial, for thy truth was tried.
For ages hence your chaplet shall be green,
And, ages past, no withering leaf be seen.
Softly repose upon the Muse's breast,
And Phœbus' self shall sing you to your rest.

EVAN LLOYD'S VERSES ON THE DEATH OF LLOYD.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

ROBERT FLOYD

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[illegible]

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

CYCLOPS OF THE DEATH RING

THE LIFE OF LLOYD.

ROBERT LLOYD was the son of the Rev. Dr. Pearson Lloyd, second Master of Westminster School. He was born in 1733.

He received his education at Westminster School; and had for his schoolfellows, Churchill, Thornton, Colman, Bensley, and some others, who have distinguished themselves in the literary world. To Churchill, he was, through life, particularly attached.

In 1751, he stood first in the list of Westminster scholars who were sent to Trinity College, Cambridge; at the same time that his friend Colman obtained the same rank among those who were sent to Oxford.

So early as the year 1751, he had written *The Progress of Envy*, to shew his indignation at Lauder's malevolent attack upon Milton, and continued to cultivate his poetical talents during his residence at Cambridge.

In 1755, he took the degree of Bachelor, and in 1761, that of Master of Arts.

Though he went to the University from school, in a manner so honourable to his literature, he never became a Fellow of his Collège.

To the decency or propriety of his conduct at Cambridge, little commendation can be afforded; the report of his contemporaries is not the least favourable to his behaviour there.

On leaving the University, he returned to Westminster, and became an assistant to his father, as one of the Ushers of the school, an employment he undertook with reluctance, and retired from with disgust.

His motives for relinquishing this situation, the duties of which he was particularly well qualified to discharge, as assigned by himself, in his *Apology*, was his desire of farther improving his own mind, instead of vainly attempting the improvement of others.

For such his task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills their minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear:
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His own lies fallow all the while.

It is probable, however, that this impatience of restraint and disgust at scholastic confinement were heightened by his intimacy with Churchill, Thornton, and Bensley, whose congenial talents and disposition might serve to encourage each other in the pursuit of such youthful amusements, as insensibly betrayed them into a liberality of life and conversation which the prudential part of the world condemned.

It is a melancholy reflection, and sufficiently mortifying to men of parts and genius, that every one of his spirited companions fell, with himself, a sacrifice in the prime of life to the want of that discretion in themselves which they so wittily ridiculed, and as imprudently despised in others.

Having resigned the Usher'ship of Westminster School, he became an author by profession, and experienced most of the vicissitudes of fortune to which men of that precarious profession are liable.

He engaged in many literary undertakings; but added little to his reputation, and nothing to his independence. The first performance which established his reputation as a poet was *The Asser*, published in 1760, and addressed to his friend Thornton, which not only gave proofs of great judgment, but had also the merit of smooth versification and great strength of poetry.

The same year, his ode, intitled, *the Tears and Triumphs of Parnassus*, was performed at Drury-Lane, and published in 4to.

It is supposed, that the reputation he acquired by the *Asser*, stimulated Churchill to write his celebrated "*Rosciad*," the superior popularity of which, according to Dr. Kenrick, gave him at first some disgust; but on the farther exertion of Churchill's abilities, the superiority in force of numbers, and power of imagery, appearing so greatly on the side of his friend, with the modesty becoming real genius, and the complacency of a disposition untainted by envy, he joined the rest of his admirers in the unlimited applause bestowed on his productions.

For me, who labour with poetic sin,
Who often woo the muse I cannot win,
Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
And folly spoilt by taking up the trade;
Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,
Nor, ring'd with envy, wish that genius mine.
To Churchill's muse can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:
Both may, perhaps, have various powers to please,
Be his the strength of numbers, mine the ease.

In the beginning of the poetical war, to which the "*Rosciad*" sounded the first charge, Lloyd was suspected to be the author; but exculpated himself from the charge, by an advertisement in the public papers; on which occasion, Churchill came forward, and in the same public manner, declared himself the author, and drew on that torrent of "*Anti Rosciads*," "*Apologies*," "*Murphiams*," "*Churchilliads*," "*Examiners*," &c. which for a long time engaged the attention of the public.

In 1761, his *Arcadia on the Shepherd's Wedding*, a dramatic pastoral, was brought on the stage at Drury-Lane, and performed several nights, though with no great success. It is extremely short and simple, being only a compliment to their present Majesties on their nuptials.

The same year, he conducted the poetical department of a periodical publication, called, *The Library*, to which Churchill is supposed to have contributed.

His attachment to the pleasures of the table, particularly to those of the bottle, being much censured both by his real and pretended friends, Churchill attempted to apologize for him, and even to justify the practice, as well by precept as example. His gay and spirited epistle, intitled, "*Night*," inscribed to Lloyd, is a professed apology, if not a formal justification of their nocturnal festivity.

Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in nature's nightly roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We *night* prefer, which heals or hides our care.

The truth seems to be, that however eagerly they might enter on the career of these jovial amusements, they continued their race out of pique at the worldly disrespect, which they had imprudently, and perhaps unexpectedly incurred. This is pathetically insinuated in the following lines:

When foes insult, and prudent friends dispense
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief,
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

The expences necessary to support the character of a man of the town exceeding the income of a man of wit, he was induced to engage in publications that promised to produce profit rather than

praise. Among these was the *St. James's Magazine*, a periodical work, begun 1763, and which was soon discontinued for want of encouragement, though far superior to most other publications of the kind.

In this work, he inserted a translation of Moliere's *Ecole des Femmes*, which was published merely to show how much Mr. Murphy had borrowed in composing "The Way to keep Him."

The same year, he published *The Death of Adam*, a tragedy, translated from the German of Klopstock. Dr. Kenrick observes, that he was not sufficiently acquainted with that language, to do justice either to the original or to himself.

The *St. James's Magazine* not meeting with that success which, from its merit, might be reasonably expected, he found himself unable to discharge some pecuniary obligations which he had im providently laid himself under on the flattering prospect of its success; and of course became a prisoner in the Fleet, where he was almost entirely supported by the benevolence of his friend Churchill, who allowed him a regular stipend, from the commencement of his confinement.

He was visited in the Fleet by a number of those who had, or would be thought to have pretensions to wit; but he was abandoned by almost all the friends and companions of his youth, especially those on whom he lavished many encomiums in his writings.

"Thornton," says he, in one of his letters to Mr. Wilkes, after the death of Churchill, "is what you thought him. I have many acquaintances, but now no friend here." Mr. Wilkes was then in France. Garrick, Colman, and Hogarth, whom he had so berhymed and bepraised, were in England.

During his confinement, he undertook, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Denis, a translation of the *Centes Mille* of Marmontel; a careless performance that did them little credit.

In 1762, he collected his *Poems* into a 4to volume, for which he obtained a very liberal subscription.

He wrote also a comic opera, intituled, *The Capricious Lovers*, which was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, in 1764, with some applause; but not with so much as it merited; though his genius does not appear to have led him strongly to dramatic composition. The ground-word of this piece is the *Caprices d'Amour*, or *Ninette à la Cour*, by Favart.

In this state of dereliction and depression, he had the affliction to lose his friend Churchill, whose kindness to him continued undiminished during all his necessities.

The following letters to their common friend, Mr. Wilkes, the one written before, and the other after the death of his liberal benefactor, sufficiently speak his apprehensions and sense of that melancholy event.

"Your letters have given me inexpressible uneasiness concerning my friend Charles; and your not giving me a direction, leaves me in still greater anxiety that this may not reach you, and I consequently hear nothing how he does. Indeed, we are all much alarmed; for though the seeming spirits of your letter to me gave us hopes that it might not be so bad with him, that which Jack has received entirely quashes them. Pray let me hear from you the earliest opportunity. I hope I shall not be doubly unfortunate in the loss of my friend, and be reduced to the comfortless necessity of brooding over my own calamities in this ungrateful situation. Dear Wilkes, give me all the information you can, and what services I can do, I in duty owe to you both, command."

"I will spare your own feelings," he writes him, Nov. 20, 1764, "and mine on our irreparable loss. You did not, I imagine, receive my letter, directed to you at an uncertainty, at the post-house, or if you did, you returned no answer, I suppose because you could give no comfort. I am pleased to find from Mr. Cotes, who communicated your letter to him this day to me, that you will be kind to the remains of our dear friend. What is in my power to execute, you will direct and command. And I could much wish, you would, as early as you can, bring your mind to write on such a subject.—Do, if it is only for my consolation, who indeed most truly want it; write to me, and as the memory of Charles was dear to you, do not forget him who is most unfortunate in the loss of the living and the dead friend."

The news of the melancholy event being announced to him somewhat abruptly while he was sitting at dinner, "he was seized," says Dr. Kenrick, "with a sudden sickness, and saying, 'I shall follow poor Charles,' took to his bed, from which he never rose again."

He fell into a fit of despondence, and survived him but a few weeks. He died on the 15th of December 1764, at the age of 31, and was buried on the 19th, in the church-yard of St. Bride's parish.

In his sickness, he was attended by Miss Patty Churchill, the favourite sister of his deceased friend, who is said to have possessed a considerable portion of the sense, spirit, and genius of her brother. She is reported to have been betrothed to Lloyd, and that so mournful was the effect, which the melancholy catastrophe of her lover and brother had on her susceptible mind, that she caught the contagion of grief, which preyed on her spirits, and did not permit her long to survive them.

His *Poetical Works*, with considerable additions from the *St. James's Magazine*, were reprinted, in 2 vols. 8vo. 1774, with "An Account of his Life," by Dr. Kenrick, and inserted, with additions, in the edition of the "English Poets," 1790.

Lloyd seems to have been of a disposition different from that of the *genus irritabile vatum*. In the general intercourse of life, he is said to have been generous and friendly: he had a grateful heart, and showed, by his warm attachment to his friends, how sensible he was of their kindness. Though the rigid moralist might have reason to censure his irregularities, they were of such a nature as betrayed no malevolence of temper, reflecting on him the character so well known under the denomination of *no one's enemy but his own*, rather than that of a friend only to himself, and an enemy to others. His grateful attachment to Churchill, needs no other proof than the fatal one of breaking his heart at his death.

"Mr. Lloyd," says Mr. Wilkes, "was mild and affable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in conversation." Captain Edward Thompson describes him as of a tacit disposition, reserved and attentive; "he took much snuff," says he, "and would often sit the auditor of conversation rather than the promoter." "He was the worst reciter of his own verses," says Dr. Kenrick, "that I ever remember to have heard. At the same time, what he wanted in power of declamation, was amply supplied by tenaciousness of memory and facility of composition; the productions of no writer, perhaps ancient or modern, being more truly said to be written *currente calamo* than those of Mr. Lloyd. So ready was his pen, and retentive his mind, that when his devotion to the muses has been interrupted by the orgies of Bacchus, and the suspended fable, like that of Butler's tale, been broke off in the middle, he has pursued it from memory with the utmost composure, when the fever of the brain was over, and finished the composition as consistently as if the copy had been all before him."

As a poet, Lloyd is to be considered as an elegant and correct, rather than a very animated or first rate writer. His compositions are distinguished by a happy ease, and a graceful negligence of expression. But they are extremely unequal; sometimes terse and neat, and at other times slovenly and inaccurate. Prior, Gay, and Swift, were the models which he followed, in preference to Dryden, Pope, and Churchill. *The Actor* is one of his best productions. It is not a regular treatise of the whole art of acting, but only such particular parts of it as he probably thought best adapted to the improvement of the stage. He begins, by exploding the prevailing vice of imitation, and passes a very high and just encomium on Garrick, the great object of imitation among the inferior players. He then censures the most striking errors in theatrical action, particularly the studied affectation of attitude. He goes on to censure the disagreeable practice, not uncommon among players of great merit, of over-acting their parts; and censures, with equal justice and propriety, the monotony of some actors, the rant of others, and the inattention of most; as also, the several stage tricks of dress, ghosts, and the absurd entertainments of pantomime; concluding with the following apology for, and address to the actor, which is selected as a specimen of his terse style and easy versification.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,
Show scorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
Who stand the foremost in the moral train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless artist! though thy skill can raise
 The bursting peal of universal praise,
 Though at thy beck applause delighted stands,
 And lists, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
 Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!
 Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
 Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
 And latest times th' eternal Nature feel.
 Though blended here the praise of bard and play'r.
 While more than half becomes the actor's share,
 Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
 And sinks the player in the poet's name.
 The pliant muscles of the various face,
 The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
 The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
 Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

Of his *Occasional Pieces*, the *Epistle to Garrick*, *Epistle to Churchill*, *Shakspeare*, *The Poet*, *The Cobler of Tipton*, and *The Cobler of Cripplegate's Letters*, &c. have considerable merit. His *Progress of Envy*, is a happy imitation of the style and manner of *Spenser*. The two *Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion*, written in conjunction with Colman, are admirable parodies of *Gray's* "Progress of Poetry, and Bard," and *Mason's* "Ode to Memory," &c. In the first, the birth of *Fashion* is humorously and poetically described, and in the latter, the goddess *Oblivion* is pleasantly and characteristically represented. His Latin version of *Gray's* "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," is inferior to some other versions of that exquisite performance. His translation of the first book of *Voltaire's Henriade* is executed with spirit and elegance. The *Imitation from the Spectator* is exquisitely beautiful. His *Songs* are tender and elegant. His *Fables, Tales*, &c. are familiar and easy. His other levities and pieces of humour have their proportion of wit and pleasantry; but require no distinct enumeration or particular criticism.

"To expatiate on his merit as a writer," says Dr. Kenrick, "would be needless; as nothing can be more fully said of him than he hath occasionally said of himself, in reply to the censure of the critics:

Hist! 'tis a critic—yes—'tis he—
 What would your graceless form with me?
 Is it t' upbraid me with the crime
 Of spinning unlaborious rhyme,
 Of stringing various thoughts together
 In verse or prose, or both, or neither?
 A vein which, though it must offend
 You, leſſy Sirs! who can't descend
 To fame, has often made its way,
 From *Butler*, *Prior*, *Swift*, and *Gay*.

"In his classical allusions, and happy imitations of the Greek and Latin poets, Mr. Lloyd bears away the palm from all other English poets. I do not mean to refer the reader to his translation of *Homer's Hymn*, which appears (as well as his imitation of *Spenser*) to be a very juvenile performance. The classical reader, however, cannot fail of being pleased with most of his Latin compositions, his translation of Mr. Gray's celebrated Ode, [Elegy] and particularly on making the comparison with his English imitation of *Theocritus*.

"It is yet remarkable, that Mr. Lloyd, though so excellent a scholar, had not the least tincture of the pedant in his character; none being more ready to turn pedants into ridicule; particularly those affected pedagogues who attempted to reduce the numbers of English verse to the scale of Greek and Roman feet. He was indeed one of those whom he describes under the title of real scholars:"

Whose knowledge unaffected flows,
 And fits as easy as their clothes.

"Mr. Lloyd," says Mr. Wilkes, "was an excellent scholar, and an easy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was content to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welch poney, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed, and the daring flights of the sacred mountain, to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill."

THE WORKS OF LLOYD.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

My works are advertis'd for sale,
And censures fly as thick as hail;
While my poor scheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of conversation.

What will the *world* say?—That's your cry.
Who is the *world*? and what am I?

Once, but thank Heaven, those days are o'er,
And persecution reigns no more,
One man; one hardy man alone,
Usurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taste nor wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.
Who pass'd the sentence then?—the town.
So now each upstart puny elf
Talks of the *world*, and means *himself*.

Yet in the circle there are those
Who hurt e'en more than open foes:
Whose friendship serves the talking turn,
Just simmers to a kind concern.
And with a wond'rous soft expression
Expatiates upon indiscretion;
Flies from the poems to the man,
And gratifies the favourite plan
To pull down others' reputation,
And build their own on that foundation.

The scholar grave, of taste discerning,
Who lives on credit for his learning,
And has no better claim to wit,
Than carping at what others write,
With pitying kindness, friendly fear,
Whispers conjectures in your ear.

"I'm sorry—and he's much to blame—
"He might have publish'd—but his name!
"The thing might please a few, no doubt,
"As handed privately about—
"It might amuse a friend or two,
"Some partial friend like me and you;
"But when it comes to press and print,
"You'll find, I fear, but little in't.
"He stands upon a dangerous brink,
"Who totters o'er the sea of ink,
"Where reputation runs aground,
"The author cast away, and drown'd.
"And then—'twas wilful and absurd,
"(So well approv'd, so well prefer'd)
"Abruptly thus a place to quit,
"A place which most his genius hit,
"The theatre for Latin wit!

"With critics round him chaste and terse,
"To give a plaudit to his verse!"

Latin, I grant, shows college breeding,
And some school-common-place of reading.
But has in *moderns* small pretension
To real wit, or strong invention.
The excellence you critics praise
Hangs on a curious choice of phrase;
Which pick'd and chosen here and there,
From prose or verse, no matter where,
Jumbled together in a dish,
Like Spanish olio, fowl, flesh, fish,
You set the classic hodge-podge on
For pedant wits to feed upon.
Your would-be genii vainly seek
Fame for their Latin verse, or Greek;
Who would for that be most admir'd
Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words—a bare collection
Of phrases—where the labour'd cento
Presents you with a dull memento,
How *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, join,
And club together half a line.
These only strain their motly wits
In gathering patches, shreds, and bits,
To wrap their barren fancies in,
And make a classic Harlequin.

— Were I at once empower'd to show

My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And lab'ring with incessant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill best
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
For whosoe'er, though slightly, sips,
Their grateful flavour with his lips,
Will find it leave a smatch behind,
Shall sink so deeply in the mind,
It never thence can be eras'd—
But, rising up, you call it *taste*.

'Twere foolish for a drudge to choose
A gusto which he cannot use.
Better discard the idle whim,
What's *be to taste*? or *taste to him*?

For me, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or controul;
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
The links, and joints, and rules of verse;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny-pots of *Oxford* ale;
—Oh! 'tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar.

Yet such *his* task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while, a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear,
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.

"Yet still he's in the road, you say,
"Of learning."—Why, perhaps, he may.
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still:
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

"Yet you can send advent'rous youth,
"In search of letters, taste, and truth,
"Who ride the highway-road to knowledge,
"Through the plain turnpikes of a college,"
True.—Like way-posts, we serve to show
The road which travellers should go;
Who jog along in easy pace,
Secure of coming to the place,
Yet find, return whence'er they will,
The *post*, and its direction still:
Which stands an useful unthank'd guide,
To many a passenger beside.

'Tis hard to carve for others' meat,
And not to have time one's self to eat.
Though, be it always understood,
Our appetites are full as good.

"But there have been, and proofs appear,
"Who bore this load from year to year;
"Whose claim to letters, parts, and wit,
"The world has ne'er disputed yet.
"Whether the flowing mirth prevail
"In *Wesley's* song, or humorous tale;
"Or happier *Bourne's* expression please
"With graceful turns of classic ease;
"Or *Oxford's* well-read poet sings
"Pathetic to the ear of kings:
"These have indulg'd the muses' slight,
"Nor lost their time or credit by't;
"Nor suffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
"On the due business of the day.
"Verse was to them a recreation,
"Us'd by way of relaxation."

Your instances are fair and true,
And genius I respect with you.
I envy none their honest praise;
I seek to blast no scholar's bays:
Still let the graceful foliage spread
Its greenest honours round their head,
Blest, if the muses hand entwine
A sprig at least to circle mine!

Come—I admit, you tax me right.
Prudence, 'tis true, was out of sight,

And you may whisper all you meet,
The man was vague and indiscreet.
Yet tell me, while you censure me,
Are you from error sound and free?
Say, does your breast no bias hide,
Whose influence draws the mind aside!

All have their hobby-horse you see,
From Tristram down to you and me.
Ambition, splendour may be thine;
Ease, indolence, perhaps are mine.

Though prudence, and our nature's pride
May with our weakness to hide,
And set their hedges up before 'em,
Some sprouts will branch, and straggle o'er 'em.
Strive, fight against her how you will,
Nature will be the mistress still,
And though you curb with double rein
She'll run away with us again.

But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools shall cackle out reproof,
The very ass will raise his hoof;
And he who holds in his possession,
The single virtue of discretion,
Who knows no overflow of spirit,
Whose want of passions is his merit,
Whom wit, and taste, and judgment flies,
Shall shake his noddle, and *seem* wife,

THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws,
From no observance of mechanic laws;
No settled maxims of a favourite stage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
If 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to sit,
Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recalls an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes so near.
Why loo'd he Wilkes's air, Booth's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's, genius must our wonder raise.
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.

Thrice happy genius, whose unrivall'd name,
Shall live for ever in the voice of fame!
'Tis thine to lead with more than magic skill,
The train of captive passions at thy will;
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe:
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep,
When horrors such as thine *have murder'd sleep*;
And at the old man's look and frantic stare
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The comic muse too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requisite to please,
Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance, and ease,
Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Druggier's vacant fool.
With powers to pliant, and so various blest,
That what we see the last, we like the best.

Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense,
Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain;
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain;
The play'r's profession (though I hate the phrase,
'Tis so *nebane* in these modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
The strong-felt passion bolts into his face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace!
To this one standard make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret; learn to FEEL;
Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distress'd,
No actor pleases that is not *possess'd*.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
When Christian's were the subject of their plays,
E'er persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's disciple, and Genes's name,
A noble object for his skill he chose,
A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes,
Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause,
Fill'd with th' idea of the sacred part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
With look and voice, and gesture, all express'd
A kindred ardour in the player's breast;
Till as the flame through all his bosom ran,
He lost the actor, and commenc'd the man;
Profest the faith; his pagan gods denied;
And what he acted then, he after died.

The player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these pow'rs, *deportment, voice, and eye*,
The critic fight 'tis only *grace* can please,
No figure charms us if it has not *ease*,
There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling sense all other want supplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his size.

Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state,
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, drag along.
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.

The mien delights us with that native grace,
But affectation ill supplies its place,
Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?

While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause.
When Romeo, sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's self will tell;

No pleasing pow'rs distortions can express,
And nicer judgment alway lethes excels,
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molests,
I hate your fool who overacts his jest;
Who murders what the poet finely writes,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit;
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.
Old Johnson once, though Cibber's pitter vein,
But meanly groups him with a num'rous train,
With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene,
What was writ down, with decent utterance spoke,
Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke;
The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And though upon the stage, appear'd no play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
But acting words is labour too minute,
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While sober humour mar's th' impression strong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not asham'd of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'Tis a poor skill which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach,
Worse as more close; the disingenuous art
But shows the wanton looseness of the heart.

When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forfaking nature's fair and open road,
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with disgust I lothe his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man;
Go to the lame, to hospitaliers repair,
And hunt for humour in distortion there!

Fill up the measure of the motely whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!

'Tis not enough the voice be found and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear,
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a feeble tone,
The same soft sounds of unpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress,
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measure roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage-proceedings stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear;
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;

Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene,
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone,
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullics the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
In vain now sings, now heaves the desperate
sigh,

If phrenzy sit not in the troubled eye.
In Ciber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the stage.
I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their
cue;

In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say;
While eyes and thoughts on different objects
roam.

Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
And strive to speak, and be the very man.
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
Who sits above to-night, or who below?
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian squallors oft disgrace the stage;
When, with a simp'ring leer, and bow pro-
found,

The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'sie to her grace.

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
Yet there are those who over-dress the part.
To some prescriptive right gives settled things,
Black wigs to murderers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,
'Though all his features were not grim'd with
snuff.

Why should Poll Peachum shine in satin clothes?

Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose?

But in stage customs what offends me most
Is the slip-doe, and slowly-rising ghost.

Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear?

When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting;
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
And fancy tells him that the seat is full;

Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?

The king alone should form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair,

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,

Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,

She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And still pursues them with a frantic stare,

'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
More instant horror would enforce the scene

If all her shudd'ring were at shapes unseen.

Poet and actor thus, with blendid skill,
Mould all our passions to their instant will:

'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
(The speaking comment of his Shakspeare's page)

Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O, ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
Nor dullness lay the realms of genius waste!

No bouncing crackers ape the thund'ring fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!

More natural uses to the stage belong
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.

For other purpose was that spot design'd;
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,

To give to nature all the force of art,
And, while it charms the ear, to mend the heart.

Thompson, to thee I dare with truth commend
The decent stage as virtue's natural friend.

Though oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
No reason weighs against its proper use.

Though the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their
rise,

Show scorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,

And hold the faithful mirror up to man;
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,

Who stand the foremost in the moral train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,

And strike the precept home upon the heart?
Yet, hapless artist! though thy skill can raise

The hurrying peal of universal praise;
Though at thy beck applause delighted stands,

And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands;
Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!

Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,

And latest times th' eternal nature feel.
Though blended here the praise of bard and
play'r.

While more than half becomes the actor's share,
Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,

And sinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,

The mien that gave each sentence strength and
grace,

The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

THE LAW STUDENT:
TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Quid tibi cum Cirrhâ? quid cum Permessidos undâ? Romanum propius divitiusque Forum-est. MART.

Now Christ-Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn,
Th' important studies of the law begin.
Now groan the shelves beneath th' unusual charge
Of records, statutes, and reports at large.
Each classic author seeks his peaceful nook,
And modest Virgil yields his place to Coke.
No more ye bards, for vain precedence hope,
But even Jacob take the lead of Pope!

While the pil'd shelves sink down on one another,
And each huge folio has its cumb'rous brother,
While, arm'd with these, the student views with awe

His rooms become the magazine of law,
Say whence so few succeed? where thousands aim,
No few e'er reach the promis'd goal of fame?
Say why Cæcilius quits a gainful trade
For regimentals, sword, and smart cockade?
Or Sextus why his first profession leaves
For narrower band, plain shirt, and pudding sleeves?

The depth of law asks study, thought, and care;
Shall we seek these in rich Alonzo's heir?
Such diligence, alas! is seldom found
In the brisk heir to forty thousand pound.
Wealth, that excuses folly, sloth creates,
Few who can spend e'er learn to get estates,
What is to him dry case, or dull report,
Who studies fashions at the inns of court;
And proves that thing of emptiness and show,
That mungrel, half-form'd thing, a temple-beau?
Observe him daily faunt'ring up and down,
In purple slippers, and in silken gown;
Last night's debauch his morning conversation,
The coming all his evening preparation.

By law let others toil to gain renown!
Florio's a gentleman, a man o' th' town.
He nor courts clients, or the law regarding;
Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-Garden:
Yet he's a scholar;—mark him in the pit
With critic catcall found the slops of wit!
Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,
Censor of style from tragedy to song:
Him ev'ry witting views with secret awe,
Deep in the drama, shallow in the law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
Contemn the science they can ne'er attain:
Who write, and read, but all by fits and starts,
And varnish folly with the name of parts;
Trust all to genius, for they scorn to pore,
Till e'en that little genius is no more.

Knowledge in law care only can attain,
Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain.

* In the preface to Colman's *prose*, that gentleman claims the present performance, and says that it was given to our author to fill up a volume of poems published by subscription.

If, loit'ring, up th' ascent you cease to climb,
No starts of labour can redeem the time.
Industrious study wins by slow degrees,
True sons of Coke can ne'er be sons at ease.

There are, whom love of poetry has smit,
Who, blind to interest, arrant dupes to wit,
Have wander'd devious in the pleasing road,
With Attic flowers and classic wreaths bestrew'd:
Wedded to verse, embrac'd the muse for life,
And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wife.

Where'er the muse usurps despotic sway,
All other studies must of force give way,
Int'rest in vain puts in her prudent claim,
Non-suited by the pow'ful plea of fame.
As well you might weigh lead against a feather,
As ever jumble wit and law together.

On Lytleton Coke gravely thus remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming temple sparks!)
"In all our author's tenures, BE IT NOTED,
"This is the fourth time any verse is quoted."

Which, 'gainst the muse and verse, may well imply
What lawyers call a *noli prosequi*.
Quit then, dear George, O quit the barren field,
Which neither profit nor reward can yield!
What though the sprightly scene, well acted, draws
From unpack'd Englishmen unbrib'd applause,
Some monthly Grub, some Dennis of the age,
In print cries shame on the degen'rate stage.

If haply Churchill strive with generous aim,
To fan the sparks of genius to a flame;
If all UNASK'D, UNKNOWNING, AND UNKNOWNY,
By noting thy desert, he prove his own;
Envy shall straight to Hamilton's repair,
And vent her spleen, and gall, and venom there,
Thee, and thy works, and all thy friends decry,
And boldly print and publish a rank lie,
Swear your own hand the flatt'ring likeness drew,
Swear your own breath fame's partial trumpet blew.

Well I remember oft your friends have said,
(Friends, whom the surest maxims ever led)
Turn parson, Colman, that's the way to thrive:
Your parsons are the happiest men alive.
Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
But stalls untold, and bishops, twenty-four,
Of pride and claret, sloth and ven'ison full,
Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull!
He ne'er, good man, need pensive vigils keep
To preach his audience once a week to sleep;
On rich preferments battens at his ease,
Nor sweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.
Thus thy advis'd. I know thee better far;
And cry, stick close, dear Colman, to the bar!
If genius warm thee, where can genius call
For nobler action than in yonder hall?

* See the very curious and very similar criticisms on the comedy of the *Jealous Wife*, in two Reviews, together with the most malicious and insolent attack on the writer, and the author of this collection, in the *Critical Review* for March; an injury poorly repaired by a lame apology in the Review for the succeeding month, containing fresh insults on one of the injured parties.

'Tis not enough each morn, on term's approach,
To club your legal threepence for a coach;
Then at the hall to take your silent stand;
With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,
Marking grave serjeants cite each wife report,
And noting down sage dictums from the court,
With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,
The index of your book of common-place.

These are mere drudges, that can only plod,
And tread the path their dull forefathers trod,
Doom'd through law's maze, without a clue, to
range,

From second *Vermon* down to second *Strange*,
Do thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!
Dulness no longer on the woolpack sits;
No longer on the drawling dromieth herd
Are the first honours of the law confer'd;
But they whose fame reward's due tribute draws.
Whose active merit challenges applause,
Like glorious beacons, are set high to view,
To mark the paths which genius should pursue.

O for thy spirit, MANSFIELD! at thy name
What bosom glows not with an active flame?
Alone from jargon born to rescue law,
From precedent, grave hum, and formal saw!
To strip chican'ry of its vain pretence,
And marry common law to common sense!

PRATT! on thy lips persuasion ever hung!
English falls, pure as manna, from thy tongue;
On thy voice truth may rest, and on thy plea
Unerring HENLEY found the just decree.

HENLEY! than whom, to HARDWICKE's well-
rais'd fame,

No worthier second Royal GEORGE cou'd name:
No lawyer of prerogative; no tool
Fashion'd in black corruption's pliant school;
Form'd 'twixt the people and the crown to stand,
And hold the scales of right with even hand!

True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
Sec, see in YORKE † the force of lineal worth!
But why their several merits need I tell
Why on each honour'd sage's praises dwell
WILMOT § how well his place, or FOSTER ||
fills?

Or, shrew'd sense beaming from the eye of
WILLES ¶?

Such, while thou seest the public care engage,
Their fame increasing with increasing age,
Rais'd by true genius, bred in Phœbus' school,
Whose warmth of soul sound judgment knew to
cool;

---With such illustrious proofs before your eyes,
Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to
rise,

* Afterwards Earl Camden.

† Afterwards Earl of Northampton.

‡ Charles Yorke, Esq. second son of Lord Hard-
wicke.

§ Sir John Eardley Wilmot, afterwards Chief
Justice of the Common Pleas.

|| Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the King's
Bench.

¶ Sir John Willes, Chief Justice of the Common
Pleas.

Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and fee,
And leave the prefs to *****

THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD ENGLAND has not lost her pray'r,
And GEORGE, (thank Heav'n!) has got an heir.
A royal babe, a PRINCE OF WALES!
---Poets! I pity all your nails---
What reams of paper will be spoil'd!
What *gradus* the daily soil'd!
By ink fingers, greasy thumbs,
Hunting the word that never comes!

Now *academics* pump their wits,
And lash in vain their lazy tits;
In vain they whip, and slash, and spur,
The callous jades will never stir;
Nor can they reach *Parnassus*' hill,
Try every method which they will.
Nay, should the tits get on for once,
Each rider is so grave a dunce,
That, as I've heard good judges say,
'Tis ten to one they'd lose their way;
Though not one wit bestrides the back
Of useful drudge, cycled hack,
But fine *bred things* of mettled blood,
Pick'd from *Apollo's* royal stud.

Greek, Roman, nay Arabian steeds,
Or those our mother country breeds;
Some ride ye in, and ride ye out,
And to come home go round about,
Nor on the green sward, nor the road,
And that I think they call an Ode.
Some take the pleasant country air,
And smack their whips and drive a pair.
Each horse with bells which clink and chime,
And so they march---and that is *rhyme*.

Some copy with prodigious skill
The figures of a *buttery-bill*,
Which, with great folks of erudition,
Shall pass for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.
While some, as patriot love prevails,
To compliment a prince of Wales,
Salute the royal babe in *Welsch*,
And send forth *gutturals* like a belch.

What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The *Pagan* gods shall visit earth,
To triumph in a *Christian's* birth.
While *classic* poets, pure and chaste,
Of trim and academic TASTE,
Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,
To be or *speakers*, or *beholders*.

MARS shall present him with a lance,
To humble Spain and conquer France;
The GRACES, buxom, blithe and gay,
Shall at his cradle dance the Hay;
And VENUS, with her train of LOVES,
Shall bring a thousand pair of doves
To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak,
Through all the *dialects* of Greek.
How many *sewains* of classic breed,
Shall *desily* tune their oaten reed,
And bring their *Doric* nymphs to town,
To sing their measures up and down,

In notes *alternate*, clear, and sweet,
Like *ballad* fingers in a street.
While those who grasp at reputation,
From *imitating imitation*,
Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
For *precious* fragments in the *Greek*,
And *rob the spital*, and the *wafter*,
For sense, and sentiment, and taste.

What Latin *bodgepodge*, Grecian *luff*,
With Hebrew *roots*, and English *tráf*,
Shall academic cooks produce
For present show and future use!
FELLOWS! who've soak'd away their knowledge,
In *sleepy* residence at college;
Whose lives are like a stagnant pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool;
Mere drinking, eating; eating, drinking;
With no impertinence of thinking;
Who lack no farther erudition,
Than just to *set* an imposition
To cramp, demolish, and dispirit,
Each true begotten child of merit;
Censors, who, in the day's broad light,
Punish the vice they act at night;
Whose charity with *self* begins,
Nor covers others venial sins;
But that their feet may safely tread,
Take up hypocrisy instead,
As knowing that must always hide
A multitude of sins beside;
Whose rusty wit is at a stand,
Without a *fresh* man at their hand;
(Whose service must of course create
The just return of sev'nfold hate)
Lord! that such *good* and *useful* men
Should ever turn to books agen.

Yet matter must be gravely plann'd,
And syllables on fingers scann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
Till lady muse is brought-to-bed:
What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,
To bring the usual epithet in!
Where the cramped measure kindly shows
It *will* be verse, but *should* be prose.
So, when its neither light nor dark,
To prentice spruce, or lawyer's clerk,
The nymph, who takes her nightly stand
At some fly corner in the Strand,
Plump in the chest, tight in the boddice,
Seems to the eye a perfect goddess;
But canvass'd more minutely o'er,
Turns out an old, stale, batter'd whore.

Yet must these sons of GOWNED EASE,
Proud of the plumage of *degreer*,
Forake their *APATHY* a while,
To figure in the *Roman* style,
And offer incense at the shrine
Of LATIN POETRY *divine*.

Upon a throne the goddess sits,
Surrounded by her *bulky* wits;
FABRICIUS, COOPER CALEPINE,
AINSWORTHUS, FABER, CONSTANTINE;
And he, who like DODONA spoke,
De SACRA QUERCU HOLYOAKE;
These are her counsellors of state
Men of much words, and wits of *weight*;

VOL. X.

Here GRADUS, full of *phrases clever*,
Lord of her *treasury* for ever,
With liberal hand his bounty deals;
SIR CENTO KEEPER of the *Seals*.
Next to the person of the queen,
Old madam PROSODY is seen;
Talking incessant, although dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around her portraits hung
Of heroes in the *Latin* tongue;
Italian, English, German, French,
Who most laboriously entrench
In deep parade of language *dead*,
What would not in their *own* be read,
Without impeachment of that TASTE,
Which LATIN IDIOM turns to *chafe*.
SANTOLIUS here, whose flippant joke,
Sought refuge in a *Roman* cloke:
With dull COMMIRIUS at his side,
In all the pomp of Jesuit pride.
MENAGE, the pedant figur'd there,
A trifler with a solemn air:
And there in loofe, unseemly view,
The graceless, easy LOVELING too.

'Tis here grave poets urge their claim,
For some thin blast of tiny fame;
Here bind their temples drunk with praise,
With half a sprig of *witherd* bays.

O poet, if that honour'd name
Befits such idle childish aim;
If VIRGIL ask thy sacred care,
If HORACE charm thee, Oh, forbear
To spoil with sacrilegious hand
The glories of the CLASSIC land!
Nor sow thy *dowls* on the SATIN,
Of their pure uncorrupted Latin.
Better be native in thy verse,—
What is FINGAL but genuine *Erse*?
Which all sublime sonorous flows,
Like HERVEY's thoughts in drunken prose.

Hail, SCOTLAND, hail, to thee belong
All pow'rs, but most the pow'rs of song;
Whether the rude unpolish'd *Erse*
Stalk in the buckram *prose* or *verse*,
Or bonny RAMSAY please thee *no*,
Who *sang* *sae* sweetly *and* his woe.
If ought (and say who knows so well)
The second-sighted muse can tell,
The happy LAIRDS shall laugh and sing,
When ENGLAND's GENIUS droops his wing,
So shall thy soil new wealth disclose,
So thy own THISTLE choke the ROSE.

But what comes here? Methinks I see
A *walking* university.

See how they press to cross the TWEED,
And strain their limbs with eager speed!
While SCOTLAND, from her *fertile* shore,
Cries, On my sons, return no more.

Hither they haste with willing mind,
Nor cast one *longing* look behind;
On *ten-toe* carriage to salute,
The *k*—, and *q*—n, and EARL OF BUTE.

No more the gallant northern sours
Sput forth their strings of *Latin* puns;
Nor *course* all languages to frame,
The quibble suited to their name;

R r

As when their ancestors be-*er*'d,
That glorious STUART, JAMES the FIRST.
But with that elocution's GRACE,
That oratorical flashy lace,
Which the fam'd *Lisb* TOMMY PUFF,
Would sow on sentimental *stuff*;
Twang with a sweet pronunciation,
The flow'rs of bold imagination.
MACPHERSON leads the flaming van,
LAIRD of the new Fingalian clan;
While JACKY HOME brings up the rear,
With new-got pension neat and clear
Three hundred *Engliss* pounds a-year.
While sister PEG, our ancient Friend,
Sends MACS and DONALDS without end;
To GEORGE awhile they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raise,
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illustrious chief, and our NORTH BRITON.
Hail to the THANE, whose patriot skill
Can break all nations to his will;
Master of sciences and arts,
MÆCENAS to all men of parts;
Whose *foft*'ring hand, and ready wit,
Shall find us all in places fit;
So shall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a settled home.
Hail mighty THANE, for SCOTLAND born,
To fill her almost empty horn:
Hail to thy ancient glorious *stem*,
NOT THEY from kings, BUT KINGS FROM THEM.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

" Vos sapere et solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
" Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis."
HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With *Jacky* on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration.

What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear.
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air,
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from *Cheney-Row*;

He's a good man, indeed 'tis true,
But not so warm, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be out-done my dear!

Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason,
And by th' approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have an house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fufs of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred:
And wanton in my lady's head.

Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so *countrified*!

'Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradise;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing, all Chinese.

Although one hates to be expos'd;
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd;
One hardly any object fees—
I wish you'd sell those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by
Were something to amuse the eye,
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house, beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's country seat.
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure,
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd,
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names;
As genius, fancy, judgment, goût,
Whim, caprice, je-ne-scai-quoi, virtù
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
 With Chinese artists, and designers,
 Produce their schemes of alteration,
 To work this wond'rous reformation.
 The useful dome, which secret stood,
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood;
 The trav'ler with amazement sees
 A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,
 With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
 And crested with a sprawling dragon;
 A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water, four foot wide,
 With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
 From halfpenny's exact designs.
 In front, a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green,
 Where taste would want its first great law,
 But for the skulking, fly *ba-ba*,
 By whose miraculous assistance,
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.
 And now from Hyde-Park corner come
 The gods of Athens, and of Rome.
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus, and the clumsy graces:
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
 And there without the pow'r to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
 All own that Thrifty has a taste;
 And madam's female friends, and cousins,
 With common-council-men, by dozens,
 Flock every Sunday to the seat,
 To stare about them, and to eat.

GENIUS, ENVY, AND TIME.

A FABLE.

Addressed to William Hogarth, Esq.

In all professional skill,
 There never was, nor ever will
 Be excellence, or exhibition,
 But fools are up in opposition:
 Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce
 Wakes from his lethargy at once,
 Shrugs, shakes his head, and rubs his eyes,
 And, being dull, looks wond'rous wise,
 With solemn phiz, and critic scowl,
 The wisdom of his brother owl.

MODERNS! He hates the very name;
 Your ancients have prescriptive claim:—
 But let a century be past,
 And we have taste and wit at last;
 For at that period moderns too
 Just turn the corner of *virtu*.
 But merit now has little claim
 To any meed of present fame,
 For 'tis not worth that get you friends,
 'Tis excellence that most offends.
 If, Proteus-like, a GARRICK's art,
 Shows taste and skill in every part;
 If, ever just to nature's plan,
 He is in all the very man,
 E'en here shall envy take her aim,
 — — — write and — — — blame.

The JEALOUS WIFE, though chaste, writ,
 With no parade of frippery wit,
 Shall set a scribbling, all at once,
 Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;
 While Critical Reviewers write,
 Who show their teeth before they bite,
 And sacrifice each reputation,
 From wanton false imagination.
 These observations, rather stale,
 May borrow spirit from a tale.

GENIUS, a bustling lad of parts,
 Who all things did by fits and starts,
 Nothing above him or below him,
 Who'd make a riot, or a poem,
 From eccentricity of thought,
 Not always do the thing he ought;
 But was it once his own election,
 Would bring all matters to perfection;
 Would act, design, engrave, write, paint,
 But neither from the least constraint,
 Who hated all pedantic schools,
 And scorn'd the glofs of knowing fools,
 That hold perfection all in all,
 Yet treat it as *mechanical*,
 And give the same sufficient rule
 To make a poem, as a stool—
 From the first spring time of his youth,
 Was downright worshipper of truth;
 And with a free and liberal spirit,
 His courtship paid to lady MERIT.

ENVY, a quint-ey'd, mere old maid,
 Well known among the scribbling trade;
 A hag, so very, very thin,
 Her bones peep'd through her bladder-skin;
 Who could not for her soul abide
 That folks should praise where she must chide,
 Follow'd the youth where'er he went,
 To mar each good and brave intent;
 Would lies, and plots and mischief hatch,
 To ruin him and spoil the match.
 Honour she held at bold defiance,
 Talk'd much of *faction*, gang, alliance,
 As if the real sons of taste
 Had clubb'd to lay a DESERT waste.

In short, wherever GENIUS came,
 You'd find this antiquated dame;
 Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
 She follow'd only to torment;
 Call'd MERIT by a thousand names,
 Which decency or truth disclaims,
 While all her business, toil, and care,
 Was to depreciate, lie, compare,
 To pull the modest maiden down,
 And blast her fame to all the town.

The youth, inflam'd with conscious pride,
 To Prince POSTERITY apply'd,
 Who gave his answer thus in rhyme,
 By his chief minister, Old TIME.

“ Repine not at what pedants say,
 “ We'll bring thee forward on the way;
 “ If wither'd ENVY strive to hurt
 “ With lies, with impudence and dirt,
 “ You only pay a common tax
 “ Which fool, and knave, and dunce exacts.
 “ Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
 “ Thy strength is in its prime, my boy,

R r ij

" And ev'ry year thy vigour grows,
 " Impairs the credit of my foes
 " ENVY shall sink, and be no more
 " Than what her NAIADS were before;
 " Mere excremental maggots, bred,
 " In poet's topfy-turvy head,
 " Born like a momentary fly,
 " To flutter, buzz about, and die.
 " Yet, GENIUS, mark what I presage,
 " Who look through every distant age:
 " MERIT shall bless thee with her charms,
 " FAME lift thy off-spring in her arms,
 " And stamp eternity of grace
 " On all thy numerous various race.
 " ROUBILLIAC, WILTON, names as high
 " As *Phidias* of antiquity,
 " Shall strength, expression, manner give,
 " And make e'en marble breathe and live;
 " While SIGISMUNDA'S deep distress,
 " Which looks the soul of wretchedness,
 " When I, with flow and soft'ning pen,
 " Have gone o'er all the tints agen,
 " Shall urge a bold and proper claim
 " To level half the ancient fame:
 " While future ages yet unknown
 " With critic air shall proudly own
 " Thy HOGARTH first of every clime
 " For humour keen, or strong sublime,
 " And hail him from his fire and spirit,
 " The child of GENIUS and of MERIT."

THE HARE AND TORTOISE. 1757.

A FABLE.

GENIUS, blest term, of meaning wide,
 For sure no term so misapp'y'd,
 How many bear thy sacred name,
 That never felt a real flame!
 Proud of the specious appellation,
 Thus fools have christen'd th' inclination.
 But yet suppose a genius true,
Exempli gratiâ, me or you;
 Whate'er he tries with due attention,
 Rarely escapes his apprehension;
 Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
 You'd swear he learnt by intuition,
 Should he rely alone on parts,
 And study therefore but by starts,
 Sure of success whene'er he tries,
 Should he forego the means to rise?

Suppose your watch a Graham make,
 Gold, if you will, for value's sake;
 Its springs within in order due,
 No watch, when going, goes so true;
 If ne'er wound up with proper care,
 What service is it in the wear?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays,
 Perhaps within your bosom plays:
 O how the purer rays aspire,
 If application fans the fire!
 Without it genius vainly tries,
 H we'er sometimes it seems to rise:
 Nay application will prevail
 When braggart parts and genius fail;

And now to lay my proof before ye,
 I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when time was young,
 When birds convers'd as well as fung,
 When use of speech was not confin'd,
 Merely to brutes of human kind,
 A forward hare, of swiftness vain,
 The genius of the neighb'ring plain,
 Would oft deride the drudging crowd:
 For geniuses are ever proud.

He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
 For dog and horse he'd *beat them hollow*,
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.

A tortoise heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation.
 Oh pufs, it bodes thee dire disgrace,
 When I defy thee to the race.
 Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
 I lay my shell upon the trial.

'Twas done and gone, all fair, a bet,
 Judges prepar'd, and distance set.

The scamp'ring hare outstript the wind,
 The creeping tortoise lagg'd behind,
 And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
 When pufs had almost reach'd the goal.
 Friend tortoise, quoth the jeering hare,
 Your burden's more than you can bear,
 To help your speed, it were as well
 That I should ease you of your shell:
 Jog on a little faster pr'ythee,
 I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
 So said, so done, and safely sure,
 For say, what conquest more secure?
 Whene'er he walk'd (that's all that's in it)
 He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
 But still resolv'd to *persevere*,
 Still draw'd along, as who should say,
 I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;
 On to the goal securely crept,
 While pufs unknowing soundly slept.

The bets were won, the hare awake,
 When thus the victor tortoise spake.

Pufs, though I own thy quicker parts,
 Things are not always done by starts,
 You may deride my awkward pace,
 But *slow and steady* wins the race.

THE SATYR AND PEDLAR. 1757.

WORDS are, so Wollaston defines,
 Of our ideas merely signs,
 Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
 As being vague and arbitrary.
 Now damn'd for instance—all agree,
Damn'd's the *superlative degree*;
 Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
 However taken heretofore;
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
 Which has no meaning of its own,
 But signifies or bad or good
 Just as its neighbour's understood.
 Examples we may find enough.
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd* stiff.

So fares it too with its relation,
I mean its substantivè, *damnation*.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's *damnation* cold;
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The self-same wit's *damnation* hot.
And here a fable I remember—
Once in the middle of December,
When ev'ry mead in snow is lost,
And ev'ry river bound with frost,
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox on the descriptive rhyme—
In short it was the winter time.
It was a pedlar's happy lot,
To fall into a satyr's cot:

Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,
With pearly drop upon his nose,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death.
He blew upon them with his breath.
"Friend, quoth the satyr, what intends
That blowing on thy fingers ends?
"It is to warm them thus I blow,
"For they are froze as cold as snow.
"And so inclement has it been
"I'm like a cake of ice within."

Come, quoth the satyr, comfort, man!
I'll cheer thy inside, if I can;
You're welcome in my homely cottage
To a warm fire, and mels of portage.

This said, the satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth,
Which with delight the pedlar view'd,
As smoking on the board it flood.

But, though the very steam arose
With grateful odour to his nose,
One single sip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was so wond'rous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it, till it's cool enough.

Why, how now, pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing! quoth the satyr,
I blow to cool it, cries the clown,
That I may get the liquor down:
For though I grant, you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, sir, as hot as hell

Then raising high his cloven stump,
The satyr smote him on the rump.
"Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
"With the same breath to warm and cool:
"Friendship with such I never hold
"Who're so damn'd hot, and so damn'd cold."

THE NIGHTINGALE, THE OWL, AND THE CUCKOW.

A FABLE.

*Addressed to David Garrick, Esq. on the report of his
retiring from the Stage, Dec. 1760.*

CARRIES, who like the scarecrows stand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with severity of sense,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all sublime,
Whether you write in prose or rhyme.

And yet the truth may lose its grace,
If blurred to a person's face;
Especially if what you speak
Should crimson o'er the glowing cheek:
For when you throw that flaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praise before him,
However just the application,
It looks a-squint at adulation.

I would be honest and sincere,
But not a flatterer, or severe.
Need I be surly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the truth?
And she, good dame, with beauty's queen,
Was not at all times naked seen:
For every boy with Prior, knows,
By accident she lost her clothes,
When falsehood stole them to disguise
Her misbegotten brood of lies.
Why should the prudish goddess dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that she is in pitious fright,
Left, rising up to mortal fight,
The modest world should flee and flout her,
With not a rag of clothes about her?
Yet she might wear a proper dress
And keep her essence ne'ertheless,
So Delia's bosom still will rise,
And fascinate her lover's eyes,
Though round her ivory neck she draws,
The decent shade of specious gauze,
I hear it buzz'd about the table,
What can this lead to?—Sirs,

A FABLE.

WHEN birds allow'd the eagle's sway,
Ere eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
His royal majesty of air
Took music underneath his care;
And, for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded concerts ev'ry night.
Here every bird of parts might enter,
The nightingale was made precentor;
Under whose care and just direction,
Merit was sure to meet protection.
The lark, the blackbird, and the robin
This concert always bore a bob in:
The best performers all were in it,
The thrush, canary-bird, and linnæ.

But birds, alas! are apt to aim
At things, to which they've small claim.
The staring owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his service for a flute.

The cuckoo needs would join the band;
"The thrush is but a paucity hand:
"And I can best supply that place,"
"For I've a shake, a twell, a grace."

The manager their suit preferred:
Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard;
Yet each their several praises mis'd,
For both were heard, and both were hiss'd.

The cuckoo hence, with rancour stirr'd,
A kind of *periodic* bird,
Of nasty hue, and body scabby,
No would-be-play-wright half so shabby)

R r iij

Reviles, abuses, and defames,
Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
And strikes at nightingale or lark,
Like Lisbon ruffians, in the dark.

The owl harangues the gaping throng
On *poor's*, and excellence of song,

"The blackbird's note has lost its force;
"The nightingale is downright hoarse;
"The linnet's harsh; the robin shrill;
"—The sparrow has prodigious skill!"

At length they had what they desir'd:
The skilful nightingale retir'd.

When folly came, with wild uproar,
And harmony was heard no more.

A TALE.

VENUS, of laughter queen and love,
The greatest demirep above,
Who scorn'd restriction, hated custom,
Knew her own sex too well to trust 'em,
Proceeded on the noble plan,
At any rate, to have her man;
Look'd on decorum, as mere trash,
And liv'd like *** and ***,
From Paphos, where they her revere
As much as we do Cælia here,
Or from Cythera, where her altars
Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,
Garters yclept, and other trophies,
Which prove that man in love an oaf is,
According to appointment, came
To see CÆCILIA, tuneful dame,
Whose praise by Dryden's ode is grown
Bright and immortal as his own;
And who hath been for many years
The chief directress of the spheres.

Thomas, who rode behind the car,
And for a flambeau held a star,
Who, in the honest way of trade,
Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,
Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,
Slip'd gently down, and ran before 'em,
Ringing the bell with due decorum.

But, truth to say, I cannot tell
Whether it knocker was or bell,
(This for vertu an anecdote is),
Which us'd to give CÆCILIA notice,
When any lady of the sky
Was come to bear her company.

But this I'm sure, be which it will,
Thomas perform'd his part with skill.

Methinks I hear the reader cry—
His part with skill? why, you or I,
Or any body else, as well
As Thomas, sure, could ring a bell,
Nor did I ever hear before
Of skill in knocking at a door.

Poor low-liv'd creature! I suppose,
Nay, and am sure, you're one of those
Who, at what door foe'er they be,
Will always knock in the same key.
Thinking that bell and knocker too
Were found out nothing else to do,

But to inform the house, no doubt,
That there was somebody without,
Who, if they might such favour win,
Would rather choose to be within.

But had our servants no more sense,
Lord! what must be the consequence?
Error would error still pursue,
And strife and anarchy ensue,
Punçilio from her altar hurl'd,
Whence she declares unto the world
Whate'er by fancy is decreed,
Through all her niceties must bleed.

For if there was not to be found
Some wholesome difference of sound,
But the same rap foretold th' approach
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
A poor relation now and then,
Might to my lord admittance gain,
When his good lordship hop'd to see
Some rascal of his own degree;
And, what is more unhappy still,
The stupid wretch who brings a bill,
Might pass through all the motley tribe,
As free as one, who brings a bribe.

My lady too might pique her grace
With carriage stiff, and formal face,
Which, she deceiv'd, had taken care
For some inferior to prepare;
Or might some wretch from Lombard-street
With greater ease and freedom meet,
Than sense of honour will admit
Between my lady and a cit.

Those evils wisely to prevent,
And root out care and discontent,
Ev'ry gay smart, who rides behind,
With rose and bag in taste refin'd,
Must music fully understand,
Have a nice ear and skilful hand;
At ev'ry turn be always found
A perfect connoisseur in sound;
Through all the gamut skilful fly,
Varying his notes, now low, now high,
According as he shifts his place;
Now hoarsely grumbling in the base,
Now turning tenor, and again
To treble raising his shrill strain;
So to declare, where'er he be,
His master's fortune and degree,
By the distinguishing address,
Which he'll upon the door express.

Thomas, whom I have nam'd before
As ringing at CÆCILIA's door,
Was perfect master of this art,
And vers'd alike in ev'ry part:
So that Cæcilia knew, before
Her footman came unto the door,
And in due form had told her so,
That Madam VENUS was below.

The doors immediate open flew,
The GODDESS, without more ado,
Displaying beauty's thousand airs,
Skim'd through the hall, and tripp'd up stairs.

CÆCILIA met her with a smile
Of great delight, when all the while,
If her false heart could have been seen,
She wish'd she had at Cyprus been.

But ladies, skill'd in forms and arts,
Don't in their faces wear their hearts,
And those above, like those below,
Deal frequently in outside show,
And always to keep up parade,
Have a smile by them ready made.

The forms, which ladies when they meet
Must for good manners' sake repeat,
As humble servant, how d'you do,
And in return, *pray how are you?*
Enrich'd at ev'ry proper space,
With due integuments of lace,
As Madam, Grace, and Godeship,
Which we for brevity shall skip,
Happily past, in elbow-chair
At length our ladies seated are.

Indiff'rent subjects first they choose,
And talk of weather and the news.
That done, they sit upon the state,
And snarl at the decrees of fate,
Invectives against Jove are hurl'd,
And they alone should rule the world.

Dull politics at length they quit,
And by ill-nature show their wit;
For hand in hand, too well we know,
These intimates are said to go,
So that where either doth preside
T' others' existence is implied.
The man of wit, so men decree,
Must without doubt ill-natur'd be;
And the ill-natur'd scarce forgets
To rank himself among the wits.

Malicious VENUS, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And most minutely could advance
Each interesting circumstance,
Which unto all intrigues related,
Since Jupiter the world created,
Display'd her eloquence with pride,
Hinted, observ'd, enlarg'd, applied;
And not the reader to detain
With things impertinent and vain,
She did, as ladies do on earth
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,
In such a way each tale rehearse
As good made bad, and bad made worse:

CÆCILIA too, with faint-like air,
But lately come from evening pray'r,
Who knew her duty, as a faint,
Always to pray, and not to faint,
And, rain or shine, her church ne'er miss,
Prude, devotee, and Methodist,
With equal zeal the cause promoted,
Misconstru'd things, and words misquoted,
Misrepresented, misapplied,
And, inspiration being her guide,
The very heart of man dissected,
And to his principles objected.
Thus, amongst us, the sanctified,
In all the spirituals of pride,
Whose honest consciences ne'er rested,
Till of carnalities divested,
They knew and felt themselves t' inherit
A double portion of the spirit:
Who from one church to th' other roam,
Whilst their poor children starve at home,

Consid'ring they may claim the care
Of Providence, who sent them there,
And therefore certainly is tied
To see their ev'ry want supplied;
Who unto preachers give away,
That which their creditors should pay,
And hold that chosen vessels must
Be generous before they're just,
And that their charity this way
Shall bind o'er Heaven their debts to pay,
And serve their temp'ral turn, no doubt,
Better than if they'd put it out,
Whilst nought hereafter can prevent,
Their sure reward of *cent. per cent.*
Who honest labour scorn, and say
None need to work who love to pray,
For Heaven will satisfy their cravings,
By sending of Elijah's ravens,
Or rain, down, when their spirits fail,
A dist of manna, or a quail;
Who from Moorfields to Tottenham-Court
In furious fits of zeal resort,
Praise what they do not understand,
Turn up the eye, stretch out the hand,
Melt into tears, whilst ——— blows
The twang of nonsense through his nose,
Or ——— deals in speculation,
Or ——— hums his congregation,
Or ——— talks with the Lord of Hosts,
—— with pillars and with posts;
Who strictly watch, lest Satan should,
Roaring like lion for his food,
Ensnare their feet his fatal trap in,
And their poor souls be taken napping;
Who strictly fast, because they find
The flesh still wars against the mind,
And flesh of saints, like sinner's, must
Be mortified, to keep down lust;
Who, four times in the year at least,
Join feast of love to love of feast,
Which, though the profligate and vain
In terms of blasphemy profane,
Yet all the ceremony here is,
Pure as the mysteries of Ceres;
Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
Within themselves salvation's seal,
And will not, must not, dare not doubt,
That Heav'n itself can't blot it out;
After they've done their holy labours,
Return to scandalize their neighbours,
And think they can't serve Heav'n so well,
As with its creatures filling hell:
So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
They save themselves, damn all beside.
For persons, who pretend to feel
The glowings of uncommon zeal,
Who others scorn, and seem to be
Righteous in very great degree,
Do, 'bove all others, take delight
To vent their spleen in tales of spite,
And think they raise their own renown
By pulling of a neighbour's down;
Still lying on with most success,
Because they charity profess,
And make the outside of religion,
Like Mahomet's inspiring pigeon,

To all their forgeries gain credit,
'Tis enough sure that ——— said it.

But what can all this rambling mean?
Was ever such an hodgepodge seen?

VENUS, CÆCILIA, saints, and whores,
Thomas, Vertù, bells, knockers, doors,
Lords, rogues, relations, ladies, cits,
Stars, flambeaux, thunderbolts, horns, wits,
Vulcan, and cuckold-maker, scandal,
Music, and footmen, ear of Handel,
Weather, news, envy, politics,
Intrigues, and women's thousand tricks,
Prudes, Methodists, and devotees,
Fasting, feasts, pray'rs, and charities,
Ceres, with her mysterious train,

—————, and —————,
Flesh, spirit, love, hate, and religion,
A quail, a raven, and a pigeon,
All jumbled up in one large dish,
Red-herring, bread, fowl, flesh, and fish.

Where's the connection, where's the plan,
The devil sure is in the man.
All in an instant we are hurl'd
From place to place all round the world,
Yet find no reason for it—mum—
There, my good critic, lies the hum—
Well, but methinks, it would avail
To know the end of this—A TALE.

SHAKSPEARE.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

THANKS to much industry and pains,
Much twisting of the wit and brains,
Translation has unlock'd the store,
And spread abroad the Grecian lore,
While Sophocles his scenes are grown
E'en as familiar as our own.

No more shall taste presume to speak
From its enclosures in the Greek;
But, all its fences broken down,
Lie at the mercy of the town.

Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
" 'Tis blasphemy against that stage,
" Which Æschylus his warmth design'd,
" Euripides his taste refin'd;
" And Sophocles his last direction,
" Stamp'd with the signet of perfection."
Perfection! 'tis a word ideal,

That bears about it nothing real:
For excellence was never hit
In the first essays of man's wit.
Shall *ancient* worth, or *ancient* fame
Preclude the moderns from their claim?
Must they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
Who write not up to Grecian rules?
Who tread in buskins or in socks.
Must they be damn'd as heterodox,
Nor merit of good works prevail,
Except within the classic pale?
'Tis stuff that bears the name of knowledge;
Not current half a mile from college;
Where half their lectures yield no more
(Before I speak of times of yore)

Than just a niggard light, to mark
How much we all are in the dark:
As rushlights in a spacious room,
Just burn enough to form a gloom.

When Shakspeare leads the mind a dance,
From France to England, hence to France,
Talk not to me of time and place;
I own I'm happy in the chase.
Whether the drama's here or there,
'Tis nature, Shakspeare, every where.
The poet's fancy can create,
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
Bring past and present close together,
In spite of distance, seas, or weather;
And shut up in a single action
What cost whole years in its transaction.
So, ladies at a play, or rout,
Can flirt the universe about,
Whose geographical account
Is drawn and pictured on the mount:
Yet, when they please, contract the plan,
And shut the world up in a fan.

True genius, like Arimida's wand,
Can raise the spring from barren land.
While all the art of imitation,
Is pilf'ring from the first creation;
Transplanting flowers, with useless toil,
Which wither in a foreign soil.
As conscience often sets us right
By its interior active light,
Without th' assistance of the laws
To combat in the moral cause;
So genius, of itself discerning,
Without the mystic rules of learning,
Can, from its present intuition,
Strike at the truth of composition.

Yet those who breathe the classic vein,
Enlist in the mimic train,
Who ride their speed with double bit,
Ne'er run away with by their wit,
Delighted with the pomp of rules,
The specious pedantry of schools,
(Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
Of any use but to the lame.)
Pursue the method set before 'em;
Talk much of order, and decorum,
Of probability, of fiction,
Of manners, ornament, and diction,
And with a jargon of hard names,
(A privilege which dulness claims,
And merely us'd by way of fence,
To keep out plain and common sense),
Extol the wit of ancient days,
The simple fabric of their plays;
Then from the fable, all so chaste,
I rick'd up in ancient-modern taste,
So mighty gentle all the while,
In such a sweet descriptive style,
While chorus marks the servile mode
With fine reflection, in an ode,
Present you with a perfect piece,
Form'd on the model of old Greece.

Come, pr'ythee critic, set before us,
The use and office of a chorus.
What! silent! why then, I'll produce
Its services from ancient use.

'Tis to be ever on the stage,
 Attendants upon grief or rage;
 To be an arrant go-between,
 Chief-mourner at each dismal scene;
 Showing its sorrow, or delight,
 By shifting dances, left and right,
 Not much unlike our modern notions,
Adagio or *Allegro* motions;
 To watch upon the deep distress,
 And plaints of royal wretchedness;
 And when, with tears, and execration,
 They've pour'd out all their lamentation,
 And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,
 To call on rivers for supplies,
 And with their *bais*, and *bees*, and *bees*,
 To make a symphony of woes.

Doubtless the ancients want the art
 To strike at once upon the heart:
 Or why their prologues of a mile
 In simple—call it—humble style,
 In unimpassion'd phrase to say
 "Fore the beginning of this play,
 "I, hapless Polydore, was found
 "By fishermen, or others drown'd!"
 Or, "I, a gentleman, did wed,
 "The lady I wou'd never bed,
 "Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
 "Who's coming hither to draw water."

Or need the chorus to reveal
 Reflections, which the audience seek;
 And jog them, lest attention sink,
 To tell them how and what to think!

Oh, where's the bard, who at one view
 Could look the whole creation through,
 Who travers'd all the human heart,
 Without recourse to Grecian art?
 He scorn'd the modes of imitation,
 Of altering, pilfering, and translation,
 Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
 From models of a former age;
 The bright original he took,
 And tore the leaf from nature's book.
 'Tis Shakspeare, thus, who stands alone—
 —But why repeat what you have shown?
 How true, how perfect, and how well,
 The feelings of our hearts must tell.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAD.

Is at a tavern, where you'd wish to dine,
 They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
 Would you, resolve me, critics, for you can,
 Send for the master up, or chide the man?
 The man no doubt a knavish business drives,
 But tell me what's the master who connives?
 Hence you'll infer, and sure the doctrine's true,
 Which says, no quarter to a foul review.
 It matters not who vends the nauseous sloop,
 Master or 'prentice; we detest the sloop.

Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
 Approv'd or censur'd with an open face:
 Boldly pursu'd the free decisive task,
 Nor stabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's mask.

To works not men, with honest warmth, severe,
 Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
 Theirs was the noble skill, with gen'rous aim,
 To fan true genius to an active flame;
 To bring forth merit in its strongest light,
 Or damn the blockhead to his native night.
 But, as all states are subject to decay,
 The state of letters too will melt away,
 Smit with the harlot charms of trilling sound,
 Softness now wantons e'en on Roman ground;
 Where Thebans, Spartans, fought their honour'd
 graves,

Behold a weak enervate race of slaves.
 In classic lore, deep science, language dead,
 Thou modern wirlings are but scantily read,
 Professors * fail not, who will loudly bawl
 In praise of either, with the want of all:
 Hail'd mighty critics to this present hour.
 —The tribune's name surviv'd the tribune's
 pow'r.

Now quack and critic differ but in name,
 Empirics frontless both, they mean the same;
 This raw in physic, that in letters fresh,
 Both sying, like warts, excrecence from the flesh.
 Half form'd, half bred in printer's hireling schools,
 For all professions have their rogues and fools,
 Though the pert witing, or the coward knave,
 Casts no reflection on the wife or brave.

Yet, in these leaden times, this idle age,
 When, blind with dulness, or as blind with rage,
 Author 'gainst author rails with venom curst,
 And happy he who calls out blockhead first;
 From the low earth aspiring genius springs,
 And sails triumphant, born on eagle wings.
 No toothless spleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
 Shall rob thee, Churchill, of thy proper fame;
 While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
 Fool lives, and shines out fool to latest time.

Pity perhaps might wish a harmless fool
 To 'scape th' observance of the critic school;
 But if low malice, leagu'd with folly, rise,
 Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with
 lies;

Should wakeful dulness, if she ever wake,
 Write sleepy nonsense but for writing's sake,
 And, stung with rage, and piously severe,
 With bitter comforts to your dying ear;
 If some small wit, some silk-lin'd verseman, rakes,
 For quaint reflections in the putrid jokes,
 Talents usurp'd demand a censor's rage,
 A dunce is dunce proscrit'd in ev'ry age

Courtier, physician, lawyer, parson, cit,
 All, all are objects of theatric wit.
 Are ye then, actors, privileg'd alone,
 To make that weapon, ridicule, your own?
 Professions bleed not from his just attack,
 Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or
 quack;

Fools on and off the stage are fools the same,
 And every dunce is satire's lawful game.

* The author takes this opportunity, notwithstanding all insinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whose ability he sufficiently acknowledges.

Freely you thought, where thought has freest
room,

Why then apologize ? for what ? to whom ?

Though Gray's-Inn wits with author squires
unite,

And self-made giants club their labour'd mite,
Though pointless satire make its weak escape,
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
Boldly pursue where genius points the way,
Nor heed what monthly puny critics say.
Firm in thyself, with calm indifference smile,
When the wise vet'ran knows you by your style,
With critic scales weighs out the partial wit,
What I, or you, or he, or no one writ ;
Denying thee thy just and proper worth,
But to give falsehood's spurious issue birth ;
And all self-will'd with lawless hand to raise
Malicious slander on the base of praise.

Disgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame ;
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
Of fathers bantlings which he could not get !
But shrewd suspicion with her squinting eye,
'To truth declar'd, prefers a whisper'd lie.
With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
Relates her wishes, and with joy deceives.

The world, a pompous name, by custom due
To the small circle of a talking few,
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
And sends the whisper buzzing through the streets,
The prude demure, with sober saint-like air,
Pities her neighbour for his wond'rous fair.
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indifferet :
She hopes the nymph will every danger shun,
Yet prays devoutly—that the deed were done.
Mean time sits watching for the daily lie,
As spiders lurk to catch a simple fly.

Yet is not scandal to one sex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.
Yet, this great lord, creation's master, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For instance now, your Rosciad, all to me.

If partial friendship, in thy sterling lays,
Grows all too wanton in another's praise,
Critics, who judge by ways themselves have
known,

Shall swear the praise, the poem is my own ;
For 'tis the method in these learned days
For wits to scribble first, and after praise.
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched stuff,
And help out nonsense by a monthly puff,
Exalt to giant forms weak puny elves,
And decant sweetly on their own dear selves ;
For works per month by learning's midwives paid,
Demand a puffing in the way of trade.

Reserv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
My muse e'er sought to blast another's fame.
With willing hand could twine a rival's bays,
From candour silent where she could not praise :
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
Actor or mimic, printer, or reviewer ;
Lies oft o'erthrown, with ceaseless venom spread
Still his out scandal from their Hydra head ;

If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
Patience herself would wrinkle to a frown.
Come then with justice draw the ready pen,
Give me the works, I would not know the men :
All in their turns might make reprisals too,
Had all the patience but to tread them through.
Come, to the utmost, probe the desperate wound,
Nor spare the knife where'er infection's found !

But, prudence, Churchill, or her sister, fear,
Whispers forbearance to my fright'ned ear,
Oh ! then with me forsake the thorny road,
Lest we should flounder in some Fleet-Ditch ode,
And sunk for ever in the lazy flood
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of mud.

Hail mighty ode ! which like a picture frame,
Holds any portrait, and with any name ;
Or, like your niches, planted thick and thin,
Will serve to cram the random hero in.
Hail mighty bard too—whatsoever thy name,
—— or Durfy, for it's all the same.

To brother bards shall equal praise belong.
For wit, for genius, comedy, and song ?
No coisive muse is thine, which freely rakes
With ease familiar in the well-known jokes,
Happy in skill to soufe through foul and fair,
And toss the dung out with a lordly air.
So have I seen, amidst the grinning throng,
The sledge procession slowly dragg'd along,
Where the mock female shrew and hen-peck'd
male

Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
Call'd bursts of laughter from the roaring rout,
And dash'd and splash'd the filthy grains about.

Quit then, my friend, the muse's lov'd abode,
Alas ! they lead not to preferment's road.
Be solemn, sad, put on the priestly frown,
Be dull ! 'tis sacred, and becomes the gown.
Leave wit to others, do a Christian deed, [need
Your foes shall thank you, for they know their

Broad is the path by learning's sons possess'd,
A thousand modern wits might walk abreast,
Did not each poet mourn his luckless doom,
Jostled by pedants out of elbow room.

I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
Must mourn in silence o'er the muse's fate.

No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
While all our tenures are by critic's will ;

Where, watchful guardians of the lady muse,
Dwell monstrous giants, dreadful tall Reviews,

Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,
Sound but a horn, press forward to the door :

But let some chief, some bold advent'rous knight,
Provoke these champions to an equal fight,

Straight into air to spaceless nothing fall
The castle, lions, grunts, dwarf and all.

Ill it befits with undiscerning rage,
To censure giants in this polish'd age.

No lack of genius stains these happy times,
No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.

The see-saw muse that flows by *measur'd* laws,
In tuneful numbers, and affected pause,

With sound alone, sound's happy virtue fraught,
Which hates the trouble and expence of thought,

Once, every moon throughout the circling year,
With even cadence charms the critic ear.

While, dire promoter of poetic sin,
A magazine must hand the lady in. [well,

How moderns write, how nervous, strong and
The ANTI-ROSCIAN's decent muse does tell:

Who, while she strives to cleanse each actor hurt,
Baubs with her praise, and rubs him into dirt.

Sure never yet was happy era known
So gay, so wife, so *tasteful* as our own.

Our curious histories rise at once COMPLETE,
Yet still continued, as they're paid, per sheet.

See every science which the world would know,
Your magazines shall every month bestow,

Whole very titles fill the mind with awe,
Imperial, Christian, Royal, British, Law;

Their rich contents will every reader fit,
Statesman, Divine, Philosopher, and Wit; [once,

Compensious schemes! which teach all things at
And make a pedant coxcomb of a dunce.

But let not anger with such frenzy grow,
Drawn as if like, to strike down friend and foe,

To real worth be homage duly paid,
But no allowance to the paltry trade.

My friends I name not (though I boast a few,
To me an honour, and to letters too)

Fain would I praise, but, when such *things* oppose,
My praise of course must make them —'s foes.

If manly JOHNSON, with satyric rage,
Lash the dull follies of a trifling age,

If his strong muse with genuine strength aspire,
Glow not the reader with the poet's fire?

HIS the true fire, where creep the witling fry
To warm themselves, and light their rushlights by.

What muse like GRAY's shall pleasing pensive
flow

Attempt'd sweetly to the rustic woe?

Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
And, as his master pour forth thoughts of fire?

E'en now to guard afflicted learning's cause,
To judge by reason's rules, and nature's laws,

Boast we true critics in their proper right,
While LOWRY and Learning, HUP and Taste
unite.

Hail sacred names! — Oh guard the muse's page,
Save your lov'd mistresses from a ruffian's rage;

See how the gasps and struggles hard for life,
Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife:

Critics, like surgeons, blest with curious art,
Should mark each passage to the human heart,

But not, unskilful, yet with lordly air,
Read surgeon's lectures while they scalp and tear.

To names like these I pay the hearty vow,
Proud of their worth, and not ashamed to bow.

To these inscribe my rude, but honest lays,
And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise:

Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,

But that the muse, who owns no servile fear,
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ. 1757.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of taste
Has laid the walk of genius waste.

Fancy's a flight we deal no more in
Our authors creep instead of soaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.

But still you cry in sober sadness,
"There is discretion ev'n in madness,"

A pithy sentence, which wants credit!
Because I find a poet said it;

Their verdict makes but small impression,
Who are known liars by profession;

Rise what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius still;

And say, that horse would you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a spur?

The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his witches, fairies, fools:

Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,

A garden trim, and all enclosed,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd,

The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond the border:

Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;

Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
Its airy summit in the clouds,

While round its root still love to twine
The ivy or wild eglantine.

"But Shakspeare's all creative fancy"
"Made others love extravagancy;

"While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,
"Like Hurlrothumbo's mad Lord Flame."

True—who can stop dull imitators?
Those younger brothers of translators,

Those insects, which from genius rise,
And buzz about, in swarms, like flies?

Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
Sheds too her influence o'er the press:

As formerly the sons of rhyme
Sought Shakspeare's fancy and sublime

By cool correctness now they hope
To emulate the praise of Pope.

But Pope and Shakspeare both disclaim
Those low retainers to their fame.

What task can dullness e'er effect
So easy, as to write *correct*?

Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
By too much or too little wit;

So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miss their mark and follow neither;

They so exactly poise the scale
That neither measure will prevail,

And mediocrity the muse
Did never in her sons excuse,

'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taste,

And every senseless line is dress'd
In quaint expression's tinsel vest,

Say, did you never chance to meet
A monsieur barber in the street,

Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers ends,

His olive-tann'd complexion graces
With little dabs of Dresden laces,

While for the body Monsieur Puff,
Would think e'en dowlas fine enough?
So fares it with our men of rhymes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry clothes,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly strip them to the shirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.

And shall these wretches bards commence,
Without or spirit, taste, or sense?
And when they bring no other treasure,
Shall I admire them for their measure?
Or do I scorn the critic's rules
Because I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' full mouth'd prose
With all the force of genius glows;
Though Dionysius' learned taste
Is ever manly, just, and chaste,
Who, like a skilful wise physician,
Dissects each part of composition,
And shows how beauty strikes the soul
From a just compact of the whole;
Though judgment in Quintilian's page,
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet *Hesperities* I disdain,
A race of blockheads dull and vain,
And laugh at all those empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow science mocks
Damn with the name of her'rodes.

These butchers of a poet's fame,
While they usurp the critic's name,
Cry—"This is taste—that's my opinion."
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you seen with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow chair,
Command the prisoners to appear,
Harangue an hour on watchmen's praise,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry, "You'll suffer for your daring,
"And d—n you, you shall pay for swearing."
Then turning, tell th' astonish'd ring,
I sit to represent the KING.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME. 1757.

HAS my good dame a wicked child?
It takes the gentle name of wild;
If chests he breaks, if locks he picks,
'Tis nothing more than youthful tricks:
The mother's fondness stamps it merit,
For vices are a sign of spirit.

Say, do the neighbours think the same
With the good old indulgent dame?
Cries gossip Prate, "I hear with grief
"My neighbour's son's an arrant thief.
"Nay, could you think it, I am told,
"He stole five guineas, all in gold,
"You know the youth was always wild—
"He got his father's maid with child;
"And robb'd his master, to defray
"The money he had lost at play.
"All means to save him must now fail,
"What can it end in?—In a jail."

Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,
My gossip says the very truth.

But as his vices love would hide,
Or torture them to virtue's side,
So friendship's glass deceives the eye,
(A glass too apt to magnify)
And makes you *think* at least you see
Some spark of genius, ev'n in me.
You say I should get fame: I doubt it:
Perhaps I am as well without it.
For what's the worth of empty praise?
What poet ever din'd on bays?
For though the laurel, rarest wonder!
May screen us from the stroke of thunder,
This mind I ever was, and am in,
It is no antidote to famine
And poets live on slender fare,
Who, like cameleons, feed on air,
And starve, to gain an empty breath,
Which only serves them after death.

Grant I succeed, like Horace rise,
And strike my head against the skies;
Common experience daily shows,
That poets have a world of foes;
And we shall find in every town
Gossips enough to cry them down;
Who meet in pious conversation
T' anatomize a reputation,
With slipshod tongue, and empty head,
Who talk of things they never read.

Their idle censures I despise;
Their niggard praises won't suffice.
Tempt me no more then to the crime
Of dabbling in the fust of rhyme.
My muse has answer'd all her end
If her productions please a friend.
The world is burden'd with a store,
Why need I add one scribbler more?

TO * * * *

About to publish a Volume of Miscellanies.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1755.

SINCE now, all scruples cast away,
Your works are rising into day,
Forgive, though I presume to send
This honest counsel of a friend.

Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
Be a strange kind of measur'd prose;
Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
Want nought but measure to be verse.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your muse by imitation:
For copies show, howe'er exprest,
A barren genius at the best.

But imitation's all the mode—
Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.
The mimic bard with pleasure sees
Mat Prior's unaffected ease:
Assumes his style, affects his story,
Sets every circumstance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And mars a curious tale in telling:
Observe how *easy* Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to prose.

Others have sought the filthy stews
To find a dirty slipshod muse.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs the common sewers, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,
Disgustful to our eyes and noses;
With many a dash that must offend us,
And much

Hiatus non defendus.

O Swift! how wouldst thou blush to see,
Such are the bards who copy thee?

This, Milton for his plan will choose:
Wherein resembling Milton's muse?
Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majesty of song;

While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite asleep;
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the mustard bowl.

The stiff expression, phrases strange,
The epithet's peepsterous change.
For d num bers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,

Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus you copy Milton's style?
His faults religiously you trace,
But borrow not a single grace.

How few (say, whence can it proceed)?
Who copy Milton, e'er succeed!

But all their labours are in vain:
And wherefore so?—The reason's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by those
Milton's the model mostly chose,

Who can't write verse, and won't write prose. }
Others, who aim at fancy, choose
To woo the gentle Spenser's muse.

This poet fixes for his theme

An allegory, or a dream;

Fiction and truth together joins

Through a long waste of flimsy lines;

Fondly believes his fancy glows,

And image upon image grows;

Thinks his strong muse takes wond'rous flights, }
Whene'er she sings of peerless wights,

Of dens, of palfreys, spells and knights:

Till allegory, Spenser's veil

T' instruct and please in moral tale,

With him's no veil the truth to shroud,

But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope

On rivalling the fame of Pope

Satire's the word against the times—

These catch the cadence of his rhymes,

And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings, }
Their muse aspires, and boldly flings

Her dirt up in the face of kings.

In these the spleen of Pope we find;

But where the greatness of his mind?

His numbers are their whole pretence,

Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the fav'rites of the muse,

Whom with her kindest eye she views;

Round whom Apollo's brightest rays

Shine forth with undiminish'd blaze;

Some few, my friend have sweetly trod
In imitation's dang'rous road,
Long as tobacco's mild perfume
Shall scent each happy curate's room,
Oft as in elbow-chair he smokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
So long, O Brown shall last thy praise,
Crown'd with tobacco-leaf for bays;
And whoso'er thy verse shall see,
Shall fill another pipe to thee.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

Written January 1. 1761. From Tiffington in Derbyshire.

FRIENDSHIP with most is dead and cool,
A dull, inactive, stagnant pool;
Yours like the lively current flows,
And shares the pleasure it bestows.
If there is ought, whose lenient pow'r
Can sooth affliction's painful hour,
Sweeten the bitter cup of care,
And snatch the wretched from despair,
Superior to the sense of woes,
From friendship's source the balsam flows.
Rich then am I, possess of thine,
Who know that happy balsam mine.

In youth, from nature's genuine heat,
The souls congenial spring to meet,
And emulation's infant strife,
Cements the man in future life.
Oft too the mind well pleas'd surveys
Its progress from its childish days;
Sees how the current upwards ran,
And reads the child o'er in the man.
For men, in reason's sober eyes,
Are children, but of larger size,
Have still their idle hopes and fears,
And hobby-hore of riper years.

Whether a blessing or a curse,
My rattle is the love of verse.
Some fancied parts, and emulation,
Which still aspires to reputation,
Bade infant fancy plume her flight,
And held the laurel suit to fight.
For vanity the poet's sin,
Had ta'en possession all within:
And he whose brain is verse-poll'd,
Is in himself as highly blest,
As he, whose lines and circles vie
With heav'n's direction of the sky.

Howe'er the river rolls its rides,
The cork upon the surface rides.
And on ink's ocean, lightly buoy'd,
The cork of vanity is Lloyd.
Let me too use the common claim
And soule at once upon my name,

* Isaac Hawkins Brown Esq. author of a piece
called the Pipe of Tobacco, a most excellent imitation of
six different authors.

Which some have done with greater stress,
Who know me, and who love me less.

Poets are very harmless things,
Unless you tease one till it stings;
And when affronts are plainly meant,
We're bound in honour to resent:
And what tribunal will deny
An injur'd person to reply?

In these familiar emanations,
Which are but writing conversations,
Where thought appears in distabille;
And fancy does just what she will,
The fourest critic would excuse
The vagrant fallies of the muse:
Which lady, for Apollo's blessing,
Has still attended our carefessing,
As many children round her fees
As maggots in a Cheshire cheese,
Which I maintain at vast expence,
Of pen and paper, time and sense:
And surely 'twas no small miscarriage
When first I enter'd into marriage.
The poet's title which I bear,
With some strange castles in the air,
Was all my portion with the fair.

However narrowly I look,
In Phœbus's *valorem* book,
I cannot from inquiry find
Poets had much to leave behind.
They had a copyhold estate
In lands which they themselves create;
A foolish title to a *fountain*,
A right of common in a *mountain*,
And yet they liv'd amongst the great,
More than their brethren do of late;
Invited out at feasts to dine,
Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine;
Nor is it any where set down
They tip'd the servants half-a-crown,
But paid amid the waiting throng
And pay'd the porter with a song;
As once, a wag, in modern days,
When all are in these bribing ways,
His shillings to disperse unable,
Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table,
And walking gravely through the crowd,
Which stood obsequiously, and bow'd,
To keep the fashion up of tipping,
Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.

But there's a difference indeed
'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.
Though poet known, in Roman days,
Fearless he walk'd the public ways,
Nor ever knew that sacred name
Contemtuously smile, or painful shame:
While with a foolish face of praise,
The folks would stop to gape and gaze,
And half untold the story leave,
Fulling their neighbour by the sleeve,
While th' index of the finger shows,
—There—yonder's Horace—there he goes.

This finger, I allow it true,
Points at us modern poets too;
But 'tis by way of wit and joke,
To laugh, or as the phrase is, *snook*,

Yet there are those, who're fond of wit,
Although they never us'd it yet,
Who wits and wittings entertain;
Of taste, virtue, and judgment vain,
And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,
Expect a wond'rous deal of fun:
"Yes—He at bottom—don't you know him?"
"That's he that wrote the last new poem."
"His humour's exquisitely high,"
"You'll hear him open by and by."

The man in print and conversation
Have often very small relation;
And he, whose humour hits the town,
When copied fairly, and set down,
In public company may pass,
For little better than an ass.
Perhaps the fault is on his side,
Springs it from modesty, or pride,
These qualities ashamed to own,
For which he's happy to be known;
Or that his nature's strange and shy,
And diffident, he knows not why;
Or from a prudent kind of fear,
As knowing that the world's severe,
He would not suffer to escape
Familiar wit in easy shape:
Left gaping fools, and vile repeaters,
Should catch her up, and spoil her features,
And, for the child's unlucky maim,
The faultless parent come to shame.

Well, but methinks I hear you say,
"Write then, my friend!"—Write what?—
"play."

"The theatres are open yet,
"The market for all sterling wit;
"Try the strong efforts of your pen,
"And draw the characters of men;
"Or bid the bursting tear to flow,
"Obedient to the fabled woe;
"With tragedy's severest art,
"Anatomize the human heart,
"And, that you may be understood,
"Bid nature speak, as nature shou'd."

That talent, George, though yet untried,
Perhaps my genius has denied;
While you, my friend, are sure to please
With all the pow'rs of comic ease.

Authors, like maids at fifteen years,
Are full of wishes, full of fears.
One might by pleasant thoughts be led,
To lose a trifling maiden-head;
But 'tis a terrible vexation
To give up with it reputation.
And he, who has with plays to do,
Has got the devil to go through.
Critics have reason for their rules,
I dread the censure of your fools.
For tell me, and consult your pride,
(Set Garrick for a while aside)
How cou'd you, George, with patience bear,
The critic profling in the play'r?

Some of that calling have I known,
Who held no judgment like their own;
And yet their reasons fairly scan,
And separate the wheat and bran;

You'd be amaz'd indeed to find
What little wheat is left behind.
For, after all their mighty rout
Of chatt'ring round and round about,
'Tis but a kind of clock-work talking,
Like crossing on the stage, and walking.

The form of this tribunal past,
The play receiv'd, the parts all cast,
Each actor has his own objections,
Each character new imperfections:
The man is drawn too coarse and rough,
The lady has not smut enough.
It wants a touch of Cibber's ease,
A higher kind of talk to please;
Such as your titled folks would choose,
And lords and ladyships might use;
Which style, whoever would succeed in,
Must have small wit, and much good breeding.
If this is dialogue—*ma foi*,
Sweet Sir, say I, *pardonnez moi*!

As long as life and business last,
The actors have their several cast,
A walk where each his talent shows,
Queens, nurses, tyrants, lovers, beaux;
Suppose you've found a girl of merit,
Would show your part in all its spirit,
Take the whole meaning in the scope,
Some little lively thing, like Pope,
You rob some others of a feather
They've worn for thirty years together.

But grant the cast is as you like
To actors which you think will strike.
To-morrow then—(but as you know
I've ne'er a comedy to show,
Let me a while in conversation
Make free with yours for application)
The arrow's flight can't be prevented—
To-morrow then will be presented
The JEALOUS WIFE! To-morrow? Right.
How do you sleep, my friend, to-night?
Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,
Roast beef, and catcalls in your ears?
Mab's wheels a-cross your temples creep,
You tofs and tumble in your sleep,
And cry aloud, with rage and spleen,
"That fellow murders all my scene."

To-morrow comes. I know your merit,
And see the piece's fire and spirit;
Yet friendship's zeal is ever hearty,
And dreads the efforts of a party.

The coach below, the clock gone five,
Now to the theatre we drive:
Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,
Behold the house in dreadful view!
Observe how close the critics sit,
And not one bonnet in the pit.
With horror hear the galleries ring,
Nofy! Black Jock! God save the King!
Sticks clatter, catcalls scream, *Encore*!
Cocks crow, pit hisses, galleries roar:
E'en *cha' some oranges* is found
This night to have a dreadful sound:
Till, decent fables on his back,
(Your prologuizers all wear black)
The prologue comes; and, if it's mine,
It's very good, and very fine;

If not, I take a pinch of snuff,
And wonder where you got such stuff.
That done, a-gape the critics sit,
Expectant of the comic wit.
The fiddlers play again pell-mell:
—But hift!—the prompter rings his bell.
—Down there! hats off!—the curtain draws!
What follows is—the just applause.

TWO ODES *.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΤΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ. ΕΞ
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ. PINDAR, Olym. II.

ODE I.

I. 1.

DAUGHTER of chaos and old night,
Cimmerian muse, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil!
What poet sings, and strikes the strings?
It was the mighty Theban spoke,
He from the ever-living lyre
With magic hand elicits fire.
Heard ye the din of modern rhymers bray?
It was cool M——n, or warm G——y,
Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

I. 2.

The shallow fop in antic vest,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be singly dress'd,
Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
Say, shall not then the heav'n-born muses too
Variety pursue?
Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the muse the style of Cambria's sons,
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia she affect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?

I. 3.

On this terrestrial ball
The tyrant fashion governs all.
She, fickle goddess, whom, in days of yore,
The ideot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore:
Long she paid him with disdain,
And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain
On thy blest calends, April, he reveal'd.
From their embraces sprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Fashion, goddesses ever young.

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves to ride
Upon a weather-cock astride.

* I take the liberty of inserting the two following odes, though I cannot, with strict propriety, print them as my own composition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend, to whose labours I am always happy to add my own: I mean the author of the *Jealous Wife*.

Each blast that blows, around the goes,
 While nodding o'er her crest,
 Emblem of her magic pow'r,
 The light cameleon stands confest,
 Changing it's hues a thousand times an hour.
 And in a vest is the array'd,
 Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
 Nor zoneless is her waist:
 But fair and beautiful I ween,
 As the cestus-cinctur'd queen,
 Is with the rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.

II. 2.

She bids pursue the fav'rite road
 Of lofty cloud-capt ode.
 Meantime each bard, with eager speed,
 Vaults on the Pegasus steed:
 Yet not that Pegasus of yore
 Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,
 But one of nobler breed;
 High blood and youth his lusty veins inspire:
 From Tottipontimoy he came;
 Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?
 The bloody-shoulder'd Arab was his fire;
 * His White-nose. He on fam'd Doncastria's plains
 Resign'd his fatal breath:
 In vain for life the struggling courser strains.
 Ah! who can run the race with death?
 The tyrant's speed, or man, or steed,
 Strives all in vain to fly.
 He leads the chase, he wins the race,
 We stumble, fall, and die.

II. 3.

Third from White-nose springs
 Pegasus with eagle wings:
 Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
 With many a bound he beats the ground,
 While all the turf with acclamation rings:
 He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:
 He too Newmarket won:
 There Granta's son
 Seiz'd on the steed,
 And thence him led (so fate decreed)
 To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,
 With his dark and inky waves,
 Either bank in silence laves,
 Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

III. 1.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,
 In trimmest guise array'd,
 First the neighing steed assay'd?
 His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel
 Sparkles refulgent with elastic steel:
 The whiles he wins his whiffling way,
 Prancing, ambling, round and round,
 By hill, and dale, and mead, and greensward
 gay:
 Till fated with the pleasing ride,
 From the lofty steed dismounting,
 He lies along, enwrapt in conscious pride,
 By gurgling rill, or crystal fountain.

* The author is either mistaken in this place, or has
 else indulged himself in a very unwarrantable poetical
 licence. White nose was not the fire, but a son of the
 Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar. HEBER.

I

III. 2.

Lo! next a bard, secure of praise,
 His self-complacent countenance displays.
 His broad mustachios, ting'd with golden dye,
 Flame like a meteor on the troubled air:
 Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye,
 O'erhung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious
 glare.

The grizzle grace
 Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.
 In large wide boots, whose ponderous weight
 Would sink each wight of modern date,
 He rides well pleas'd: So large a pair
 Not Garagantua's self might wear:
 Not he, of nature fierce and cruel,
 Who, if we trust to ancient ballad,
 Devour'd three pilgrims in a fallad;
 Nor he of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

Accoutred thus, th' advent'rous youth
 Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
 Fast by whose side clear streams meand'ring
 creep;
 But urges on amain the fiery steed
 Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock
 uncouth:
 Where the venerable herd
 Of goats, with long and sapient beard,
 And wanton kiddings their blithe revels keep.
 Now up the mountain see him strain,
 Now down the vale he's tost,
 Now flashes on the sight again,
 Now in the palpable obscure quite lost.

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
 With high or low, all, all is woe,
 Disease, mischance, pale fear, and dubious fate.
 But, o'er every peril bounding,
 Ambition views not all the ills surrounding,
 And, tiptoe on the mountains steep,
 Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, see, he soars! With mighty wings out-
 spread,
 And long resounding mane,
 The courser quits the plain.
 Aloft in air, see, see him bear
 The bard, who shrouds
 His lyric glory in the clouds,
 Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head,
 He topples headlong from the giddy height,
 Deep in the Cambrian gulf immerg'd in endless
 night!

IV. 3.

O steed divine! what daring spirit
 Rides thee now? though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor self opinion,
 Which elate the mighty pair,
 Each of taste the fav'rite minion;
 Prancing through the desert air;
 By help mechanic of equestrian block,
 Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd,
 And, all unheedful of the critic mock,
 Drive his light courser o'er the bounds of taste

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ODE II.

TO OBLIVION.

*PARENT OF EASE! OBLIVION old,
Who lov'st thy dwelling-place to hold,
Where scepter'd Pluto keeps his dreary sway,
Whose fullen pride the shiv'ring ghosts obey!
Thou, who delightest still to dwell
By some hoar and moss-grown cell,
At whose dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
Or Styx' black streams, which even Jove controul!
Or if it suit thee better will
To choose the tinkling weeping rill,
Hard by whose side the feeded poppy red
Heaves high in air his sweetly curling head,
While, creeping in meanders flow,
Lethæ's drowsy waters flow,
And hollow blasts, which never cease to sigh,
Hum to each care-struck mind their lulla-lulla-by!
A prey no longer let me be
To that gossip MEMORY,

Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
To spread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.

With thee, OBLIVION, let me go,
For MEMORY's a friend to woe;
With thee, FORGETFULNESS, fair silent queen,
The solemn stole of grief is never seen.

All, all is thine. Thy pow'rful sway
The throng'd poetic hosts obey:
Though in the van of MEM'RY proud t' appear,
At thy command they darken in the rear.
What though the modern tragic strain
For nine whole days protract thy reign,
Yet through the nine, like whelps of curriish kind,
Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.
Sacred to thee the Crambo rhyme,

The motley forms of pantomime:
For thee from eunuch's throat still loves to flow
The soothing sadness of his warbled woe:
Each day to thee falls pamphlet clean:
Each month a new-born magazine:
Hear then, O GODDESS, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r!
And, if thou deign 't to take one mom'nt's care,
Attend thy bard! who duly pays
The tribute of his votive lays;

Whose muse still offers at thy sacred shrine;—
Thy bard, who calls THEE *his*, and makes him
THINE.

O sweet FORGETFULNESS supreme!
Rule supine o'er ev'ry theme,
O'er each sad subje&, o'er each soothing strain,
Of mine, O GODDESS, stretch thine awful reign:
Nor let MEM'RY steal one note,
Which this rude hand to thee hath wrote!
So shalt thou save me from the poet's shame,
Though on the letter'd rubric DODSLEY post my
name.

* According to Lillæus, who bestows the parental
function on oblivion.

Verba OBLIVISCENDI regunt GENITIVUM.

Lib. xiii. Cap. 3.

There is a similar passage in Bujæus.

VOL. X

O come, with opiate poppies crown'd,
Shedding slumbers soft around! [sack!—
O come, FAT GODDESS, drunk with laureat's
See, where she sits on the benumb'd Torpe-
do's back!

Me, in thy dull Elysium lapt, O blest
With thy calm forgetfulness!
And gently lull my senses all the while
With placid poems in the sinking style!
Whether the herring-poet sing,
Great laureat of the fishes king,
Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
Wrapt in the darker strains of Johnny —;
Or, if HE sing, whose verse affords
A *decoy* of the choicest words,
Who meets his lady muse by moss-grown cell,
Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:
Thee, GODDESS, let me still forget,
With all the dearth of modern wit!
So mayst thou gently o'er my youthful breast,
Spread, with thy welcome hand, OBLIVION's
friendly vest.

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

Ah me! unhappy state of mortal wight,
Sith ENVY's sure attendant upon fame,
Ne doth she rest from rancorous despoil,
Until she works him mickle woe and shame;
Unhappy he whom ENVY thus doth spoil,
Ne doth she check her ever-restless hate:
Until she doth his reputation foil:
Ah! luckless imp is he, whose worth elate,
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

There stood an ancient mount, yclept Parnass,
(The fair domain of sacred poetry)
Which, with fresh odours ever-blooming, was
Besprinkled with the dew of Castaly;
Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring
glides,
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant soil,
Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,
Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,
Dame NATURE's handywork, not form'd by
lab'ring toil.

The Muses fair, these peaceful shades among,
With skillful fingers sweep the trembling strings;
The air in silence listens to the song,
And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings;
Pale-visag'd CARE, with soul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the hag arrive the blissful feat;
Her unavailing strength is spent in vain, [pain.
CONTENT sits on the top, and mocks her empty

Of PROEBUS self left his divine abode,
And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,
Regardless of his state, lay'd by the god,
And own'd sweet music's more alluring pow'r.
On either side was plac'd a peerless wight,
Whose merit long had fill'd the trump of FAME;
This, FANCY's darling child, was SPENSER
hight,

S F

Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of Tame;
That no less fam'd than he, and MILTON was his
name.

In these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm;
Now harmless talk, now emulously sing;
While VIRTUE, pouring round her sacred balm,
Makes happiness eternal as the spring.
Alternately they sung; now SPENSER 'gan,
Of jousts and tournaments and champions strong;
Now MILTON sung of disobedient man,
And Eden lost: The bards around them throng,
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their princes'
song.

Not far from these, DAN CHAUCER, ancient
wight,
A lofty seat on Mount Parnassus held,
Who long had been the muses chief delight:
His reverend locks were silver'd o'er with eld;
Grave was his visage, and his habit plain;
And while he sung, fair nature he display'd,
In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain;
Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him
made.

Next SHAKESPEARE sat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn the foulest dross to purest gold:
Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
To his behests these willingly repair,
Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might
withstand.

Beside the bard there stood a beauteous maid,
Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyes;
Her thin-wrought vesture various tints dis-
play'd,
FANCY her name, ysprong of race divine;
Her mantle * wimpled low, her silken hair,
Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders
stray'd,
* She made a net to catch the wanton air,
Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd
And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly
maid.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air
A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r:
She wav'd it round: Eftsoons there did appear
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before:
Again she lifts her wonder-working wand;
Eftsoons upon the flow'ry plain were seen
The gay inhabitants of Fairy-Land,
And blithe attendants upon MAB their queen
In mystic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

On th' other side stood NATURE, goddess fair;
A matron seem'd she, and of manners staid;

* Wimpled. A word used by Spenser for hung
down.—The line enclosed within commas is one of Fair-
fax's, in his translation of Tasso.

Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,
In loose attire of purest white array'd:
A potent rod she bore, whose pow'r was such
(As from her darling's works may well be
shown.)

That often with its soul-enchancing touch,
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
And each man's passions made subservient to her
own.

But lo! thick fogs from out the earth arise,
And murky mists the buxom air invade,
Which with contagion dire infect the skies,
And all around their baleful influence shed;
Th' infected sky, which whilom was so fair,
With thick Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread;
The sun, which whilom shone without compare,
Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head, [bed.
And fore the time sore-grieving seeks his wat'ry

ENVY, the daughter of fell Acheron,
(The flood of deadly hate and gloomy night)
Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,
And through the frighted heavens wing'd her
flight:

With careless eye each realm she did explore,
Ne mote she ought of happiness observe;
For happiness, alas! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did swerve,
And trample on religion base designs to serve.

At length, on blest Parnassus seated high,
Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
SPENSER and MILTON met her scowling eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
Full fast unto her sister did she post,
There to unload the venom of her breast,
To tell how all her happiness was crost,
Sith others were of happiness possess't:

Did never gloomy hell send forth like ugly pest.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
Where sun'ral cypress star-proof branches spread,
O'ergrown with tangling briars a cavern stood;
Fit place for melancholy dreary-head.
Here a deformed monster joy'd to won,
Which, on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the rising to the setting sun,
Her heart pursued spite with black intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

In flowing sable stole she was yclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord;
Forth from her mouth, like one through grief
gone mad,

A frothy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd;
A ghastly grin and eyes askint, display
The rancour which her hellish thoughts contain,
And how, when man is blest, she pines away,
Burning to turn his happiness to pain; [man
MALICE the monster's name, a foe to God and

Along the floor black loathsome toads still crawl,
Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they spit at all
Whom hapless fortune leads too near her den.

* Dreary-head. Gloominess.

Around her waist, in place of silken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no distinction made 'twixt friend and foe,
But death on ev'ry side fierce brandish'd,
Fly, reckless mortals, fly, in vain is * hardy-head.

Impatient ENVY, through th' etherial waste,
With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,
Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste,
Enshrouded in a darksome veil of night.
Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell destruction sparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,
Awhile contending passions utt'rance choke,
At length the fiend in furious tone her silence broke.

Sister, arise! see how our pow'r decays,
No more our empire thou and I can boast,
Sith mortal man now gains immortal praise,
Sith man is blest, and thou and I are lost:
See in what state Parnassus' hill appears;
See PHOEBUS' self two happy bards between;
See how the God their song attentive hears;
This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween!

Who can behold unmov'd like heart-tormenting scene?

Sister, arise! ne let our courage droop,
Perforce we will compel these mortals own,
That mortal force unto our force shall stoop;
ENVY and MALICE then shall reign alone:
Thou best has known to file thy tongue with lies,
And to deceive mankind with specious bait:
Like TRUTH accour'd, spreadest forgeries,
The fountain of contention and of hate;
Arise, unite with me, and be as whilom great!

The fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
"Tremble, ye bards, within that blissful seat;
MALICE and ENVY shall o'erthrow your joys,
Nor PHOEBUS self shall our designs defeat:
"Shall we, who under friendship's feigned veil,
"Prompted the bold archangel to rebel;
"Shall we, who under show of sacred zeal,
"Plung'd half the pow'rs of heav'n in lowest hell— [tell.]

Such vile disgrace of us no mortal man shall

And now, more hideous rendered to the sight,
By reason of her raging cruelty,
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
And find fit engine for her forgery.
Her eyes inflam'd did cast their rays askance,
While hellish imps prepare the monster's car,
In which she might cut through the wide expanse,

And find out nations that extended far,
When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright star.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
And each fell serpent had a double tongue,
Which ever and anon spit flaming fire,
The regions of the tainted air among;

* *Hardy-head.* Courage.

A lofty seat the sister-monsters bore,
In deadly machinations close combin'd,
Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,
And cruel DISCORD follow'd fast behind:
God help the man 'gainst whom such cauti'f foes are join'd.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
While thunder harshly grates upon its wheels;
Black pointed spires of smoke around them rise,
The air depress'd unusual burthen feels!
Detested sight! in terrible array,
They spur their fiery dragons on amain,
Ne mote their anger suffer cold delay,
Until the wifh'd-for region they obtain,
And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

Here, eldest son of MALICE, long had dwelt
A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
His fame on double falsities was built:
(Ah! worthless son, of worthless parent born):
Under the show of semblance fair, he veil'd
The black intentions of his hellish breast;
And by these guileful means he more prevail'd
Than had he open enmity profess'd;
The wolf more safely wounds when in sheep's clothing dress'd.

Him then themselves atween their joyful place,
(Sure sign of woe when such are pleas'd, alas!)
Then measure back the air with swifter pace,
Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnass.
Hither in evil hour the monsters came,
And with their new companion did alight,
Who long had lost all sense of virtuous shame,
Beholding worth with poisonous despatch;
On his success depends their impious delight.

Long burnt he sore the summit to obtain,
And spread his venom o'er the blissful seat;
Long burnt he sore, but still he burnt in vain;
Mote none come there, who come with impious feet.

At length, at unawares, he out doth spit
That spite which else had to himself been bane;
The venom on the breast of MILTON lit,
And spread benumbing death through every vein;
The bard of life bereft fell senseless on the plain.

As at the banquet of Thyestes old,
The sun is said to have shut his radiant eye,
So did he now through grief his beams withhold,
And darkness to be felt o'erwhelm'd the sky;
Forth issued from their dismal dark abodes
The birds attendant upon hideous night,
Shriek-owls and ravens, whose fell croaking bodes

Approaching death to miserable wight:
Did never mind of man behold like dreadful sight?

APOLLO wails his darling done to die
By foul attempt of ENVY's fatal bane;
The MUSES sprinkle him with dew of Castaly,
And crown his death with many a living strain;
Hoary PARNASSUS beats his aged breast,
Aged, yet ne'er before did sorrow know;
The flowers drooping their despair attest,

S f j j

Th' aggrieved rivers querulously flow;
All nature sudden groan'd with sympathetic woe.

But, lo! the sky a gayer livery wears,
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
And now the cloak of darkness disappears,
(May darkness ever thus to light give place!)
Ere griev'd Apollo jocund looks resumes,
The NINE renew their whilom cheerful song,
No grief PARNASSUS' aged breast consumes,
For from the teeming earth new flowers sprong,
The plenteous rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

The stricken bard fresh vital heat renews,
Whose blood, ere stagnate, rushes through his veins;

Life through each pore her spirit doth infuse,
And FAME by MALICE unextinguish'd reigns:
And see, a form breaks forth, all heav'nly bright,
Upheld by one of mortal progeny.
A female form, yclad in snowy white,
No less so fair at distance seen as nigh;
DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAUDER die.

PROLOGUE TO THE JEALOUS WIFE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THE JEALOUS WIFE! a comedy! poor man!
A charming subject! but a wretched plan.
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis passion, pathos, character, sublime! [scene,
What round big words had swell'd the pompous
A king the husband, and the wife a queen!
'Then might distraction rend her graceful hair,
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Drawn as if death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Hab* and *Ob*?
But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,
Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends,
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store.—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a master's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.

But if all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others' land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do justice on him!—As on fools before,
And give to blockheads past one blockhead more.

PROLOGUE,

*Intended to have been spoken at Drury-Lane Theatre,
on his Majesty's Birth-day, 1761.*

GENIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;
But soars to heav'n from virtue's generous praise.
When kings themselves the proper judges sit
O'er the blest realms of science, arts and wit,
Each eager breast beats high for glorious fame,
And emulation glows with active flame.
Thus, with Augustus rose imperial Rome,
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
What arts, what learning was not then our own?
Then sinew'd genius strong and nervous rose,
In Spenser's numbers, and in Raleigh's prose;
On Bacon's lips then every science hung,
And nature spoke from her own Shakspeare's tongue.

Her patriot smiles fell, like refreshing dews,
To wake to life each pleasing useful muse,
While every virtue which the queen profess'd,
Beam'd on her subjects, but to make them blest.
O glorious times!—O theme of praise divine!
—Be happy, Britain, then—such times are thine.
Behold e'en now strong science impels her wing,
And arts revive beneath a patriot king.
The muses too burst forth with double light,
To shed their lustre in a monarch's sight.
His cheering smiles alike to all extend—
Perhaps *this spot* may boast a royal friend.
And when a prince, with early judgment grac'd,
Himself shall marshal out the way to taste,
Caught with the flame perhaps e'en *here* may rise
Some powerful genius of uncommon size,
And, pleas'd with nature, nature's depth explore,
And be what our great Shakspeare was before.

PROLOGUE TO HECUBA.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1761.

A GRECIAN bard, two thousand years ago,
Plann'd this sad fable of illustrious woe;
Waken'd each soft emotion of the breast,
And call'd forth tears, that would not be suppress'd.

Yet, O ye mighty Sirs, of judgment chaste,
Who, lacking genius, have a deal of taste,
Can you forgive our modern ancient piece,
Which brings no chorus, though it comes from Greece?

Kind social chorus, which all humours meets,
And sings and dances up and down the streets.
—Oh! might true taste, in these unclassic days,
Revive the Grecian fashions with their plays!
Then, rais'd on stilts, our players would stalk and
rage,
And, at three steps, stride o'er a modern stage;
Each gesture then would boast unusual charms,
From lengthen'd legs, stuff'd body, sprawling
arms!

Your critic-eye would then no pigmies see,
But buskins make a giant, even of me.
No features then the poet's mind would trace,
But one black vizard blot out all the face.

O! glorious times, when actors thus could strike,
Expressive, inexpressive, all alike!
Less change of face than in our punch they saw,
For punch can roll his eyes, and wag his jaw;
With one set glare they mouth'd the rumbling
verse;

Our Gog and Magog look not half so fierce!

Yet, though depriv'd of instruments like these,
Nature, perhaps, may find a way to please;
Which, wherefoe'er she glows with genuine flame,
In Greece, in Rome, in England, is the same.

Of raillery, then, ye modern wits, beware,
Nor damn the Grecian poet for the player.
Theirs was the skill, with honest help of art,
To win, by just degree, the yielding heart,
What if our Shakspeare claims the magic throne,
And in one instant makes us all his own;
They differ only in one point of view,
For Shakspeare's nature, was their nature too.

O D E

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT WESTMIN-
STER SCHOOL.

Nor at Apollo's vaunted shrine,
Nor to the fabled sisters nine,
Offers the youth his ineffe'dual vow,
Far be their rites!—Such worship fits not now;
When at Eliza's sacred name
Each breast receives the present flame:
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
And with bold impulse strikes th' accordant strings,
Reflecting on the crowded line
Of mitred sages, bards divine,
Of patriots, active in their country's cause,
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh memory! how thou lov'st to stray,
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way
Of childhood's greener years! when simple youth
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth!
'Tis then the souls congenial meet,
Inspir'd with friendship's genuine heat,
Ere interest, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas *here*, in many an early strain
Dryden first try'd his classic vein,
Spurr'd his strong genius to the distant goal,
In wild effusions of his manly soul;
When Busby's skill, and judgment sage,
Repress'd the poet's frantic rage,
Crop'd his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
The flow of numbers with the strength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy muse forgot! which frays
In wit's ambiguous flowery maze,
With many a pointed turn and studied art:
Though affectation blot thy rhyme,
Thy mind was lofty and sublime,
And manly honour dignified thy heart:
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,
The poet's trifles ne'er disgrac'd the man.

Well might thy morals sweet engage
Th' attention of the mitred sage,
Smil'd with the plain simplicity of truth.

For not ambition's giddy strife;
The gilded toys of public life,
Which snare the gay unstable youth,
Cou'd lure thee from the sober charms,
Which lapt thee in retirement's arms,
Whence thou, untainted with the pride of state,
Cou'dst smile with pity on the bustling great.

Such were Eliza's sons. Her soft'ring care
Here bade free genius tune his grateful song;
Which else had wasted in the desert air,
Or droop'd unnotic'd 'mid the vulgar throng.
—Ne'er may her youth degenerate shame
The glories of Eliza's name!
But with the poet's frenzy bold,
Such as inspir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of fame!

THE

TEARS AND TRIUMPH OF PARNASSUS.

AN ODE,

Set to Music and performed at Drury-Lane, 1760.

The scene discovers Apollo and the Nine Muses
in their proper habits.

Apollo.

FATE gave the word; the deed is done;
AUGUSTUS is no more;
His great career of fame is run,
And all the loss deplore.

*[The muses tear off their laurels.
Calliope.]*

Well, sisters of the sacred spring,
Well may you rend your golden hair;
Well may you now your dirges sing,
And pierce with cries the troubled air.

Cerberus.

Fate gave the word, &c.

Clio.

Founded in justice was his sway;
Ambition never mark'd his way.

Calliope.

Unless the best ambition that can fire
A monarch's breast and all his soul inspire,
The gen'rous purpose of the noble mind,
The best ambition—to serve human kind.

Apollo.

Yes, virgins, yes; that wish sublime
Rank'd him with those of earliest time,
Who for a people's welfare strove;
Whose spirits breathe ethereal air,
And for their meed of earthly care,
Drink nectar with Olympian Jove.

Calliope.

Oh TRUTH! fair daughter of the sky,
And MERCY!—that with asking eye
Near the OMNIPOTENT dost stand;
And, when mankind provoke his rage,
Dost clasp his knees, his wrath assuage,
And win the thunder from his hand!

Clio.

Oh white-rob'd FAITH! celestial maid!
Twin-born with JUSTICE! by whose aid
He liv'd the guardian of the laws;

Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION'S isle
That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,
Who now will guard your sacred cause?

CHORUS.

Dear liberty, &c.

Calliope.

Where were ye, muses, when the fatal sheers
The FURY rais'd, to close his rev'rend years?
But ah, vain wish!—you could not stop the
blow!

No onen warn'd ye of th' impending woe.

Apollo.

See, where BRITANNIA stands
With close-enfolded hands,
On yonder sea-beat shore!
Behold her languid air!
Lo, her dishevell'd hair!
Majestic now no more!
Still on the fullen wave her eye is bent,
The TRIDENT of the MAIN thrown idle by;
OLD THAMES, his sea-green mantle rent,
Inverts his urn, and heaves a doleful sigh.

Hark! to the winds and waves
Frantic with grief she raves,
And, cruel gods! she cries;
Each chalky cliff around,
Each rock returns the sound,
And, cruel gods! replies.

Calliope.

See, the procession sad and slow,
Walks in a solemn pomp of woe
Through awful arches, gloomy aisles,
And rows of monumental piles,
Where lie the venerable just,
Where heroes moulder into dust.
Now quietly inurn'd he lies,
Pale! pale! inanimate and cold!
Where round him baleful vapours rise,
'Midst bones of legislators old!

Clio.

Of him who fought th' ambitious Gaul
O'er thick-embattled plains,
Who felt, who liv'd, and reign'd for all,
This only now remains.

Apollo.

Bring, in handfuls, lilies bring
Bring me all the flow'ry spring.
Scatter roses on his bier;
Ever honour'd, ever dear!

CHORUS.

Scatter roses, &c.

Mercury descends.

No more, harmonious progeny of Jove,
No more let sun'ral accents rise;
The great, the good AUGUSTUS reigns above,
Translated to his kindred skies.

Clio.

No more for my historic page—

Calliope.

No more for my great epic rage—

Both.

Will by the hero now be done—

CHORUS.

His great career of fame is run,
And all the loss deplore.

Enter Mars.

Lo! Mars, from his beloved land,
Where freedom long hath fix'd her stand,
Bids ye collect your flowing hair,
And again the laurel wear:

For see, BRITANNIA rears her drooping head;
Again resumes her TRIDENT of the main;
THAMES takes his urn, and seeks his wat'ry bed,
While gay content sits smiling on the plain.

Hark! a glad voice

Proclaims the people's choice.

CHORUS, *within the scenes.*

He is our liege, our rightful lord!

Of heart and tongue with one accord

We all will sing

Long live the king!

He is our liege!—he!—he alone!

With BRITISH HEART he mounts the throne;

Around him throngs a loyal band;

He will protect his NATIVE LAND!

He is our liege, &c.

[*The muses rise and put on their laurel.*

Calliope.

The muses now their heads shall raise;

The arts to life shall spring;

Virgins, we'll trim our wither'd bays,

And wake each vocal string;

Now shall the sculptor's happy skill

Touch the rude stone to life;

The painter shall his canvas fill,

Pleas'd with his mimic strife.

Clio.

Sweet MERCY, FAITH, CELESTIAL TRUTH,

Now by your aid the royal youth

Shall live the guardian of the laws;

Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION'S isle

That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,

He now will guard your sacred cause.

Apollo.

Blest prince! whose subjects in each adverse hour

For freedom still have stood!

Blest isle! whose prince but deems the sov'reign
pow'r,

The pow'r of doing good!

Mars.

Now open all your Helicon; explore

Of harmony the loftiest store;

Let the drum beat alarms,

Such as rouse us to arms; [the sky!]

The trumpet's shrill clangor shall pierce through

Swell the rapture, swell it high;

And in notes sublime and clear

Pour the strong melody, that Heav'n may hear.

Apollo.

Nothing mortal will I sound;

Lo, the flame, the flame divine!

High I mount, I quit the ground,

Holy fury! I am thine.

With rage possess

Big swells my breast!

In visions rapt, before my sight appears

A brighter order of increasing years.

Mars.

I see the Rhine devolve his flood,

Deep-crimson'd with the Gallic blood!

I hear, I hear the distant roar
Of ruin on yon hostile shore!
I see, young prince, to thee I see
The savage Indian bend the knee!
Lo, AFRIC from her fable kings
Her richest stores in tribute brings!
And farthest IND, beneath the rising day
Lays down her arms, and venerates thy sway.

Calliope.

I see Bellona banish'd far!
I see him close the gates of war,
While purple rage within
With ghastly ire shall grin,
And rolling his terrific eyes,
Where round him heaps of arms arise,
Bound with a hundred brazen chains,
In vain shall foam, and thirst for sanguine plains.

Clio.

Sweet peace returns;
O'er Albion's sons
She waves her dove-like wing:
On ev'ry plain
The shepherd train
Their artless loves shall sing.
Pale DISCORD shall fly
From the light of the sky.
To black Cocytus hurl'd;
There, there shall feel
Ixion's wheel,
The furies with their serpents curl'd;
With the unceasing toil shall groan
Of the unconquerable stone,
And leave in harmony the British world.

Apollo.

Proceed great days; lead on th' auspicious years;
Such years (---for lo! the scene of fate appears)!
Such years, the DESTINIES have said, shall roll;
Jove nods consent, and thunder shakes the pole.

ARCADIA. A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

SCENE I. *A view of the country.*

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

CHORUS.

SHEPHERDS, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

Sylvia.

AIR.

Hither haste, and bring along
Merry tale and jocund song,
To the pipe and tabor beat
Frolic measures with your feet.
Ev'ry gift of time employ;
Make the most of proffer'd joy.
Pleasure hates the scanty rules
Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds, buxom, blithe and free
Now's the time for jollity.

[A dance of Shepherds, &c.]

Sylvia.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy swains, rejoice;
It is the heart that prompts the voice.

Be sorrow banish'd far away;
Thyrsis shall make it holiday.
Who at his name can joy suppress?
ARCADIAN-BORN to rule and bless.

Damon.

And hark! from rock to rock the sound
Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,
Breaking with rapture on the ear,
Proclaims the blithesome Phœbe near:
See where she hastes with eager pace,
To speak the joys that paint her face.

SCENE II. *Opens to a prospect of rocks.*

Huntsmen, Huntresses, &c. coming down from them.

Phœbe.

Hither I speed with honest glee,
Such as befits the mind that's free;
Your cheerful troop, blithe youth, to join,
And mix my social joys with thine.
Now may each nymph and frolic swain,
O'er mountain steep, or level plain,
Court buxom health, while jocund horn
Bids echo wake the sluggard morn.

AIR.

When the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's
cool gale, [dale;
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and
Up, ye nymphs, and ye swains, and together we'll
rove,
Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horns, and the cry of the
hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and
wealth;

All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health.
So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys
No envy disturbs, no dependence destroys.
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
hounds.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we
roam;

Yet returning, still find the dear pleasures at home;
Where the cheerful good humour gives honesty
grace, [fate.
And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
hounds.

Dametas.

RECITATIVE.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
Which only looks to present joys.

Sylvia.

Though the white locks of silver'd age,
And long experience hail thee sage;
Ill suits it in this joy, to wear
A brow so overhung with care.
Better with us thy voice to raise,
And join a whole Arcadian's praise.

Dametas.

With you I joy that Thyrsis reigns
The guardian o'er his native plains:

S f iiij

But praise is scanty to reveal
The speaking blessings all must feel.

Damon.

True, all must feel—but thanksless too?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?
My grateful heart shall ever show
The debt I need not blush to owe.

AIR.

That I go where I list, that I sing what I please,
That my labour's the price of contentment and ease,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taste the true family joys,
That my kids wanton safely o'er meadows and rocks,

That my sheep graze secure from the robber or fox;
These are blessings I share with the rest of the
swains,

For its Thyrsis who gave them, and Thyrsis
maintains.

Dametas.

RECITATIVE.

Perish my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name!
His active talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous fear.
Intent to form our bliss alone,
The generous youth forgets his own;
Nor e'er his busy mind employs
To find a partner of his joys.
So might his happy offspring own
The virtues which their sire hath shown.

AIR.

With joy the parent loves to trace
Resemblance in his children's face:
And as he forms their docile youth
To walk the steady paths of truth,
Observes them shooting into men,
And lives in them life o'er again.

While active sons, with eager flame,
Catch virtue at their father's name;
When full of glory, full of age,
The parent quits this busy stage,
What in the sons we most admire,
Calls to new life the honour'd sire.

Sylvia.

RECITATIVE.

O prudent sage forgive the zeal
Of thoughtless youth. With thee I feel,
The glories now Arcadia shares
May but embitter future cares.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.

AIR.

So may all the sylvan train,
Dryad, nymph, and rustic fawn,
To the pipe and merry strain,
Trip it o'er the russet lawn!
May no thorn or bearded grass
Hurt their footsteps as they pass,
Whilst in gambols round and round
They sport it o'er the shaven ground!

Though thy syrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vanish'd in the limpid stream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,

If again thy heart should burn,
In carefing,
Blest, and blessing,
May'st thou find a wish'd return.

CHORUS.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.

[A dance of Huntsmen and Huntresses.]

Dametas.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, shepherds, peace, with jocund air,
Which speaks a heart unknown to care,
Young Delia hastes. The glad surprise
Of rapture flashing from her eyes.

Enter DELIA.

Delia.

AIR.

Shepherds, shepherds, come away;
Sadness were a sin to-day.
Let the pipe's merry notes aid the skill of the voice;
For our wishes are crown'd, and our hearts shall
rejoice.

Rejoice, and be glad;

For sure he is mad

Who, where mirth and good humour, and har-
mony's found, [round.

Never catches the smile, nor lets pleasure go

Let the stupid be grave,

'Tis the vice of the slave;

But can never agree

With a maiden like me,

Who is born in a country that's happy and free.

Dametas.

RECITATIVE.

What means this rapture, Delia? Show
Th' event our bosoms burn to know.

Delia.

Now as I tread yon verdant side,
Where Ladon rolls its silver tide,
All gaily deck'd in gorgeous state,
Sail'd a proud barge of richest freight:
Where sat a nymph, more fresh and fair
Than blossoms which the morning air
Steals perfume from; the modest grace
Of maiden blush bespread her face.
Hither it made, and on this strand
Pour'd its rich freight for shepherds' land.
Ladon, for this, smooth flow thy tide!
The precious freight was Thyrsis' bride.

Dametas.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, shepherds, if aright I hear,
The sounds of joy proclaim them near:
Let's meet them, friends, I'll lead the way;
Joy makes me young again to-day.

SCENE III.

A view of the sea, with a vessel at a distance.

[Here follows a Pastoral Procession to the wedding of Thyrsis.]

Priest.

RECITATIVE.

Mighty Pan! with tender care,
View this swain and virgin fair;
May they ever thus impart
Just return of heart for heart.

May the pledges of their bliss
Climb their knees to share the kiss.
May their steady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either side,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

CHORUS.

May their steady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either side,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. COLMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1756.

You know, dear George, I'm none of those
That condescend to write in prose;
Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
I always soar—in doggerel rhyme,
And scarce can ask you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Besides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of *easy writing*;
Perhaps the reason makes it please
Is, that I find its writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addison and his Spectator,
Who says (it is no matter where,
But that he says it, I can swear)
With *easy verse* most bards are smitten,
Because they think its *easy writing*;
Whereas the *easier* it appears,
The greater marks of *care* it wears;
Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illustration:
The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is said,
Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhymes.
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he labour'd to write *easy*.
And yet, no critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him;
His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him,
Which (as no tailor e'er denied)
The better fit, the more they're tried.

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the result of admiration
To spend itself in imitation;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these,
That I'm idolater of *ease*.

Who, but a madman, would engage
A poet in the present age?
Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum Pecus.
Tale, elegy, or lofty ode,
We travel in the beaten road:
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nihil dictum, quod non dictum prius.

The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the think of rhyme,
Ere Colman wrote in style so pure,
Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
And happy in the close connection,
T' acquire some name from their reflection;
So (the similitude is trite)
The moon still shines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the fun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks there is no better time
To show the use I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet singing,
Presuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see,
Is, that I ramble loose and free:
The bard indeed fill oft complaints,
That rhymes are *fetters*, *links*, and *chains*,
And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keep him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common place he rage,
Rhymes like your *fetters* on the *stage*,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may unperceiv'd clope:
So ministers of basest tricks
(I love a fling at *politics*)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking Fowke, and hanging Byng;
And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
While they, the *greater* sink away.
This simile perhaps would strike,
If match'd with something more alike;
Then take it dress'd a second time
In Prior's ease, and *my* sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the street,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haste to catch a thief,
While the fly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too close beset to run away,
Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the crowd?
So ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great;
Two such, what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the connoisseur!

To-day, before the sun goes down,
Will die the censor, Mr. TOWN!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to'con him,
With blushing honours thick upon him;
O may his name these verses save,
Be these inserib'd upon his grave!

Know, reader, that on Thursday died
The CONNOISSEUR, a suicide !
Yet think not that his soul is fled,
Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead.
Howe'er defunct you set him down,
He's only going out of town.

THE PUFF.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BOOKSELLER AND
AUTHOR.

Bookseller.

MUSEUM, sir ! that's not enough.
New works, we know, require a puff ;
A title to entrap the eyes,
And catch the reader by surprise :
As gaudy signs, which hang before
The tavern or the alehouse door,
Hitch every passer's observation,
Magnetic in their invitation.
—That SHAKESPEARE is prodigious fine !
Shall we step in, and taste the wine ?
Men, women, houses, horses, books,
All borrow credit from their looks.
Externals have the gift of striking,
And lure the fancy into liking.

Author.

Oh ! I perceive the thing you mean—
Call it *St. James's Magazine*.

Bookseller.

Or the *New Britifh*—

Author.

Oh ! no more.

One name's as good as half a score.
And titles oft give nothing less
Than what they *flaringly* profess.
Puffing, I grant, is all the mode ;
The common hackney turnpike road :
But custom is the blockhead's guide,
And such low arts disgust my pride.
Success on merit's force depends,
Not on the partial voice of friends ;
Not on the *seems*, that bully sin ;
But that *which passeth show within* :
Which bids the warmth of friendship glow,
And wrings conviction from a foe.—
Deserve success, and proudly claim,
Not *steal* a passage into fame.

Bookseller.

Your method, sir, will never do ;
You're right in theory, it's true.
But then, experience in our trade
Says, there's no harm in some parade.
Suppose we said, by Mr. Lloyd ?

Author.

The very thing I would avoid ;
And would be rather pleas'd to own
Myself unknowing, and unknown :
What could th' unknowing muse expect,
But information or neglect ?
Unknown—perhaps her reputation
Escapes the tax of defamation,
And wrapt in darkness, laughs unhurt,
While *criic* blockheads throw their dirt :

But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take sure aim.

Bookseller.

True—but a name will always bring
A better sanction to the thing :
And all your scribbling foes are such,
Their censure cannot hurt you much ;
And, take the matter ne'er so ill,
If you don't print, Sir, *they* will.

Author.

Well, be it so—but that struggle's o'er—
Nay,—this shall prove one spur the more
Pleas'd if success attends, if not,
I've writ my name, and made a blot.

Bookseller.

But a good print.

Author.

The print ? why there

I trust to honest LEACH's care.
What is't to me ? in verse or prose,
I find the stuff, you make the clothes :
Add paper, print, and all such drefs,
Will lose no credit from *his* press.

Bookseller.

You quite mistake the thing I mean,
—I'll fetch you, Sir, a MAGAZINE ;
You see that picture there—the QUEEN.

Author.

A dedication to her too !
What will not folly dare to do ?
O days of art ! when happy skill
Can raise a likeness whence it will ;
When portraits ask no REYNOLDS's aid,
And queens and kings are ready made.
No, no, my friend, by helps like these,
I cannot wish my work should please ;
No pictures taken from the life,
Where all proportions are at strife ;
No HUMMING-BIRD, NO PAINTED FLOWER,
No BEAST juft landed in the TOWER,
No WOODEN NOTES, NO COLOUR'D MAP,
No COUNTRY-DANCE shall stop a gap ;
O PHILOMATH, be not severe,
If not one problem meets you here ;
Where gossip A, and neighbour B,
Pair, like good friends, with C and D ;
And E F G, H I K join ;
And curve and incidental line
Fall out, fall in, and cross each other,
Just like a sister and a brother.

Ye *tiny* poets, *tiny* wits,
Who frisk about on *tiny* tits,
Who words disjoint, and sweetly sing,
Take one third part and take the thing ;
Then close the joints again, to frame
Some LADY's, or some CITY's name,
Enjoy your own, your proper *Phabus* ;
We neither make, nor print a REBUS,
No CRAMBO, no ACROSTIC fine,
Great letters lacing down each line ;
No strange CONUNDRUM, no invention
Beyond the reach of comprehension,
No RIDDLE, which whoe'er unties,
Claims twelve MUSEUMS for the PRIZE,
Shall strive to please you, at th' expence
Of simple taste and common sense.

Bookfeller.

But would not ORNAMENT produce
Some real grace and proper use?
A FRONTISPIECE would have its weight,
Neatly engrav'd on copper-plate.

Author.

Plain letter-press shall do the feat;
What need of foppery to be neat?
The pasteboard guard delights me more
That stands to watch a bun-house door,
Than such a mockery of grace,
And ornament so out of place.

Bookfeller.

But one word more, and I have done—
A PATENT might ensure its run.

Author.

Patent! for what? can patents give
A genius, or make blockheads live?
If so, O hail the glorious plan!
And buy it at what price you can.
But what, alas! will that avail
Beyond the *property* of sale?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honest fame we strive,
But not to struggle half alive,
And drag a miserable being,
Its end still searing and foreseeing.
Oh! may the flame of genius blaze,
Enkindled with the breath of praise!
But far be ev'ry fruitless puff
To blow to light a dying snuff.

Bookfeller.

But should not something, Sir, be said
Particular on ev'ry head?
What your ORIGINALS will be,
What *infinite* variety,
Multum in parvo, as they say,
And something neat in every way?

Author.

I wish there could—but that depends
Not on myself so much as friends.
I but set up a new machine,
With harness tight, and furnish'd clean;
Where such, who think it no disgrace
To send in time, and take a place,
The book-keeper shall minute down,
And I with pleasure drive to town.

Bookfeller.

Ay, tell them that, Sir, and then say,
What letters come in every day;
And what great *wits* your care procures,
To join their social hands with yours.

Author.

What! must I huge proposals print,
Merely to drop some saucy hint,
That real folks of real fame
Will give their works, and not their name?
—This puff's of use, you say—why let it,
We'll boast such friendship when we get it.

Bookfeller.

Get it! Ah, Sir, you do but jest;
You'll have assistance, and the best.
There's CHURCHILL—will not CHURCHILL lend
Assistance?

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Author.

Surely—to his FRIEND.

Bookfeller.

And then your interest might procure
Something from either CONNOISSEUR.
COLMAN and THORNTON, both will join
Their social hand, to strengthen thine:
And when your name appears in print,
Will GARRICK *never* drop a hint?

Author.

True, I've indulg'd such hopes before
From those you name, and many more;
And they, perhaps, again will join
Their hand, if not asham'd of mine.
Bold is the task we undertake;
The friends we wish, the WORK must make:
For wits, like adjectives, are known
To cling to that which stands alone.

Bookfeller.

Perhaps too, in our way of trade,
We might procure some useful aid:
Could we engage some able pen
To furnish matter now and then;
There's—what's his name, Sir? would com-
pile,
And methodise the news in *style*.

Author.

Take back your newsmen whence he came,
Carry your clutches to the lame.

Bookfeller.

You must enrich your book, indeed!
Bare MERIT never will succeed;
Which readers are not now a-days
By half so apt to buy as praise;
And praise is hardly worth pursuing,
Which tickles authors to their ruin.
Books shift about like ladies' dresses,
And there's a fashion in success.
But could not we, like little *Bayes*,
Armies imaginary raise?
And bid our generals take the field,
To head the troops that lie conceal'd?
Bid *General ESSAY* lead the van,
By—Oh! the *style* will show the man:
Bid *Major SCIENCE* bold appear,
With all his pot-hooks in the rear.

Author.

True, true—our NEWS, our PROSE, our RHYMES,
Shall show the colour of the times;
For which most salutary ends
We've fellow-foldiers, fellow-friends.
For city and for court affairs,
My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.
For politics—eternal talkers,
Profound observers, and park-walkers.
For plays, great actors of renown,
(Lately or just arriv'd in town)
Or some, in state of abdication,
Of oratorical reputation;
Or those who live on scraps and bits,
Mere green-room wasps, and temple wits;
Shall teach you, in a page or two,
What GARRICK should, or should not do.
Trim poets from the *city* desk,
Deep vers'd in *rural* picturesque,

Who minute down, with wond'rous pains,
What RIDER's autumn contains
On flow'r and seed, and wind, and weather,
And bind them in an *ode* together;
Shall through the seasons monthly sing
Sweet WINTER, AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRING.

Bookfeller.

Ah, sir! I see you love to jest,
I did but hint things for the best.
Do what you please, 'tis *your* design,
And if it fails, no blame is mine;
I leave the management to you,
Your servant, Sir,

Author.

I'm yours,—Adieu.

CHIT-CHAT.

An Imitation of Theocritus.

IDYLL. XV. Εὔδοι Πραγμοῦν, &c.

Mrs. Brown.

Is Mistress SCOT at home, my dear?

Servant.

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here,
My *Mistress*, though resolv'd to wait,
Is quite *impatient*—'tis so late.
She fancy'd you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, MA'M—Mrs. BROWN.

Mrs. Scot.

Your servant, MADAM. Well, I swear
I'd giv'n you over—Child, a chair.
Pray, MA'M, be seated.

Mrs. Brown.

Lard! my dear,

I vow I'm almost dead with fear.
There is such *ferouging* and such *squeezing*,
The folks are all so disobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all these narrow ways,
What with the bustle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Besides the walk is so *immen*—
Not that I grudge a coach expence,
But then it jumbles me to death,
—And I was always short of breath.
How can you live so far, my dear?
It's quite a journey to come here.

Mrs. Scot.

Lard! MA'M, I left it all to *him*,
Husbands you know, will have their whim.—
He took this house.—This house! this den
See but the temper of some men.
And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live quite out of all the world.
Husband, indeed!

Mrs. Brown.

Hilt! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you say.
See how he looks—

Mrs. Scot.

Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy, look up, my dear.
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
—Surely he cannot find it out.

Mrs. Brown.

See how the urchin holds his hands.
Upon my life he understands.

—There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, come,
Will Jacky have a sugar-plumb?

Mrs. Scot.

This person, MADAM (call him so
And then the child will never know)
From house to house would ramble out,
And every night a drunken-bout.
For at a tavern he will spend
His twenty shillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricasseed and chicken,
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the *Crown*,
With port and punch to wash 'em down,
Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,
Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton.

Mrs. Brown.

My good man, too—Lord bless us! wiv's
Are born to lead unhappy lives,
Although his profits bring him clear
Almost two hundred pounds a-year,
Keeps me of cash so short and bare,
That I have not a gown to wear;
Except my robe, and yellow sack,
And this old lutestring on my back.
—But we've no time, my dear, to waste.
Come, where's your Cardinal, make haste.
The KING, God bless his majesty, I say,
Goes to the house of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his state.
And then the QUEEN—

Mrs. Scot.

Aye, aye, you know,
Great folks can always make a show,
But tell me, do—I've never seen
Her present majesty, the QUEEN.

Mrs. Brown.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis twelve! I vow.

Mrs. Scot.

KITTY, my things,—I'll soon have done,
It's time enough, you know, at one.
—Why, girl! see how the creature stands!
Some water here, to wash my hands.
—Be quick—why sure the gipsy sleeps!
—Look how the drawing dandle creeps.
That bason there—why don't you pour,
Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—
Lud! I could beat the hussy down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown.
—Bring me my ruffles—can't not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou hast awkwardness enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
—Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,
And bring me back the key yourself.

Mrs. Brown.

That clouded silk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with such,

But you've a charming taste in drefs.
What might it coft you, Madam?

Mrs. Scot.

Guefs.

Mrs. Brown.

Oh! that's impossible--for I
Am in the world the worft to buy.

Mrs. Scot.

I never love to bargain hard,
Five fhillings, as I think, a-yard.
--I was afraid it fhould be gone--
'Twas what I'd fet my heart upon.

Mrs. Brown.

Indeed you bargain'd with fuccels,
For its a moft delightful drefs.
Befides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis flop'd with fuch an air.

Mrs. Scot.

I'm glad you think fo,--*Kitty*, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Kitty, my love, nay don't you cry,
Take you abroad!--indeed not I;
For all the *Bugaboos* to fright ye--
Befides, the naughty horfe will bite ye;
With fuch a mob about the ftreets,
Blefs me, they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber than be-lame.
The more you cry, the lefs you'll--
--Come, come then, give mamma a kifs,
Kitty, I fay, here take the boy,
And fetch him down the laft new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
--There, go to *Kitty*--there's a man,
Call in the dog, and fhut the door,
Now, MA'M.

Mrs. Brown.

Oh Lard!

Mrs. Scot.

Pray go before.

Mrs. Brown.

I can't indeed, now.

Mrs. Scot.

MADAM, pray.

Mrs. Brown.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

Mrs. Scot.

Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!

How fhall we do to get along?
What will become of us?--look here,
Here's all the king's horfe-guards, my dear.
Let us crofs over--haſte, be quick,
--Pray fir, take care--your horfe will kick.
He'll kill his rider--he's fo wild.
--I'm glad I did not bring the child.

Mrs. Brown.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you fee the guards are gone?

Mrs. Scot.

Well, I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almoſt fear'd to death
For when a horfe rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.
For as I live,--nay, don't you laugh,
I'd rather fee a toad by half,

They kick and prance, and look fo bold,
It makes my very blood run cold.
But let's go forward--come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vaſtly thick.

Mrs. Brown.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame?

Old Woman.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

Mrs. Brown.

Was it much crowded when you came?

Mrs. Scot.

And is his majeſty gone by?

Mrs. Brown.

Can we get in, old lady, pray
To fee him robe himſelf to-day?

Mrs. Scot.

Can you direct us, dame?

Old Woman.

Endeavour.

TROR could not ſtand a ſiege for ever.
By frequent trying, TROR was won.
All things, by trying, may be done.

Mrs. Brown.

--Go thy ways, proverbs--well, ſhe's gone--
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks preſs on before,
And throng impatient at the door.

Mrs. Scot.

Perdigious! I can hardly ſtand,
Lord blefs me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we muſt ſtick as cloſe as burrs,
Or in this racket, noiſe and pother,
We certainly ſhall loſe each other.

--Good God! my cardinal and ſack

Are almoſt torn from off my back.

Lard, I ſhall faint--Oh Lud--my breaſt--

I'm cruſh'd to atoms, I proteſt.

God blefs me--I have dropt my fan,

--Pray did you ſee it, honeſt man?

Man.

I, madam! no,--indeed, I fear

You'll meet with ſome miſfortune here.

--Stand back, I ſay--pray, fir, forbear--

Why, don't you ſee the ladies there?

Put yourſelves under my direction,

Ladies, I'll be your ſafe protection.

Mrs. Scot.

You're very kind, fir; truly ſew

Are half ſo complaiſant as you.

We ſhall be glad at any day

This obligation to repay,

And you'll be always ſure to meet

A welcome, fir, in--Lard! the ſtreets

Bears ſuch a name, I can't tell how

To tell him where I live, I vow.

--Mercy! what's all this noiſe and ſtir?

Pray is the KING a-coming, fir?

Man.

No--don't you hear the people ſhout?

'Tis Mr. PITT juſt going out.

Mrs. Brown.

Aye, there he goes, pray Heav'n blefs him!

Well may the people all careſs him.

--Lord, how my husband us'd to fit,
And drink success to honest PITT,
And happy o'er his evening cheer,
Cry, you shall pledge this toast, my dear.

Man.

Hist--silence--don't you hear the drumming?
Now, ladies, now, the KING's a-coming.
There, don't you see the guards approach?

Mrs. Brown.

Which is the king?

Mrs. Scot.

Which is the coach?

Scoteman

Which is the noble EARL OF BUTE,
Geud-faith, I'll gi him a salute.
For he's the laird of aw our clan,
Troth he's a bonny muckle man.

Man.

Here comes the coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.

Mrs. Scot.

Upon my word, it's monstrous fine!
Would half the gold u'on't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding shows!
It puts *one's* eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues,
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

Mrs. Brown.

So painted, gilded, and so large,
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.
And so it is--look how it reels!
'Tis nothing else--a barge on wheels.

Man.

Large! it can't pass *St. James's* gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait,
It might be made to rumble through
And pass as other coaches do.
Could they a *body-coachman* get
So most preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *bead* to drive the king.

Mrs. Scot.

Lard! what are those two ugly things
There--with their hands upon the springs,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?
What could the faucy maker mean,
To put such things to fright the QUEEN?

Man.

Oh! they are gods, ma'm, which you see,
Of the *Marine Society*,
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only rise to blow their shell.

Mrs. Scot.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?
Why don't they go to sea again?
Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,
What do these *Tritons* do on land?

Mrs. Brown.

And what are they? those hindmost things,
Men, fish and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?

Man.

Oh, they are gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,
Nor seen about the king before.
For *snow*, they wear the yellow *bue*,
Their proper colour is true-blue.

Mrs. Scot.

Lord bless us! what's this noise about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks holla, hiss, and hoot!
Well--Heav'n preserve the EARL OF BUTE!
I cannot stay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I shall die.
Let's make for any house we can,
Do--give us shelter, honest man.

Mrs. Brown.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd lost you, *Mrs. Scot*;
Where's *Mrs. Tape*, and *Mr. Grin*?
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

Friend.

You say, "it hurts you to the soul
To brook confinement or controul."
And yet will voluntary run
To that confinement you would shun,
Content to drudge along the track,
With bells and harness on your back.
Alas! what genius can admit
A monthly tax on spendthrift wit,
Which often flings whole stores away,
And oft has not a doir to play!
---Give us a work, indeed--of length--
Something which speaks poetic strength;
Is sluggish fancy at a stand?
No scheme of consequence in hand?
I, nor your plan, nor book condemn,
But why your name, and why A. M.?

Author.

Yes--it stands forth to public view,
Within, without, on white, on blue,
In proper, tall, gigantic letters,
Nor dash'd--emvowell'd--like my betters.
And though it stares me in the face,
Reflects no shame, hints no disgrace.
While these unlaboured trifles please,
Familiar chains are worn with ease.
---Behold! to yours and my surpris,
These trifles to a volume rise.
Thus will you see me, as I go,
Still gath'ring bulk like balls of snow,
Steal by degrees upon your shelf,
And grow a giant from an elf.
The current studies of the day,
Can rarely reach beyond a PLAY:
A PAMPHLET may deserve a look,
But Heav'n defend us from a BOOK!

A LIBEL flies on scandal's wings,
But works of length are heavy things.
—Not one in twenty will succeed—
Consider, Sir, how few can read.

Friend.

I mean a work of merit—

Author.

True.

Friend.

A man of taste MUST buy.

Author.

Yes;—You

And half a dozen more, my friend,
Whom your good taste shall recommend.
Experience will by facts prevail,
When argument and reason fail;
The NUPTIALS now—

Friend.

Whose nuptials, sir?—

Author.

A poet's—did that poem *sir*?
No—first—though thousand readers pass,
It still looks through its pane of glass,
And seems indignant to exclaim
Pass on ye SONS of TASTE, for shame!

While duly each-revolving moon,
Which often comes, God knows too soon,
Continual plagues my soul molest,
And magazines disturb my rest,
While scarce a night I steal to bed,
Without a couplet in my head.
And in the morning, when I stir,
Pop comes a devil, "copy sir."
I cannot strive with daring flight
To reach the bold *Parnassian* HEIGHT;
But at it's foot, content to stray,
In easy unambitious way,
Pick up those flowers the muses send,
To make a nosegay for my friend.
In short, I lay no idle claim
To genius strong, and noisy fame.
But with a hope and wish to please,
I write, as I would live, with ease.

Friend.

But you must have a fund, a mine,
Prose, poems, letters,

Author.

Not a line.

And here, my friend, I rest secure;
He can't lose much, who's always poor.
And if, as now, through numbers *five*,
This work with pleasure kept alive
Can still its currency afford,
Nor fear the breaking of its hoard,
Can pay you, as at sundry times,
For *self* per *Mag*, two thousand rhymes,
From whence should apprehension grow,
That *self* should fail, with richer Co?

No *doer* of a monthly grub,
Myself alone a learned club,
I ask my readers to no treat
Of scientific *bass'd-up* meat,
Nor seek to please theatric friends,
With scraps of plays, and odds and ends.—

Friend.

Your method, Sir, is plain enough;
And all the world has read your *PUFF* *.
Th' allusion's neat, expression clean,
About your travelling MACHINE,
But yet—it is a *magazine*.

Author.

Why let it be, and wherefore shame?
As JULIET says, what's in a name?
Besides it is the way of trade,
Through which all science is convey'd,
Thus knowledge parcels out her shares;
The court has hers, the LAWYERS theirs,
Something to SCHOLARS sure is due,—
Why not one MAGAZINE for YOU?

Friend.

That's an Herculean task, my friend,
You toil and labour—to offend.
Part of your scheme—a free translation,
To SCHOLARS is a profanation;
What! break up *Latin*! pull down *Greek*!
(Peace to the soul of Sir JOHN CHEEKE †)
And shall the gen'rous liquor run,
Broach'd from the rich *FALERNIAN* tun?
Will you pour out to *English* swine,
Neat as imported, old *GREEK* wine?
Alas! such beverage only fits
Collegiate tastes, and classic wits.

Author.

I seek not, with satiric stroke,
To strip the pedant of his cloak;
No—let him cull and spout quotations,
And call the jabber, demonstrations,
Be his the great concern to show,
If *Roman* gowns were tied or no ‡;
Whether the *Grecians* took a slice
Four times a-day, or only twice,
Still let him work about his hole,
Poor, busy, blind, laborious mole;
Still let him puzzle, read, explain,
Oppugn, remark, and read again.

Such, though they waste the midnight oil
In dull, minute, perplexing toil,
Not understanding, do no good,
Nor can do harm, not understood.

By scholars, apprehend me right,
I mean the learned, and polite,
Whose knowledge unaffected flows,
And fits as easy as their clothes;
Who care not though an *ae* or *sed*
Misplac'd, endanger *PRISCIAN*'s head;
Nor think his wit a grain the worse,
Who cannot frame a *Latin* verse,
Or give the *Roman* proper word
To things the *ROMANS* never heard.

'Tis true, except among the great,
Letters are rather out of date,
And quaking genius more discerning,
Scoffs at your *regulars* in learning.
—PEDANTS, indeed, are learning's curse,
But IGNORANCE is something worse:

* See the *Puff*.

† The first restorer of Greek learning in England.

‡ See *Sigonius* and *Manutius*.

All are not blest with reputation,
Built on the WANT of EDUCATION,
And some, to letters duly bred,
Mayn't *write* the worse, because they've read.
Though books had better be unknown,
Than not one thought appear our own ;
As some can never speak themselves,
But through the authors on their shelves,
Whose writing smacks too much of reading,
As affectation spoils good breeding.

Friend.

True; but that fault is seldom known,
Save in your bookish college drone.
Who, constant (as I've heard them say)
Study their fourteen hours a-day,
And squatting close, with dull attention,
Read themselves out of apprehension ;
Who scarce can wash their hands or face,
For fear of losing time, or place,
And give one hour to meat and drink,
But never half a one to THINK.

Author.

Lord! I have seen a thousand such,
Who read, or seem to read, too much,
So have I known, in that rare place,
Where *classics* always breed disgrace,
A wight, upon discoveries hot,
As whether flames have heat or not,
Study himself, poor sceptic dunce,
Into the very fire at once,
And clear the philosophic doubt,
By burning all ideas out.
With such, eternal books, successive
Lead to no sciences progressive,
While each dull fit of study past,
Just like a wedge drives out the last.

From these I ground no expectation
Of genuine wit, or free translation ;
But you mistake me, friend Suppose,
(Translations are but modern clothes)
I dress my boy—for instance sake
Maintain these children which I make)
I give him coat and breeches—

Friend.

True—

But not a bib and apron too!
You would not let your child be seen,
But drest consistent, neat, and clean.

Author.

So would I clothe a free translation,
Or as Pope calls it, imitation ;
Not pull down authors from my shelf,
To spoil their wit, and plague myself,
My learning studious to display,
And lose their spirit by the way.

Friend.

Your HORACE now—e'en borrow thence
His easy wit, his manly sense,
But let the moralist convey
Things in the manners of to-day,
Rather than that old garb assume,
Which only suits a man at Rome.

Author.

Originals will always please,
And copies too, if done with ease,

Would not old PLAUTUS wish to wear,
Turn'd *English* host, an *English* air,
If THORNTON, rich in native wit,
Would make the modes and diction fit ?
Or, as I know you hate to roam,
To fetch an instance nearer home ;
Though in an idiom most unlike,
A similarity must strike,
Where both of simple nature fond,
In art and genius correspond ;
And *native* both (allow the phrase
Which no one *English* word conveys)
Wrapt up their stories neat and clean,
Easy as —

Friend.

DENNIS's you mean.

—The very man—not mere translation,
But LA FONTAINE by transmigration.

Author.

Authors, as DRYDEN's maxim runs
Have what he calls poetic fors,
Thus MILTON, more correctly wild,
Was richer Spenser's lawful child ;
And CHURCHILL, got on all the nine,
Is DRYDEN's heir in every line.
Thus DENNIS proves his parents plain,
The child of EASE and LA FONTAINE.

Friend.

His muse, indeed, the work secures,
And asks our praise as much as your's ;
For if, delighted, readers too
May pay their thanks as well as you.

But You, my friend (so folks complain)
For ever in this easy vein,
This prose in verse, this measur'd talk,
This pace that's neither trot nor walk,
Aim at no flights, nor strive to give
A real poem fit to live.

Author.

(To critics no offence I hope)
PATOR shall live as long as POPE.
Each in his manner, sure to please,
While both have strength, and both have ease,
Yet though their various beauties strike,
Their ease, their strength is not alike.
Both with consummate horseman's skill,
Ride as they list about the bill ;
But take, peculiar in their mode,
Their favourite horse, and favourite road.

For me, once fond of author fame,
Now forc'd to bear its weight and shame,
I have no time to run a race,
A traveller's my only pace.
They, whom their steeds unjaded bear
Around Hyde-Park, to take the air,
May frik and prance, and ride their fill,
And go all paces which they will ;
We *backney* firs—nay, never smile,
Who trot our stage of thirty mile,
Must travel in a constant plan,
And run our journey, as we can.

Friend.

A critic says, upon whose sleeve
Some pin more faith than you'll believe,

That writings which as *easy* please,
Are not the writings wrote with *ease*.
From whence the inference is plain,
Your friend MAT. PRIOR wrote with pain.

Author.

With pain perhaps he might correct
With care supply each loose defect,
Yet sure, if rhyme, which seems to flow
Whether its master will or no,
If humour, not by study fought,
But rising from immediate thought,
Are proofs of ease, what hardy name
Shall e'er dispute a PRIOR's claim!

But still your critic's observation
Strikes at no POET's reputation,
His keen reflection only hits
Your rhyming fops and peddling wits.
As some take stiffness for a grace,
And walk a dancing-master's pace,
And others, for familiar air
Mistake the flouching of a bear;
So some will finically trim,
And dress their lady muse too prim,
Others, mere slovens in their pen
(The mob of *Lords* and *Gentlemen*)
Fancy they write with ease and pleasure,
By rambling out of rhyme and measure.
And, on your critic's judgment, these
Write *easy*, and not with EASE.

There are, indeed, whose wish pursues,
And inclination courts the muse;
Who happy in a partial fame,
A while possess a poet's name.
But read their works, examine fair.
—Show me invention, fancy there,
Taste I allow; but is the flow
Of genius in them? Surely, no.
'Tis labour from the classic brain.
Read your own ADDISON's CAMPAIGN.

E'en he, nay, think me not severe,
A critic fine, of *Latin* ear,
Who tof'd his classic thoughts around
With elegance on *Roman* ground,
Just simmering with the muse's flame
Woos but a cool and sober dame;
And all his *English* rhymes express
But beggar-thoughts in royal dress.
In verse his genius seldom glows,
A POET only in his *prose*,
Which rolls luxuriant, rich, and chaste;
Improv'd by fancy, wit, and taste.

Friend.

I task you for yourself, my friend,
A subject you can ne'er defend,
And you cajole me all the while
With dissertations upon style.
Leave others wits and works alone,
And think a little of your own.
For FAME, when all is said and done,
Though a coy mistress may be won;
And half the thought, and pains, and time,
You take to jingle *easy* rhyme,
Would make an ODE, would make a PLAY
Done into English, MALLOCH's way,
—Stretch out your more *Heroic* feet,
And write an ELEGY complete.

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Or, not a more laborious task,
Could you not pen a *classic* MASQUE?

Author.

With will at large, and unclogg'd wings,
I durst not soar to such *high* things.
For I, who have more phlegm than fire,
Must understand, or not admire,
But when I read with admiration,
Perhaps I'll write in IMITATION.

Friend.

But business of this monthly kind,
Need that *alone* engross your mind.
Assistance must pour in apace,
New passengers will take a place,
And then your friends—

Author.

Aye, they indeed, who
Might make a better work succeed,
And with the helps which they shall give,
I and the Magazine shall live.

Friend.

Yes, live, and eat, and nothing more,

Author.

I'll live as—Authors did before.

THE POET.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,

WELL—shall I with you joy of fame,
That loudly echoes CHURCHILL's name,
And sets you on the muses' throne,
Which right of conquest made your own?
Or shall I (knowing how unfit
The world esteems a man of wit,
That whereforever he appears,
They wonder if the knave has ears)
Address with joy and lamentation,
CONDOLENCE and CONGRATULATION,
As colleges, who duly bring
Their mess of verse to every king,
Too economical in taste,
Their sorrow or their joy to waste:
Mix both together, sweet and sour;
And bind the thorn up with the flow'r?
* Sometimes 'tis elegy, or ode,
Epistle now's your only mode.
Whether that style more glibly hits,
The fancies of our rambling wits,
Who wince and kick at all oppression,
But love to straggle in digression;
Or, that by writing to the GREAT
In letters, honours, or estate,
We slip more easy into fame,
By clinging to another's name,
And with their strength our weakness yoke,
As ivy climbs about an oak;
As TUFT-HUNTERS will buzz and purr
About a FELLOW-COMMONER,
Or crows will wing a higher flight,
When sailing round the floating kite.
Where'er the motive, 'tis the mode,
And I will travel in the road,
The fashionable track pursue,
And write my simple thoughts to YOU,
Just as they rise from head or heart,
Not marshall'd by the herald art,

T

By vanity or pleasure led,
From thirst of fame, or want of bread,
Shall any start up sons of rhyme
PATHETIC, EASY, or SUBLIME?
—You'd think, to hear what critics say,
Their labour was no more than play:
And that, but such a paltry station
Reflects disgrace on education,
(As if we could at once forsake
What education helps to make)
Each reader has superior skill,
And can write better when he will.

In short, howe'er you toil and drudge,
The world, the mighty world, is judge,
And nice and fanciful opinion
Sways all the world with strange dominion;
Opinion! which on crutches walks,
And sounds the words another talks.

Bring me eleven critics grown,
Ten have no judgment of their own:
But, like the Cyclops watch the nod
Of some informing master god.
Or as, when near his latest breath,
The patient vain would juggle death,
When DOCTORS sit in CONSULTATION
(Which means no more than conversation,
A kind of comfortable chat
'Mongst social friends, on this and that,
As whether stocks get up or down,
And tittle-tattle of the town:
Books, pictures, politics, and news,
Who lies with whom, and who got whose)
Opinions never disagree,
One doctor writes, all take the fee.

But eminence offends at once
The owl's eye of critic dunce,
DULLNESS alarm'd, collects her force,
And FOLLY screams till she is hoarse.
Then far abroad the LIBEL flies
From all th' artillery of lies.
MALICE, delighted, flaps her wing,
And EPIGRAM prepares her sting.
Around the frequent pellets whistle
From SATIRE, ODE, and pert EPISTLE;
While every blockhead strives to throw
His share of vengeance on his foe:
As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
And cocks and poets were the same.

Thus should a wooden collar deck
Some woeful 'squire's embarrass'd neck,
When high above the crowd he stands
With equi-distant sprawling hands,
And without hat, politely bare,
Pops out his head to take the air:
The mob his kind acceptance begs
Of dirt, and stones, and addle eggs.

O GENIUS! though thy noble skill
Can guide thy *Pegasus* at will;
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind—
DULLNESS mounts up and clings behind,
In vain you spur, and whip, and smack,
You cannot shake her from your back.

Ill nature springs as merit grows,
Close as the thorn is to the rose.
Could HERCULEANUM's friendly earth
Give MÆVIUS' works a second birth,

MALEVOLENCE, with lifted eyes,
Would sanctify the noble prize.
While modern critics should behold
Their near relation to the *old*,
And wondering gape at one another,
To see the likeness of a brother.

But with us *rhyming* moderns here,
Critics are not the only fear;
The poet's bark meets sharper shocks
From other sands, and other rocks.

Not such alone who understand,
Whose book and memory are at hand,
Who scientific skill profess,
And are great adepts—*more or less*;
(Whether distinguish'd by degree,
They write A. M. or sign M. D.
Or make advances somewhat higher
And take a new degree of 'SQUIRE'.)
Who read your authors, Greek and Latin,
And bring you strange quotations pat in,
As if each sentence grew more terse
From odds and ends, and scraps of verse;
Who with true poetry dispense,
So social sound suits simple sense,
And lead one letter with the labours,
Which should be shar'd among its neighbours,
Who know that thought produces pain,
And deep reflection made the brain,
And *therefore*, wife and prudent grown,
Have no ideas of their own.
But if the man of *nature* speak,
Advance their bayonets of *Greek*,
And keep plain sense at such a distance,
She cannot give a friend assistance.
Not these alone in judgment rise,
And shoot at genius as it flies.
But those who cannot *spell*, will TALK,
As women scold, who cannot walk.

Your man of habit, who's wound up
To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
But has not either will or pow'r
To break out of his formal hour;
Who lives by rule, and ne'er ouergoes it;
Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;
Who is a kind of breathing being,
Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;
Who stands for ever on the brink,
Yet dare not plunge enough to think,
Nor has one reason to supply
Wherefore he does a thing, or why,
But what he does proceeds so right,
You'd think him always guided by't;
Joins poetry and vice together
Like sun and rain in April weather,
Holds rake and wit as things the same,
And all the difference but a NAME.

A rake! alas! how many wear
The brow of mirth, with heart of care!
The desperate wretch reflection flies,
And shuns the way where madness lies,
Dreads each increasing pang of grief,
And runs to FOLLY for relief,
There, 'midst the momentary joys
Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
FORGETFULNESS, her eldest born,
Smooths the world's hate, and blockhead's scorn

Then PLEASURE wins upon the mind;
Ye CARES, go whistle to the wind;
Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!
The world is all alike to him.

Distress is all in apprehension;
It ceases when 'tis past prevention:
And happiness then presses near,
When not a hope's left, not a fear.

—But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
And I was never form'd for teaching.

Male prudes we know (those driv'ling things),
Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
How will the sober, cit abuse,
The fallies of the culprit muse;

To her and poet shut the door—
And whip the beggar, with his whore!

POET! — a FOOL! a WRETCH! a KNAVE!
A mere mechanic dirty slave!

What is his verse, but cooping sense
Within an arbitrary fence?

At best, but ringing that in rhyme,
Which prose would say in half the time?

Measure and numbers! what are those
But artificial chains for prose?

Which mechanism quaintly joins
In parallels of fee-faw lines.

And when the frisky wanton writes
In PINDAR'S (what d'ye call 'em)---flights

Th' uneven measure, short and tall,
Now rhyming *twice*, now *not at all*,

In *curves* and *angles* twirls about,
Like *Chinse* railing, in and out.

Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
Cull'd all the *flowers*, cull'd all the *flow'rs*,

The churl, whose dull imagination
Is dead to every fine sensation,

Too gross to relish nature's bloom,
Or taste her *simple* rich perfume.

Shall cast them by as useless stuff,
And fly with keenness to his---snuff.

Look round the world, not one in ten,
Thinks poets good, or honest men.

'Tis true, their conduct, not o'er nice,
Sits often loose to easy vice.

Perhaps *their temperance* will not pass
The due rotation of the glass;

And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour.

Some vices must to all appear
As constitutional as FEAR;

And every moralist will find
A ruling passion in the mind:

Which, though pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;

Like them, will sally from their den,
And raise a tempest now and then;

Unhinge-dame PRUDENCE from her plan,
And ruffle all the world of man.

Can authors then exemption draw
From nature's, or the common law?

They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the same indulgence find.

Their lives are more conspicuous grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and shown.

Till every error seems to rise
To SINS of most *gigantic* size.

Thus fares it still, however hard,
With every wit, and ev'ry bard.

His *public* writings, *private* life,
Nay more, his mistress, or his wife,

And ev'ry social, dear connection,
Must bear a critical dissection;

While *friends* connive, and rivals hate,
Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bait.

Perhaps you'll readily admit
There's danger from the *trading* wit,

And dunce and fool, and such as those,
Must be of course the poet's foes:

But sure no sober man alive,
Can think that *friends* would e'er connive.

From just remarks on earliest time,
In the first infancy of rhyme,

It may be fairly understood
There were two sects--the bad, the good.

Both fell together by the ears,
And both beat up for volunteers.

By interest, or by birth allied,
Numbers flock'd in on either side.

WIT to his weapons ran at once,
While all the cry was "down with DUNCE!"

Onward he led his social bands,
The common cause had join'd their hands.

Yet even while their zeal they show,
And war against the gen'ral foe,

Howe'er their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
They'd stop it all to fight a duel.

And each cool wit would meet his brother,
To pink and tilt at one another.

Jealous of every puff of fame,
The idle whist'ling of a name,

The property of half a line,
Whether a comma's your's or mine,

Shall make a bard a bard engage,
And shake the friendship of an age.

But diffident and modest wit
Is always ready to submit;

Fearful of prefs and publication,
Consults a brother's observation,

Talks of the maggot of his brains,
As hardly worth the critic pains;

"If ought disgusts the sense or ear,
You cannot, Sir, be too severe."

"Expunge, correct, do what you will,
I leave it to superior skill;

"Exert the office of a friend,
"You may oblige, but can't offend."

This bard too has his private clan,
Where *he's* the great, the only man.

Here, while the bottle and the bowl
Promote the joyous flow of soul,

(And sense of mind, no doubt, grows stronger
When failing legs can stand no longer)

Emphatic judgment takes the chair,
And damns about her with an air.

Then each, self-puff'd, and hero grown,
Able to cope with hosts alone,

Draw canstir like his murders bleeds,
First slays his foes, and then his *friends*.

While your good word, or conversation,
Can lend a brother reputation;

While verse or preface quaintly penn'd,
Can raise the consequence of friend,

T t ij

How visible the kind affection!
How close the partial fond connection!
Then *he* is quick, and *I'm* discerning,
And *I* have wit, and *he* has learning,
My judgment's strong, and *his* is chaste;
And BOTH—ay BOTH, are men of taste.

Should you nor steal nor borrow aid,
And set up for yourself in trade,
Resolv'd imprudently to show
That 'tis not always wit and Co.
Feelings, before unknown, arise,
And genius looks with jealous eyes.
Though thousands may arrive at fame,
Yet never take one path the same,
An author's vanity or pride
Can't bear a neighbour by his side,
Although he but delighted goes
Along the track which nature shows,
Nor ever madly runs astray,
To cross his brother in his way.

And some there are, whose narrow minds
Center'd in self, self always blinds,
Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,
Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,
Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
Than from a foe's insulting dirt.

And some, too timid to reveal
That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
Which words are scanty to express,
But friends must feel from friends' success,
When full of hopes and fears, the muse,
Which every breath of praise pursues,
Would open to their free embrace,
Meet her with such a blasting face,
That all the brave imagination,
Which seeks the sun of approbation,
No more its early blossoms tries,
But curls its tender leaves, and dies.

Is there a man, whose genius strong,
Rolls like a rapid stream along,
Whose muse long hid in cheerless night,
Pours on us like a flood of light,
Whose acting comprehensive mind
Walks fancy's regions, unconfin'd;
Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor ass-ctation, warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf,
To talk on with an eye to self;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure, or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
And meets the wit he never seeks;
Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
Can pity but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe:
Who bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends—yet loves them too:
CHURCHILL will be the last to know
His is the portrait, I would show.

THE TWO RUBRIC POSTS.

A DIALOGUE.

In *Russel-street*, ensued of late,
Between two posts a strange debate.

--Two posts---aye posts---for posts can speak,
In *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *French* or *Greek*,
One Rubric thus address'd the other: "Woe
" —A noble situation, brother,
" With authors lac'd from top to toe,
" Methinks we cut a *taring* show,
" The *dia ogues* of famous dead *,
" You know how much they're bought and read
" Suppose again we raise their ghosts,
" And make them chat through us two posts
" A thing's half finish'd well begun,
" So take the authors as they run,
" The list of names is mighty fine,
" You look down this, and I that line.
" Here's POPE and SWIFT, and STEELE and GAY
" And CONGREVE, in the modern way.
" Whilst you have those, I cannot speak,
" But sound most wonderful in *Greek*.
" —A dialogue—I should adore it,
" With such a show of names before it."
" Modern, your judgment wanders wide,"
The ancient Rubric strait reply'd.
" It grieves me much, indeed, to find
" We never can be of a mind,
" Before one door, and in one street,
" Neither ourselves nor thoughts can meet;
" And we, as brother oft with brother,
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" Suppose among the *letter'd* dead,
" Some author should erect his head,
" And starting from his rubric, pop
" Directly into *Davies'* shop,
" Turn o'er the leaves, and look about
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" To give a cause for past transactions,
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" But 'twere a talk of real merit
" Could we contrive to raise their *spirit*.
" Peace, brother, peace, though what you say,
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" On dialogues to bear so hard,
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S O N G.

THROUGH winter its desolate train
Of frost and of tempest may bring,
Yet *Flora* steps forward again,
And nature rejoices in spring.

Though the sun in his glories decreast,
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Yet he rises with joy from the east,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recal,
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A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ.

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Shall I indulge the muse, or stifle
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More than his settled life and plan:
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And, by the help of form and place,
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APPEARANCE is the only thing,
A king's a wretch, a wretch a king,
Undress them both---You king, suppose
For once you wear the beggar's clothes;
Clothes that will take in every air;
---Bless me! they fit you to a hair.
Now you, Sir Vagrant, quickly don
The robes his majesty had on.

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T t iii

Whom claret, stoth, and ven' son join
To make an *orthodox* divine;
Whose holiness receives its beauty
From income large, and little dury;
Who loves the pipe, the glass, the smock,
And keeps—a curate for his flock.
The world, obsequious to his nod,
Shall hail this oily man of God,
While the poor priest, with half a score
Of prattling infants at his door,
Whose sober wishes ne'er regale
Beyond the homely jug of ale,
Is hardly deem'd comparison fit
For man of wealth, or man of wit,
Though learn'd perhaps and wise as he
Who signs with flaring S. T. P.
And full of sacerdotal pride,
Lays God and dury both aside.

"This curate, say you, learn'd and wise!
"Why does not then this curate rise?"

This curate then, at *forty-three*,
(Years which become a curacy)
At no great mart of letters bred,
Had strange odd notions in his head,
That parts, and books, and application,
Furnish'd all means of education;
And that a pulpiteer should know
More than his gaping flock below;
That learning was not got with pain,
To be forgotten all again;
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
However charming sounds to speak,
Apt or unapt in each quotation,
Were *infuls* on a congregation,
Who could not understand one word
Of all the learned stuff they heard:
That something more than preaching fine,
Should go to make a sound divine;
That church, and prayer, and holy *Sunday*,
Were no excuse for sifful *Monday*;
That pious d'strine, pious life,
Should both make one, as man and wife.

Thinking in this uncommon mode,
So out of all the priestly road,
What man alive can e'er suppose,
Who marks the way *PREFERMENT* goes,
That she should ever find her way
To this *poor curate's* house of clay?

Such was the priest, so strangely wise!
He could not bow—How should he rise?
Learned he was, and deeply read;
—But what of that?—not duly bred.
For he had suck'd no grammar rules
From royal founts or public schools,
Nor gain'd a single corn of knowledge
From that vast granary—a college.
A granary, which food supplies
To vermin of uncommon size.

Aye, now indeed the matter's clear,
There is a mighty error here.
A public school's the place alone,
Where duly talents may be known.
It has, no doubt, its imperfections,
But then, such friendships, such connections!
The parent who has form'd his plan,
And in his child consider'd man,

What is his grand and golden rule?

"Make your connections, child at school.
"Mix with your equals fly inferiors,
"But follow *deftly* your inferiors,
"On them your every hope depends,
"Be prudent, Tom, get *useful* friends;
"And therefore like a spider wait,
"And spin your web about the great,
"If my Lord's genius wants supplies,
"Why—You must make his exercise.
"Let the young *Marquis* take your place,
"And bear a whipping for his *Grace*,
"Suppose (such things may happen once)
"The nobles wits, and you the dunce,
"Improve the means of education;
"And learn commodiously adulation.
"Your master scarcely hold it sin,
"He chucks his *Lordship* on the chin,
"And would not for the world rebuke,
"Beyond a pat, the school-boy *Duke*.
"The pastor there, of — what's the place?
"With smiles eternal in his face,
"With dimpling cheek, and snowy hand,
"That shames the whiteness of his band;
"Whose mincing dialect abounds
"In hums and hahs, and half-form'd sounds,
"Whose elocution, fine and chaste,
"Lays his *command's* with judgment waste;
"And left the company should hear,
"Whispers his nothing in your ear;
"Think you 'twas zeal, or virtue's care
"That plac'd the *subliming* doctor there?
"No—'twas connections form'd at school
"With some rich wit, or noble fool,
"Obsequious flattery, and attendance,
"A wilful, useful, base dependance;
"A tuppel bowing of the knees
"To any *human* god you please,
"(For true good-breeding's so *polite*,
"I would call the very devil white)
" 'Twas watching others shifting will,
"And veering to and fro with skill;
"These were the means that made him rise,
"Mind your *connections*, and be wise,
"Methinks I hear son Tom reply,
"I'll be a bishop by and by.

Connections at a public school
Will often serve a wealthy fool,
By lending him a letter'd knave
To bring him credit, or to save;
And knavery gets a profit real,
By giving parts and worth ideal.
The child that marks this slavish plan,
Will make his fortune when a man.
While hence wit's ingenious merit
Enjoys his pittance, and his spirit.

The strength of public education
Is quick'ning parts by *EMULATION*;
And emulation will create
In narrow minds a jealous state,
Which stifled for a course of years,
From want of skill or mutual fears,
Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
Which none but trivial wits can feel,
For when good people wits commence,
They lose all other kind of sense;

(The maxim makes you smile, I see,
Retort it when you please on me);
One writer always hates another,
As emperors would kill a brother,
Or empress-queen to rule alone,
Pluck down a husband from the throne.

When tir'd of friendship and alliance,
Each side springs forward to defiance,
Inveterate hate and resolution,
Faggot, and fire, and persecution,
Is all their aim, and all their cry,
Though neither side can tell you why.
To it they run like valiant men,
And flash about them with their pen.

What inkfed springs from altercation!
What loppings off of reputation!
You might as soon huff stormy weather,
And bring the north and south together,
As reconcile your letter'd foes,
Who come to all things but dry blows.

Your desperate lovers wan and pale,
As needy culprits in a jail,
Who muse, and doat, and pine, and die,
Scorch'd by the lightning of an eye,
(For ladies' eyes, with fatal stroke,
Will blast the veriest heart of oak)
Will wrangle, bicker, and complain,
Merely to make it up again.

Though swain look glum, and miss look fiery,
'Tis nothing but *amantium ire*,
And all the progress purely this—
A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiss.
Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
Like vinegar and oil together,
Join in an easy mingled strife,
To make the fallad up of life.
Love settles best from altercation,
As liquors after fermentation.

In a stage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
Between two bulky bodies jamn'd,
Did you ne'er writhe yourself about,
To find the seat and cushion out?
How disagreeably you sit,
With b—m awry, and place unfit,
Till some kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town
Shall wedge you close, and nail you down,
So fares it with your fondling dolts,
And all love's quarrels are but jolts.

When tiffs arise, and words of strife
Turn one to two in man and wife,
(For that's a matrimonial course
Which yoke-mates must go through perforce,
And ev'ry married man is certain
T' attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
Though not another word is said
When once the couple are in bed:
There things their proper channel keep,
(They make it up, and go to sleep)
These fallings in and fallings out,
Sometimes with cause, but most without,
Are but the common modes of strife,
Which oil the springs of married life,
Where fameness would create the spleen,
For ever *stupidly serene*.

Observe yon downy bed—to make it,
You toss the feathers up, and shake it.

So fondness springs from words and scuffling,
As beds lie smoothest after shuffling.

But authors wranglings will create
The very quintessence of hate:
Peace is a fruitless vain endeavour,
Sworn foes for once, they're foes for ever.

—Oh! had it pleas'd my wiser betters
That I had never tasted letters,
Then no Parnassian maggots bred
Like fancies in a madman's head,
No graspings at an idle name,
No childish hope of future fame,
No impotence of wit had 'a'en
Possession of my muse-struck brain.

Or had my birth, with fortune fit,
Varnish'd the dunce, or made the wit;
I had not held a shameful place,
Nor letters paid me with disgrace.

—O! for a pittance of my own,
That I might live unfought, unknown!
Retir'd from all this pedant strife,
Far from the cares of bustling life;
Far from the wits, the fools, the great,
And all the little world I hate.

THE MILK-MAID.

Who'er for pleasure plans a scheme,
Will find it vanish like a dream,
Affording nothing found or real,
Where happiness is all ideal;
In grief, in joy, or either state,
Fancy will always antedate,
And when the thoughts on evil pore,
Anticipation makes it more.
Thus while the mind the future sees,
It cancels all its *present* ease.

Is pleasure's scheme the point in view;
How eagerly we all pursue!

Well—Tuesday is th' appointed day;
How slowly wears the time away!
How dull the interval between,
How darken'd o'er with clouds of spleen,
Did not the mind unlock her treasure,
And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.

DELIA surveys, with curious eyes,
The clouds collected in the skies;
Wishes no storm may rend the air,
And Tuesday may be dry and fair;
And I look round, my boys, and pray
That Tuesday may be holiday.
Things duly settled—what remains?
Lo! Tuesday comes—alas! it rains;
And all our visionary schemes
Have died away, like golden dreams.

Once on a time, a rustic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)
Wrapt up in deep imagination,
Induig'd her pleasing contemplation;
While on a bench she took her seat,
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
The profits which arose from thence;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain
Of layings up, and *monstrous* gain,

Till every penny which she told
Creative fancy turn'd to gold;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.

"Please Heav'n but to preserve my health,
No doubt I shall have store of wealth;
It must of consequence ensue
I shall have store of lovers too.
Oh! how I'll break their stubborn hearts
With all the pride of female arts.
What suitors then will kneel before me!
Lords, Earls, and Viscounts, shall adore me.
When in my gilded coach I ride,
My Lady at his *Lordship's* side,
How will I laugh at all I meet
Clatt'ring in patters down the street!
And Lobbin then I'll mind no more,
Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore;
Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
I will not hear the simple youth,
But rise indignant from my seat,
And spurn the lubber from my feet."
Action, alas! the speaker's grace,
Ne'er came in more improper place,
For in the tossing forth her shoe,
What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew!
While down at once, with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.

Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
To bring the gay materials home;
Imagination forms the dream,
And accident destroys the scheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

From the Rev. Mr. Hanbury's Horse to the Rev.
Mr. Scot.

AMONGST you bipeds, reputation
Depends on rank and situation;
And men increase in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their birth.
Thus he is born to live obscure,
Who has the sin of being poor;
While wealthy dullness lolls at ease,
And is—as witty as you please.
—What did his *Lordship* say?—O! fine!
"The very thing! bravo! divine!"
And then 'tis buzz'd from route to route,
While ladies whisper it about,
Well, I protest, a charming hit!
His *Lordship* has a deal of wit.
"How elegant that double sense!"
"Perdigious! vastly fine! immense!"
When all my lord has said or done
Was but the letting off a pun.

Mark the fat *cic*, whose good round sum
Amounts at least to half a plumb;
Whose chariot whirls him up and down
Some three or four miles out of town;
For thither sober folks repair
To take the dust, which they call air.
Dull folly (not the wanton wild
Imagination's younger child)
Has taken lodgings in his face,
As finding that a vacant place,

And peeping from *his* windows, tells
To all beholders where she dwells.
Yet once a week this purse-proud *cic*
Shall ape the fallies of a wit,
And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
To priestly faint, or city sinner,
Shall tell the story o'er and o'er
H'as told a thousand times before;
Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
Talk the game o'er between the deal.

Mark! how the fools and knaves admire
And chuckle with their Sunday 'quire:
While he looks pleas'd at every guest,
And laughs much louder than the rest;
And cackling with incessant grin,
Triples the double of his chin.

Birth, rank, and wealth, have wondrous skill
Make wits and statesmen when they will;
While genius holds no estimation
From luckless want of situation;
And if through clouded scenes of life
He takes dame poverty to wife,
Howe'er he work and tease his brain,
His pound of wit scarce weighs a grain;
While with his *Lordship* it abounds,
And one light grain swells out to pounds.

Receive, good Sir, with aspect kind,
This wanton gallop of the mind;
But, since all things increase in worth,
Proportion'd to their rank and birth;
Left you should think the letter bale,
While I supply the poet's place,
I'll tell you whence and what I am,
My breed, my blood, my fire, my dam.

My sire was PINDAR's eagle, son
Of Pegasus of HELICON;
My dam, the hippogryph, which whirl'd
Aethlopo to the lunar world.
Both high-bred things of mettled blood,
The best in all APOLLO's stud.

NOW CRITICS here would bid me speak
The old horse language, that is, Greek;
For HOMER made us talk, you know,
Almost three thousand years ago;
And men of taste and judgment FINE,
Allow the passage is divine.
They were fine mettled things indeed,
And of peculiar strength and breed;
What leaps they took, how far and wide!
—They'd take a country at a stride.

How great each leap, LONGINUS knew,
Who from dimensions ta'en of two,
Affirms, with equal ardour whirl'd,
A third, good Lord! would clear the world.

But till some learned wight shall show
If accents MUST be us'd, or no,
A doubt, which puzzles all the wife
Of giant and of pigmy fize,
Who waste their time, and fancies vex
With *asper*, *lenis*, *circumflex*,
And talk of mark and punctuation,
As 'twere a matter of salvation;
For when your pigmies take the pen
They fancy they grow up to men,
And think they keep the world in awe
By brandishing a very straw;

Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
Which they'll be centuries about,
As a plain tiag, in homely phrase,
I'll use the language of our days;
And, for this first and only time,
Just make a *trat* in easy rhyme.

Nor let it shock your thought or sight,
That thus a *quadruped* should write;
Read but the papers, and you'll see
More prodigies of wit than me;
Grown men and *sparrows*, taught to dance,
By monsieur *Passepat* from France;
The *learned* dog, the *learned* mare,
The *learned* bird, the *learned* hare;
And all are *fashionable* too,
And play at cards as well as you.

Of paper, pen, and ink possess'd,
With faculties of writing blest,
Why should not I then, *Howwingsum* bred
(A word that must be *seen*, not said)
Rid you of all that anxious care,
Which good folks feel for good and fair,
And which your looks betray'd indeed,
To more discerning eyes of steed;
When in the shape of useful hack,
I bore a poet on my back?

Know, safely rode my master's bride,
The bard before her for my guide.
Yet think not, Sir, his awkward care
Ensured protection to the fair.
No—conscious of the prize I bore,
My wayward footsteps slippt no more.
For though I scorn the poet's skill,
My mistress guides me where she will.

Abstract in wond'rous speculation,
Lost in laborious meditation,
As whether 'twould promote *sublime*
If *silver* could be pair'd in rhyme;
Or, as the word of *favetter* tune,
Month might be clink'd instead of moon:
No wonder poets hardly know
Or what they do, or where they go.
Whether they ride or walk the street,
Their *heads* are always on their feet;
They now and then may get astride
Th' ideal Pegasus, and ride
Prodigious journeys—round a room,
As boys ride cock-horse on a broom.

Whether *acroftics* teize the brain,
Which goes a hunting words in vain,
(For words most *capitally* sin,
Unless their letters right begin.)
Since how to man or woman's name,
C could you or I *acroftic* frame.
Or make the *flaring* letters join,
To form the word, that tells us *thine*,
Unless we ad *right* initials got,
S, C, O, T, and so made *SCOT*?
Or whether *Rebus*, *Riddle's* brother
(Both which had *DULLNESS* for their mother)
Employ the gentle poet's care,
To celebrate some town or fair,
Which all ad *libitum* he flits
For you to pick it up by bits,
Which bits together plac'd, will frame
Some city's or some lady's name;

As when a worm is cut in twain,
It joins and is a worm again;
When thoughts so weighty, so intense,
Above the reach of common sense,
Distract and twirl the mind about,
Which fain would hammer something out;
A kind discharge relieves the mind,
As folks are eas'd by breaking wind;
Whatever whims or maggots bred,
Take place of sense in poet's head,
They fix themselves without controul,
Where'er its seat is on the foul;
Then, like your heathen idols, we
Have eyes indeed, but cannot see
(We, for I take the poet's part,
And for my blood, am *bard* at heart)
For in reflection deep immerst,
The man mule-bitten and *be-verst*,
Neglectful of eternals all,
Will run his head against a wall,
Walk, through a river as it flows,
Nor see the bridge before his nose.

Are things like these equestrians fit
To mount the back of mettled tit?
Are—but farewell, for here comes *Bob*,
And I must serve some hackney job;
Fetch letters, or, for recreation,
Transport the bard to our plantation.

Robert joins compts with *Burnham Black*,
Your humble fervant, *Hanbury's* hack.

THE NEW-RIVER HEAD.

A TALE.

Attempted in the manner of Mr. C. Denis.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."
Hor.

DEAR WILKES, whose lively social wit
Disdains the prudish affectation
Of gloomy folks, who love to sit
As doctors should at consultation,
Permit me in familiar strain,
To steal you from the idle hour
Of combating the NORTHERN THANE,
And all his puppet tools of pow'r.
Shame to the wretch, if sense of shame
Can ever touch the miscreant's breast,
Who dead to virtue as to fame,
(A monster whom the gods detest)
Turns traitor to himself, to court
Or minister or monarch's smile;
And dares, in insolence of sport,
Invade the CHARTER of our isle.
But why should I, who only strive
By telling of an easy tale,
To keep attention half alive
'Gainst BOLGOLAM and FLIMNAP rail?
For whether ENGLAND be the name,
(Name which we're taught no more to prize)
Or BRITAIN, it is all the same,
The Lilliputian statesmen rise
To malice of gigantic size.

Let them enjoy their warmth a-while,
Truth shall regard them with a smile,
While you, like *GOLIATH*, in sport
Pis out the fire, and save the court.
But to return—The tale is old;

Indecent, truly, none of mine—
What *BEROALDUS* gravely told;
I read it in that found divine.

And for indecency, you know
He had a fashionable turn,
As prim observers clearly show
In t'other parson doctor *STERNZ*.

Yet *POPE* denies it all defence,
And calls it, blest as I want of sense,
But e'en the *decent POPE* can write

Of bottles, corks, and maiden sighs,
Of charming beauties left in sight,
Of the more secret precious hair,

† And something else of little size,
You know where.
If such authorities prevail,

To varnish o'er this petty sin,
I plead a pardon for my tale,
And having hemm'd and cough'd—begin.

A genius (one of those I mean,
We read of in th' Arabian Nights;
Not such as every day are seen

At Bob's or Arthur's, whilom White's;
For howt'er you change the name,
The clubs and meetings are the same;

Nor those prodigious learned folks,
Your haberdashers of stale jokes,
Who dress them up so neat and clean

For news-paper or magazine;
But one that could play wond'rous tricks,
Changing the very course of nature,

Not *ASMODEUS* on two sticks
Or sage *URGANDA* could do greater.)
Once on a time incog came down

From his equivocal dominions,
And travell'd o'er a country town
To try folk's tempers and opinions.

When to accomplish his intent
(For had the cobbler known the king,
Lord! it would quite have spoil'd the thing)

In strange disguise he slyly went
And slump'd along the high-way track,
With greasy knapsack at his back;

And now the night was pitchy dark,
Without one star's indulgent spark,
Whether he wanted sleep or not,

Is of no consequence to tell;
A bed and lodging must be got,
For geniuses live always well.

At the best house in all the town,
(It was th' attorneys you may swear)
He knock'd as he'd have beat it down,

Knock as you would, no entrance there.
But from the window cried the dame,
Go, sirrah go, from whence you came.

Here, Nell, John, Thomas, see who knocks,
Fellow, I'll put you in the stocks.

* *Rape of the Lock.*

† *Pope's Letters.*

Be gentle ma'm, the genius cried;
Have mercy on the wand'ring poor,
Who knows not where his head to hide,
And asks a pittance at your door.

A mug of beer, a crust of bread—
Have pity on the houseless head;
Your husband keeps a lordly table,

I ask but for the offal crumbs,
And for a lodging—barn or stable
Will shroud me till the morning comes.

'Twas all in vain; she rang the bell,
The servants trembl'd at the knell;
Down flew the maids to tell the men,

To drive the vagrant back agen.
He trudg'd away in angry mind,
And thought but cheaply of mankind,

Till through a casement's dingy pane,
A rush-light's melancholy ray,
Bad him e'en try his luck again;

Perhaps beneath a house of clay
A wand'ring passenger might find,
A better friend to human kind,

And far more hospitable fare,
Though not so costly, nice, or rare,
As smokes upon the silver plate

Of the luxurious pamp'rd great.
So to this cot of homely thatch,
In the same plight the genius came:

Down comes the dame, lifts up the latch;
What want ye fir?

God save you, dame.
And so he told the piteous tale,
Which you have heard him tell before;

Your patience and my own would fail
Were I to tell it o'er and o'er.
Suffice it, that my goody's care

Brought forth her best, though simple fare,
And from the corner-cupboard's hoard,
Her stranger guest the more to please,

Bespread her hospitable board
With what she had—'twas bread and cheefe.
'Tis honest though but homely cheer;

Much good may't do ye, eat your fill,
Would I could treat you with strong beer,
But for the action take the will,

You see my cot is clean, though small,
Pray Heav'n increase my slender stock!
You're welcome, friend, you see my all;

And for your bed, fir, there's a flock.
No matter what was after said,
He eat and drank, and went to bed.

And now the cock his matins sung,
(Howe'er such singing's light esteem'd,
'Tis precious in the muses' tongue

When sung, rhymes better than he scream'd);
The dame and pedlar both arose,
At early dawn of rising day,

She for her work of folding clothes,
And he to travel on his way;
But much he thought himself to blame,

If, as in duty surely bound,
He did not thank the careful dame
For the reception he had found.

Hoffers, quoth he, before I go,
I thank you for your hearty fare;

Would it were in my power to pay
My gratitude a better way;
But money now runs very low,
And I have not a doo to spare;
But if you'll take this piece of stuff
—No, quoth the dame, I'm poor as you,
Your kindest wishes are enough.
You're welcome friend, farewell—Adieu,
But first reply'd the wand'ring guest,
For bed and board and homely dish,
May all things turn out for the best,
So take my blessing and my wish.
May what you first begin to do,
Create such profit and delight,
That you may do it all day through,
Nor finish till the depth of night.
Thank you, she said, and shut the door,
Turn'd to her work, and thought no more.
And now the napkin which was spread
To treat her guest with good brown bread,
She folded up with nicest care;
When lo! another napkin there!
And every folding did beget
Another and another yet.
She folds a shift—by strange increase,
The remnant swells into a piece.
Her caps, her laces, all the same,
Till such a quantity of linen
Flow'd from a very small beginning,
Flow'd in at once upon the dame,
Who wonder'd how the deuce it came,
That with the drap'ry she had got
Within her little shabby cot,
She might for all the town provide,
And break both York-street and Cheap-side.
It happen'd that th' attorney's wife,
Who, to be sure, took much upon her,
As being one in higher life,
Who did the parish mighty honour,
Sent for the dame, who, poor and willing,
Would take a job of charring work,
And sweat and toil like any Turk,
To earn a sixpence or a shilling.
She could not come, not she indeed!
She thank'd her much, but had no need.
Good news will fly as well as bad,
So out this wond'rous story came,
About the pedlar and the dame,
Which made th' attorney's wife so mad,
That she resolv'd at any rate,
Spite of her pride and lady airs,
To get the pedlar tête-à-tête,
And make up all the past affairs:
And though the with'd him at the devil,
When he came there the night before,
Determin'd to be monstrous civil,
And drop her curt'sy at the door.
Now all was racket, noise and pother,
Nell running one way, John another,
And Tom was on the coach-horse sent,
To learn which way the pedlar went.
Thomas return'd;—the pedlar brought.
—What could my dainty madam say,
For not behaving as she ought,
And driving honest folks away?

Upon my word, it shocks me much,
—But there's such thieving here of late—
Not that I dream'd that you were such,
When you came knocking at my gate,
I must confess myself to blame,
And I'm afraid you lately met
Sad treatment with that homely dame,
Who lives on what her hands can get.
Walk in with me at least to-night,
And let us set all matters right.
I know my duty, and indeed
Would help a friend in time of need.
Take such refreshment as you find,
I'm sure I mean it for the best,
And give it with a willing mind
To such a grave and sober guest.
So in they came, and for his picking,
Behold the table covers spread,
Instead of Goody's cheese and bread,
With tarts, and fish, and flesh, and chicken,
And to appear in greater state,
The knives and forks with silver handles,
The candlesticks of bright (French) plate
To hold her best mould (tallow) candles,
Were all brought forth to be display'd,
In female housewifery parade.
And more the pedlar to regale,
And make the wond'rous man her friend,
Decanters foam'd of mantling ale,
And port and claret without end;
They hobb'd and nobb'd, and smil'd and
laugh'd,
Touch'd glasses, nam'd their toasts, and quaff'd;
Talk'd over every friend and foe,
Till eating, drinking, talking past,
The kind house-clock struck twelve at last,
When wishing madam *bon repos*,
The pedlar pleaded weary head,
Made his low bow, and went to bed.
Wishing him then at perfect ease,
A good soft bed, a good sound sleep,
Now, gentle reader, if you please,
We'll at the lady take a peep.
She could not rest, but turn'd and tois'd,
While fancy whisper'd in her brain,
That what her indiscretion lost,
Her art and cunning might regain.
Such linen to so poor a dame!
For such coarse fare! perplex'd her head;
Why might not she expect the same,
So courteous, civil, and well-bred?
And now she reckon'd up her store
Of cambrics, hollands, muslins, lawns,
Free gifts, and purchases, and pawns,
Resolv'd to multiply them more,
Till she had got a stock of linen,
Fit for a dowager to sin in.
The morning came, when up she got,
Most ceremoniously inclin'd
To wind up her sagacious plot,
With all that civil stuff we find
'Mongst those who talk a wond'rous deal
Of what they neither mean nor feel.
How shall I, ma'm, reply'd the guest,
Make you a suitable return,

For your attention and concern,

And such civilities express't

To one, who must be still in debt

For all the kindness he has met?

For this your entertainment's sake,

If ought of good my wish can do,

May what you first shall undertake,

Last without ceasing all day through.

Madam, who kindly understood

His wish effectually good,

Strait dropp'd a curtly wond'rous low,

For much she wanted him to go,

That she might look up all her store,

And turn it into thousands more.

Now all the maids were sent to look

In every cranny, hole and nook,

For every rag which they could find

Of any size, or any kind.

Draw'rs, boxes, closets, chests, and cases

Were all unlock'd at once to get

Her point, her gauze, her Prussian-net,

With fifty names of fifty kinds,

Which suit variety of minds.

How shall I now thy tale pursue,

So passing strange, so passing true?

When every bit from every horde,

Was brought and laid upon the board,

Left some more urgent obligation

Might interrupt her pleasing toil,

And marring half her application,

The promis'd hopes of profit spoil,

Before the folds a single rag,

Or takes a cap from board or bag,

That nothing might her work prevent,

(For she was now resolv'd to labour,

With earnest hope and full intent

To get the better of her neighbour)

Into the garden she would go

To do that necessary thing,

Which must by all be done, you know,

By rich and poor, and high and low,

By male and female, queen and king;

She little dream'd a common action,

Practis'd as duly as her pray'rs,

Should prove so tedious a transaction,

Or cost her such a sea of cares.

In short the streams so plenteous flow'd,

That in the dry and dusty weather,

She might have water'd all the road

For ten or twenty miles together.

What could she do? as it began,

Th' involuntary torrent ran.

Instead of folding cap or mob,

So dreadful was this distillation,

That from a simple watering job,

She fear'd a general inundation.

While for her indiscretion's crime,

And coveting too great a store,

She made a river at a time,

Which sure was never done before.

A FAMILIAR LETTER OF RHYMES,

TO A LADY.

YES—I could rifle grove and bow'r

And strip the beds of every flow'r;

And deck them in their fairest hue,

Merely to be out-blush'd by you.

The lily, pale, by my direction,

Should fight the rose for your complexion:

Or I could make up sweetest posies,

Fit fragrance for the ladies' noses,

Which drooping, on your breast reclining,

Should all be withering, dying, pining,

Which every songster can display,

I've more authorities than GAY;

Nay, I could teach the globe its duty

To pay all homage to your beauty,

And, wit's creative pow'r to show,

The very fire should mix with snow;

Your eyes, that brandish burning darts

To scorch and singe our tender hearts,

Should be the lamps for lover's ruin,

And light them to their own undoing;

While all the snow about your breast

Should leave them hopeless and distress.

For those who rarely fear above

The art of coupling love and dove,

In their conceits and amorous fictions,

Are mighty fond of contradictions,

Above, in air; in earth, beneath;

And things that do, or do not breathe,

All have their parts, and separate place,

To paint the fair one's various grace.

Her cheek, her eye, her bosom show

The rose the lily diamond, snow.

Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains

Stars, rubies, suns, and mossy fountains,

The poet gives them all a share

In the description of his fair,

She burns, she chills, she pierces hearts

With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.

And could we trust th' extravagancy

Of every poet's youthful fancy,

They'd make each nymph they love so well,

As cold as snow, as hot as —

—O gentle lady, spare your fright,

No horrid rhyme shall wound your sight.

I would not for the world be heard,

To utter such unseemly word,

Which the politer parson fears

To mention to politer ears.

But, could a female form be shown,

(The thought, perhaps, is not my own)

Where every circumstance should meet

To make the poet's nymph complete

Form'd to his fancy's utmost pitch,

She'd be as ugly as a witch.

Come then, O muse, of trim conceit,

Muse always fine, but never neat,

Who to the dull unsated ear

Of French or Tuscan SONNETTEER,

Tak'it up the same unvaried tone,

Like the Scotch bagpipe's favourite drone,

Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,

To poet's mistress, whore, or saint;

Whether thou dwell'd on ev'ry grace,

Which lights the world from LAURA's face,

Or amorous praise expatiates wide

On beauties which the nymph must hide;

For wit affected, loves to show

Her every charm from top to toe,

And wanton fancy oft pursues
Minute description from the muse,
Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
The poet's mortal nymph divine.

Her golden locks of classic hair,
Are nets to catch the wanton air;
Her forehead ivory, and her eyes
Each a bright sun to light the skies,
Orb'd in whose centre Cupid aims
His darts, protect us! tip with flames;
While the sly god's unerring bow
Is the half circle of her brow.
Each lip a ruby, parting, shows
The precious pearl in even rows,
And all the loves and graces sleek
Bathe in the dimples of her cheek.
Her breasts pure snow, or white as milk,
Are ivory apples, smooth as silk,
Or else, as fancy trips on faster,
Fine marble hills or a *abafter*.

A figure made of wax would please
More than an aggregate of these,
Which though they are of precious worth,
And held in great esteem on earth,
What are they, rightly understood,
Compar'd to real flesh and blood?

And I, who hate to act by rules,
Of whining, rhyming, loving fools,
Can never twist my mind about
To find such strange resemblance out,
And smile that's only fit
To show my plenteous lack of wit.
Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
Wounds, sighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,
Obeying, what I here declare,
Makes half my happiness, the fair,
The favourite subject I pursue,
And write, as who would not, for you.

Perhaps my muse, a common curse,
Errs in the manner of her verse,
Which, slouching in the doggrel lay,
Goes titup all her easy way.
Yes—an acrostic had been better,
Where each good-natured prattling letter,
Though it conceal the writer's aim,
Tells all the world his lady's name.

But all acrostics, it is said,
Show wond'rous pain of empty head,
Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
And fancy dare not jump the lines.

I love a fanciful disorder,
And straggling out of rule and order;
Impute not then to vacant head,
Or what I've writ, or what I've said,
Which imputation can't be true,
Where head and heart's so full of you.

Like TRISTRAM SHANDY I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obscure, and sometimes leaning,
A little sideways to a meaning,
And unfatigu'd myself, pursue
The civil mode of teasing you.
For as your folks who love the dwelling
On circumstance in story telling,
And to give each relation grace,
Describe the time, the folks, the place,

And are religiously exact
To point out each unmeaning fact,
Repeat their wonders, *undesired*,
Nor think one hearer can be tired;
So they who take a method worse,
And *prose* away, like me, in *verse*,
Worry their mistress, friends or betters,
With satire, sonnet, ode, or letters,
And think the knack of pleasing follows
Each jingling pupil of Apollo's.
—Yet let it be a venial crime
That I address you thus in rhyme,
Nor think that I am *Poebus*-bit
By the *Tarantula* of wit,
But as the meanest critic knows
All females have a knack at *prose*,
And letters are the mode of writing
The ladies take the most delight in;
Bold is the man, whose fancy aim
Leads him to form a rival claim;
A double death the victim dies,
Wounded by wit as well as eyes.

—With mine disgrace a lady's *prose*,
And put a nettle next a rose?
Who would, so long as taste prevails,
Compare St. James's with *Versailles*?
The nightingale, as story goes,
Fam'd for the music of his woes,
In vain against the artist try'd,
But strain'd his tuneful throat—and died.

Perhaps I sought the rhyming way,
For reasons which have pow'ful sway.
The swain, no doubt, with pleasure fues
The nymph he's sure will not refuse.
And more compassion may be found
Amongst these goddesses of sound,
Than always happens to the share
Of the more cruel human fair;
Who love to fix their lover's pains,
Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,
Rejoicing in their servant's grief,
As 'twere a sin to give relief.
They twist each easy fool about,
Nor let them in, nor let them out,
But keep them twirling on the fire
Of apprehension and desire.

As cock-chafers, with corking pin
The school-boy stabs, to make them spin.

For 'tis a maxim in love's school,
To make a man of sense a fool;
I mean the man, who loves indeed,
And hopes and wishes to succeed;
But from his fear and apprehension,
Which always mars his best intention,
Can ne'er address with proper ease
The very person he would please.

Now poets, when these nymphs refuse,
Straight go a courting to the muse.
But still some difference we find
Twixt goddesses and human kind;
The muses' favours are ideal,
The ladies' scarce, but always real.
The poet can, with little pain,
Create a mistress in his brain,
Heap each attraction, every grace
That should adorn the mind or face,

On *Delia*, *Phyllis*, with a score.
Of *Phyllisses* and *Delias* more.
Or as the whim of passion burns,
Can court each frolic muse by turns;
Nor shall one word of blame be said,
Although he take them all to bed.
The muse detests coquetry's guilt,
Nor apes the manners of a jilt.

Jilt! O dishonest hateful name,
Your sex's pride, your sex's shame,
Which often bait their treacherous hook
With smile endearing, winning look,
And wind them in the easy heart
Of man, with most ensnaring art,
Only to torture and betray
The wretch they mean to cast away.
No doubt 'tis charming pleasant angling
To see the poor fond creatures dangling,
Who rush like gudgeons to the bait,
And gorge the mischief they should hate.
Yet sure such cruelties deface
Your virtues of their fairest grace.
And pity, which in woman's breast
Should swim at top of all the rest,
Must such insidious sport condemn,
Which play to you, is death to them.

So have I often read or heard,
Though both upon a traveller's word,
(Authority may pass it down,
So *vide TRAVELS*, by ED. BROWN)
At METZ a dreadful engine stands,
Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
Which finely drest, with primmest grace,
Receives the culprit's first embrace;
But at the second (dismal wonder!)
Unfolds, clasps, cuts his heart asunder.

You'll say, perhaps, I love to rail,
We'll end the matter with a tale.

A *Robin* once, who lov'd to fray,
And hop about from spray to spray,
Familiar as the folks were kind,
Nor thought of mischief in his mind,
Slight favours make the bold presume,
Would flutter round the lady's room,
And careless often take his stand
Upon the lovely *Flavia's* hand.
The nymph, 'tis said, his freedom sought,
— In short, the trifling fool was caught;
And happy in the fair one's grace,
Would not accept an eagle's place:
And while the nymph was kind as fair,
With'd not to gain his native air,
But thought he bargain'd to his cost,
To gain the liberty he lost.

Till at the last, a fop was seen,
A *parrot*, dress'd in red and green,
Who could not boast one genuine note,
But chatter'd, swore, and ly'd—by rote.
“Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
“When honour and affection fail.”
The lady lik'd her foreign guest,
For novelty will please the best;
And whether it is lace or fan,
Or silk, or china, bird, or man,
None sure can think it wrong or strange,
That ladies should admire a change.

The *parrot* now came into play,
The *Robin*, he had had his day,
But could not brook the nymph's disdain,
So fled—and he'er came back again.

THE COBLER OF TISSINGTON'S LETTER,

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. 1761.

My predecessors often use
To coble verse as well as shoes;
As PARTRIDGE (*vide SWIFT's disputes*)
Who turn'd BOOTES into boots;
Ah!—PARTRIDGE!—I'll be bold to say
Was a rare scholar in his day;
He'd tell you when 't would rain, and when
The weather would be fine again;
Precisely when your bones should ache,
And when grow found, by th' almanack.
For he knew ev'ry thing, d'y' see,
By, what d'y' call't, astrology,
And skill'd in all the starry system,
Foretold events, and often mist 'em.
And then it griev'd me fore to look
Just at the best piece of his book,
Where stood a man, Lord bless my heart!
(No doubt by *matthew match* art)
Naked, expos'd to public view,
And darts stuck in him through and through.
I warrant him some hardy fool,
Who scorn'd to follow wisdom's rule,
And dar'd blasphemously despise
Our doctor's knowledge in the skies.
Full dearly he abides his laugh,
I'm sure 'tis SWIFT, or BICKERSTAFF.

Excuse this bit of a digression,
A cobbler's is a learn'd profession,
Why may not I too couple rhymes?
My wit will not disgrace the times;
I too, forsooth, among the rest,
Claim one advantage, and the best,
I scarce know writing, have no reading,
Nor any kind of scholar breeding;
And wanting that's the sole foundation
Of half your poets' reputation.
While genius perfect at its birth,
Springs up, like mushrooms from the earth.

You know they send me to and fro
To carry messages or so;
And though I'm somewhat old and crazy,
I'm still of service to the lazy,
For our good squire has no great notion
Of much alacrity in motion.
And when there's miles betwixt, you know
Would rather send by half than go;
Then I'm dispatch'd to travel hard,
And bear myself by way of card.
I'm a two-legg'd excuse, to show
Why other people cannot go;
And merit sure I must assume,
For once I went in GARRICK's room.

In my old age, 'twere wondrous hard
To come to town, as travelling card,
Then let the post convey me there,
The clerk's direction tell him where,
For, though I ramble at this rate,
He writes it all, and I disgate.

For I'm resolv'd—by help of neighbour
(Who keeps a school, and goes to labour),
To tell you all things as they pass;
Cobblers will go beyond their last;
And so I'm told will authors too,
—But that's a point I leave to you;
Cobbling extends a thousand ways,
Some coble shoes, some coble plays;
Some—but this jingle's vastly clever,
It makes a body write for ever.
While with the motion of the pen,
Merron pops in and out agen.
So, as I said, I thought it better,
To set me down and *think* a letter,
And without any more ado,
Seal up my mind, and fend it you.
You'll ask me, master, why I choose
To plague your worship with my muse?
I'll tell you then—will truth offend?
Though cobbler, yet I love my friend.
Besides, I like you merry folks,
Who make their puns, and crack their jokes;
Your jovial hearts are never wrong,
I love a story, or a song;
But always feel most grievous qualms,
From *WESLEY'S* hymns, or *WISDOM'S* psalms*.

My father often told me, one day
Was for religion—that was Sunday,
When I should go to prayers twice,
And hear our parson battle vice;
And dress'd in all my finest clothes,
Twang the *psalmody* through my nose.
But betwixt churches, for relief,
Eat bak'd plump-pudding and roast-beef;
And cheerful, without sin, regale
With good home-brew'd, and nappy ale,
But not one word of *fasting* greetings,
And *dry* religious singing meetings.
But here comes folks a preaching to us
A *saving* d. crine to undo us,
Whose notions fanciful and scurvy,
Turn old religion topsy-turvy.
I'll give my pleasure up for no man,
And an't I right now, Master *SHOW-MAN*?
You seem'd to me a person civil,
Our parson gives you to the devil;
And says, as how, that after grace
You laugh'd directly in his face;
Ay, laugh'd outright (as I'm a sinner)
I should have lik'd t' have been at dinner,
Not for the sake of master's fare,
But to have seen the doctor stare.
Odzooks, I think he's perfect mad,
Scar'd out of all the wits he had,
For where's-e'er the doctor comes,
He pulls his wig, and bites his thumbs,
And mutters, in a broken rage,
The *MINOR, GARRICK, FO TE, THE STAGE*;
(For I must blab it out—but hilt,
His reverence is a *Methodist*)
And preaches like an errant fury,
'Gainst all your *slow* folks about *DRURY*,

* Robert Wisdom was an early translator of the Psalms. Wood says, "he was a good Latin and English poet of his time." He died 1568.

Says actors all are hellish imps,
And managers the devil's pimps.
He knows not what he sets about,
Puts on his surplice inside out,
Mistakes the lessons in the church,
Or leaves a collect in the lurch;
And th' other day—God help his head,
The gardner's wife being brought to bed,
When sent for to baptize the child
His wig awry, and staring wild,
He laid the prayer-book flat before him,
And read the burial service o'er him.
—The folks must wait without their shoes,
For I must tell you all the news.
For we have had a deal to do,
Our squire's become a show-man too!
And horse and foot arrive in flocks,
To see his worship's famous rocks,
Whilst he, with humorous delight,
Walks all about, and shows the sight,
Points out the place, where trembling you
Had like t' have bid the world adieu;
It bears the sad remembrance still,
And people call it *GARRICK'S HILL*.
The goats their usual distance keep,
We never have recourse to sheep;
And the whole scene wants nothing now,
Except your ferry-boat and cow.
I had a great deal more to say,
But I am sent express away,
To fetch the 'squire's three children down
To *TISSINGTON*, from *DERBY* town;
And *ALLEN* says he'll mend my rhyme,
Whene'er I write a second time.

THE
COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER,
TO ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

Unus'd to verse, and tir'd, Heav'n knows,
Of drudging on in heavy prose,
Day after day, year after year,
Which I have sent the *GAZETTEER*;
Now, for the first time, I essay
To write in your own easy way.
And now, O *LLOYD*, I wish I had,
To go that road your ambling pad,
While you, with all a poet's pride,
On the great-horse of verse might ride.
You leave the road that's rough and stony,
To pace and whistle with your poney;
Sad proof to us you're lazy grown,
And fear to gall your huckle-bone.
For he who rides a nag so small,
Will soon, we fear, ride none at all.
There are, and nought gives more offence,
Who have some fav'rite excellence,
Which evermore they introduce,
And bring it into constant use.
Thus *GARRICK* still in ev'ry part
Has pause, and attitude, and start:
The pause, I will allow, is good,
And so, perhaps, the attitude;
The start too's fine: but if not scarce,
The tragedy becomes a farce.

I have too, pardon me, some quarrel
With other branches of your laurel.
I hate the style, that still defends
Yourself, or praises all your friends,
As if the club of wits was met
To make eulogiums on *the set*;
Say, must the town for ever hear,
And no reviewer dare to sneer,
Of THORNTON'S humour, GARRICK'S nature,
And COLMAN'S wit, and CHURCHILL'S satire?
CHURCHILL, who—let it not offend,
If I make free, though he's your friend,
And sure we cannot want excuse,
When CHURCHILL'S nam'd, for smart abuse—
CHURCHILL! who ever loves to raise
On slander's dung his mushroom-bays:
The priest, I grant, has something clever,
A something that will last for ever:
Let him, in part, be made your pattern,
Whose muse, now queen, and now a flattern,
Trick'd out in ROSCIAD rules the roast,
Turns trapes and trollop in the GHOST,
By turns both tickle us, and warms,
And, drunk or sober, has her charms.

GARRICK, to whom with lath and plaster
You try to raise a fine pilaster,
And found on LEAR and MACBETH,
His monument e'en after death,
GARRICK'S a dealer in grimaces,
A haberdasher of wry faces,
A hypocrite, in all its stages,
Who laughs and cries for hire and wages;
As undertakers men draw grief
From onion in their handkerchief,
Like real mourners cry and sob,
And of their passions make a job.
And COLMAN too, that little finner,
That essay-weaver, drama-spinner,
Too much the comic *sock* will use,
For 'tis the law must find him *foes*.
And though he thinks on fame's wide ocean
He swims, and has a pretty motion,
Inform him, LLOYD, for all his grin
That HARRY FIELDING holds his chin.

Now higher soar, my muse, and higher,
To BONNEL THORNTON, hight esquire!
The only man to make us laugh,
A very PETER PARAGRAPH;
The grand conductor and adviser
In CHRONICLE and ADVERTISER,
Who still delights to run his rig
On citizen and *periwig*!
Good sense, I know, though dash'd with oddity,
In THORNTON is no scarce commodity:
Much learning too I can defy,
Beneath his perriwig doth lie.—

— I beg his pardon, I declare,
His grizzle's gone for greasy hair,
Which now the wag with ease can scrow,
With dirty ribband in a queue—
But why neglect (his trade forsaking)
For scribbling, and for merry-making),
With tie to overshadow that brain,
Which might have shone in WARWICK-LANE?
Why not, with spectacles on nose,
A chariot lazily repose,

A second, pompous, deep physician,
HIMSELF A SIGN-POST EXHIBITION?
But hold, my muse! you run a-head
And where's the clue that shall unthread
The maze, wherein you are entangle?
While out of tune the bells are jangled
Through rhyme's rough road, that *crv*: to dech
My jaded Pegafus his neck.

My muse with LLOYD alone contends:
Why then fall foul upon his friends?
Unless to show, like handy-dandy,
Or CHURCHILL'S GHOST, or TRISTRAM SHAN!

BY,

Now here, now there, with quick progression,
How smartly you can make digression:
Your rambling spirit now confine,
And speak to LLOYD in ev'ry line.

Tell me then, LLOYD, what is't you mean,
By cobling up a MAGAZINE?

A MAGAZINE, a wretched olio,
Purloin'd from quarto and from folio,
From pamphlet, newspaper, and book;
Which tost up by a monthly cook,
Borrows fine shapes, and titles new,
Of fricasee and rich ragout,
Which dunces dress, as you.

Say, is't for you, your wit to coop,
And tumble through this narrow hoop?
The body thrives, and so the mind.
When both are free and unconfin'd;
But harness'd in like hackney tit,
To run the monthly stage of wit,
The racer stumbles in the shaft,
And shows he was not meant for draft.
Pot-bellied gluttons, slaves of taste,
Who bind in leathern-belt their waist,
Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,
But hate to see the strutting paunch,
Full often rue the pain that's felt
From circumscription of the belt:
Thus women too we idiots call,
Who lace their shapes too close and small.
Tight stays, they find, oft end in humps,
And take, too late, alas! to jumps.
The Chinese ladies cramp their feet,
Which seem, indeed, both small and neat,
While the dear creatures laugh and talk,
And can do ev'ry thing—but walk;
Thus you, "who trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,"
And in the Ring are ever seen,
Or Rotten-Row of magazine,
Will cramp your muse in four-foot verse,
And find at last your ease your curse.
Olio already humbly begs.
You'd give her leave to stretch her legs,
For though sometimes she takes a leap,
Yet quadrupeds can only creep.

While namby-pamby thus you scribble,
Your manly genius a mere fribble,
Pinn'd down, and sickly, cannot vapour,
Nor dares to spring, or cut a caper.

Rouse then, for shame, your ancient spirit!
Write a great work! a work of merit!
The conduct of your friend examine,
And give a PROPHECY OF FAMINE;

Or like yourself, in days of yore,
Write ACTORS, as you did before :
Write what may pow'rful friends create you,
And make your present friends all hate you.
Learn not a shuffling, shambling, pace,
But go erect with manly grace ;
For OVID says, and pr'ythee heed it,
O homini sublime desit.
But if you still waste all your prime
In spinning Lilliputian rhyme,
Too long your genius will lie fallow,
And ROBERT LLOYD be ROBERT SHALLOW.

ON RHYME.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

BRING paper, ASH, and let me send
My hearty service to my friend.

How pure the paper looks and white !

What pity 'tis that folks will write,
And on the face of candour scrawl
With desperate ink, and heart of gall !

Yet thus it often fares with those

Who, gay and easy in their *prose*,

Incur ill-nature's ugly crime,

And lay about 'em in their *rhyme*.

No man more generous, frank and kind,

Of more ingenuous social mind,

Than CHURCHILL, yet though CHURCHILL here,

I will pronounce him too severe,

For, whether scribbled at or not,

He writes no name without a blot.

Yet let me urge one honest plea ?

Say, is the muse in fault or he ?

The man, whose genius thirsts for praise,

Who boldly plucks, not waits the bays ;

Who drives his rapid car along,

And feels the energy of song ;

Writes, from the *impulse* of the muse,

What sober reason might refuse.

My Lord, who lives and writes at ease,

(Sure to be pleas'd, as sure to please)

And draws from silver-stand his pen,

To scribble sonnets *now* and *then* ;

Who writes not what he truly feels,

But rather what he slyly steals,

And patches up in courtly phrase,

The manly sense of better days ;

Whose dainty muse is only kist ;

But as his dainty Lordship list,

Who treats her like a *mistress* still,

To turn her off, and keep at will ;

Knows not the labour, pains, and strife.

Of him who takes the muse to *wife*.

For then the poor good-natur'd man

Must bear his burden as he can ;

And if my lady prove a shrew,

What would you have the husband do ?

Say, should he thwart her inclination

To work his own, and her vexation ?

Or giving madam all her rein,

Make marriage but a silken chain ?

Thus we, who lead poetic lives,

The henpeck'd culls of vixen wives,

Receive their orders, and obey,

Like husbands in the common way

And when we write with too much phlegm,

The fault is not in us, but them :

True servants always at command,

We hold the pen ; they guide the hand.

Why need I urge to plain a fact

To you who catch me in the act ?

And see me (ere I've said my grace,

That is, put SIX in proper place,

Or with epistolary bow,

Have prefac'd, as I scarce know how),

You see me, as I said before,

Run up and down a page or more,

Without one word of tribute due

To friendship's altar, and to you.

Accept, then, in or out of time,

My honest thanks, though writ in rhyme.

And these once paid (to obligations

Repeated thanks grow stale vexations,

And hurt the liberal donor more

Than all his lavish gifts before),

I skip about, as whim prevails,

Like your own frisky goats in WATTS,

And follow where the muse shall lead.

O'er hedge and ditch, o'er hill or mead.

Well might the lordly writer praise

The first inventor of *epic*,

Where wanton fancy gaily rambles,

Walks, paces, gallops, trots, and ambles ;

And all things may be sung or said,

While drowsy METHOD'S gone to bed.

And blest the poet, or the rhymist,

(For surely none of the sublimest)

Who prancing in his easy mode,

Down this epistolary road,

First taught the muse to play the fool,

A truant from the pedant's school,

And skipping like a *tasteless* dunce,

O'er all the UNITIES at once ;

(For so we keep but clink and rhyme,

A fig for ACTION, PLACE, and TIME).

But critics (who still judge by rules,

Transmitted down as guides to fools,

And howsoever they prate about 'em,

Drawn from wise folks who writ without

em)

Will blame this frolic, wild excursion,

Which fancy takes for her diversion,

As inconsistent with the law,

Which keeps the sober muse in awe,

Who dares not for her life dispense,

With such *mechanic* chains for sense.

Yet men are often apt to blame

Those errors they'd be proud to claim,

And if their skill, of pigny size,

To glorious darings cannot rise,

From critic spleen and pedant phlegm,

Would make all genius creep with them.

Nay, e'en professors of the art,

To prove their wit betray their heart,

And speak against themselves, to show,

What they would hate the world should know.

As when the measur'd couplets curse,

The manacles of Gothic verse,

Shaffbury.

While the trim bard in *easy* strains,
Talks much of *fetters, chaps, and chains*;
He only aims that you should think,
How charmingly he makes them clink.

So have I seen in tragic stride,
The hero of the Mourning Bride,
Sullen and sulky tread the stage,
Till, fixt attention to engage,
He flings his fetter'd arms about,
That all may find ALPHONSO out.
Oft have I heard it said by those,
Who most should blush to be her foes,
'That rhyme's impertinent vexation,
Shackles the brave imagination,
Which longs with eager zeal to try
Her trackless path above the sky,
But that the clog upon her feet,
Restrains her flight, and damps her heat.

From BOILEAU down to his translators,
Dull paraphrasts, and imitators,
All rail at metre at the time
They write and owe their sense to rhyme.
Had he so man'd his gentle foe,
But for that lucky word QUINEAUT?
Or had his strokes been half so fine,
Without that closing name COTIN?
Yet dares he on this very theme,
His own APOLLO to blaspheme,
And talk of wars 'twixt rhyme and sense,
And murders which ensu'd from thence,
As if they both resolv'd to meet,
Like Theban sons, in mutual heat,
Forgetful of the ties of brother,
To maim and massacre each other.

'Tis true, sometimes to costive brains,
A couplet costs exceeding pains;
But where the fancy waits the skill
Of fluent easy drefs at will,
The thoughts are oft, like colts which stray
From fertile meads, and lose their way,
Clapt up and fasten'd in the pound
Of measur'd rhyme, and barren sound.

—What are these jarring notes I hear,
Grating harsh discord on my ear!
How shrill, how coarse, th' unsettled tone,
Alternate 'twixt a squeak and drone,
Worse than the scrannel pipe of straw,
Or music grinding on a saw!
Will none that horrid fiddle break?
—O spare it for GIARDINI's sake.

'Tis *his*, and only errs by chance,
Play'd by the hand of ignorance.

From this allusion I infer,
'Tis not the art, but artists err,
And rhyme's a fiddle, sweet indeed,
When touch'd by those who well can lead,
Whose varied notes harmonious flow,
In tones prolong'd from sweeping bow;
But harsh the sounds to ear and mind,
From the poor fiddler lame and blind,
Who begs in music at your door,
And thrums *Jack Latin* o'er and o'er.

Some MILTON-mad, (an affection
Glean'd up from college education)
Approve no verse, but that which flows
In epithetic measur'd prose,

With trim expressions daily drest
Stol'n, misapply'd, and not confess,
And call it writing in the style
Of that great HOMER of our isle.

Whilom, what time, effusions and erst,
(So prose is oftentimes *beverst*)
Sprinkled with quaint fantastic phrase,
Uncouth to ears of modern days,
Make up the metre, which they call
Blank, CLASSIC BLANK, their all in all.

Can only blank admit sublime?
Go read and measure DRYDEN's rhyme.

Admire the magic of his song,
See how his numbers roll along,
With ease and strength and varied pause,
Nor cramp'd by sound, nor metre's laws.

Is harmony the gift of rhyme?
Read, if you can, your MILTON's chime;
Where taste, not wantonly severe,
May find the measure, not the ear.

As rhyme, rich rhyme, was DRYDEN's choice,
And blank has MILTON's nobler voice,
I deem it as the subjects lead,
That either measure will succeed,
That rhyme will readily admit
Of fancy, numbers, force and wit;
But though each couplet has its strength,
It falls in works of epic length.

For who can bear to read or hear,
Though not offensive to the ear,
The mighty BLACKMORE gravely sing
Of ARTHUR PRINCE, and ARTHUR KING,
Heroic poems without number,
Long, lifeless, leaden, lulling lumber;
Nor pity such laborious toil,
And loss of midnight time and oil?
Yet glibly runs each jingling line,
Smoother, perhaps, than yours or mine,
But still (though peace be to the dead),
The dull, dull poems weigh down lead.

So have I seen upon the road,
A waggon of a mountain's load,
Broad-wheel'd and drawn by horses eight,
Pair'd like great folks who strut in state:
While the gay steeds, as proud as strong,
Drag the slow tottering weight along,
Each as the steep ascent he climbs,
Moves to his bells, and walks in chimes.

The muses dwelt at OVID's tongue,
For OVID never said, but *sung*,
And POPE (for POPE affects the same)
In numbers *lisp'd*, for numbers *came*.
Thus, in historic page I've read
Of some queen's daughter, fairy-bred,
Who could not either cough or spit,
Without some precious flow of wit,
While her fair lips were as a spout,
To tumble pearls and diamonds out.

Yet, though dame nature may bestow
This knack of verse, and jingling flow:
(And thousands have that impulle felt,
With whom the muses never dwell)
Though it may save the lab'ring brain
From many a thought-perplexing pain,
And while the rhyme presents itself,
Leaves BYSSON untouched upon the shelf;

Yet more demands the critic ear,
Than the two catch-words in the rear,
Which stand like watchmen in the close;
To keep the verse from being prose.
But when reflection has refin'd
This boist'rous bias of the mind,
When harmony enriches sense,
And borrows stronger charms from thence,
When genius fleers by judgment's laws,
When proper cadence, varied pause,
Show nature's strength combin'd with art,
And through the ear possess the heart;
Then numbers come, and all before
Is bab, dab, scab—mere rhymes—no more.

Some boast, which none could e'er impart,
A secret principle of art,
Which gives a melody to rhyme
Unknown to bards in ancient time.
And BOILEAU leaves it as a rule
To all who enter PHOEBUS' school,
To make the metre strong and fine,
Poets write first your second line.
'Tis folly all—No poet flows
In tuneful verse, who thinks in prose;
And all the mighty secret here
Lies in the niceness of the ear.

E'en in this measure, when the muse,
With genuine ease, her way pursues,
Though she affect to hide her skill,
And walks the town in disguise,
Something peculiar will be seen
Of air, or grace, in shape or mien,
Which will, though carelessly display'd,
Distinguish MADAM from her maid.
Here, by the way of critic sample,
I give the precept and example.
Four feet, you know, in ev'ry line
Is PRIOR's measure, and is mine;
Yet taste would ne'er forgive the crime
To talk of mine with PRIOR's rhyme.

Yet, take it on a poet's word,
There are who foolishly have err'd,
And marr'd their proper reputation,
By sticking close to imitation.
A double rhyme is often sought
At strange expence of time and thought;
And though sometimes a lucky hit
May give a zest to BUTLER's wit;
Whatever makes the measure halt
Is beauty seldom, oft a fault.

For when we see the wit and pains,
The twisting of the stubborn brains,
To cramp the sense within the bound
Of some queer double treble found:
Hard is the muse's travail, and 'tis plain
'Tis pinion'd sense, and EASE in PAIN;
'Tis like a foot that's wrapt about
With flannel in the racking gout.
But here, methinks, 'tis more than time
To wave both simile and rhyme;
For while, as pen and mutes please,
I talk so much of ease and ease,
Though the word's mention'd o'er and o'er,
I scarce have thought of yours before.

'Tis true, when writing to one's friend;
'Tis a rare science when to end,
As 'tis with-wits a common sin
To want th' attention to begin.
So, Sir (at last indeed), adieu,
Believe me, as you'll find me, true;
And if henceforth, at any time,
APOLLO whispers you in rhyme,
Or Lady Fancy should dispose
Your mind to fall out in prose,
I shall receive, with hallow'd awe,
The muse's mail from FLEXNEY's drive.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT THE AUTHOR A HAMPER
OF WINE.

Decipit Exemplar vitis inani. HOA.

FOND of the loose familiar vein,
Which neither tires, nor cracks the brain,
The muse is rather truant grown
To buckram works of higher tone;
And though perhaps her pow'rs of rhyme
Might rise to fancies more sublime,
Prefers this easy down-hill road,
To dangerous leaps at five-bar'd Odds,
Or starting in the classic race
Jack-booted for an Epic chase.

That bard, as other bards, divine,
Who was a *facris* to the mine,
DAN PRIOR I mean, with natural ease,
(For what's not nature cannot please)
Would sometimes make his rhyming bow,
And greet his friend as I do now;
And, howsoe'er the critic train
May hold my judgment rather vain,
Allow me one resemblance true,
I have my friend, a SHEPHERD * too.

You know, dear Sir, the mufes nine,
Though sober maids are woo'd in wine,
And therefore, as beyond a doubt,
You've found my dangling foible out;
Send me nectareous inspiration,
Though others read intoxication.
For there are those who vainly use
This grand elixir of the muse,
And fancy in their apish fit,
An idle trick of maudlin wit;
Their genius takes a daring flight,
'Bove PINDUS, or PLINIMON's height,
Whilst more of madman than of poet,
They're drunk indeed, and do not know it.

The bard, whose charming measure flows
With all the native ease of prose,
Who, without flashy vain pretence,
Has best adorn'd eternal sense,
And, in his cheerful moral page,
Speaks to mankind in every age;
Tells us, from folks whose situation
Makes them the mark of observation,

* Dr. Richard Shepherd, author of a *disyllabic poem*,
called *The Neptials*.

Example oft gives folly rise,
And imitation clings to vice.

ENNIS could never write, 'tis said,
Without a bottle in his head;
And your own HORACE quaff'd his wine
In plenteous draughts at BACCHUS' shrine;
Nay, ADDISON would oft unbend,
T' indulge his genius with a friend;
(For fancy, which is often dry,
Must wet her wings, or cannot fly)

What precedents for fools to follow
Are BEN, the DEVIL and APOLLO!
While the great gawky ADMIRATION,
Parent of stupid imitation,
Intrinsic proper worth neglects,
And copies errors and defects.

The man, secure in strength of parts,
Has no recourse to shuffling arts,
Seeks not his nature to disguise,
Nor heeds the people's tongues, or eyes,
His wit, his faults at once displays,
Careless of envy, or of praise;
And foibles, which we often find
Just on the surface of the mind,
Strike common eyes, which can't discern
What to avoid, and what to learn.

Errors in wit conspicuous grow,
To use GAY's words, like specks in snow;
Yet it were kind, at least, to make
Allowance for the merit's sake;
And when such beauties fill the eye,
To let the blemishes go by.
Plague on your philosophic fots!
I'll view the sun without its spots.

Wits are peculiar in their mode;
They cannot bear the hackney road,
And will contract habitual ways,
Which sober people cannot praise,
And fools admire: Such fools I hate;
—Begone ye slaves who imitate.

POOR SPURIUS! eager to destroy
And murder hours he can't enjoy,
The last of wirlings, next to dunce,
Would fain turn genius all at once,
But that the wretch mistakes his aim,
And thinks a libertine the same.

Connected as the hand and glove
Is Madam POETRY and LOVE;
Shall not he then possess his muse,
And fetch CORINNA from the stew,
The burden of his amorous verse,
And charming melter of his purse,
While happy REBUS tells the name
Of his and DRURY's common flame?
How will the wretch at BACCHUS' shrine
Betray the cause of wit and wine,
And waste in bawdy, port, and pun,
In taste a very GOTH or HUN,
Those little hours, of value more
Than all the round of time before;
When fancy brightens with the flask,
And the heart speaks without a mask?

Must THOU, whose genius, dull and cool,
Is muddy as the stagnant pool;
Whose torpid soul, and sluggish brains,
Dullness pervades, and wine disdains;

Must thou to nightly taverns run,
APOLLO's guest, and JONSON's son?
And in thy folly's heastly fit
Attempt the fallies of a wit?
Art thou the child of PHOEBUS' choir?
Think of the adage—Afs and Lyre*.

If thou wouldst really succeed,
And be a mimic wit indeed,
Let DRYDEN lend thee SHEFFIELD's blows,
Or like WILL. DAVENANT lose your nose.

O LUCIAN, fire of ancient wit,
Who, wedding HUMOUR, didst beget
Those doctors in the laughing school,
Those giant sons of RIDICULE,
SWIFT, RAB'LAIS, and † that favourite child,
Who, less eccentrically wild,
Inverts the misanthropic plan,
And, hating vices, hates not man:
How do I love thy gibling vein!
Which glances at the mimic train
Of fots, who proud as modern beaux
Of birth-day suits, and tinsel clothes,
Affecting cynical grimace
With philosophic stupid face,
In dirty hue, with naked feet,
In rags and tatters, stroll the street;
OSTENSIVELY exceeding wise;
But knaves, and fools, and walking lies,
External mimicry their plan,
The monkey's copy after man.

Wits too possess this affectation,
And live a life of imitation,
Are slovens, revellers, and brutes,
Laborious, absent, prattlers, mutes,
From some example handed down
Of some great genius of renown.

If ADDISON, from habit's trick,
Could bite his fingers to the quick,
Shall not I nibble from design,
And be an ADDISON to mine?
If POPE most feelingly complains
Of aching head, and throbbing pains,
My head and arm his posture hit,
And I already ache for wit.

If CHURCHILL, following nature's call,
Has had that never ashes at all,
With burning brow, and heavy eye,
I'll give my looks and pain the lie.

If huge tall words of termination,
Which ask a critic's explanation,
Come rolling out along with thought,
And seem to stand just where they ought;
If language more in grammar dress'd,
With greater emphasis express'd,
Unstudied, unaffected flows,
In some great wit's conversing prose;
If from the tongue the period round
Fall into style, and swell to sound,
'Tis nature which herself displays,
And JOHNSON speaks a JOHNSON's phrase.

But can you hear, without a smile,
The formal coxcomb ape his style,

* *Asinus ad Lyram.*

† *The late inimitable Henry Fielding, Esq.*

Who, most dogmatically wise,
Attempts to censure and despise,
Affecting what he cannot reach,
A trim propriety of speech?
What though his pompous language wear
The grand decisive solemn air,
Where quaint ANTITHESIS prevails,
And sentences are weigh'd in scales,
Can you bow down with reverend awe
Before this puppet king of straw?
Or, hush'd in mute attention, sit
To hear this CRITIC, POET, WIT,
PHILOSOPHER, all, all at once,
And to complete them all, this—DUNCE?
—All this you'll say is mighty fine,
But what has this to do with wine?
Have patience, and the muse shall tell
What you, my friend, know full as well.
Vices in poets, wits, and kings,
Are catching, imitable things;
And frailties standing out to view
Become the objects fools pursue.
Thus have I pictures often seen
Where features neither speak nor mean,
Yet spite of all the face will strike,
And mads us that it should be like,
When all the near resemblance grows
From scratch or riddle on the nose.

To poets then (I mean not here
The scribbling drudge, or scribbling peer,
Nor those who have the monthly fit,
The lunatics of modern wit)
To POETS wine is inspiration,
Blockheads get drunk in imitation.

As different liquors different ways
Affect the body, sometimes raise
The fancy to an eagle's flight,
And make the heart feel wond'rous light;
At other times the circling mug,
Like LETHE'S draught, or opiate drug,
Will strike the senses on a heap,
When folks talk wise, who talk asleep;
A whimsical imagination
Might form a whimsical relation,
How every Author writes and thinks
Analogous to what he drinks,
While quaint conjecture's lucky hit
Finds out his bev'rage in his wit.

Ye goodly dray-nymph muses, hail!
MUM, PORTER, STINGO, MILD and STALE, }
And chiefly thou of boasted fame,
Of ROMAN and IMPERIAL name;
O Purl! all hail! thy vot'ry steals,
His stockings dangling at his heels,
To where some pendent head invites
The bard to fet his own to rights,
Who seeks thy influence divine,
And pours libations on thy shrine,
In wormwood draughts of inspiration,
To whet his soul for defamation.

Hail too, your domes! whose master's skill
Takes up illustrious folks at will,
And careless of of place or name,
Beholds and hangs to public fame
Fine garter'd knights, blue, red, or green,
Lords, earls, and dukes, king or queen,

And sometimes pairs them both together,
To dangle to the wind and weather;
Or claps some mighty general there,
Who has not any head to spare.
Or if it more his fancy suits,
Portrays or fish, or bird, or brute.
And lures the gaping thirsty guest
To SCOTT'S entire, or TRUMAN'S best.

Ye chequer'd domes, thrice hail! for hence
The fire of wit, the froth of sense,
Here gentle puns, ambiguous joke,
Burst forth oracular in smoke,
And inspiration pottle deep
Forgets her sons, and falls asleep.
Hence issue treatises and rhymes,
The wit and wonder of the times,
Hence scandal, piracies, and lies,
Defensive pamphlets on EXCISE,
The murd'rous articles of news,
And pert THEATRICAL REVIEWS.
Hither, as to their urns, repair,
Bard, publisher, and minor play,
And o'er the porter's foaming head
Their venom'd malice nightly shed,
And aim their batteries of dirt
At genius, which they cannot hurt.

Smack not *their* works, if verse or prose
Offend your eye, or ear, or nose,
So frothy, rapid, stale, hum-drum,
Of STINGO, PORTER, PURL, and MUM?
And when the muse *politely* jokes,
Cannot you find the lady smokes?
And, spite of all her inspiration,
Betrays her alehouse education?

Alas! how very few are found
Whose style tastes neat, and full, and sound!
In WILMOT'S loose ungovern'd vein
There is, I grant, much *burnt* CHAMPAIGN,
And DORSET'S lines all palates hit,
The very BURGUNDY of wit.
But when, obedient to the mode
Of panegyric, courtly ode,
The bard bestrides his annual hack,
In vain I taste, and sip, and smack,
I find no flavour of the SACK.
But while I ramble and refine
On flavour, style, and wit, and wine,
Your claret, which I would not waste,
Recalls me to my proper taste;
So ending, as 'tis more than time,
At once my letter, glass, and rhyme,
I take this bumper off to you,
'Tis SHEPHERD'S health—dear friend, adieu.

THE CANDLE AND SNUFFERS.

A FABLE.

"No author ever spar'd a brother:
"Wits are game cocks to one another."
But no antipathy so strong,
Which acts so fiercely, lasts so long
As that which rages in the breast
Of critic, and of wit profest,
When, eager for some bold emprise,
Wi, Titan-like, affects the skies,

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When, full of energy diving,
 The mighty dupe of all the nine,
 Bids his kite soar on paper wing,
 The critic comes, and cuts the string;
 Hence dire contention often grows
 'Twixt man of verse, and man of prose;
 While prose-man deems the verse-man fool,
 And measures wit by line and rule,
 And, as he lops off fancy's limb,
 Turns executioner of whim;
 While genius, which too oft disdains
 To bear e'en honourable chains;
 (Such as a sheriff's self might wear
 Or grace the wisdom of a may'r)
 Turns rebel to dame REASON's throne
 And holds no judgment like his own.

Yet while they spatter mutual dirt,
 In idle threats that cannot hurt,
 Methinks they waste a deal of time,
 Both fool in prose, and fool in rhyme:
 And when the angry bard exclaims,
 And calls a thousand paltry names,
 He doth his critic mighty wrong,
 And hurts the dignity of song.

The prefatory matter past
 The tale, or story, comes at last.

A candle stuck in flaring state
 Within the nozzle of French plate,
 Tow'ring aloft with smoaky light,
 The snuff and flame of wondrous height,
 (For, virgin yet of amputation,
 No force had check'd its inclination)
 Sullen address'd with conscious pride,
 The dormant snuffers at its side.

"Mean vulgar tools, whose envious aim

"Strikes at the vitals of my flame,

"Your rude assaults shall hurt no more,

"See how my beams triumphant soar!

"See how I gaily blaze alone

"With strength, with lustre all my own.

"Lustre, good Sir!" the snuffers cried,

"Alas! how ignorant is pride!

"Thy light which wavers round the room,

"Shows as the counterfeit of gloom,

"Thy snuff which idly tow'rs so high

"Will waste thy essence by and by,

"Which, as I prize thy lustre dear

"I fain would lop to make thee clear.

"Boast not, old friend, thy random rays,

"Thy wasting strength, and quiv'ring blaze,

"You shine but as a beggar's link,

"To burn away, and die in sink,

"No merit waits unsteady light,

"You must burn true as well as bright."

Poets like candles all are puffers,

And critics are the candle snuffers.

THE TEMPLE OF FAVOUR.

TO WILLIAM KENRICK.

Though pilot in the ship no more,
 To bring the cargo safe to shore *;

* When this was published in the St. James's Magazine, Mr. Lloyd had relinquished the conduct of that work to Dr. Kenrick.

Permit, as time and place afford,
 A passenger to come aboard.

The shepherd who survey'd the deep,
 When all its tempests were asleep,
 Dream'd not of danger: glad was he
 To sell his flock, and put to sea:
 The consequence has \mathcal{A} s told,
 He lost his venture, sheep and gold.
 So fares it with us sons of rhyme,
 From doggrel wit, to wit sublime;
 On ink's calm ocean all seems clear,
 No sands affright, no rocks appear;
 No lightnings blast, no thunders roar;
 No surges lash the peaceful shore;
 Till, all too vent'rous from the land,
 The tempests dash us on the strand:
 Then the low pirate boards the deck,
 And sons of theft enjoy the wreck.

The harlot muse so passing gay,
 Bewitches only to betray;

Though for a while, with easy air,
 She smooths the rugged brow of care,
 And laps the mind in flow'ry dreams,
 With fancy's transitory gleams.
 Fond of the nothings she bestows,
 We wake at last to real woes.

Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,
 Consider well the poet's case;

By turns protected and carele's'd,
 Defam'd, dependant, and distress'd;

The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,

The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;

Too proud to stoop for servile ends,

To lacquey rogues, or flatter friends;

With prodigality to give,

Too careless of the means to live:

The bubble same intent to gain,

And yet too lazy to maintain;

He quits the world he never priz'd,

Pitied by few, by more despis'd;

And lost to friends, oppress'd by foes,

Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
 Where men are ruin'd more than made.

Let crazy LEE, neglected GAY,

The shabby OTWAY, DRYDEN gray,

Those tuneful servants of the nine,

(Not that I blend their name with mine)

Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,

And teach the world some useful shame.

At first the poet idly strays

Along the greenward path of praise,

Till on his journeys up and down,

To see, and to be seen, in town,

What with ill-natur'd slings and rubs

From slippant bucks, and hackney scrubs,

His toils through dust, through dirt, through gravel,

Take off his appetite for travel.

Transient is fame's immediate breath,

Though it blows stronger after death;

Own then, with MARTIAL, after fate

If glory comes, she comes too late.

Far who'd his time and labour give

For praise, by which he cannot live?

But in **APOLLO**'s court of fame
 (In this all courts are much the same),
 By **FAVOUR** folks must make their way,
FAVOUR, which lasts, perhaps, a day,
 And when you've twirl'd yourself about
 To wriggle in you're wriggled out.
 'Tis from the sunshine of her eyes
 Each courtly insect lives or dies;
 'Tis she dispenses all the graces
 Of profits, pensions, honours, places;
 And in her light capricious fits
 Makes wits of fools, and fools of wits,
 Gives vices, folly, dullness, birth,
 Nay stamps the currency on worth;
 'Tis she that lends the muse a spur,
 And even *lissing* goes by her.

Far in the sea a temple stands
 Built by dame **ENANOR**'s hasty hands,
 Where in her dome of lucid shells
 The visionary goddess dwells,
 Here o'er her subject sons of earth
 Regardless of of place, or worth,
 She rules triumphant; and supplies
 The gaping world with hopes and lies,
 Her throne, which weak and tott'ring seems,
 Is built upon the wings of dreams;
 The fickle winds her altars bear
 Which quiver to the shifting air;
 Hither hath **REASON** seldom brought
 The child of **VIRTUE** or of **THOUGHT**,
 And **JUSTICE** with her equal face,
 Finds this, alas! no throne of grace.

CAPRICE, **OPINION**, **FASHION**, wait,
 The porters at the temple's gate,
 And as the fond adorers press
 Pronounce fantastic happiness;
 While **FAVOUR** with a **SYREN**'s smile,
 Which might **ULYSSES**' self beguile,
 Presents the sparkling bright libation,
 The nectar of intoxication;
 And summoning her ev'ry grace
 Of winning charms, and cheerful face,
 Smiles away reason from his throne,
 And makes his votaries her own:
 Instant resounds the voice of fame;
 Caught with the whistlings of their name,
 The fools grow frantic, in their pride
 Contemning all the world beside:
 Pleas'd with the gewgaw toys of pow'r,
 The noisy pageant of an hour,
 Struts forth the statesman, haughty, vain,
 Amidst a supple servile train,
 With shrug, grimace, nod, wink, and stare,
 So proud, he almost treads in air;
 While levee-fools, who sue for place,
 Crouch for employment from his grace,
 And ev'n good bishops, taught to trim,
 Forsake their God to bow to him.

The poet in that happy hour,
 Imagination in his pow'r,
 Walks all abroad, and unconfin'd,
 Enjoys the liberty of mind:
 Dupe to the smoke of flimsy praise,
 He vomits forth sonorous lays;
 And, in his fine poetic rage,
 Planning, poor soul, a deathless page,

Indulges pride's fantastic whim,
 And all the **WORLD** must wake to him.

A while from fear, from envy free,
 He sleeps on a pacific sea;
 Lethargic **ERROR** for a while
 Deceives him with her specious smile;
 And flatt'ring dreams delusive shed,
 Gay gilded visions round his head.

When, swift as thought, the goddess lewd
 Shifts the light gale; and tempests rude,
 Such as the northern skies deform,
 When fell **DESTRUCTION** guides the storm,
 Transport him to some dreary isle
 Where **FAVOUR** never deign'd to smile.
 Where waking, helpless, all alone,
 'Midst eraggy steeps and rocks unknown;
 Sad scenes of woe his pride confound,
 And **DESOLATION** stalks around.
 Where the dull months no pleasures bring,
 And years roll round without a spring;
 Where he all hopeless, lost, undone,
 Sees cheerless days that know no fun;
 Where jibing **SCORN** her throne maintains,
 'Midst mildews, blights, and blasts, and rains.

Let others, with submissive knee,
 Capricious goddess! bow to thee;
 Let them with fixt incessant aim
 Court fickle favour, faithless fame;
 Let vanity's fastidious slave
 Lose the kind moments nature gave,
 In invocations to the shrine
 Of **Pheebus** and the fabled nine,
 An author, to his latest days,
 From hunger, or from thirst of praise,
 Let him through every subject roam
 To bring the useful moral home;
 Write upon **LIBERTY** oppress,
 On happiness, when most distress,
 Turn bookseller's obsequious tool,
 A monkey's cat, a mere fool's fool;
 Let him, unhallow'd wretch! profane
 The muse's dignity for gain,
 Yield to the dunce his sense contemns,
 Cringe to the knave his heart condemns,
 And, at a blockhead's bidding, force
 Reluctant genius from his course;
 Write ode, epistle, essay, libel,
 Make notes, or steal them for the Bible;
 Or let him, more judicial, sit
 The dull *Lord Chief*, on culprit wit,
 With rancour read, with passion blame,
 Talk high, yet fear to put his name,
 And from the dark, but useful shade,
 (Fit place for murder's ambushade),
 Weak monthly shafts at merit hurl,
 The **GILSON** of some modern **CURL**.
 For me, by adverse fortune plac'd
 Far from the colleges of taste,
 I jostle no poetic name;
 I envy none their proper fame;
 And if sometimes an easy vein,
 With no design, and little pain,
 Form'd into verse, hath pleas'd a while,
 And caught the reader's transient smile,
 My muse hath answer'd all her ends,
 Pleasing herself, while pleas'd her friends

But, fond of liberty, disdains
To bear restraint, or clink her chains;
Nor would, to gain a *Monarch's* FAVOUR,
Let dulness, or her sons enslave her*.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A TALE.

THE very silliest things in life
Create the most material strife.
What scarce will suffer a debate,
Will oft produce the bitterest hate,
It is, you say; I say 'tis not—
Why you grow warm—and you are hot.
Thus alike with passion glows,
And words come first, and after, blows.

Friend JERKIN had an income clear,
Some fifty pounds, or more, a-year,
And rented, on the farming plan,
Grounds at much greater sums *per ann.*
A man of consequence, no doubt,
'Mongst all his neighbours round about;
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honest to be much refin'd,
Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould;
Her age was neither young nor old;
Her features strong, but somewhat plain;
Her air not bad, but rather vain;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's, very apt to change;
What she most hated was conviction,
What she most lov'd, flat CONTRADICTION.

A charming house wife pe'ertheless;
—Tell me a thing she could not dress,
Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,
Nought came amiss—she was *so wife*.
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen,
A farmer's wife with such a mien;
She could not bear the sound of *Dame*;
—No—*Mistress* JERKIN was her name.

She could harangue with wond'rous grace
On gowns and mobs, and caps, and lace;
But though she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vast contempt for spouse,
As being one who *took no pride*,
And was a *deal* too *countrified*.
Such were our couple, man and wife;
Such were their means, and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair
For exercise and cheerful air,
It happen'd in his morning's roam,
He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.
—Here, CICELY, take away my gun—
How shall we have these starlings done?
Done! what my love? Your wits are wild?
Starlings, my dear; they're thrushes child.

Nay now but look, consider, wife,
They're starlings—No—upon my life;
Sure I can judge as well as you,
I know a thrush and starling too.
Who was it shot them, you or I?
They're starling—thrushes—sounds you lie.
Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,
I scorn your language as your bird;
It ought to make a husband blush,
To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.

Thrush, Cicely!—Yes—a starling—No,
The lie again, and then a blow.
Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.

Peace soon ensued, and all was well:
It were imprudence to rebel,
Or keep the ball up of debate
Against these arguments of weight.

A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
'Twas as you like, and *what you please*,
'Till in its course and order due,
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
Quoth Cicely, this is charming life,
No tumults now, no blows, no strife,
What fools we were this day last year!
Lord, how you beat me then my dear!

—Sure it was idle and absurd
To wrangle so about a bird;
A bird not worth a single rush—
A starling—no, my love, a thrush,
That I'll maintain—that I'll deny.

—You're wrong, good husband—wife, you lie,
Again the self-same wrangle rose,
Again the lie, again the blows.
Thus every year (true man and wife)
Ensues the same domestic strife.
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They argue, fight, and bust, and friends;
'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling;
You dog, you b---; my dear, my darling.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO *****

WHAT, three months gone, and never send
A single letter to a friend?
In that time, sure, we might have known
Whether you fat or lean was grown;
Whether your host was short or tall,
Had manners good, or none at all;
Whether the neighb'ring 'squire you found
As meré a brute as fox or hound;
Or if the parson of the place
(With all due reverence to his grace)
Took much more pains himself to keep,
Than to instruct and feed his sheep;
At what hour of the day you dine;
Whether you drink beer, punch, or wine
Whether you hunt, or shoot, or ride;
Or, by some muddy ditch's side,
Which you in visionary dream,
Call bubbling rill, or purling stream.
Sigh for some awkward country lass,
Who must of consequence surpass
All that is beautiful and bright,
As much as day surpasses night;

* These two last lines were added by Mr. Kenrick;
whom the piece was originally add'ed to.

Whether the people eat and drink,
Or ever talk, or ever think;
If, to the honour of their parts,
The men have heads, the women hearts;
If the moon rises and goes down,
And changes as the does in town;
If you've returns of night and day,
And seasons varying roll away;
Whether your mind exalted woos
Th' embraces of a serious muse;
Or if you write, as I do now,
The L—d knows what, the L—d knows how.—
These, and a thousand things like these,
The friendly heart are sure to please.

Now will my friend turn up his eyes,
And look superlatively wise;
Wonder what all this stuff's about,
And how the plague I found him out!
When he had taken so much pains,
In order to regale his brains
With privacy and country air,
To go, no foul alive knew where!
Besides, 'tis folly to suppose
That any person breathing goes
On such a scheme, with a design
To write or read such stuff as mine,
And idly waste his precious time
In all th' impertinence of rhyme.

My good, wife, venerable fir!
Why about nonsense all this stir!
Is it, that you would stand alone,
And read no nonsense but your own;
Though you're (to tell you, by the bye)
Not half so great a fool as I;
Or is that you make pretence,
Being a fool, to have some sense?

And would you really have my muse
Employ herself in writing news,
And most unconscionably teize her
With rhyming to Warsaw and Weser;
Or toss up a poetic olio,
Merely to bring in Marshal Broglio?
Should I recite what now is doing,
Or what for future times is brewing,
Or triumph that the poor French see all
Their hopes defeated at Montreal,
Or should I your attention carry
To Fred'rick, Ferdinand, or Harry,
Of flying Russian, dastard Swede,
And baffled Austria let you read;
Or gravely tell with what design
The youthful Henry pass'd the Rhine?
Or should I shake my empty head,
And tell you that the king is dead,
Observe what changes will ensue,
What will be what, and who'll be who,
Or leaving these things to my betters,
Before you set the state of letters?
Or should I tell domestic jars,
How author against author wars,
How both with mutual envy rankling,
Fr—k—n damus M—rp—y, M—rp—y Fr—k—n?
Or will it more your mind engage
To talk of actors and the stage,
To tell, if any words could tell,
What GARRICK acts still, and how well,

That SHERIDAN with all his care
Will always be a labour'd play'r,
And that his acting at the best
Is all but art, and art confess;
That BRIDE*, if reason may presume
To judge by things past, things to come,
In future times will tread the stage,
Equally form'd for love and rage,
Whilst POPE for comic humour fam'd,
Shall live when CLIVE no more is nam'd.

Your wisdom I suppose can't bear
About dull pantomime to hear;
Nor would you have a single word
Of Harlequin, and wooden sword,
Of dumb show, fools tricks, and wry faces,
And wit which lies all in grimaces;
Nor should I any thing advance
Of new invented comic dance.

Callous, perhaps, to things like these,
Would it your worship better please,
That I, more loaden than the camel,
Should crawl in philosophic trammels,
Should I attack the stars, and stray
In triumph o'er the milky way,
And like the TITANS try to move
From seat of empire royal Jove,
Then spread my terrors all around,
And his satellites confound,
Teach the war far and wide to rage,
And ev'ry flat by turns engage?
The danger we should share between us,
You fight with MARS and I with VENUS.

Or should I rather, if I could,
Talk of words little understood,
Centric, excentric, epicycle,
Fine words the vulgar ears to tickle!
A vacuum, plenum, gravitation,
And other words of like relation,
Which may agree with studious men,
But hurt my teeth, and gag my pen;
Things of such grave and serious kind
Puzzle my head and plague my mind;
Besides in writing to a friend
A man may any nonsense fend,
And the chief merit's to impart,
The honest feelings of his heart.

CHARITY.

A FRAGMENT.

Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. Hanbury.

WORTH is excis'd, and virtue pays
A heavy tax for barren praise.
A friend to universal man,
Is universal good your plan?
God may perhaps your project bless,
But man shall strive to thwart success,
Though the grand scheme thy thoughts pursue,
Bespeak a noble generous view,

* *Miss Bride, an Actress then of Drury-Lane Theatre, who soon after quitted the stage. See her character in the Ro ciad.*

Where CHARITY o'er all presides,
And SENSE approves what VIRTUE guides,
Yet wars and tumults will commence,
For rogues hate virtue, blockheads sense.

Believe me, opposition grows
Not always from our real foes,
But (where it seldom ever ends)
From our more dangerous seeming friends.
I hate not foes, for they declare,
'Tis war for war, and dare who dare;
But your fly, sneaking, worming owls,
Whom FRIENDSHIP scorns and FEAR controuls,
Who praise, support, and help by halves,
Like heifers, neither bulls, nor calves;
Who, in hypocrity's disguise,
Are truly *as the serpent wile*,
But cannot ALL the precept love,
And be *as harmless as the dove*.
Who hold each charitable meeting,
To mean no more than good sound eating,
While each becomes a hearty fellow
According as he waxes mellow,
And kindly helps the main design,
By drinking its succell in wine;
And when his feet and senses reel,
Totters with correspondent zeal;
Nay, would appear a patron wife,
But that his wisdom's in disguise,
And would harangue, but that his mouth,
Which ever hates the sin of drowth,
Catching the full perpetual glass,
Cannot afford a word to pass.

Such, who like true churchwardens eat,
Because the parish pays the treat,
And of their bellyful secure,
O'ersee, or over look the poor;
Who would no doubt be wond'rous just,
And faithful guardians of their trust,
But think the deed might run more clever
To them and to their heirs for ever,
That charity, too apt to roam,
Might end, where she begins, at home;
Who made all public good a trade,
Benevolence a mere parade,
And charity a cloak for sin,
To keep it snug and warm within;
Who flatter, only to betray,
Who promise much and never pay,
Who wind themselves about your heart
With hypocritic, knavish art,
Tell you what wond'rous things they're doing,
And undermine you to your ruin;
Such, or of low or high estate,
To speak the honest truth, I hate:
I view their tricks with indignation,
And loath each fulsome protestation,
As I would loath a whore's embrace,
Who smiles, and smirks, and strokes my face,
And all so tender, fond and kind,
As free of body, as of mind,
Affects the softness of the dove,
And p—xes me to show her love.

The maiden wither'd, wrinkled, pale,
Whose charms, though strong, are rather stale,
Will use that weapon call'd a tongue,
To wound the beautous and the young.

—What, DELIA handsome!—well!—I own
I'm either blind or stupid grown.
—The girl is well enough to pass,
A rosy, simple, rustic lass,
—But there's no meaning in her face,
And then her air, so void of grace!
And the world, with half an eye,
May see her shape grows quite awry.
—I speak not from an ill design,
For she's a favourite of mine,
—Though I could wish that she would wear
A more reserv'd becoming air;
Not that I hear of indiscretions,
Such folks, you know, make no confessions,
I though the WORLD says, that parson there,
That smock-fac'd man with darkish hair,
He who wrote verses on her bird,
The simplest things I ever heard,
Makes frequent visits there of late,
And is become exceeding great;
This I myself aver is true,
I saw him lead her to his pew.

Thus scandal, like a false quotation,
Misrepresents in defamation;
And where the happy cannot spy
A loop whereon to hang a lie,
Turns every action wrong side out
To bring her pautry tale about.

Thus excellence of every kind,
Whether of body or of mind,
Is but a mark set up on high,
For knaves to guide their arrows by,
A mere Scotch post for public itch,
Where hog, or man, may scrub his breech.

But thanks to nature, which ordains
A just reward for all our pains,
And makes us stem, with secret pride,
Hoarse DISAPPOINTMENT's rugged tide,
And like a lordly ship, which braves
The roar of winds, and rush of waves,
Weather all storms, which jealous hate
Or frantic malice may create.
'Tis CONSCIENCE, a reward alone,
CONSCIENCE, who plac'd on virtue's throne,
Eyes raging men, or raging seas,
Undaunted, firm, with heart at ease.

From her dark cave, though ENVY rise
With hollow cheeks, and jaundic'd eyes,
Though HATRED league with FOLLY vain,
And SPLEEN and RANCOUR join the train;
Shall VIRTUE shrink, abash'd, afraid,
And tremble at an idle shade?
Fear works upon the fool, or knave,
An honest man is always brave.
While OPPOSITION's fruitless aim
Is as the bellows to the flame,
And, like a Pagan persecution,
Enforces FAITH and RESOLUTION.

Though prejudice in narrow minds,
The mental eye of reason blinds;
Though WIT, which not e'en friends will spare,
Affect the sneering, laughing air,
Though DULLNESS, in her monkish gown,
Display the wisdom of a frown,
Yet TRUTH will force herself, in spite
Of all their efforts, into light.

See bigot monks in Spain prevail,
See GALILÆO dragg'd to gaol:
Hear the grave doctors of the schools,
The *Golgotha* of learned fools,
As damnable and impious brand
That art they cannot understand,
And out of zeal pervert the Bible,
As if it were a standing libel,
On every good and useful plan
That rises in the brain of man.

O BIGOTRY! whose frantic rage
Has blotted half the classic page,
And in religion's drunken fit,
Murder'd the Greek and Roman wit;
Who zealous for that faith's increase,
Whose ways are righteousness and peace,
With rods and whips, and sword, and axe,
With prisons, tortures, flames and racks,
With persecution's fiery goad,
Enforcing some new-fangl'd mode,
Wouldst pluck down REASON from her throne
To raise some phantom of thy own;
Alas! the fury undiscerning,
Which blasts, and stunts, and hews up learning,
Like an ill-judging zealous friend,
Blasphemes that wisdom you defend.

Go, kick the prostituted whores,
The nine stale *virgins* out of doors;
For let the abbess beat her drum,
Eleven thousand troops shall come;
All female forms, and virgins true,
As ever saint or poet knew.
And glorious be the honour'd name
Of WINIFREDE, of SAINTED fame,
Who to the church like light'ning sped,
And ran three miles without her head;
(Well might the modest lady run,
Since 'twas to keep her maiden one)
And when before the congregation
The prince fell dead for reparation,
Secure of life as well as honour,
Ran back with both her heads upon her.

No matter of what shape or size,
Gulp down the legendary lies,
Believe, what neither God ordains,
Nor Christ allows, nor sense maintains;
Make saint of Pope, or saint of Thief,
Believe almost in unbelief;
Yet with thy solemn priestly air,
By book and bell, and candle swear,
That God has made his own elect
But from your stem and favourite sect;
That he who made the world, has blest
One part alone, to damn the rest,
As if th' All-merciful and Just,
Who form'd us of one common dust,
Had render'd up his own decree,
And lent his attributes to thee.

Thus his own eyes the bigot blinds,
To shut out light from human minds,
And the clear truth (an emanation
From the great Author of creation,
A beam transmitted from on high,
To bring us nearer to the sky,
While ev'ry path by science trod,
Leads us with wonder up to God),

Is doom'd by ignorance to make
Atonement at the martyr's stake;
Though, like pure gold, th' illustrious dame,
Comes forth the brighter from the flame.
No persecution will avail;
No inquisition racks, nor gaol;
When learning's more enlight'ned ray
Shall drive these sickly fogs away:
A thankful age shall pay her more,
Than all her troubles hurt before.
See shame and scorn await on those
Who poorly dar'd to be her foes,
But will the grateful voice of fame
Sink truth, and GALILÆO's name?

How wilful, obstinate, and blind,
Are the main herd of human kind!
Well said the wit, who well had tried
That malice which his parts defied;
When merit's sun begins to break,
The dunces stretch, and strive to wake,
And amity of dunce with dunce,
Fingers out genius all at once.
As you may find the honey out,
By seeing all the flies about.
All ugly women hate a toad;
The goodliest fruit is pick'd the most;
The ivy winds about the oak,
And to the fairest comes the smoke.

Escap'd the dangers of the deep,
When GULLIVER fell fast asleep,
Stretch'd on the Lilliputian strand,
A giant in a pigmy land;
Watchful against impending harms,
All Lilliput cried out, To arms;
The trumpets echoed all around,
The captain slept exceeding sound,
Though crowds of undistinguish'd size
Assail'd his body, legs, and thighs,
While clouds of arrows flew apace,
And fell like feathers on his face.

THE WHIM.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. W. WOTTY.

THE praise of genius will offend
A foe no doubt, sometimes a friend;
But curse on genius, wit, and parts;
The thirst of science, love of arts,
If inconsistent with the plan
Of social good from man to man.
For me, who will, may wear the bays,
I value not such idle praise:
Let wrangling wits abuse, defame,
And quarrel for an empty name,
What's in this shuffling pace of rhyme,
Or *grand pas* stride of stiff sublime,
That vanity her trump should blow,
And look with scorn on folks below?
Are wit and folly close ally'd,
And match'd, like poverty, with pride?
When rival bards for fame contend,
The poet often spoils the friend;
Genius self-center'd feels alone
That merit he esteems his own,
And cold, o'er-jealous, and severe,
Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;

Malice steps in, good nature flies,
Folly prevails, and friendship dies.
Peace to all such, if peace can dwell
With those who bear about a hell,
Who blast all worth with envy's breath,
By their own feelings stung to death.
None but a weak and brainless fool,
Undisciplin'd in fortune's school,
Can hope for favours from the wit:
He pleads prescription to forget,
Unnotic'd let him live or rot,
And, as forgetful, be forgot,
Most wags, whose pleasure is to *smoke*,
Would rather lose their friend, than joke;
A man in rags looks something queer,
And there's *pass* humour in a sneer;
That jest, alike all wittings suits,
Which lies no further than the boots.
Give me the man whose open mind
Means social good to all mankind;
Who when his friend, from fortune's round,
Is toppled headlong to the ground,
Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's face;
Who, not self-taught and proudly wise,
Seeks more to comfort than advise,
Who less intent to shine than please,
Wears his own mirth with native ease,
And is from sense, from nature's plan,
The jovial guest, the honest man;
In short, whose picture, painted true,
In ev'ry point resembles you.

And will my friend for once excuse
This off'ring of a lazy muse?
Most lazy,—lest you think her not,
I'll draw her picture on the spot.
A perfect ease the dame enjoys;
Three chairs her indolence employs:
On one she squats her cushion'd bum,
Which would not rise, though kings should come;
An arm lolls dangling o'er another,
A leg lies *couchant* on its brother.
To make her look supremely wise,
At least like wisdom in disguise,
The weed, which first by *Raleigh* brought,
Gives thinking looks instead of thought,
She smokes, and smokes; without all feeling,
Save as the eddies climb the cieling,
And waft about their mild perfume,
She marks their passage round the room.
When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,
A pot of beer prevents her drowth,
Which with *potations pottle deep*
Lulls the poor maudlin muse to sleep.
Her books of which sh'as wond'rous need
But neither pow'r nor will to read,
In scatter'd tomes lie all around
Upon the lowliest shelf—the ground.

Such ease no doubt suits *easy* rhyme;
Folks walk about who write *SUBLIME*,
While *RECITATION*'s pompous sound
Drawls words sonorous all around,
And *ACTION* waves her hand and hed,
As those who bread and butter spread.

You bards who feel not fancy's dearth,
Who strike the roof, and kick the earth,

Whose muse superlatively high
Takes lodgings always near the sky
And like the lark with daring flight
Still soars and sings beyond our sight;
May trumpet forth your grand sublime,
And scorn our lazy lounging rhyme.
Yet though the lark in ether floats,
And trills no doubt diviner notes,
Carelessly perch'd on yonder spray,
The linnet sings a pretty lay.

What horrid, what tremendous fight
Shakes all my fabric with affright!
With *ARGUS*' hundred eyes he marks,
With triple mouth the monster barks;
And while he scatters flaming brands
BRIAREUS lends him all his hands.

Hist! 'tis a *CRITIC*.—Yes—'tis he
What would your graceless form with me?
Is it t' upbraid me with the crime
Of spinning unlabourious rhyme,
Of stringing various thoughts together
In verse, or prose, or both, or neither?
A vein, which though it must offend
You *lofty* Sirs who can't descend,
To fame has often made its way
From *BUTLER*, *PRIOR*, *SWIFT*, and *GAY*
Is it for this your brow austere
Frowns me to stone for very fear?
Hear my just reason first, and then
Approve me right, or split my pen.

I seek not by more labour'd lays
To catch the flipp'ry tail of praise,
Nor will I run a mad career
'Gainst genius which I most revere;
When *Phœbus* bursts with genuine fire,
The little stars at once retire;
Who cares a farthing for those lays
Which you can neither blame, nor praise?
I cannot match a *CHURCHILL*'s skill,
But may be *LANGHORNE* when I will:

Let the mere mimic, for each season bears
Your mimic bards as well as mimic plays.
Creep servilely along, and with dull pains
Lash his slow steed, in whose enfeebled veins
The cold blood lags, let him with fruitless aim
By borrow'd plumes assume a borrow'd fame,
With studied forms th' incautious ear beguile,
And ape the numbers of a *CHURCHILL*'s style.
Slaves may some fame from imitation hope;
Who'd be *PAUL WHITEHEAD*, though he ho-
nours *POPE*?

If clinking couplets in one endless chime
Be the sole beauty, and the praise of rhyme;
If found alone an easy triumph gains,
While fancy bleeds, and sense is hung in
chains,

Ye happy triflers hail the rising mode:
See, all *Parnassus* is a turnpike road,
Where each may travel in the highway track
On true bred hunter, or on common hack.
For me, who labour with poetic sin,
Who often woo the muse I cannot win,
Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
And folly spoilt by taking up the trade,
Pleas'd I beheld superior genius shine,
Nor ting'd with envy with that genius mine

To CHURCHILL's muse can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law :
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to please ;
Be his the STRENGTH of NUMBERS, mine the

EASE,

Ease that rejects not, but betrays no care :
Less of the coxcomb than the sloven's air.
Your taste, as mine, all metre must offend
When imitation is its only end.
I could perhaps that servile task pursue,
And copy CHURCHILL as I'd copy you,
But that my slipshod muse, too saucy grown,
Prefers that manner she can call her own.

ODE TO GENIUS.

THOU child of nature, genius strong,
Thou master of the poet's song,
Before whose light, art's dim and feeble ray
Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day :
Thou lov'st to steal along the secret shade,
Where fancy, bright ærial maid !
Awaits thee with her thousand charms,
And revels in thy wanton arms ;
She to thy bed, in days of yore,
The sweetly-warbling Shakspeare bore ;
Whom every muse endow'd with every skill,
And dipt him in that sacred rill,
Whose silver streams flow musical along,
Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount resounds with
raptur'd song.

For sake not thou the vocal choir,
Their breasts revisit with thy genial fire,
Else vain the studied sounds of mimic art,
Tickle the ear, but come not near the heart.
Vain every phrase in curious order set,
On each side leaning on the (stop-gap) epithet.
Vain the quick rhyme still tinkling in the close,
While pure description shines in measur'd prose,
Thou bear'st aloof, and look'st with high
disdain,

Upon the dull mechanic train ;
Whose nerveless strains flag on in languid tone,
Lifeless and lumpy as the bagpipe's drowzy
drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,
No poet offers up his lays ;
Inspir'd with energy divine,
To worship at thy sacred shrine.
Since taste *, with absolute domain,
Extending wide her leaden reign,
Kills with her melancholy shade,
The blooming scions of fair fancy's tree ;
Which erst fall wantonly have stray'd
In many a wreath of richest poetry.
For when the oak denies her stay,
The creeping ivy winds her humble way ;
No more the twists her branches round,
But drags her feeble stem along the barren
ground.

* By taste, is here meant the modern affection of it

Where then shall exil'd genius go ?
Since only those the laurel claim,
And boast them of the poet's name,
Whose sober rhymes in even tenour flow ;
Who prey on words, and all their flow'rets
cull,
Coldly correct, and regularly dull.
Why sleep the sons of genius now ?
Why, Wartons, rests the lyre unstrung ?
• And thou, blest bard ! around whose sacred
brow,
Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung :
Arise, and snatch the majesty of song
From dullness' servile tribe, and art's unhap-
low'd throng.

PROLOGUE, 1757.

Est schola rhetorices, celebrat quam crebra ju-
ventus,
Et tumido inflatos ejicit ore sonos.
Quà quisque assumit tragicas novus histrio partes,
Nec loquitur, verbum quin sapit omne, pathos.
Ingenia hic crescunt, mox successura theatris,
Regis, amatoris, prompta subire vices.
Multus ibi furis Macbethæ agitatus iniquis,
Elusâ telum prendit inane manu.
Multus ibi, insulcat cui vultus suber adustum
Immodicis sævit rauceus Othello minis.
Omnia queis tragicis opus est, hic arma parantur ;
Auribus insidie sunt, oculisque fux :
Conatus manuumque, pedumque, orisque rotundi,
Certatim et vultus vis, laterumque labor.
Quam sibi, dum gestu stat fixus quisque silenti,
Quam placet a speculo forma reflexa sui !
Hac studeant, cordi quibus ars et pompa theatri !
Non tamen est nobis inde petendus honor.
Ingenua ut pubes vultum sibi sumat apertum,
Et sensum affuscat fortius ore loqui ;
Ne dubiis tandem verba eluctantia labris
Occludat timidus præpeditaque pudor,
Ingredimur scenam ; nec clam vos, docta corona,
Commoda ab hoc tenui quanta labore fluent.
Hinc SAPERE ET FARI discit generosa juvenus,
Dum pavida accendit pectora laudis amor.
Freti his, majorem mox ingrediemur arenam ;
Hic stabilita vigent curia, rostra, forum.

PROLOGUE, 1758.

Hic nihil ad populum—non pompa hic vana
theatri,
Qualem ore attonito plebs inhiare solet :
Non scena hic splendet magicâ variabilis arte,
Et sumit formas prodigiosa novas :
Non hic, labrato subvectus fune per auras,
Mercurius celeres itque rediæque vias :
Nec freta cæruleæ turgent undosa papyro,
Nec resinato fulgurat igne polus :
Janua nec cæcos aperit furtiva recessus,
Unde minutatim proferat umbra caput.
Quin valeant levia hæc vulgi crepitacula ! jactant
Et proprium, et simplex, nostra theatra decus.

* Dr. Aikenfeld.

—Heus! nemon' audit?—fac furtum aulea trahantur!

—En! qualis qualis sit, nova scena patet.
En illæ, quas vos semper coluistis, Athenæ,
Gratia quas voluit, quas sibi nussa domum.
Hic sese ostendunt præci monumenta laboris,
Queis usa est modulis Vitruviana manus;
Hic stat ventorum, Thefei hic venerabile fanum.
Hic arce in summa, casta Minerva tuum.
Omnia jam votis respondent. Attica jam sunt
Omnia. Personæ, fabula, scena, fides.
Quoque etiam magis hæ nostræ latentur Athenæ,
Cecropidas actant vos, recoluntque suos.

PROLOGUS IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

Cum patres populumque dolor communis haberet,
Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma suum,
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipsis
Scenis extinctum condecorasse duem.
Equis adest, scenam nocte hæc qui spectet eandem,
Nec nobis luctum sentiet esse parem?
Utcunque arrisit pulchris victoria captis,
Quæ sol extremas visit uterque plagas,
Successus etiam medio de fonte Britannis
Surgit amari aliquid, legitimique dolor.
Si famæ generosa sitis, si bellica virtus,
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
Difficiles laurus, ipsoque in flore juventæ
Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies, [jure
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel si quid amabile,
Esto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus.
Nec moriere omnis—Quin usque corona vigeat,
Unanimis Britonum quam tibi nectit amor.
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
Confluet huc studio visendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flammæ corda calere pari;
Dumque legit mediis cecidisse herosa triumphis,
Dicit, sic DETUR VINCERE, sic MORIAR.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

SYRUS LOQUITUR.

QUANTA intus turba est! quanto molimine sudat,
Accinctus cultro et forcipe, quisque coquus!
Monstrum informe maris—TESTUDO—in prandia fertur,
Quæ, varia, et simplex, omnia sola sapit.
Pullina esca placet?—virulina?—sullia?—bovina?
Præsto est. Hæc quadrupes singula pisces habet.
De gente Æthiopum conducitur Archimagirus,
Qui secet, et coquat, et concoquat, arte novâ.
Qui doctæ contundat aromata; misceat aptè
Thus, apium, thyma, sal, cinnama, cepe, piper.
Qui jecur et pulmonem in frustra minutula scindat,
Curetque ut penitus sint saturata mero.
Multo ut ventriculus pulchre flavescat ab ovo;
Ut tremulus, circum viscera, vernet adeps.
His ritè instructis conchæ sint fercula! nam tu,
TESTUDO! et patinis sufficis, atque cibo.
Quam cuperem in laudes utriusque excurrere
conchæ!
Sed vercor Calipaso dicere—vel Calipeæ.

Vos etiam ad canam mecum appellare juvaret,
Vellenti et relicuis participare dapnem.
At sunt convivæ tam multi, tamque gulosi,
Restabit, metuo, nil nisi concha mihi.

RECITE STATUIT BAXTERUS DE SOMNIORUM PHÆNOMENIS.

Cum nox tellurem fuscis amplectitur alis,
Mabba aromos jungit celeres, et vincta per auras
Inchoat aëtuos simulatrix regia ludos.
Huic auriga culex tortum quatit usque flagellum,
Accelerat fugam tardis; retinacula currus
Eruca sunt texa levis, radique rotarum
Cruscula areneoli; currus, quem dente sciurus
Finxerat e coryli fructu, primæva vetustas
Hunc Mabba artefitem memorat: sub nocte
silenti

Hoc instructa modo egreditur, neque cernitur ulli.
Nonnunquam leviter cerebrum præstringit Aman.
Somnia ille faces jaculari et vulnera ocellis, [tis;
Malarum labrique rosas, perfusaque collo
Lilia: mox medici digitos titillat, avarus
Mercedis dextram qui pandit, et acriter aurum
Ter captat; ter vana manus eludit imago.
Nunc quoque sopite demulcet labra Puella;
Somnia illa procum, pulvinoque oscula fribans
Absens absentem teneris amplectitur ulnis;
Væ tibi, si lemurum videat regina colorem
Mentium suco, vultusque ex arte nitentes!
Præcipientes ager ira manus, lacerabit acuto
Ungue genas, simul amissâ dulcedine somni,
Osculaque, et tenues vanescit amator in auras.
Ampla sacerdotis nonnunquam transvolat ora;
Continuo rostrum conscendens hic thema trinas
Dividet in partes, exponendoque laborat,
Vel vigilem credas, adeo dormitat. Ad aures
Militis hinc niigrat; turbatur imagine belli
Fortis eques, gemitusque audit, strepitusque,
tubaque,

Exilit, et paulum trepidans, insomnia diris
Devovet, in lecto prolabitur,—ordormiscit.
Nunc rabulam palmâ mulcet, qui litibus aptus,
Defensoris agit causam, actorisque peritus,
Innectensque moras ad finem decipit ambos.
Sin casu visat facilis regina poetam,
Hunc sibi plaudentem deludit amabilis error,
Et riguos fontes, et amænos somniat hortos;
Cum vero vigil ille domum exploraverit omnem,
Viderit et tristis quam sit sibi curta supellex,
Quam vellet semper dormire!—Volubilis inde
Judices invehitur trans nasum, et naribus illi
Emunctor suboleat causa. Interdum Dea fesso,
Blanditur servo, qui libertate vagatur,
Exultans redit ad patriam carosque penates,
Et gremio uxoris longis amplexibus hæret.
Deinde rotâ strepitante fremit per colla tyranni;
Umbrarum ante oculos surgit chorus, improbus
orco

Quas dedie insontes; furiis agitur acerbis
Conscia mens, lectoque quies simul exulat. Inde
Si currus flectat, placidissima munera somni
Quæ carpie sceleris purus; non territus ille
Spectrorum est cætu, et furiarum ultricibus iris,
Sed molli potitur requie, aut si somniat umbræ

Delectant oculos gratæ; prædulcis imago
Virtutis reficit mentem, et tellure relicta
Radit iter liquidum cæli, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio felix. O tu! quicumque beatum
Te velis, et tuto tranquillum carpere somnum;
I, pete, quo virtus ducit! ne vindice curru
Mabba ferox instet, vexentque cubilia curæ.
I, pete, quo virtus ducet! te numine molli
Mabba teget, radetque levi tua pectora curru.

In comitiis posteribus, Apr. 5. 1753.

*Carmina ad nobilissimum Thomam Holles ducem de
Neuville inscripta, cum academiam Cantabrigien-
sem Bibliotheca restituenda causa inscribet.*

Prid. Kalend. Maias, 1753.

DE REGE.

AUGUSTUS, artium usque fautor optimus,
Hic moenia haud inauspicato numine
Condi imperavit consecrata literis;
Eo nitore et partium elegantia,
Ut invidenda sint vel illis Ædibus
Quæ seculorum voce comprobantur
Præ cæteris superbiunt, iustissima
Romæ recentis et vetustæ gloria.
Nec his supplex digna deerit monibus,
Et vaticanæ, Bodleanæque æmula;
Id ille abundè caverat, novissimus
Dedit volenti jura qui Britannia.
Brunsvichianis scilicet sanctissimum est
Legesque tutari et fovere literas.

AD CANCELLARIUM.

O TU, qui doctas camī feliciter artes
Protegis, aonii duxque decusque chori,
Quod domus incipiat tam læto hæc omine condi,
Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum est.
Munera dant numerosa manus procerumque pa-
trumque,
Exemplo et monitis exstimulata tuis.
Perge, fovere artes, nec vanum urgere laborem:
Tam pulchrum pulchrè musa rependet opus.
Hæc moles quamquam ipsa ruet; monumenta,
camenæ
Quæ condent, nullo sunt ruitura die.

CARMEN ELEGIACUM,

IN CEMETERIO RUSTICO COMPOSITUM.

(Gray's Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard.)

AUDISTIN! quam lenta sonans campana per agros,
Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.
Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.
Solus ego in tenebris moror, et vestigia solus
Compono tacitæ nocte, vacoque mihi.
Omnia palleseunt jam decedentia visu,
Et terra et cælum, quæ patet, omne silet.
Cuncta silent, nisi musæa suam sub vespere sero
Raucisonans pigræ quæ retat orbe fugam;
Cuncta silent, nisi quæ facilis campanula sonans
Allicit, et lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quæque hedera antiquas fociâ complectitur umbrâ
Turres, seralis lugubre cantat avis;
Et strepit ad lunam si quis sub nocte vagetur
Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ
Qua putris multo cespitem target humus,
Dormit, in æternum dormit, gens prisca colonum,
Quisque suâ angustâ conditus usque domo.

Hoc nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior
aura,

Nec galfus vigili qui vocat ore diem,
Nec circumvolitans quæ stridula garrir hirundo
Stramineumque altâ sub trabe figit opus,
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata sonantis
Æterno elicient hos, repetentque toro.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;
Nec reditum expectans domini sub vespere sero
Excoquet agrestes officiosa dapes;
Nec curret rapim genitoris ad oscula proles,
Nec reducem agnoscent æmula turba patrem.

Quam sæpe hi rastris glebam fregere feracem?
Sæpe horum cecidit falce resecta seges.
Quam læti egerunt stridentia plaustra per agros,
Et stimulis tardos increpuec boves
Horum sylva vetus quam concidit icta bipenni,
Quæque ruit latè vi tremefecit humum!

Ne tamen ambitio risu male læta maligno
Sortemve, aut lusus, aut rude temnat opus!
Nec fronte excipiat ventosa superbia torvâ
Pauperis annales, historiarumque breves!

Et generis jactatus honos dominatio regum,
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedere boni,
Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noctem:
Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ insimulare, superbi,
Quod domini ostendant nulla trophæa decus,
Quæ canit amissum longo ordine turba patronum,
Clarosque ingeminant claustra profunda sonos.

An vanis inscripta notis augustior urna,
Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,
An revocent animam fatali a sede fugacem?
Detque iterum vinâ possit priore frui?
Possit adulantum sermo penetrare sepulchrum?
Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

Forsan in hoc, olim divino semine prægnans
Ingenii, hoc aliquis cespitem dormit adhuc.
Neglecto hoc forsan jaceat sub cespitem, sceptrâ
Cujus fractarint imperiosa manus.
Vel quales ipso forsan vel Apolline dignæ
Pulsarint docto pollice fila lyræ.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina prisce
Nunquam divitias explicuere suas.
Horum autem ingenium torpescere fecit egestas
Aspera et angustæ fors inimica domi.

Multa sub oceano pellucida gemma latebat,
Et rudis ignotum fert et inane decus.
Plurima neglectos fragrans rosa pauid odoræ,
Ponit et occiduo pendula sole caput.

Æmulus Hamdeni hic aliquis requiescat agrestis,
 Queni patriæ indignans extimulavit amor;
 Ausus hic exigua est villæ oppugnare tyranno,
 Asserere et forti jura paterna manu.
 Aut mutus forsan, fatoque inglorius alter
 Hæc vel Miltono par, requiescat humo.
 Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax,
 Qui patriam poterit vel jugulasse suam.

Eloquio arrectam prompto mulcere senatum,
 Exiliis immoto pectore ferre minas,
 Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
 Historiam ex populi colligere ore suam.

Illorum vetuit fors improba;—nec tamen arcto
 Tantum ad virtutem limite clausit iter,
 Verum etiam et vitia ulterius transire vetabat,
 Nec dedit his magnum posse patrare scelus.
 Hos vetuit temere per stragem invadere regnum,
 Excipere et furdâ supplicis aure preces.

Sentire ingenium nec dedicere ruborem,
 Conscia suffusus quò notat ora pudor.
 Luxuriâ hi nunquam sese immergere superbâ,
 Nec musæ his laudes prostituere suas.

At placide illorum, procul a certamine turbæ
 Spectabant propriam sobria vota domum;
 Quisque sibi vivens, et sponte inglorius exul,
 Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

Hæc tamen a damno qui servet tutius ossa,
 En tumulus fragilem præbet amicis opem!
 Et vera agresti eliciunt suspiria corde
 Incultæ effigies, indocilesque modi.

Atque locum suppleant elegorum nomen et anni
 Quæ formâ inscribit rustica musa rudi:
 Multa etiam sacri diffundit conimata textûs,
 Quis meditans discat vulgus agreste mori.

Hæu! quis enim dubiâ hæc dulcique excedere vitâ
 Jussus, et æternas jam subiturus aquas,
 Descendit nigram ad noctem, cupidulque supremo
 Non saltem occiduum respicit ore diem?

Decedens alicui saltem mens fidit amico
 In cujus blando pectore ponit opem;
 Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte
 Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas;
 Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non insecta flammæ,
 Natura exclamat fida, memorque sui.

At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine sortem,
 Et defunctorum rustica fata gemis,
 Huc olim intentus si quis vestigia flectat
 Et fuerit qualis tua sorte roget.

Hic aliquis forsan senior respondeat ultro
 Cui niveis albeant tempora parsa comis;
 "Vidimus hunc quàm sæpe micantes roribus
 "herbas

"Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.

"Ad roseum solis properabat sæpius ortum,

"Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

"Sæpe sub hæc fago, radices undique circum

"Quæ variè antiquas implicat alta suas,

"Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æstu,

"Lustraretque inhians flebile murmur aque.

"Sæpius hanc sylvam propter viridesque recessus
 "Urgeret meditans plurima, lentus iter,
 "Intentanti hic multâ plectaret imagine mentem;
 "Musarumque frequens sollicitaret opem.
 "Jam veluti demens, tacitis erraret in agris,
 "Aut cujus stimulat corda repulsus amor.

"Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat
 "arbos,
 "Nec juga, nec saliens fons, tacitumve nemus;
 "Altera lux oritur: nec apertâ hic valle videtur,
 "Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam,

"Tertia successit—lentoque exangue cadaver
 "Ecce sepulchrali est pompa secuta gradu.
 "Tu lege, namque potes, calatum in marmore
 "carmen,
 "Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iste lapis."

EPITAPHIUM.

Cui nunquam favit fama aut fortuna secunda,
 Congesto hoc juvenem cespitem servat humus.
 Huic tamen arrisit jucunda scientia vultu,
 Selegitque, habitans pectora, cura sibi.

Largus opum fuit, et sincero pectore fretus,
 Accepit pretium par, tribuente Deo.
 Indoluit miserans inopi, lachrymasque profudit.
 —Scilicet id, miseris quod daret, omne fuit,
 A cælo interea fidum acquisivit amicum,
 Scilicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,
 Nec vitia ex sacrâ sede referre petas,
 Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter spe condita restant;
 In gremio Patris scilicet atque Dei.

CARMEN ELEGAN.

(Pope's Song, by a Person of Quality.)

Tuque adeo roseas expande volatilis alas,
 Et leviter pectus tange, Cupido, meum.
 Imperiis, pulchelle, tuis ego servulus ultro;
 Naturam ars victrix scilicet usque domat.

Arcades, æterno viridantes flore juventæ,
 Nocte innutantes qualibet inter oves,
 Uspicite, ut sensim languens juvenilior ætas,
 Hæc juxta, hæc, inquam florea saxa perit!

Ante omnes carum sic levit Adonida Cypris,
 Deceptusque Deam tristius urist amor;
 Hunc, tacite adrepens per densa silentia noctis
 Incantum sævo dente momordit aper.

Stringe lyram interea pulchrè Prudentia ludens,
 Harmonizque graves, Cynthia, funde modos!
 Doctæ ambæ vigilas curas sopire canendo,
 Tuque tuum imperti, Præses Apollo, chorum!

Tuque adamanteis, Pluton' armate catenis,
 O tu terrorum rex, metuende Deus,
 Duc me, quâ passim chrySTALLINA flumina currunt,
 Elysique lavat lucida lympha nemus.

Vos etiam mæsti salices, tristesque cupressi
 Aureliæ æternum ferta dicata meæ;

Andi etiam, Morpheu, divum placidissime Mor-
pheu,
Ut queror, ut penitus maceror igne novo.

Tristè fluens, sed lenè fluens, Mæander, amæno
Murmure qui cursum flexilis orbe rotas!
Margine sæpe etiam quam plurimus errat amator,
Cui tua submitunt florea dona decus.

Sic quando sensim languens Philomela, silentem
Mollior aggreditur, nec sine voce, procum;
Aspice, de cælo interea Junonius ales
Descendens, fato cedit inane Melos.

PART OF HOMER'S

HYMN TO APOLLO.

Translated from the Greek.

God of the bow! Apollo, thee I sing;
Thee, as thou draw'st amain the sounding string,
Th' immortal pow'rs revere with homage low,
And ev'ry godhead trembles at thy bow.
All but Latona: she with mighty Jove
Eyes thee with all a tender parent's love;
Closes thy quiver, thy tough bow unbends,
And high amid th' ethereal dome suspends;
Then smiling leads thee, her all-glorious son,
To share the mighty thunderer's awful throne.
Goblets of nectar thy glad fire prepare,
And thee, his fairest, noblest son declares;
While ev'ry god sits rapt, Latona's breast
Beats with superior joy, and hails her son con-
fest.

Thrice blest Latona! from thee, goddess, sprung
Diana chaste, and Phœbus ever-young:

* Her in Ortygia's isle, and him you bore
At Cynthius' hill on Delos' sea-girt shore,
Where the tall palm uprears its lovely head,
And clear Inopus laves the flow'ry mead.

O Phœbus, where shall I begin thy praise?

Well can'st thou rule the poet's artless lays.
Oft on the craggy rock, or mountain hoar,
By river side, or on the sea's hoarse shore,
Wand'ring well-pleased, with music's magic sound,
And airs divine, thou charm'st the region round.
Say, shall I sing how first on Delos' shore,
Thee, glorious progeny, Latona bore?
How first, from other isles, beset with grief,
In vain thy tortur'd mother sought relief.
Each to her out-cast woe denied abode,
Nor durst one isle receive the future god.
At length to Delos came the lab'ring fair,
And suppliant thus besought her needful care.

Delos! receive Apollo, and O! raise
A glorious temple to record his praise!
Then shall he govern thee with gentle sway,
And only Phœbus shall thine isle obey.
What though no flocks, nor herds, nor juicy vine,
Nor plants of thousand natures shall be thine,

* Delos and Ortygia are mentioned as different islands
in the original.

† Here several verses containing nothing but a mere
list of the names of islands are omitted.

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Swift to the temple of the Bowyer-king*,
Oblations rich shall ev'ry nation bring;
For ever from thy altars shall arise
The fragrant incense of burnt-sacrifice.
No longer then regret thy barren soil,
Receive the God, and live by other's toil!

She spake: with inward rapture Delos smil'd,
And sooth'd the suppliant pow'r with answer mild.

Latona! mighty Cæus' daughter fair,
Full willingly would Delos ease thy care,
Full willingly behold her barren earth.
Witness the glories of Apollo's birth:
The mighty god would raise my lowly name,
And consecrate his native isle to fame.
One fear alone distracts my beating heart;
That fear, O goddess, list while I impart.

Second to none amid th' ethereal skies,
Apollo soon all-terrible shall rise:
All nations shall adore the mighty god,
And kings and kingdoms tremble at his nod:
Haply (for ah! dire fears my soul infect,
And fill with horror my tumultuous breast)
Soon as the glorious godhead shall be born,
My desert region will be view with scorn,
Indignant spurn me, curse my barren soil,
And plunge into the waves my hated isle.

Triumphant then to happier climes remove,
There fix his shrine, plant there his sacred grove.
Whelm'd in the briny main shall Delos lay,
To all the sinny brood a wretched prey.

But, O Latona! if, to quell my fear,
You'll deign a solemn oath to swear,
That here the god his glorious seat shall hold,
And here his sapient oracles unfold,
Your sacred burden here, Latona, lay,
Here view the godhead bursting into day.

Thus Delos pray'd, nor was her pray'r denied,
But soon with solemn vows thus ratified:
Witness O heaven and earth! O Stygian lake!
Dire adjuration, that no god my break!
In Delos shall Apollo's shrine be rear'd,
Delos, his best lov'd, most honour'd, most re-
ver'd.

Thus vow'd Latona: Delos hail'd her earth
Blest in the glories of Apollo's birth.
Nine hapless days and nights, with writhing throes,
And all the anguish of a mother's woes,
Latona tortur'd lay; in sorrowing mood,
Around her many a sister-goddess stood,
Aloft in heaven imperial Juno sat,
And view'd relentless her unhappy fate.
Lucina too, the kind alluaging pow'r
That tends the lab'ring mother's child-bed hour,
And mitigates her woes, in golden clouds
High on Olympus' top the goddess thronds.
Her large full eyes with indignation roll,
And livid envy seiz'd her haughty soul,
That from Latona's loins was doom'd to spring
So great a son, the mighty Bowyer-king.
The milder pow'rs, that near the lab'ring fair
View'd all her pangs with unavailing care,

* Bowyer-king, and Bowyer-god, are expressions
frequently used by Dryden, in his version of the first Iliad,
to signify Apollo.

X x

Fair Iris sent, the many colour'd maid.
To gain with goodly gifts Lucina's aid,
But charg'd her heed, lest Juno should prevent
With prohibition dire their kind intent.
Fleet as the winged winds, the flying fair
With nimble pinion cut the liquid air.
Olympus gain'd, apart the call'd the maid,
Then fought with many a pray'r her needful aid,
And mov'd her soul : when soon with dove-like
pace

Swiftly they measur'd back the viewless airy space.

Soon as to Delos' isle Lucina came
The pangs of travail seiz'd Latona's frame.
Her twining arms she threw the palm around,
And prest with deep-indented knee the ground :
Then into day sprung forth the jolly boy,
Earth smil'd beneath, and heaven rang with joy.

The sister pow'rs that round Latona stood
With chaste ablutions cleans'd the infant-god.
His lovely limbs in mantle white they bound,
And gently drew a golden swathe around.
He hung not helpless at his mother's breast,
But Themis fed him with an heavenly feast.
Pleas'd while Latona views the heavenly boy,
And fondly glows with all a mother's joy,
The lusty babe, strong with ambrosial food,
In vain their bonds or golden swathes withstood ;
Bonds, swathes, and ligaments with ease he
broke,

And thus the wond'ring deities bespoke ;

" The lyre, and founding bow, and to declare

" The thund'rer's counsels, be Apollo's care !"

He spake ; and onwards all majestic strode ;
The queen of heaven awe-struck view'd the god,
Delos beheld him with a tender smile,
And hail'd, enrich'd with gold, her happy isle ;
Her happy isle, Apollo's native seat,
His sacred haunt, his best-belov'd retreat.

Grac'd with Apollo, Delos glorious shines,
As the tall mountain crown'd with stately pines.

Now stony Cynthus would the god ascend,
And now his course to various islands bend.
Fell many a fane, and rock, and shady grove,
River, and mountain did Apollo love ;
But chiefly Delos : The Ionians there,
With their chaste wives and prattling babes, repair.
There gladly celebrate Apollo's name

With many a solemn rite and sacred game ;
The jolly dance and holy hymn prepare,
And with the castus urge the manly war.
If, when their sacred feast th' Ionians hold,
Their gallant sports a stranger should behold,
View the strong nerves the brawny chiefs that
brace,

Or eye the softer charms of female grace ;
Then mark their riches of a thousand kinds,
And their tall ships born swift before the winds,
So goodly to the sight would all appear,
The fair assembly gods he would declare.

There too the Delian virgins, beauteous choir,
Apollo's handmaids, wake the living lyre ;
To Phœbus first they consecrate the lays,
Latona then and chaste Diana praise,
Then heroes old, and matrons chaste rehearse,
And sooth the raptur'd heart with sacred verse.

Each voice, the Delian maids, each human sound
With aptest imitation sweet resound :

Their tongue so justly tune with accents new,
That none the false distinguish from the true.

Latona ! Phœbus ! Dian, lovely fair !

Blest Delian nymphs, Apollo's chiefest care,

All hail ! and O with praise your poet crown,

Nor all his labours in oblivion drown !

If haply some poor pilgrim shall inquire,

" O virgins, who most skillful smites the lyre ?

" Whole lofty verse in sweetest descant rolls,

" And charms to extasy the hearers souls ?"

O answer, a blind bard in Chios dwells,

In all the arts of verse who far excells.

Then o'er the earth shall spread my glorious fame,

And distant nations shall record my name.

But Phœbus never will I cease to sing,

Latona's noble son, the mighty Bowyer-king.

Thrice Lycia and Mæonia, thee, great pow'r,

The blest Miletus' habitants adore ;

But thy lov'd haunt is sea-girt Delos' shore.

Now Pytho's stony soil Apollo treads,

And all around ambrosial fragrance sheds,

Then strikes with matchless art the golden strings,

And ev'ry hill with heavenly music rings.

Olympus now and the divine abodes

Glorious he seeks, and mixes with the gods.

Each heavenly bosom pants with fond desire

To hear the lofty verse and golden lyre.

Drawn by the magic sound, the virgin nine

With warblings sweet the sacred minstrel join :

Now with glad heart, loud voice, and jocund lays

Full sweetly carol bounteous heaven's praise ;

And now in dirges sad, and numbers flow

Relate the piteous tale of human woe ;

Woe, by the gods on wretched mortals cast,

Who vainly shun affliction's wintry blast,

And all in vain attempt with food delay

Death's certain shaft toward, or chase old age away.

The graces there, and smiling hours are seen,

And Cytheria, laughter-loving queen,

And harmony, and Hebe, lovely hand,

To sprightliest measures dancing hand in hand.

There, of no common port or vulgar mien,

With heavenly radiance, shines the huntress-queen,

Warbles responsive to the golden lyre,

Tunes her glad notes, and joins the virgin choir.

There Mars and Mercury with awkward play,

And uncouth gambols, waste the live-long day.

There as Apollo moves with graceful pace

A thousand glories play around his face :

In splendour dress'd he joins the festive band,

And sweeps the golden lyre with magic hand.

Mean while, Latona and imperial Jove

Eye the bright godhead with parental love :

And, as the deities around him play,

Well pleas'd his goodly mien and awful port sur-
vey*.

* The Translator, when he began this piece, had some thoughts of giving a complete English version of all Homer's Hymns, being the only parts of his works never yet translated ; but (to say nothing of his opinion of this specimen of his translation) fearing that this species of poetry, though it has its beauties and does not want admirers among the learned, would appear far less a-

FROM CATULLUS.

Censor, that dear bewitching prude,
Still calls me saucy, pert, and rude,
And sometimes almost strikes me;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,
Spite of the knitting of her brow,
I'm very sure she likes me.

Ask you me, why I fancy thus?
Why, I have call'd her jilt and pufs,
And thought myself above her;
And yet I feel it, to my cost,
That when I rail against her most,
I'm very sure I love her.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE HENRIADE.

Translated from the French of M. de Voltaire.

THE chieftain, France, of try'd illustrious worth,
By right of conquest, king, by right of birth,
I sing. Who, tutor'd in misfortune's school,
There learnt the noblest science, how to rule;
Bad faction's furious discord cease to rave,
Valiant to conquer, merciful to save;
Baffled the daring league's rebellious schemes,
MAYENNE's proud hopes, and Spain's ambitious dreams:

With civil prudence blest, with martial fire,
A nation's conqueror, and a nation's sire. [height
Truth, heavenly maid, from th' Empyrean
Descend, and with thy strong and purest light
My verse illumine! and O, let mortals hear
Thy sacred word, and awfully revere!
Be thou my guide! thy sage experience brings
Unerring maxims to the ear of kings.
'Tis thine, blest maid, and only thine, to show
What most befits the regal pow'r to know.
Purge thou the film from off a nation's eyes,
And show what ills from civil discord rise!
Nor spare with decent boldness to disclose
The prince's errors, and the people's woes:
And O! if fable e'er, in times of yore,
Mix'd her soft accents with thy sterner lore,
If e'er her hand adorn'd thy tow'ring head,
And o'er thy front her milder graces spread;
If e'er her shades, which lovingly unite,
Bad thy fair form spring stronger into light,
With me, permit her all thy steps to trace,
Not to conceal thy beauties, but to grace!

Still VALOIS reign'd, and sunk in pleasure's
bow'r,

O'er a mad state held loose the reins of pow'r:
The trampled law had lost its ancient force,
And right confounded, mis'd her even course.
'Twas thus when VALOIS France's sceptre bore,
Scepter'd indeed, but now a king no more;
Not glory's minion now, the voice of fame,
Swell'd the loud trumpet to the hero's name;

agreeable to the mere English reader, he desisted. They, who would form the justest idea of this sort of composition among the ancients, may be better informed, by perusing Dr Akenside's most classical hymn to the Naiads, than from any translation of Homer or Callimachus.

His laurels wither'd, and all blasted now,
Which conquest hung upon his infant brow;
Whose progress Europe mark'd with conscious fear,
Whose loss provok'd his country's common tear,
When, the long train of all his virtues known,
The north admiring call'd him to the throne.
In second rank, the light which strikes the eyes,
Rais'd to the first, grows dim, and feebly dies.
From war's stern soldier, active, firm, and brave,
He sunk a monarch, pleasure's abject slave.
Lull'd with soft ease, forgetful all of state,
His weakness totter'd with a kingdom's weight;
Whilst lost in sloth, and dead to glorious fame,
The sons of riot govern'd in his name.
QUELUS, ST. MAIGRIN, death-cemented pair,
JOYEUSE the gay, and D' ESPERON the fair,
The careless king in pleasure plung'd with these,
In lust intemperate, and lethargic ease.

Meantime the GUISES, fortunate and brave,
Catch'd the fair moment which his weakness gave.
Then rose the fatal league in evil hour,
That dreadful rival of his waning pow'r.
The people blind, their sacred monarch brav'd,
Led by those tyrants, who their rights enslav'd.
His friends forsook him, helpless and alone,
His servants chas'd him from his royal throne;
Revolted Paris, deaf to kingly awe,
Within her gates the crowding stranger saw.
Through all the city burst rebellion's flame;
And all was lost, when virtuous BOURBON came;
Came, full of warlike ardour, to restore
That light his prince, deluded, had no more.
His active presence breath'd an instant flame;
No longer now the sluggish sons of shame,
Onward they press, where glory calls, to arms,
And spring to war from pleasure's silken charms:
To Paris' gates both kings advance amain,
Rome felt th' alarm, and trembled haughty Spain;
While Europe, watching where the tempest falls,
With anxious eyes beheld th' unhappy walls.

Within was DISCORD, with her hell-born train,
Stirring to war the league, and haughty MAYNE,
The people, and the church: and from on high
Call'd out to Spain, rebellion's prompt ally.
DISCORD, dread monster, deaf to human woe,
To her own subjects an avengeful foe,
Bloody, impetuous, eager to destroy,
In man's misfortune founds her hateful joy;
To neither party ought of mercy shown,
Well pleas'd the stabs the dagger in her own;
Dwells a fierce tyrant in the breast the fires,
And smiles to punish what herself inspires.

West of the city, near those borders gay,
Where Seine obliquely winds her sloping way,
(Scenes now, where pleasure's soft retreats are
founded,
Where triumphs art, and nature smiles around,
Then, by the will of fate, the bloody stage
For war's stern combat and relentless rage)
Th' unhappy VALOIS bade his troops advance,
There rush'd at once the generous strength of
France.

A thousand heroes, eager for the fight,
By sects divided, from revenge unite.
These virtuous BOURBON leads, their chosen guide,
Their cause confederate, and their hearts allied.

It seem'd the army felt one common flame,
Their zeal, religion, cause, and chief the same.

The sacred LOUIS, sire of BOURBON's race,
From azure skies, beside the throne of grace,
With holy joy beheld his future heir,
And ey'd the hero with paternal care;
With such as prophets feel, a blest presage,
He saw the virtues of his ripening age:
Saw glory round him all her laurels deal,
Yet wail'd his errors, though he lov'd his zeal;
With eye prophetic he beheld, e'en now,
The crown of France adorn his royal brow;
He knew the wreath was destin'd which they gave,
More will'd the faint, the light which shines to save.

Still HENRY's steps mov'd onward to the throne,
By secret ways, e'en to himself unknown;
His help from Heaven the holy prophet sent,
But hid the arm his wife indulgence lent:
Left sure of conquest, he had slack'd his flame,
Nor grappled danger for the meed of fame.

Already MARS had donn'd his coat of mail,
And doubtful conquest held her even scale;
Carnage with blood had mark'd his purple way,
And slaughter'd heaps in wild confusion lay,
When VALOIS thus his part'ner king address'd,
The sigh deep-heaving from his anxious breast.

"You see what fate, what humbling fate is mine,
Nor yet alone—the injury is thine.

"The dauntless league, by hardy chieftains led,
Which hisses faction with her hydra head,
"Boldly confederate by a desperate oath,
"Aims not at me alone, but strikes at both.
"Though I long since the regal circle wear,
"Though thou by rank succeed my rightful heir,
"Paris disowns us, nor will homage bring
"To me their present, you their future king.
"Thine, well they know the next illustrious claim,
"From law, from birth, and deeds of loudest
"fame;

"Yet from that throne's hereditary right
"Where I but totter, would exclude thee quite.
"Religion hurls her furious bolts on thee,
"And holy councils join her firm decree:
"ROME, though the raise no soldier's martial band,
"Yet kindles war through every awe-struck
"land;

"Beneath her banners bids each host repair,
"And trusts her thunder to the Spaniard's care,
"Far from my hopes each summer friend is flown,
"No subjects hail me on my sacred throne;
"No kindred now the kind affection shows,
"All fly their king, abandon, or oppose:
"Rich in my spoils, with greedy treacherous haste,
"While the base Spaniard lays my country waste.
"Midst foes like these, abandon'd, and betray'd,
"France in her turn shall seek a foreign aid:
"Shall Britain's court by secret methods try,
"And win ELIZA for a firm ally.
"Of old I know between each pow'rful state,
"Subsists a jealous and immortal hate;
"That London lifts its tow'ring front on high,
"And looks on Paris with a rival eye;
"But I, the monarch of each pageant throne,
"Have now no subjects, and no country own:

"Vengeance alone my stern resolves avow,
"Who gives me that, to me is Frenchman now.
"The snail-pac'd agents, whose deliberate way
"Creeps on in trammels of prescrib'd delay,
"Such fit not now; 'tis you, great prince, alone
"Must haste a suppliant to ELIZA's throne.
"Your voice alone shall needful succours bring,
"And arm Britannia for an injur'd king.
"To Albion hence, and let thy happier name
"Plead the king's cause, and raise their generous
"flame!

"My foes' defeat upon thy arm depends,
"But from thy virtue I must hope for friends."
Thus spoke the king, while HENRY's looks con-
felt

The jealous ardour which inflam'd his breast,
Left others' arms might urge their glorious claim,
And ravish from him half the meed of fame.
With deep regret the hero number'd o'er
The wreaths of glory he had won before;
When, without succours, without skill's intrigue,
Himself with CONDE shook the trembling league,
When those command, who holds the regal sway.
It is a subject's virtue to obey.

Resolv'd to follow what the king commands,
The blows, suspended, fell not from his hands;
He rein'd the ardour of his noble mind,
And, parting, left the gather'd wreaths behind.
Th' astonish'd army felt a deep concern,
Fate seem'd depending on the chief's return.
His absence still unknown, the pent-up foe
In dire expectation dread the sudden blow;
While VALOIS' troops still feel their hero's flame,
And virtue triumphs in her HENRY's name.

Of all his fav'rites, none their chief attend,
Save MORNAY brave, his soul's familiar friend.
MORNAY of steady faith, and manners plain,
And truth, untainted with the flatterers' strain;
Rich in desert, of valour rarely tried,
A virtuous champion, though on error's side;
With signal prudence blest, with patriot zeal
Firm to his church, and to the public weal;
Censor of courtiers, but by courts below'd,
Rome's fierce assailant, and by Rome approv'd.

Acrofs two rocks, where with tremendous roar
The foaming ocean lashes either shore,
To Dieppe's strong port the hero's steps repair,
The ready sailors ply their busy care.
The tow'ring ships, old ocean's lordly kings,
Aloft in air display their canvas wings;
Not swell'd by Boreas now, the glassy seas
Flow'd calmly on, with zephyr's gentle breeze.
Now, anchor weigh'd, they quit the friendly
shore,

And land receding greets their eyes no more.
Jocund they sail'd, and Albion's chalky height
At distance rose full fairly to the sight.
When rumbling thunders rend th' affrighted pole,
Loud roar the winds, and seas tempestuous roll:
The livid lightnings cleave the darken'd air,
And all around reigns horror and despair.
No partial fear the hero's bosom knows,
Which only trembled for his country's woes,
It seem'd his looks tow'rd her in silence bent,
Accus'd the winds, which cross'd his great intent.

So CÆSAR, striving for a conquer'd world,
Near Epire's banks, with adverse tempest hurl'd,
Trusting, undaunted, and securely brave.
Rome's and the world's fate to the swelling wave.
Though leagu'd with POMPEY NEPTUNE's self
engage,

Oppos'd his fortune to dull ocean's rage.

Meantime that GOD, whose power the tempest
binds,

Who rides triumphant on the wings of winds,
That GOD, whose wisdom, which presides o'er all,
Can raise, protect, or crush this earthly ball,
From his bright throne, beyond the starry skies,
Beheld the hero with considering eyes,
GOD was his guide, and 'mid the tempest's rear
The tossing vessel reach'd the neighbouring shore;
Where Jersey rises from the ocean's bed,
There, heaven-conducted, was the hero led.

At a small distance from the shore there stood,
The growth of many years, a shadowy wood.
A neighbouring rock the calm retirement saves
From the rude blasts, and hoarse-resounding waves.
A grotto stands behind, whose structure knows
The simple grace which nature's hand bestows.
Here, far from court remov'd, a holy sage
Spent the mild evening of declining age.
While free from worldly toils, and worldly woe,
His only study was himself to know:
Here mus'd, regretting on his mispent days,
Or lost in love, or pleasure's flow'ry maze.
No gusts of folly swell the dangerous tide,
While all his passions to a calm subside;
The bubble life he held an empty dream,
His food the simple herb, his drink the stream;
Tranquil and calm he drew his aged breath,
And look'd with patience tow'rd the port of
death,

When the pure soul to blissful realms shall soar,
And join with GOD himself to part no more.
The GOD he worshipp'd ey'd the zealous sage,
And bless'd with wisdom's lore his silver'd age:
Gave him the skill of prophecy to know,
And from fate's volume read events below.

The sage with conscious joy the prince address'd,
And spread the table for his royal guest;
The prompt repast, which simple nature suits,
The stream's fresh water, and the forest's roots,
Nor unaccustom'd to the homely fare,
The warrior sat; for oft from busy care,
From court retir'd, and pomp's fastidious pride,
The hero dar'd to throw the king aside:
And in the rustic cot well-pleas'd partook
Of labour's mean repast, and cheerful look;
Found in himself the joys to kings unknown,
And self-depos'd forgot the lordly throne.

The world's contention to their minds supplies
Much converse, wholesome to the good and wise.
Much did they talk of woes in human life,
Of Christian kingdoms torn with jarring strife.
The zeal of MORNAY, like a stubborn fort,
Attach'd to Calvin stood his firm support.
HENRY, still doubting, sought th' indulgent skies,
That light's clear ray might burst upon his eyes,
"Must then, said he, the truth be always found,
"To mortals weak with mists encompass'd round?

"Must I still err? my way in darkness trod,
"Nor know the path which leads me to my GOD?
"If all alike he will'd us to obey,
"The GOD who will'd it had prescrib'd the way."
"Let us not vainly GOD's designs explore!
"(The sage reply'd) be humble, and adore!
"Arraign not madly Heaven's unerring laws
"For faults, where mortals are themselves the
"These aged eyes beheld in days of yore, [cause.
"When Calvin's doctrine reach'd the Gallic shore,
"Then, though with blood it now stains the
earth,

"Creeping in shade, and humble in the birth,
"I saw it banish'd by religion's laws,
"Without one friend to combat in the cause.
"Through ways oblique I saw the phantom tread,
"Slow winding, and aghast to rear her head,
"Till at the last, upheld by pow'rful arms,
"Midst cannons thunder, and 'mid war's alarms,
"Burst forth the monster in the glare of light,
"With tow'ring front full dreadful to the sight;
"To scowl at mortals from her tyrant seat,
"And spurn our altars at her impious feet.
"Far then from courts, beneath this peaceful cot,
"I wail'd religion's and my country's lot;
"Yet here, to comfort my declining days,
"Some dawn of hope presents its cheerful rays.
"So new a worship cannot long survive,
"Which man's caprice alone has kept alive.
"With that it rose, with that shall die away,
"Man's works and man are bubbles of a day.
"The GOD, who reigns for ever and the same,
"At pleasure blasts a world's presumptuous aim,
"Vain is our malice, vain our strength display'd,
"To sap the city his right hand hath made;
"Himself hath fix'd the strong foundations low,
"Which brave the wreck of time, and hell's in-
veterate blow:

"The Lord of Lords shall bless thy purged sight
"With bright effulgence of divine light;
"On thee, great prince, his mercies he'll bestow,
"And shed that truth thy bosom pants to know.
"THAT GOD hath chose thee, and his hand alone
"Safe through the war shall lead thee to a throne,
"Conquest already (for his voice is fate)
"For thee bids glory ope her golden gate.
"If on thy sight the truth unnotic'd falls,
"Hope not admission in thy Paris' walls,
"Though splendid ease invite thee to her arms,
"O shun, great prince, the syren's poison'd
charms!

"O'er thy strong passions hold a glorious reign,
"Fly love's soft lap, break pleasure's silken chain!
"And when, with efforts strong, all foes o'er-
thrown, [your own,
"A league's great conqueror, and, what's more,
"When, with united hearts, and triumph's voice,
"Thy people hail thee with one common choice,
"From a dread siege, to fame for ever known,
"To mount with glory thy paternal throne,
"That time, affliction shall lay by her rod,
"And thy glad eyes shall seek thy father's GOD;
"Then shalt thou see from whence thy arms
prevail. [ver fail

"Go, prince—WHO TRUSTS IN GOD—can nee-

Each word the sage's holy lips impart
Falls like a flame on Henry's generous heart.
The hero stood transported in his mind
To times when God held converse with mankind,
When simple virtue taught her heav'n-born lore,
And truth commanding bade e'en kings adore.
His eager arms the reverend sage embrace,
And the warm tear fast trickled down his face.
Untouch'd, yet lost a while in deep surprise,
Stood MORNAY brave; for still on MORNAY'S
eyes

Hung error's mist, and God's high will conceal'd
The gifts from him to HENRY'S breast reveal'd.
His wisdom idly would the world prefer,
Where'er lot, though rich in virtues, was to err.
While the rapt sage, fulfilling God's behest,
Spoke inspiration to the prince's breast,
Hush'd were the winds, within their caverns
bound,

Smooth flow'd the seas, and nature smil'd around.
'The sage his guide, the hero sought his way
Where the tall vessels safe at anchor lay:
The ready sailors quit the friendly strand,
Hoist the glad sails, and make for Albion's land.

While o'er her coast his eyes admiring range,
He prais'd in silence Britain's happier change:
Where laws, abus'd by foul intestine foes,
Had erst entail'd a heap of dreadful woes
On prince and people; on that bloody stage,
Where slaughter'd heroes bled for civil rage;
On that bright throne, from whence descended
springs

'Th' illustrious lineage of a hundred kings,
Like HENRY, long in adverse fortune school'd,
O'er willing English hearts a WOMAN rul'd:
And, rich in manly courage, female grace,
Clos'd the long lullie of her crowded race.
ELIZA then, in Britain's happiest hour,
Held the just balance of contending pow'r;
Made English subjects bow the willing knee,
Who will not serve, and are not happy free.
Beneath her sacred reign the nation knows
No sad remembrance of its former woes;
Their flocks securely graz'd the fertile plain,
Their garners bursting with their golden grain.
The stately ships, their swelling sails unfurl'd,
Brought wealth and homage from the distant
world:

All Europe watch'd Britannia's bold decree,
Dreaded by land, and monarch of the sea.
Wide o'er the waves her fleet exulting rode,
And fortune triumph'd over ocean's God.
Proud London now, no more of barbarous fame,
To arms and commerce urg'd her blended claim.
Her pow'rs, in union leagu'd, together sat,
King, Lords, and Commons, in their threefold
state.

Though separate each their several interest draw,
Yet all united form the steadfast law.
All three, one body's members, firm and fit,
Make but one pow'r in strong conjunction knit;
Pow'r to itself of danger often found,
But spreading terror to its neighbours round.
Blest, when the people duty's homage show,
And pay their king the tribute which they owe!

More blest when kings, for milder virtues known,
Protect their people's freedom from the throne!
"Ah when, cry'd BOUASSON, shall our discord
cease,

"Our glory, Albion, rise, like thine, in peace?
"Blush, blush, ye kings, ye lords of jarring states,
"A woman bids, and war hath clos'd its gates:
"Your countries bleed with factious rage oppress'd,
"While SHE reigns happy o'er a people blest."

Mean time the hero reach'd the sea-girt isle,
Where freedom bids eternal plenty smile;
Not far from William's tow'r at distance seen,
Stood the fam'd palace of the virgin queen.
Hither, the faithful MORNAY at his side,
Without the noise and pageant pomp of pride,
The toys of grandeur which the vain pursue,
But glare unheeded to the hero's view.

The prince arriv'd: with bold and manly sense
He spoke; his frankness all his eloquence;
Told his sad tale, and bow'd his lofty heart,
For France's woes, to act submission's part;
For needful aids the British queen address'd,
While, in the suppliant shone, the king confess'd.
"Con'st thou," reply'd the queen, with stranger
surprise,

"Com'st thou from VALOIS for the wish'd allies?
"Ask'st thou protection for a tyrant foe,
"Whose deadly hate work'd all thy fortune's
woe?

"Far as the golden sun begins to rise,
"To where he drives adown the western skies,
"His strife and thine to all the world is known:
"Stand'st thou for him a friend at Britain's throne?
"And is that hand, which VALOIS oft hath
"fear'd,

"Arm'd in his cause, and for his vengeance rear'd?
When thus the Prince: "A monarch's adverse
"fate

"Wipes all remembrance out of former hate.
"VALOIS was then a slave, his passion's slave,
"But now himself a monarch firm and brave;
"He bursts at once the ignominious chain,
"Resumes the hero, and asserts his reign,
"Blest, if of nature more assur'd and free,
"He'd fought no aid but from himself and me!
"But, led by fraud, and arts, all insincere,
"He was my foe from weakness and from fear.
"His faults die with me, when his woes I view,
"I've gain'd the conquest—grant me vengeance,
"You

"For know the work is thine, illustrious dame,
"To deck thy Albion's brows with worthiest
"fame,

"Let thy protection spread her ready wings,
"And fight with me the injur'd cause of kings!"
ELIZA then, for much the wish'd to know

The various turns of France's long-felt woe,
Whence rising first the civil discord came,
And Paris kindled to rebellion's flame—
"To me, great prince, thy griefs are not unknown,
"Though brought imperfect and by fame alone;
"Whose rapid wing too indiscreetly flies,
"And spreads abroad her indigestible lies,
"Deaf to her tales, from thee, illustrious youth,
"From thee alone ELIZA seeks the truth,

" Tell me, for you have witness'd all the woe,
 " VALOIS' brave friend, or VALOIS' conquering
 " foe,
 " Say, whence this friendship, this alliance grew,
 " Which knits the happy bond 'twixt him and you;
 " Explain this wondrous change, 'tis you alone
 " Can paint the virtues which yourself hath shown.
 " Teach me thy woes, for know thy story brings
 " A moral lesson to the pride of kings."
 " And must my memory then, illustrious queen,
 " Recall the horrors of each dreadful scene?
 " O had it pleas'd th' Almighty Pow'r (which
 " knows,
 " How my heart bleeds o'er all my country's woes)
 " Oblivion then had snatch'd them from the
 " light,
 " And hid them buried in eternal night.
 " Nearest of blood must I aloud proclaim,
 " The princes' madness, and expose their shame?
 " Reflection shakes my mind with wild dismay---
 " But 'tis ELIZA'S will, and I obey.
 " Others, in speaking, from their smooth address,
 " Might make their weakness or their crimes
 " seem less,
 " The flow'ry art was never made for me,
 " I speak a soldier's language, plain and free."

AN IMITATION FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A MONTH hath roll'd its lazy hours away,
 Since Delia's presence blest'd her longing swain:
 How could he brook the sluggish time's delay,
 What charm could soften such an age of pain.
 One fond reflection still his bosom cheer'd,
 And sooth'd the torments of a lover's care,
 'Twas that for Delia's self the bow'r he rear'd,
 And fancy plac'd the nymph already there.
 O come, dear maid, and with a gentle smile,
 Such as lights up my lovely fair one's face,
 Survey the product of thy shepherd's toil,
 Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.
 Whate'er improvements strike thy curious sight,
 Thy taste hath form'd---let me not call it mine,
 Since when I muse on thee, and feed delight,
 I form no thought that is not wholly thine.
 Th' apartments destin'd for my charmer's use,
 (For love in trifles is conspicuous shown)
 Can scarce an object to thy view produce,
 But bears the dear resemblance of thine own.
 And trust me, love, I could almost believe,
 This little spot the mansion of my fair;
 But that awak'd from fancy's dreams I grieve,
 To find its proper owner is not there.
 Oh! I could doat upon the rural scene,
 Its prospect over hill and champaign wide,
 But that it marks the tedious way between,
 That parts thy Damon from his promis'd bride.
 The gardens now put forth their blossoms sweet,
 In nature's flow'ry mantle gaily drest,
 The close-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,
 All ask my Delia for their dearest guest.

The lily pale, the purple-blushing rose,
 In this fair spot their mingled beauties join;
 The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws,
 In wreaths fantastic round the mantling vine.
 The branching arbour here for lovers made,
 For dalliance met, or song, or amorous tale,
 Shall oft protect us with its cooling shade,
 When sultry Phœbus burns the lovely vale.
 'Tis all another Paradise around,
 And, trust me! so it would appear to me,
 Like the first man were I not lonely found,
 And but half blest, my Delia, wanting thee.
 For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
 And I have call'd it by my fair one's name;
 Here blest with thee, t' enjoy thy pleasing talk,
 While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.
 The rustic path already have I try'd,
 Oft at the sinking of the setting day;
 And while, my love, I thought thee by my side,
 With careful steps have worn its edge away.
 With thee I've held discourse, how passing sweet!
 While fancy brought thee to my raptur'd dream,
 With thee have prattled in my lone retreat,
 And talk'd down suns, on love's delicious theme.
 Oft as I wander through the rustic crowd,
 Musing with downcast look, and folded arms,
 They stare with wonder, when I rave aloud,
 And dwell with rapture on thy artless charms.
 They call me mad, and oft with finger rude,
 Point at me leering, as I heedless pass;
 Yet Colin knows the cause, for love is shrewd,
 And the young shepherd courts the farmer's lass.
 Among the fruits that grace this little seat,
 And all around their clust'ring foliage spread,
 Here may'st thou cull the peach, or next ripe sweet,
 And pluck the strawberry from its native bed.
 And all along the river's verdant side,
 I've planted elms, which rise in even row;
 And fling their lofty branches far and wide,
 Which float reflected in the lake below.
 Since I've been absent from my lovely fair,
 Imagination forms a thousand schemes,
 For O! my Delia, thou art all my care,
 And all with me is love and golden dreams.
 O flatt'ring promise of secure delight;
 When will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er?
 That I may fly with rapture to thy fight,
 And we shall meet again to part no more.

A BALLAD.

Ye shepherds so careless and gay,
 Who sport with the nymphs of the plain,
 Take heed lest you frolic away
 The peace you can never regain.
 Let not folly your bosoms annoy;
 And of love, the dear mischief, beware.
 You may think 'tis all sunshine and joy,
 ---I know 'tis o'ershadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithsome it shines,
With an aspect deceitfully fair;
Its day oft in sorrow declines,
And it sets in the night of despair.
Hope paints the gay scene to the sight,
While fancy her visions bestows,
And gilds ev'ry dream with delight,
But to wake us to sensible woes.

How hard is my lot to complain
Of a nymph whom I yet must adore,
Though she love not her shepherd again,
Her DAMON must love her the more.
For it was not the pride of her sex,
That treated his vows with disdain,
For it was not the pleasure to vex,
That made her delude her fond swain.

'Twas his, the fair nymph to behold,
He hop'd—and he rashly believ'd.
'Twas her's to be fatally cold;
—He lov'd—and was fondly deceiv'd;
For such is of lovers the doom,
While passions their reason beguile,
'Tis warrant enough to presume,
If they catch but a look or a smile.

Yet surely my PHYLLIS would seem
To prize me most shepherds above;
But that might be only esteem,
While I foolishly constru'd it love.
Yet others, like DAMON, believ'd
The nymph might have favour'd her swain,
And others, like him, were deceiv'd,
Like him, though they cannot complain.

Of PHYLLIS was always my song,
For she was my pride and my care;
And the folks, as we wander'd along,
Would call us the conjugal pair.
They mark'd how I walk'd at her side,
How her hand to my bosom I press'd,
Each tender endearment I try'd,
And I thought none was ever so blest.

But now the delusion is o'er,
These day-dreams of pleasure are fled,
Now her DAMON is pleasing no more,
And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.
May he that my fair shall obtain,
May he, as thy DAMON, be true;
Or haply thou'lt think of that swain,
Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

TO CHLOE.

In CHLOE seek one verse of mine
I call not on the tuneful nine
With useless invocation;
Enough for me that *she* should ask;
I fly with pleasure to the task,
And her's the inspiration.

When poets sung in ancient days,
The muses that inspir'd their lays,
Of whom there such parades
Their deities, let pride confess,
Were nothing more, and nothing less,
Than earth-born mortal ladies.

Did any nymph her subject choose?
She frain commenc'd inspiring MUSE;
And every maid, of lovely face,
That struck the heart of wounded swain,
Exalted to yon starry plain,
Was register'd a GRACE.

These were the compliments of old,
While nymphs, among the gods enroll'd,
Claim'd love's obsequious duty;
Thus, while each bard had favourite views,
Each nymph became a GRACE, or MUSE,
A VENUS every beauty.

Say, in these latter days of ours,
When love exerts his usual powers,
What difference lies between us?
In CHLOE's self at once I boast,
What bards of every age might toast,
A MUSE, a GRACE, a VENUS.

In CHLOE are a thousand charms,
Though envy call her sex to arms,
And giggling girls may flout her
The MUSE inhabits in her mind,
A VENUS in her form we find,
The GRACES all about her.

TO THE MOON.

ALL hail majestic queen of night, [brings
Bright Cynthia! sweetest nymph, whose presence
The pensive pleasures, calm delight,
While contemplation smooths her ruffled wings,
Which folly's vain tumultuous joys,
Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day
Have all too ruffled.—Hence, away
Stale jest, and sippant mirth, and strife-engen-
d'ring noise.

When evening dons her mantle gray,
I'll wind my solitary way,
And hide me to some lonely grove
(The haunt of fancy and of love)
Whose social branches, far outspread,
Possess the mind with pleasing dread.
While Cynthia quivers through the trees
That wanton with the summer breeze,
And the clear brook, or dimpled stream,
Reflects oblique her dancing beam.
How often, by thy silver light,
Here lovers' tongues beguill'd the night?
When forth the happy pair have stray'd,
The amorous swain and tender maid,
And as they walk'd the groves along,
Cheer'd the still eve with various song.
While every artful strain confess'd
The mutual passion in their breast.
The lovers' hours fly swift away,
And night reluctant yields to day.

Thrice happy nymph, thrice happy youth,
When beauty is the meed of truth!

Yet not the happy loves alone,
Has thy celestial presence known,
To thee complains the nymph forlorn,
Of broken faith, and vows forsworn;
And the dull swain, with folded arms,
Still musing on his false one's charms,

Frames many a sonnet to her name,
(As lovers use to express their flame)
Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
In downcast silence feeds despair;
Or when the air dead stillness keeps,
And Cynthia on the water sleeps;
Charms the dull ear of sober night,
With love-born music's sweet delight.

Oft as thy orb performs its round,
Thou list'nest to the various sound
Of shepherds' hopes and maidens' fears
(Those conscious Cynthia silent hears
While echo which still loves to mock,
Bears them about from rock to rock.)

But shift we now the pensive scene,
Where Cynthia silvers o'er the green.
Mark yonder spot, whose equal rim
Forms the green circle quaint and trim;
Hither the fairies blithe advance,
And lightly trip in mazy dance;
Beating the pansie-paven ground
In frolic measures round and round;
These Cynthia's revels gaily keep,
While lazy mortals snore asleep;
Whom oft they visit in the night,
Not visible to human sight;
And as old prattling wives relate,
Though now the fashion's out of date,
Drop fixure in the housewife's shoe,
And pinch the flattern black and blue.
They fill the mind with airy schemes,
And bring the ladies pleasant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,
And athwart men's noses rides?
While OBERON, blithe fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the ladies lips;
And when he steals ambrosial bliss,
And soft imprints the charming kiss,
In dreams the nymph her swain pursues,
Nor thinks 't's OBERON that woos.

Yet sportive youth, and lovely fair,
From hence, my lesson read, beware,
While innocence and mirth preside,
We are not where the fairies glide;
And OBERON will never miss
To greet his favourites with a kiss;
Nor ever more ambrosia sips,
Than when he visits ———'s lips.

When all things else in silence sleep,
The blithsome elfs their vigils keep;
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out,
Receive with joy these elfin sparks,
Their kisses leave no tell-tale marks,
But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face,
Where all is virtue, all is grace.

Not only elfin queens delight
To hail the sober queen of night,
But that sweet bird, whose gurgling throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as evening shades prevail,
Renews her soothing love-lorn tale.
And as the lover pensive goes,
Chaunts out her symphony of woes,
Which in boon nature's wilder tone,
Beggar all sounds which arts has known.

But hilt — the melancholy bird
Among the groves no more is heard;
And Cynthia pales her silver ray
Before th' approach of golden day,
Which on yon mountain's misty height,
Stands tiptoe with his gladfome light.
Now the thrill lark in ether floats,
And carols wild her liquid notes;
While Phœbus, in his luty pride,
His flaring beams flings far and wide.
Cynthia farewell — the pensive muse,
No more her feeble flight pursues,
But all unwilling takes her way,
And mixes with the buzz of day.

S O N G.

THE beauty which the gods bestow,
Did they but give it for a show?

No — 'twas lent thee from above,
To shed its lustre o'er thy face,
And with its pure and native grace
To charm the soul to love.

The flaunting sun, whose western beams,
This evening drink of ocean's streams,
To-morrow springs to light.

But when thy beauty sets, my fair,
No morrow shall its beam repair,
'Tis all eternal night.

See too, my love, the virgin rose,
How sweet, how bashfully it blows
Beneath the vernal skies!
How soon it blooms in full display,
Its bosom opening to the day,
Then withers, shrinks, and dies.

Of mortal life's declining hour,
Such is the leaf, the bud, the flower;
Then crop the rose in time,
Be blest and blest, and kind impart
The just return of heart for heart,
Ere love becomes a crime.

To pleasure then, my charmer, haste,
And ere thy youth begins to waste,
Ere beauty dims its ray,
The proffer'd gift of love employ,
Improve each moment into joy,
Be happy whilst you may.

TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY,

Of Church-Langton, Leicester-faire,

ON HIS PLANTATIONS.

WHILE vain pursuits a trifling race engage,
And virtue slumbers in a thriftless age,
Thy glorious plan, on deep foundations laid,
Which aiding nature, nature's bound to aid,
The wife man's study, though the blockhead's
scorn
Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.
Though fools deride, for censure's still at hand
To damn the work the cannot understand,

* See Mr. Hanbury's *Essay on Planting*.

Pursue thy project with an ardour fit;
Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.

Like puling infants seem'd thy rising plan,
Now knit in strength, it speaks an active man.
So the broad oak, which from thy grand design
Shall spread aloft, and tell the world 'twas thine,
A strippling first, just peep'd above the ground,
Which, ages hence, shall fling its shade around.

SENT TO A LADY, WITH A SEAL.

'Tis' impression which this seal shall make,
The rougher hand of force may break;
Or jealous time, with slow decay,
May all its traces wear away;
But neither time nor force combin'd,
Shall tear thy image from my mind;
Nor shall the *Tweet impression* fade
While CHLOE's thousand charms have made;
For spite of time, or force, or art,
'Tis seal'd for ever on my heart.

A BALLAD.

HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,
Come, LUCY, it cries, come away,
The grave of thy COLIN has room
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come,
Ye friends and companions, adieu:
I haste to my COLIN's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When LUCY, sad LUCY, arose;
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where COLIN's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground;
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night ravens croak'd all around.

"How long, my lov'd COLIN," she cry'd,
"How long must thy LUCY complain?"
"How long shall the grave my love hide?"
"How long ere it join us again?"
"For thee thy fond shepherds liv'd,
"With thee o'er the world would she fly;
"For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd;
"For thee would she lie down and die.

"Alas! what avails it how dear
"Thy LUCY was once to her swain!"
"Her face like the lilly so fair,
"And eyes that gave light to the plain.
"The shepherd that lov'd her is gone;
"That face and those eyes charm no more;
"And LUCY forgot, and alone,
"To death shall her COLIN deplore."

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
"I hear the kind call, and obey,
"Oh, COLIN receive me," she cried,
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

"Do, study more—discard that firen, ease,
"Whose fatal charms are murderous while they
"please.
"Wit's scanty streams will fret their channel dry,
"If learning's spring withhold the fresh supply.
"Turn leaf by leaf gigantic volumes o'er,
"Nor blush to know what ancients wrote before.
"Why not, sometimes, regale admiring friends
"With Greek and Latin sprinklings, odds and
"ends?"

"Exert your talents; read, and read to write!
"As Horace says, mix profit with delight."
'Tis rare advice: but I am slow to mend,
Though ever thankful to my partial friend:
Full of strange fears—for hopes are banish'd all—I
I list' no more to Phœbus' sacred call,
Smit with the muse, 'tis true, I sought her charms;
But came no champion, clad in cumb'rous arms,
To pull each rival monarch from his throne,
And swear no lady Clio like my own.
All unambitious of superior praise,
My fond amusement ask'd a sprig of bays,
Some little fame for stringing harmless verse,
And e'en that little fame has prov'd a curse;
Hitch'd into rhyme, and dragg'd through muddy
prose,

By butcher critics, worth's confederate foes.
If then the muse no more shall strive to please,
Lull'd in the happy lethargy of ease;
If, unadvent'rous, she forbear to sing,
Nor take one thought to plume her ruffled wing;
'Tis that she hates, howe'er by nature vain,
The scurril nonsense of a venal train.
When desp'rate robbers, issuing from the waste,
Make such rude inroads on the land of taste,
Genius grows sick beneath the Gothic rage,
Or seeks her laurels from some worthier age.

As for myself, I own the present charge;
Lazy and lounging, I confess at large:
Yet ease, perhaps, may loose her silken chains,
And the next hour become an hour of pains.
We write, we read, we act, we think, by fits,
And follow all things as the humour hits;
For of all pleasures, which the world can bring,
Variety—O! dear variety's the thing!
Our learned Coke, from whom we scribblers draw
All the wise dictums of poetic law, [follows,
Lays down this truth, from whence my maxim
(See Horace, Ode Dec. Sext.—the ease Apollo's)
"The god of verse disclaims a plodding wretch,
"Nor keeps his bow for ever on the stretch."

However great my thirst of honest fame,
"I bow with reverence to each letter'd name;
To worth, where'er it be, with joy submit,
But own no curst monopolies of wit.
Nor think, my friend, if I but rarely quote,
And little reading shines through what I've wrote,
That I bid peace to ev'ry learned self,
Because I dare form judgments for myself.
---Oh! were it mine, with happy skill to look
Up to the ONE, the UNIVERSAL BOOK!
Open to all—to him, to me, to you,
---For NATURE's open to the general view—

Then would I scorn the ancients' vaunted store,
And boast my thefts, where they but robb'd before:

Meanwhile with them, while Grecian sounds impart

Th' eternal passions of the human heart,
Bursting the bonds of ease and lazy rest,
I feel the flame mount active in my breast;
Or when, with joy, I turn the Roman page,
I live, in fancy, in th' AUGUSTAN age!
Till some dull Bavius' or a Mævius' name,
Damn'd by the MUSE to everlasting fame,
Forbids the mind in foreign climes to roam,
And brings me back to our own fools at home.

SONGS IN THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

AIR I.

WHILE the cool and gentle breeze
Whispers fragrance through the trees,
Nature walking o'er the scene
Clad in robes of lively green,
From the sweetness of the place
Labour wears a cheerful face.
Sure I taste of joys sincere,
Faithful COLIN ever near;
When with ceaseless toil oppress'd,
Wearied nature sinks to rest.
All my labours to beguile,
Love shall wake me with a smile.

AIR II.

THOUGH my features I'm told
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wisdom I hate and detest,
Not a wrinkle is there
Which is furrow'd by care,
And my heart is as light as the best.
When I look on my boys
They renew all joys,
Myself in my children I see;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
O! I caper'd and fung;
The lasses came flocking apace,
But now turn'd of threescore
I can do so no more,
—Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleasures we crack,
For we still love the smack
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet why should we repine,
You've had yours, I've had mine,
And now let your children begin.

AIR III.

'Tis thus in those toys
Invented for boys,
To show how the weather will prove.

The woman and man
On a different plan
Are always directed to move.

One goes out to roam
While t'other keeps home,
Inspid, and dull as a drone,
Though near to each other
As sister and brother,
They both take their airing alone.

AIR IV.

WHEN the head of poor THOMAS was broke
By ROGER, who play'd at the wake,
And KATE was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor THOMAS's sake;
When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout,
O those were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were happy as kings,
Each lad in his holiday clothes,
And the lasses in all their best things.
What merriment all the day long!
May the feast of our COLIN prove such,
Odzeoks, but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

AIR V.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadow die,
And morning streaks the purple sky,
I wake to love with jocund glee,
To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove
And PHILOMEL laments her love,
Each sigh I breathe, my love reveals
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.
With secret pleasure I survey
The frolic birds in amorous play,
While fondest cares my heart employ
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

AIR VI.

Yes that's * a magazine of arms
To triumph over time;
Whence beauty borrows half her charms
And always keeps her prime;
At that the prude, coquette, and faint,
Industrious sets her face,
While powder, patch, and wash, and paint,
Repair or give a grace.
To arch the brow there lies the brush,
The comb to tinge the hair,
The Spanish wool to give the blush,
The pearl to dye them fair.

Hence rise the wrinkled, old, and gray,
In freshest beauty strong,
As VENUS fair, as FLORA gay,
As HEBE ever young.

* The toilette.

AIR VII.

Go! seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board, and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the simple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breast for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its peace and pleasure flown,
Nor shall my faith reward a swain,
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

AIR VIII.

Thus laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd,
I stamp, I tear, I rave;
Capricious, light, injurious maid,
I'll be no more thy slave.

I'll rend thy image from my heart,
Thy charms no more engage;
My soul shall take the juster part,
And love shall yield to rage.

AIR IX.

Thank you, ladies, for your care,
But I pray you both forbear,
Sure I am all over scratches!
That your curious hands must place,
Such odd spots upon my face
With your pencils, paint, and patches.

How I totter in my gait,
From a dress of so much weight,
With my robe too dangling after;
Could my COLIN now but see
What a thing they've made of me,
Oh he'd split his sides with laughter.

AIR X.

The flowers which grace their native beds,
Awhile put forth their blushing heads,
But ere the close of parting day
They wither, shrink, and die away.

But these which mimic skill hath made,
Nor scorch'd by suns, nor kill'd by shade,
Shall blush with less inconstant hue,
Which art at pleasure can renew.

AIR XI.

When late a simple rustic lass,
I rovd without restraint,
A stream was all my looking-glass,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boast, (alas! how few!)
I gave to nature's care,
As vice ne'er spoilt their native hue,
They could not want repair.

AIR XII.

How strange the mode which truth neglects,
And rests all beauty in defects!
But we by homely nature taught,
Though rude in speech are plain in thought.

AIR XIII.

For various purpose serves the fan,
As thus — a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Repentment's in the snap,
A firt expresses strong disdain,
Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fair disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shows
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

AIR XIV.

If tyrant love with cruel dart
Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
Of easy faith and fond belief,
She hugs the dart, and aids the thief.

Till, left her helpless state to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
As well as darts the god has wings.

AIR XV.

Along your verdant lowly vale
Calm zephyr breathes a gentle gale,
But rustling through the lofty trees
It swells beyond the peaceful breeze.

Thus free from envy's poison'd dart,
You boast a pure untruffled heart,
While jarring thoughts our peace deform,
And swell our passions to a storm.

AIR XVI.

Though my dress, as my manners, is simple and plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands a-year.

Though bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth,
I feel no remorse from the follies of youth;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And my boys think my life not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.

AIR XVI.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted,
While she who pleases most to-day
To-morrow shall be slighted.

AIR XVII.

WHEN far from fashion's gilded scene
I breath'd my native air,
My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myself I find.
Distraction rends my breast;
Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
And murder all my rest.

AIR XVIII.

FLATTERING hopes the mind deceiving
Easy faith too often cheat,
Woman, fond and all believing
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Noisy show of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lowly maids too oft bewitches,
Flattery is the beauty's snare.

AIR XIX.

WHAT's all the pomp of gaudy courts,
But vain delights and jingling toys,
While pleasure crowns your rural sports
With calm content, and tranquil joys.

AIR-XX.

RETURN, sweet lass, to flocks and swains,
Where simple nature mildly reigns;
Where love is every shepherd's care,
And every nymph is kind as fair.

The court has only tinsel toys,
Insipid mirth and idle noise;
But rural joys are ever new,
While nymphs are kind, and shepherds true.

AIR XXI.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid,
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wild their merry notes;
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy PHOEBE kind, my COLIN true.

AIR XXII.

WHY should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy cheerful swain,
Since labour oft a sweet bestows
Which lazy splendour never knows?

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress, the pomp of show,
Are trappings oft to cover woe;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

AIR XXIII.

No doubt but your fool's-cap has known
His highness obligingly kind,
—Odzooks I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er such a cuckoldy hind?

To be sure, like a good-natur'd spouse,
You've lent him a part of your bed;
He has fitted the horns to your brows,
And I see them sprout out of your head.

To keep your wife virtuous and chaste
The court is a wonderful school,
—My lord you've an excellent taste,
—And, son, you're a cuckoldy fool.

If your lady should bring you an heir,
The blood will flow rich in his veins,
Many thanks to my lord for his care—
—You dog, I could knock out your brains.

AIR XVI

Again in this world array
A smile from a friend's hand
O'er my heart, with a will
Up the path of life I go
The first day, when I first
And words with that smile
While we were, and happy
A happy time, and happy
The hands that were to trace my fate
The future that was to be
While I was, and happy
The future that was to be

AIR XVII

Was I not, when I first
That day, when I first
Since then, and happy
Which first, when I first
First, when I first
The first, when I first
Which first, when I first
The first, when I first

AIR XVIII

No doubt, but when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first
To be, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first

AIR XIX

It was, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first
To be, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first

AIR XX

It was, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first
To be, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first

AIR XXI

It was, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first
To be, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first

AIR XXII

It was, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first
To be, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first

AIR XXIII

It was, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first
To be, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first

AIR XXIV

It was, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first
To be, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first

AIR XXV

It was, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first
To be, when I first
The first, when I first
Oh, how I first
Was I not, when I first

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Containing

ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS,
THE CONTEMPLATIST,
DAY,
FORTUNE,
PASTORALS,

ODES,
SONGS,
EPIGRAMS,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,

Uc. Uc. Uc.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

To him every passion was known
That throb'd in the breast with desire;
Each gentle affection was shown
In the soft sighing songs of his lyre.
Like the carolling thrush on the spray,
In music soft warbling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.
To many a fanciful spring
His lyre was melodiously strung;
While Fairies and Fawns in a ring
Have applauded the swain as he sung.

Fergusson's Poem to the Memory of Cunningham.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

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• *Not a job.*

THE LIFE OF CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM was born at Dublin in 1729. His father was a wine-cooper in moderate circumstances, who having obtained a prize in the lottery, commenced wine-merchant, and in a short time became a bankrupt. Both his parents were of Scottish extraction.

He received his education at the grammar-school of Drogheda, under Mr. Clark, and early began to exhibit specimens of his poetical powers.

On the failure of his father, he was recalled to Dublin, where, having no certain employment, he became attached to the theatre.

In 1747, before he was seventeen years old, he produced a drama, intitled *Love in a Mist*, which was performed several nights at the theatre in Smock Alley.

By means of this performance, he had free access to the theatre, which had a very pernicious effect upon him. It created a disgust at the life of a tradesman, and excited a desire to appear on the stage as a performer, though he scarce possessed a single requisite for such a profession.

His passion for the stage had obtained so strong a power over him, that, against the wishes of his friends, and without any communication of his intentions to them, he was secretly prevailed on to engage with an itinerant manager, with whom he came to England; and in this profession he continued, with little variation, until his death.

As an actor he obtained little reputation. His figure was totally against him, either for tragedy, or genteel comedy. His diffidence was too great ever to be overcome, and his voice was dissonant and offensive to the ear. He is said, however, to have shewn in general, a good conception of his author; and as the representative of a mock French character, was not wholly undeserving of praise.

He soon became sensible of his imprudence, but pride prevented his return to his parents; and before he had time to work himself into a resolution of obeying the calls of duty, he received intelligence of his father's death.

An asylum, however, was still open to him in the house of an affectionate brother, Mr. P. Cunningham, one of the best statuarys in Ireland, who repeatedly urged him to return; but the idea of a state of dependence was of all others the most repugnant to him.

The profession which he had originally adopted from choice, he now found himself obliged to persist in from necessity. After having experienced various vicissitudes, at York, Newcastle, Sunderland, Alnwick, and other places in the north of England, he engaged as a performer under Mr. Love, manager of the theatre in the Canongate, Edinburgh, in 1761. Here he began to emerge from obscurity as a poet, and wrote some of his best pieces.

In 1762, he published *An Elegy on a Pile of Ruins*, 4to; which was read with pleasure after Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," of which it is an obvious imitation. The subject is *Roslin Abbey*, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

The following year he published *The Contemplatist, A Night Piece*, 4to; which, notwithstanding some instances of quaintness and affectation, evinced considerable powers of description, and increased his reputation as a moral and descriptive poet.

It was followed, in 1764, by *Fortune, an Apologue*, 4to; in which, though the philosophy may be exceptionable, he avoided in a great measure the affected prettiness observable in his former pieces.

By these performances he acquired reputation enough to receive an invitation from a bookseller in London, who proposed to employ him in some works of literature, by which he might obtain a livelihood in a manner more easy and honourable, than that in which he had been hitherto engaged.

Convinced of the propriety of acceding to this proposal, he repaired from Edinburgh to London;

but had hardly set foot in the capital, before he was satisfied of the impracticability of the scheme. The bookseller by whom he was to have been employed stopped payment, and the attention of the public was so entirely engrossed by scandal and political altercation, that he left the town with precipitation, after a short and disagreeable stay in it, and once more rejoined his friends in Edinburgh.

This was the only effort he ever made to emerge from the abject situation in which youthful imprudence had originally placed him: But with this state he appeared by no means dissatisfied. Competence and obscurity were all he desired. He had no views of ambition; and indolence had possessed him so entirely, that he never made a second attempt. In a letter to a friend, he describes himself in these terms: "You may remember my last expedition to London. I think I may be convinced by it that I am not calculated for the business you mention. Though I scribble (but a little neither) to amuse myself, the moment I considered it as my duty, it would cease to be an amusement, and I should of consequence grow weary of it. I am not enterprising, and tolerably happy in my present situation."

At this time Mr. Digges was manager of the Edinburgh play-house, and treated Cunningham with uncommon respect and kindness, which he returned by writing occasional *Prologues* and *Epilogues* spoken by him and his favourite Mrs. Bellamy; whose beauty he celebrated in a *Fragment* written at Dublin, and in a pastoral ballad, called *Phyllis*.

He continued under Mr. Digges's management, till he quitted Scotland. He then returned to Newcastle, a place which, as it had been his residence for many years, he had originally quitted with regret, and which to his last breath he used emphatically to call his home.

At Newcastle, and in the neighbouring towns, he earned a scanty, but to him a sufficient subsistence, by his theatrical exertions.

Though the profession of an itinerant player was precarious, and rather disreputable, it became much less so, from the estimation he was held in by the most respectable characters in the country, who afforded him their support and protection.

His amiable worth and poetical talents particularly endeared him to the inhabitants of Alnwick; where the present writer has often heard him mentioned with fondness and regret, by his worthy relations, the late John Grey, Esq. and Dr. Henry Richardson, and his respectable friends and neighbours, Captain George Farquhar, Thomas Foster, Esq. Miss Grey, and Miss Taylor.

In 1766, he collected his pieces that had appeared in detached pamphlets, which, with a variety of little pieces never before printed, he published by subscription in one volume 8vo, under the title of *Poems, chiefly Pastoral*, with a dedication to Garrick. The subscription was numerous and respectable. From a subscription copy now lying before the present writer, which belonged to his brother-in-law, James Grey, Esq. it appears that Mrs. Bellamy took 20 copies.

The remainder of his life passed in one uniform train. Being passionately fond of retirement, and happy in the society of a little circle of rural friends, he rejected every solicitation to try his fortune once more in London, declaring it to be his wish, that as he had lived, so he might die among his friends in Northumberland; nor was that wish denied.

A few months before his death, being incapable of any theatrical exertion, he was removed to the house of his friend Mr. Thomas Slack, printer of the "Newcastle Chronicle," who, with great kindness, received him under his roof, and paid every attention to him which his state required. His grateful sense of the benevolence which served to lessen the wants, and to soothe the severity of his last illness, is expressed in his *Verses to a Friend*, written about three weeks before his death, which are more valuable for the light they reflect on his calamitous circumstances, than the intrinsic merit of the poetry.

The drama and I have shook hands,

We've parted no more to engage;

Submissive I met her commands,

For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more,

My mornings of pleasure are fled;

'Tis painful my fate to endure
 A pension supplies me with bread ;
 Dependent at length on the man
 Whose fortunes I struggled to raise,
 I conquer my pride as I can,
 His charity merits my praise.
 His bounty proceeds from his heart,
 'Tis principle prompts the supply,
 His friendship exceeds my desert,
 And often suppresses a sigh.

After lingering some time under a nervous disorder, during which he burnt all his papers, he died the 18th of September 1773, in the 44th year of his age, and was buried in St. John's church-yard, Newcastle, where, on a tombstone erected to his memory, is the following inscription :

Here lie the Remains of

JOHN CUNNINGHAM,

Of his Excellence

As a Pastoral Poet

His Works will remain a Monument

For Ages,

After this Temporary Tribute of Esteem

Is in Dust forgotten.

He died in Newcastle, Sept. 18. 1773.

Aged 44.

His *Poems* have been frequently reprinted; and, with several additions, were received into the edition of the "English Poets 1790." A *Poem to his Memory*, written by Ferguson, the last of his productions, and printed at Edinburgh, in 4to, 1773, for the benefit of the unfortunate author, then verging towards that state of deplorable insanity, in which he died in the mad-house, about six weeks after its publication, is inserted in the present edition.

Cunningham was an amiable and worthy man, and an ingenious and elegant, though not a first rate poet. His principal merit seems to lie in the easy and humble, yet pleasing walks of the pastoral muse. When he attempts ethics or philosophy, he sinks under the weight of his themes, and his efforts are delicate and quaint, or feeble and uncouth. His compositions exhibit ample proofs of elegance, tenderness, and simplicity; but they are deficient in strength, animation, and enthusiasm. He had a lively imagination and a feeling heart; but his judgment was not equal to his fancy; and his most finished productions discover an incorrectness of taste. They are the native efforts of true genius; but the sentiments and images they exhibit, are not always attended with an elegant simplicity of expression. He sometimes affects the formality of exhibiting trite and insipid trifles in the garb of an insignificant delicacy, and mistakes quaintness for elegance, prettiness for beauty, and childishness for simplicity.

His *Elegy on a Pile of Ruins*, is an imitation of Gray; but written with more spirit and real poetry than are commonly to be found in imitations. There is in general an elegant simplicity of thought and expression in this performance; but his admiration of the "Church-yard Elegy," has led him in some places to an affectation of descriptive and alliterative epithets, which wear the uneasy garb of labour and imitation. The epithets *vernal-coated, time-corroded, faint-encyph'd, brown-brow'd, time-unlettered, and silver-working*, have a harshness unsuitable to the language of elegy, which, provided it is not mean, can never be too simple. In the opening of the poem he has given a very lively picture of the romantic ruins of the *Abbey and Castle of Roslin*; but perhaps the two last lines in the second stanza have a kind of anti-climax; *And many a cherub, &c.* It does not seem at all strange that the little ornamental parts of a roof or portico should descend into dust, when the urn and the obelisk are overthrown by time. The five stanzas following,

Where the mild sun, through *saint-encyph'd* glass,
 Illum'd with mellow light that *brown-brow'd* aisle,

are beautifully descriptive; but perhaps these two lines, as well as some others, are too elaborate. By endeavouring to crowd too many ideas upon the reader, he does not give him time to observe

that beautiful one of the aisle illum'd with the mellow light of the mild sun through the painted glass.

The *Contemplatist* has some good description; the sentiments are moral and pathetic; the language simple, solemn, and chaste, excepting a few quaint, unauthorised words, admitted, perhaps, for the sake of the metre. His *Fortune, an Apologue*, is more chaste and correct; but the moral he deduces from it, that

Wisdom's of happiness the certain source,
And folly the original of ill,

does not appear to be generally true. With regard to moral evil, indeed, the different agency of wisdom and folly may have considerable influence; but natural and accidental evils, which we undergo independent of our own powers, are perhaps the heaviest objects of complaint. Were these altogether out of the world, wisdom might with greater truth be deemed the source of happiness; but not even then the certain source. That enlargement of the intellectual faculties, which is always connected with the idea of wisdom, lays open many avenues to mortification, disgust and discontent, and the more clearly we behold the imbecility of our nature, the more powerfully we feel its effects. The conduct of the *Apologue* is not less exceptionable than the conclusion. An *Asi* complains to *Jupiter* of the comparative hardships of his condition. Moved by the complaint, *Jupiter* summons *Fortune* to answer the charge brought against her. After a long search she is found, and urges in her defence, that the plaintiff's hardships were no greater than, for his stupidity, he deserved, and that he had no merit to entitle him to a better fate. This reply of *Fortune* is pronounced to be sage. Upon this the doctrine of the *Apologue* is founded. The sentence is equally unjust and cruel; but the sentiments ascribed to *Jupiter* and *Fortune*, are neither unnatural nor extraordinary. The conduct of his *Jupiter* is founded upon the general practice of mankind. The god acquiesces in that contempt which is thrown upon the *Asi*, for not having attained those dignities which he had neither the power nor the capacity of attaining; and there is no instance of human weakness so universally prevalent as that of despising others for the want of what they were never able to acquire. He has certainly a claim to much indulgence on the same account. The best part of his *Apologue* is the description of the domestic attendants of *Avarice*. The picture of *Care* is finished with equal happiness and skill.

His *Day*, a pastoral, is a series of unconnected descriptions, referring to *Morning*, *Noon*, and *Evening*. It has some particular and picturesque images; but they are seldom original; and the form of his stanza is but little calculated to exhibit them to advantage. The *Landscape* contains some pretty rural description. Nothing can be more pleasing and natural than the pastoral intitled *Content*. It has a peculiar sweetness and elegance. The *Violet*, *Corydon*, *Phyllis*, *On the Approach of May*, *Stanzas on the forwardness of Spring*, *Melody*, *Damon and Phœbe*, *Pomona*, *The Miller*, *Delia*, *May Eve*, *The Sycamore Shade*, *Kitty Fell*, *A Man to my Mind*, *Thyrsis*, *Holiday Gown*, *The Warning*, and *The Hawthorn Bower*, will ever be perused with delight, from the numberless strokes of nature and passion with which they abound and the agreeable familiarity of the language. His *Odes* discover few marks of lyric spirit and enthusiasm. His *Prologues*, &c. are fuller of delicate sentiment than of wit and humour. His *Epigrams*, *Anacreontics*, &c. are sometimes elegant and sprightly, and sometimes puerile and trifling.

"Cunningham," says Mr. Ritson in his "Historical View of the Progress of English Song," "though not equal to his countryman Goldsmith in native genius, and still less so in learned application, possesses a pleasing simplicity which cannot fail to recommend him to a reader of unadulterated taste. This simplicity may, perhaps, in some of his compositions, be thought too great; but when it is known that they were necessarily adapted to the intellects of a country theatre, little censure can be justly incurred by the poet."

THE WORKS OF CUNNINGHAM.

"Felix ille, quem, semotum longe e strepitu et popularibus undis, interdum molli rus accipit umbra."

RAPIN.

"Silvestrem tenui musam meditabor avena."

A CARD FROM THE AUTHOR, TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

RE MOTENESS of situation, and some other circumstances, have hitherto deprived the author of that happiness he might receive from seeing Mr. Garrick.

It is the universal regard his character commands, occasions this address.

It may be thought by many (at a visit so abrupt as this is), that something highly complimentary should be said on the part of the intruder; but according to the ideas the author has conceived of Mr. Garrick's delicacy and good sense, a single period in the garb of flattery would certainly offend him.

He therefore takes his leave;—and after having slept (perhaps a little too forward) to offer his tribute of esteem, respectfully retires.

Newcastle, Aug. 1771.

DAY:

A PASTORAL.

"—— Carpe diem." Hor.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-trees waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Reckless till her task be done)

Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distills,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows:
Dropping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy feat.

Now the flock forfakes the glade,
Where, unchecked, the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Y y üj

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs:
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blissful is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of noon!

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free;—(the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill,
Copy the resplendent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with vary'd tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grafs,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

THE CONTEMPLATIST :

A NIGHT PIECE.

"Nox erat—
"Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictaque vo-
"lucres."

THE queen of Contemplation, night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange, the many marshall'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears!
And what day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
That gambol'd round the hill!

The sweets, that bending o'er their banks,
From sultry day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

The moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears amongst the tufted trees,
A Phoenix nest on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in silver'd pomp, the rides
Pale regent of the sky!

Where time, upon the wither'd tree
Hath cary'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the sky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthless time,
Shall youth and vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse:
It glows serenely gay!
Come, science, by my side advance,
We'll search the milky way.

Let us descend—The daring sight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours.—How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of man!

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame,
That lambient o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's other shed.

Among the russet shades of night
It glances from afar!
And darts along the dusk; so bright,
It seems a silver star!

In covert (where the few frequent)
If virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus, the little lamp, content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect—for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky,
Save where a starry space between
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old error thus with shades impure
Throws sacred truth behind:
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep and her sister silence reign,
They lock the shepherd's fold!
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold!

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little Rambler dies.

As luckless is the virgin's lot
Whom pleasure once misguides;
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
Where innocence presides—

The passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim ran:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd—and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day!

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour
And like the glow-worms fade!

The soft serenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host that shone so bright
Is hid behind a storm!

The angry elements engage!
An oak (an ivied bower!)

Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancour thus of rushing fate
I've learnt to render vain:
For whilst integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!—The consecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to peace!
The port that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the night;
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental sight
The temporary dead.

From hence I'll penetrate in thought
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And tutor'd, hence be timely taught
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace—(The little chaos past!)
The gracious moon restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest rear'd!

The nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle strains;
And hope (just wand'ring from my breast)
Her wonted seat regains.

Yes—When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies like these
Give vigour to the mind.

THE THRUSH AND PIE.

A TALE.

CONCEAL'D within an hawthorn bush,
We're told that an experienc'd thrush,
Instructed, in the prime of spring,
Many a neighbouring bird to sing.
She caroll'd; and her various song
Gave lessons to the list'ning throng:
But (the entrangling boughs between)
'Twas her delight to teach unseen.
At length, the little wond'ring race
Would see their fav'rite face to face;
They thought it hard to be deny'd,
And begg'd that she'd no longer hide.
O'er-modest, worth's peculiar fault,
Another shade the tut'refs sought;

And loth to be too much admir'd,
In secret from the bush retir'd.

An impudent, presuming pie,
Malicious, ignorant, and fly,
Stole to the matron's vacant seat,
And, in her arrogance elate,
Rush'd forward—with—"My friends, you see
"The mistress of the choir in me:
"Here be your due devotion paid,
"I am the songstress of the shade,"
A linnet, that sat list'ning nigh,
Made the impostor this reply:

"I fancy, friend, that vulgar throats
"Were never form'd for warbling notes:
"But if these lessons came from you,
"Repeat them in the public view;
"That your assertions may be clear,
"Let us behold as well as hear."

The length'ning song, the soft'ning strain,
Our chatt'ring pie attempts in vain;
For, to the fool's eternal shame,
All the could compass was a scream.

The birds enrag'd, around her fly,
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh.
The caitiff wretch, distress'd—forsorn!
On every side is peck'd and torn!
Till, for her vile atrocious lies,
Under their angry beaks she dies.

Such be his fate, whose fcountrel claim
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.

Friend E——n*, the tale apply,
You are—yourself—the chatt'ring pie:
Repent, and, with a conscious blush,
Go make atonement to the thrush †.

PALEMON.

A PASTORAL.

PALEMON, seated by his fav'rite maid,
The sylvan scenes with ecstacy survey'd;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been absent half the day:
Dar'd by Palemon for a pastoral prize,
Reluctant, in his turn, Alexis tries.

Palemon.

This breeze by the river how charming and soft!
How smooth the grass carpet! how green!
Sweet, sweet sings the lark! as he carols aloft,
His music enlivens the scene!
A thousand fresh flow'rets unusually gay
The fields and the forests adorn;
I pluck'd me some roses, the children of May,
And could not find one with a thorn.

Alexis.

The skies are quite clouded, too bold is the breeze,
Dull vapours descend on the plain;
The verdure's all blasted that cover'd yon trees,
The birds cannot compass a strain:
In search for a chaplet my temples to bind,
All day as I silently rove,

* A Y-shire bookseller, who pirated an edition of
the *Pleasing Instructor*.

† The compiler and reputed authorefs of the original
essays in that book.

I can't find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)
In meadow, in garden, or grove.

Palemon.

I ne'er saw the hedge in such excellent bloom,
The lambkins so wantonly gay;
My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing perfume,
And brighter than common the day:
If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask,
So rich why the landscapes appear?
To give a right answer, how easy my task!
Because my sweet Phillida's here.

Alexis.

The stream that so muddy moves slowly along,
Once roll'd in a beautiful tide;
It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,
But Daphne sat then by my side.
See, see the lov'd maid, o'er the meadows she hies,
Quite alter'd already the scene!
How limpid the stream is! how gay the blue skies!
The hills and the hedges how green!

THE HAWTHORN BOWER.

PALEMON, in the hawthorn bower,

With fond impatience lay;
He counted every anxious hour
That stretch'd the tedious day.
The rosy dawn Pastora nam'd,
And vow'd that she'd be kind;
But ah! the setting sun proclaim'd
That women's vows are—wind.

The fickle sex the boy defy'd;
And swore, in terms profane,
That beauty in her greatest pride
Might sue to him in vain.
When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
Appear'd in all her charms,
Each angry vow Palemon made
Was lost in Delia's arms.

The lovers had not long reclin'd
Before Pastora came:
Inconstancy, the cry'd, I find
In every heart's the same;
For young Alexis sigh'd and prest,
With such bewitching power,
I quite forgot the wishing guest
That waited in the bower.

THE ANT AND CATERPILLAR:

A FABLE.

As an ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,
A worm in his progress remarkably slow,
Cry'd—"Bless your good worship wherever
"you go;

"I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
"I pay my respects with an hearty good will."
With a look of contempt, and impertinent pride,
"Begone, you vile reptile," (his antship replied);
"Go—go and lament your contemptible state,
"But first—look at me—see my limbs how
"complete;

" I guide all my motions with freedom and ease
 " Run backward and forward, and turn when I
 " please
 " Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
 " I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my
 " way."

The reptile insulted, and vexed to the soul,
 Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
 But nature, determin'd to end his distress,
 Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud ant, as repassing the road
 (Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load).
 The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
 Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
 His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
 So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The ant quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
 Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away.
 " Stop, friend," says the butterfly—"don't be
 " surpris'd."

" I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;
 " But now I can mount, in the sun-beams I play,
 " While you must, for ever, drudge on in your
 " way."

MORAL.

A wretch, though to-day he's o'erloaded with sor-
 row,
 May soar above those that oppress'd him—to mor-
 row.

PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

I SAID—on the banks by the stream,
 I've pip'd for the shepherds too long:
 Oh grant me, ye muses, a theme,
 Where glory may brighten my song!
 But Pan * bade me flick to my strain,
 Nor lessons too lofty rehearse;
 Ambition befits not a swain,
 And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

The rose, though a beautiful red,
 Looks faded to Phillis's bloom;
 And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume:
 The dew-drop so limpid and gay,
 That looses on the violet lies,
 Though brighten'd by Pheebus's ray,
 Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
 In freshness with her's to compare;
 And foolishly thought (till I try'd)
 The flow'ret was equally fair.

How, Corydon, could you mistake?
 Your fault be with sorrow confest,
 You said the white swans on the lake
 For softness might rival her breast.

While thus I went on in her praise,
 My Phillis pass'd sportive along:
 Ye poets, I covet no bays.
 She smil'd—a reward for my song!

* The author intends the character of Pan for the late Mr. Shenstone, who favoured him with a letter or two, advising him to proceed in the pastoral manner.

I find the god Pan's in the right,
 No fame's like the fair one's applause!
 And Cupid must crown with delight
 The shepherd that sings in his cause.

POMONA:

A PASTORAL.

On the Cyder Bill being passed.

FROM orchards of ample extent,
 Pomona's compell'd to depart;
 And thus, as in anguish she went,
 The goddess unburden'd her heart:

" To flourish where liberty reigns
 " Was all my fond wishes requir'd;
 " And here I agreed with the swains
 " To live till their freedom expir'd."

" Of late you have number'd my trees,
 " And threaten'd to limit my store:
 " Alas!—from such maxims as these,
 " I fear that your freedom's no more."

" My flight will be fatal to May:
 " For how can her gardens be fine:
 " The blossoms are doom'd to decay,
 " (The blossoms, I mean, that were mine)."

" Rich autumn remembers me well:
 " My fruitage was fair to behold!
 " My pears—how I ripen'd their swell!
 " My pippins!—were pippins of gold!"

" Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs!
 " She droops as the furrows the soil;
 " A nectar I shake from my boughs,
 " A nectar that softens my toil."

" When Bacchus began to repine,
 " With patience I bore his abuse:
 " He said that I plunder'd the vine,
 " He said that I pilfer'd his juice."

" I know the proud drunkard denies
 " That trees of my culture should grow:
 " But let not the traitor advise;
 " He comes from the climes of your foe."

" Alas! in your silence I read
 " The sentence I'm doom'd to deplore:
 " 'Tis plain the great Pan has decreed,
 " My orchard shall flourish no more."

The goddess flew off in despair;
 As all her sweet honours declin'd;
 And plenty and pleasure declare,
 They'll loiter no longer behind.

MAY-EVE:

OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam,
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've seldom been)
 May's vigil while the shepherd's keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nest'd birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

New lightfome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies row,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

KITTY FELL.

The courtly bard, in verse sublime,
May praise the toasted belle;
A country maid (in careless rhyme)
I sing—my Kitty Fell!

When larks forsake the flow'ry plain,
And love's sweet numbers swell,
My pipe shall join the morning strain,
In praise of Kitty Fell.

Where woodbines twirl their fragrant shade,
And noontide beams repel,
I'll rest me on the tufted mead,
And sing of Kitty Fell.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs
That lodge sweet Philomel,
I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And pant for Kitty Fell.

The pale-faced pedant burns his books;
The sage forsakes his cell:
The soldier smooths his martial looks,
And sighs for Kitty Fell.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot,
In gilded courts to dwell;
I'd leave them for a lonely cot
With love and Kitty Fell.

THYRSIS.

The pendent forest seem'd to nod,
In drowsy fetters bound;
And fairy elves in circles trod
The daisy-painted ground:
When Thyrsis fought the conscious grove,
Of slighted vows to tell,
And thus (to sooth neglected love)
Invok'd sad Philomel:

"The stars their silver radiance shed,
"And silence charms the plain;
"But where's my Philomela fled,
"To sing her love-lorn strain?
"Hither, ah, gentle bird, in haste
"Direct thy hovering wing:
"The vernal green's a dreary waste,
"Till you vouchsafe to sing,

"So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,
"(Thy warbling song distressed!)
"The tear that tells the lover's woe
"Falls cold upon my breast.
"To hear sad Philomel complain,
"Will soften my despair;
"Then quickly swell the melting strain,
"And sooth a lover's care."

Give up all hopes, unhappy swain,
A listening sage reply'd,
For what can constancy obtain,
From unrelenting pride?
The shepherd droop'd—the tyrant death,
Had seiz'd his trembling frame;
He bow'd, and with departing breath
Pronounc'd Zaphira's name.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly press'd;
While rapture fill'd each vein;
And as I touch'd her downy breast,
Its tenant slept serene.

So soft a calm, in such a part,
Betrays a peaceful mind;
Whilst my uneasy, fluttering heart,
Would scarcely be confin'd.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees,
Unmov'd, when storms descend;
But, ah! to ev'ry sporting breeze,
The myrtle bough must bend.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

LET the declining damask rose
With envious grief look pale;
The summer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the Dale.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
Or scents the morning gale;
Can such a vernal fragrance yield,
As Fanny of the Dale?

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale:
How faint their beauties, when compar'd
With Fanny of the Dale!

The willows bind Pastora's brows,
Her fond advances fail:
For Damon pays his warmest vows
To Fanny of the Dale.

Might honest truth, at last, succeed,
And artless love prevail;
Thrice happy cou'd he tune his reed,
With Fanny of the Dale.

A SONG.

SENT TO CHLOE WITH A ROSE.

Tune—Last of Patie's Mill.

YEs, every flower that blows,
I pass'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanting rose
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye.
It scented every breeze,
That wanton'd o'er the stream,
Or trembled through the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

To deck that beauteous maid,
Its fragrance can't excel,
From some celestial shade
The damask charmer fell:
And as her balmy sweets,
On Chloe's breast she pours,
The queen of beauty greets
The gentle queen of flowers.

STANZAS ON THE FORWARDNESS OF
— SPRING.

"——tibi, flores, plenissimae
" Ecce ferant nymphae calathas." VIRG.

O'er nature's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,
Bleak winter blooms lovely as spring:
Rich flow'rets (how fragrant!) rise wantonly
round,

And summer's wing'd choristers sing!

To greet the young monarch of Britain's blest isle,
The groves with gay blossoms are grac'd!
The primrose peeps forth with an innocent smile,
And cowslips crowd forward in haste!

Dispatch, gentle Flora, the nymphs of your train
Through woodlands, to gather each sweet:
Go—rob, of young roses, the dew-spangled plain,
And strew the gay spoils at his feet.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the same,
For George, oh ye virgins, entwine! [came,
From conquest's own temples these ever-greens
And those from the brows of the nine!

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies)
What glory to George shall belong!
What Miltons (the other), what Addisons rise,
To make him immortal in song!

To a wreath of fresh oak, England's emblem of
power!

Whose honours with time shall increase!
Add a fair olive sprig, just unfolding its flow'r,
Rich token of concord and peace!

Next give him young myrtles, by beauty's bright
queen

Collected—the pride of the grove!
How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
Sweet promise of conjugal love!

Let Gaul's captive lilies, cleft close to the ground,
As trophies of conquest be ty'd:

The virgins all cry, "There's not one to be found?
" Out-bloom'd by his roses—they dy'd!"

Ye foes of old England, such fate shall ye share,
With George, as our glories advance—
Through envy you'll sicken,—you'll droop,—you'll
despair,
And die—like the lilies of France.

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

The virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs:
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above!
We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
Fond zephyr caresses the vine;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine
The pinks by the rivulet side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide:
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array!
And if the wing'd forersters sing,
Their music is taught them by May.
The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And murmuring seems to repeat
That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit you soon,
Ye virgins be sportive and gay:
Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds in time,
For music must welcome the May.
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind
And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
The May is the mother of love.

THE VIOLET.

Shelter'd from the blight ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition,
Laughing on the tufted bank

On my robes (for emulation)
No variety's impress;
Suited to an humble station,
Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest though the maids declare me,
May in her fantastic train,
When Pastora deigns to wear me,
Ha'n't a flow'ret half so vain.

THE NARCISSUS.

As pendent o'er the limpid stream
I bow'd my snowy pride,

And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
For what the fates deny'd;
The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass,
With such an angel air,
I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye fates, no longer let me pine,
A self-admiring sweet,
Permit me, by your grace divine,
To kiss the fair-one's feet:
That if by chance the gentle maid
My fragrance should admire,
I may,—upon her bosom laid,
In sister sweets expire.

THE MILLER.

A BALLED.

In a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate,
A well-meaning miller, by labour supplies,
Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies:
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are health and content;
Their lordships in lace may remark, if they will,
He's honest, though daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,
No fraud or ambition his bosom e'er fill,
Contented he works, if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his homespun array,
At church he's the loudest to chaunt or to pray;
He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
Though simple the pudding, his appetite's good.
At night, when the priest and excitemen are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill;
No monarch more blest than the man of the mill.

A LANDSCAPE.

"Rura mihi & irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes."

VIRG.

Now that summer's ripen'd bloom
Frolics where the winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
We command the landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields
Humble dales, and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths,—and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Goats upon that frowning steep,
Fearless, with their kidlings brouse!
Here a flock of snowy sheep!
There an herd of motely cows!

On the uplands, every glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;

O'er the vales, the sober shade
Softens to an evening gray.

Where the rill, by slow degrees,
Swells into a crystal pool,
Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunder-stroke,
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
Near the farm-house, forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam
Glitters in meridian light;
Yonder as the virgin stream
Hastens to the restless tide:—

Where the ships by wanton gales
Wafted, o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to see their swelling sails
Whiten'd by the laughing sun!

High upon the daisied hill,
Rising from the slope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the busy breeze!—

Cheerful as a summer's morn,
(Bouncing from her loaded pad)
Where the maid presents her corn,
Smirking, to the miller's lad.

O'er the green a festal throng
Gambols, in fantastic trim!
As the full cart moves along,
Hearken—'tis their harvest hymn!

Linnets on the crowded sprays
Chorus,—and the wood-larks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise,
'Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

Torrents in extended sheets
Down the cliffs, dividing, break:
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
Settling in a silver lake!

From his languid flocks, the swain,
By the sunbeams fore oppress'd,
Plunging on the wat'ry plain,
Plows it with his glowing breast.

Where the mantling willows nod,
From the green bank's slopy side,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod,
Many an angler breaks the tide!

On the isles, with osiers drest,
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds!
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

Fork-tail'd pratlers as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock,
Daring on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimic'd flock.

Where the stone cross lifts its head,
Many a faint and pilgrim hoar,
Up the hill was wont to tread,
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon reverend shades,
Whilome, in that shatter'd cell,
Many an hermit told his beads.

Sultry mists surround the heath
Where the Gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath,
Tott'ring with a load of years.

Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay, upon the rising green,
Many an attic building smiles!

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling shade and light!
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,
Scatter'd on the landscape lie,
'Till the distant view retires,
Closing in an azure sky.

MELODY.

LIGHTSOME as convey'd by sparrows,
Love and beauty cross'd the plains,
Flights of little pointed arrows
Love dispatch'd among the swains:

But so much our shepherds dread him,
(Spoiler of their peace profound)
Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,
Frighted, though they felt no wound.

Now the wanton god grown slier,
And for each fond mischief ripe,
Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,
Tuning sweet an oaten pipe:

Echo, by the winding river,
Doubles his delusive strains;
While the boy conceals his quiver,
From the slow returning swains.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,
Prais'd the fly musician's art,
Love, his light disguise rejecting,
Lodg'd an arrow in his heart:

Cupid will enforce your duty,
Shepherds, and would have you taught,
Those who timid fly from beauty,
May by melody be caught.

DELIA:

A PASTORAL.

The gentle swan with graceful pride
Her glossy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whisp'ring waves:
The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird must be:
But not so sweet—blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,

And still the pendent nest she view'd,
That held her callow young:
Dear to the mother's flatt'ring heart
The genial brood must be;
But not so dear (the thousandth part)!
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale!
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee

For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair!
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair!
When, in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
May Delia share with me.

THE SYCAMORE SHADE:

A BALLAD.

T'OTHER day as I sat in the sycamore shade,
Young Damon came whistling along,
I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue:
Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!
Young Damon designs you no ill:
The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear,
Then prythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
One kiss he demanded—No more!
But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
I could not begrudge him a score:
My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
Many times as we play'd on the hill;
But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop
round,
Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade
For shelter, I'm sure to repair;
And, virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
Although the dear shepherd be there:
At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will;
There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

DAMON AND PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

"Donec gratus eram," &c.

Hor.

Damon.

WHEN Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's fair,
I twist'd young roses in wreaths for my hair;
But ah! the sad willow's a shade for my brows,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vows!

To the groves with young Colin the shepherdess flies,
While Damon disturbs the hill plains with his sighs.
Phillis.

Bethink you, false Damon, before you upbraid,
When Phoebe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,
Through the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis forgot!

And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot;
A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize;
'Tis Phoebe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

Damon.
Like summer's full season young Phoebe is kind,
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!
The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn,
She's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the morn!
She smiles like Pomona—These smiles I'd resign,
If Phillis were faithful, and design'd to be mine.

Phillis.
On the tabor young Colin so prettily plays,
He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise!
He chose me his true-love last Valentine-day,
When birds sat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the spray;
Yet I'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from my
If Damon, the rover, were constant and kind.

Damon.
Fine folks, my sweet Phillis, may revel and range,
But fleeing's the pleasure that's founded on
In the villager's cottage such constancy springs,
That peasants with pity may look down on kings.
To the church then let's hasten, our transports to bind,

And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

Phillis.
To the church then let's hasten, our transports to bind,
And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.

THE WARNING.

Young Colin once courted Myrtilla the prude,
If he sigh'd or look'd tender, she cry'd he was rude;
Though he begg'd with devotion, some ease for his pain,

The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain,
Fatigu'd with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.

He strove with all caution to 'scape from the net,
But Chloe soon caught him,—a finish'd coquette!
She glanc'd to his glances, she sigh'd to his sighs,
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.
Alas for poor Colin! when put to the test,
Himself and his passion prov'd both but her jest.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the snare;
By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair;
When she found he had merit, and love took his part,
She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart.
With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy—as happy can be.

As the rosebud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
The prude and coquette are two slighted old maids;

Now their sweets are all wasted,—too late they repent,

For transports untasted, for moments mispent!
Ye virgins take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

HOLIDAY GOWN.

In holiday gown, and my new fangled hat,
Last Monday I tript to the fair;
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Brisk Roger I guess'd wou'd be there:
He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
There's honey sure dwells on his tongue:
He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
(The vixen wou'd fain be his bride)
Some token she claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
And swore that she'd not be deny'd:
A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Susan was cruelly stung;
I hate her so much, that, to kill her with spleen,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear!
He flatter'd her, he promis'd, and swore!
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and geer,
That trust me,—my pockets ran o'er:
Some ballads he bought me, the best he cou'd find,
And sweetly their burthen he sung;
Good faith he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

The fun was just setting, 'twas time to retire,
(Our cottage was distant a mile)
I rose to be gone—Roger bow'd like a squire,
And handed me over the stile:
His arms he threw round me—love laugh'd in his
He led me the meadows among,
There prest me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
To wed—for I was not too young.

DAPHNE:

A SONG.

No longer, Daphne, I admire
The graces in thine eyes;
Continu'd coyness kills desire,
And famish'd passion dies.
Three tedious years I've sigh'd in vain,
Nor could my vows prevail;
With all the rigours of disdain,
You scorn'd my amorous tale.

When Celia cry'd, how senseless she,
That has such vows refus'd;
Had Damon giv'n his heart to me,
It had been kinder us'd.
The man's a fool that pines and dies;
'Because a woman's coy;
The gentle bliss that one denies,
A thousand will enjoy.

Such charming words, so void of art,
Surprising rapture gave;

And though the maid subdu'd my heart,
It ceas'd to be a slave:
A wretch condemn'd, shall Daphne prove;
While blest without restraint,
In the sweet calendar of love
My Celia stands—a saint.

CORYDON:

A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearle,
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid:
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let a sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In sooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd on his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never wou'd rifle their cell.
Ye lambskins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges for vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Salutes the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd—they envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

DAMON AND PHOEBE.

WHEN the sweet rosy morning first peep'd from
the skies,
A loud singing lark bade the villagers rise;
The cowslips were lively—the primroses gay,
And shed their best perfumes to welcome the
May:

The swains and their sweethearts all rang'd on the
Did homage to Phoebe—and hail'd her their queen.

Young Damon step'd forward: he sung in her
praise,
And Phoebe bestow'd him a garland of bays:
May this wreath, said the fair one, dear lord of
my vows,

A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows:
The swains and their sweethearts that danc'd on
the green,

Approv'd the fond present of Phoebe their queen.

'Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds are
told,

The dearest affections are harvest'd for gold;
That discord in wedlock is often their lot;
While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot:
At the church with fair Phoebe first Damon has
been,
He's rich as a monarch—she's blest as a queen.

A PASTORAL HYMN TO JANUS.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE QUEEN.

"Te primum pia thura rogent—te vota salant,
"———te colat omnis honos.

MART. ad Janum.

To Janus, gentle shepherds! raise a strain:
His honours be divine!
And as to mighty Pan with homage bow:
To him, the virgin troop shall tribute bring:
Let him be hail'd like the green-liveried spring,
Spite of the wintry storms that stain his brow.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of May,
Glides wantonly away:
But January, in his rough-spun vest,
Boasts the full blessings that can never fade,
He that gave birth to the illustrious maid,
Whose beauties make the British monarch blest!

Could the soft spring with all her sunny showers,
The frolic nurse of flowers!
Or flaunting summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finish'd sweet so rare:
Or from his golden stores, a gift so fair,
Say, has the fertile autumn e'er supply'd?

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay
As the white-hawthorn'd May!
The laughing goddesses of the spring disown'd,
Her rosy wreath shall on his brows appear,
Old Janus as he leads, shall fill the year,
And the less fruitful autumn be dechord'd.

Above the other months supremely blest,
Glad Janus stands confess'd:
He can behold with retrospective face
The mighty blessings of the year gone by:
Where, to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,
Assembled ev'ry glory, ev'ry grace!

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year,
The golden hours appear:
As in the sacred reign of Saturn, fair:
Britain shall prove from this propitious date,
Her honours perfect, victories complete,
And boast the brightest hopes, a British heir.*

AN INSCRIPTION

*On the House at Marvill-Bank, near Edinburgh, situated
in a Grove.*

PARVA domus! nemerosa quies!
Sis tu, quoque nostris
Hospitium, laribus, subditiisque diu!

* The above little poem was written on supposition that her Majesty's birth-day was really in the month of January.

Flora tuas ornet postes, Pomona que menfas !
 Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes
 Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,
 Retia sola canent quæ sibi tendit amor !
 Floriferi coëles, dulces mihi sæpere recessus
 Dent, atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis !
 Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel sero senescas,
 Seroque terrenas experiare vices !
 Integra reddantur quæ plurima sæcula rodant
 Detur, et ut senio pulchrior eniteas.

THE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

Peace has explor'd this sylvan scene,
 She courts your calm retreat,
 Ye groves of variegated green,
 That grace my genial gay !

Here, in the lap of lenient ease,
 (Remote from mad'ning noise)
 Let me delude a length of days,
 In dear domestic joys !

Long may the parent queen of flow'rs
 Her fragrance here display !
 Long may she paint my mantling bow'rs,
 And make my portals gay !

Nor you—my yellow gardens, fail
 To swell Pomona's hoard !
 So shall the plenteous, rich regale—
 Replenish, long, my board !

Pour through the groves your carols clear,
 Ye birds, nor bondage dread :
 If any toils entangle here,
 'Tis those which love hath spread.

Where the green hill so gradual slants,
 Or flowery glade extends,
 Long may these fair, these fav'rite haunts
 Prove social to my friends !

May you preserve perpetual bloom,
 My happy halcyon seat !
 Or if fell time denounce thy doom,
 Far distant be its date !

And when he makes, with iron rage,
 Thy youthful pride his prey,
 Long may the honours of thy age
 Be reverenc'd in decay !

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION

ON THE SAME HOUSE.

Hanc in gremio resonantis sylvæ
 Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,
 Ceterisque ruris honoribus,
 Undique residentem villam,
 Non magnificam—non superbam ;
 At qualen vides,
 Commodam, mundam, genialem
 Naturæ parem, socians artem.
 Sibi, suisque
 Ad vitam placide,
 Et tranquille agendum
 Designavit, instruxitque.

D. I. C.

IMITATED.

In the deep bosom of my grove
 A sweet recess survey
 Where birds, with elegies of love,
 Make vocal every spray.

A sylvan spot, with woods—with waters crown'd,
 With all the rural honours blooming round !

This little, but commodious seat
 (Where nature weds with art)

A'nt to the eye superbly great,
 Its beauties charm the heart.

Here, may the happy founder and his race
 Pass their full days in harmony and peace !

CONTENT :

A PASTORAL.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
 and bare,

As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,
 And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home :

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
 crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,

Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly
 round,

And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,

Fresh fruits ! and she cull'd me the best ; [cast,
 While thrown from my guard by some glances she
 Love slyly stole into my breast !

I told my soft wishes ; she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins, her voice was divine) !

I've rich ones reject'd, and great ones deny'd,

But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek !

So simple, yet sweet, were her charms :

I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,

And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,

And if, by yon prattle, the stream,

Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,

Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,

Delighted with pastoral views,

Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,

And point out new themes for my muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,

The damsel's of humble descent ;

The cottager, peace, is well known for her fire,

And shepherds have nam'd her content.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

A PASTORAL.

Her sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,

To hide from the rigours of day ;

And Phillis herself, in a woodbine arched,

Among the fresh violets lay :

A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dam
('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot);
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he
peeps.

He saw the sweet maid with surprise;
"Ye gods, if to killing," he cry'd, "when she
sleeps."

"I'm lost when she opens her eyes!
"To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
"I'll onwards, my lambkin to trace."
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love had him nail'd to the place.

"Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling
"they keep!"

He cry'd, "you're too loud on the spray,
"Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's
"asleep;

"You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day: [maid!
"How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet
"Her cheek he mistakes for the rose;
"I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid
"My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
"Kind, shepherd," she said, "you mistake;
"I laid myself down just to rest me a while,
"But trust me; have still been awake!"
The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
He plac'd himself close by her side,
And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

AN ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

"Alpice murorum moles, praeputaque faxa!"

JANUS VITALIS.

"Omnia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia car-
"pit." SENECA.

In the full prospect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths, and cultivated plains;
The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by time;
And many a cherub, there, descends in dust
From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivolets, oft frighted at the sound [high,
Of fragments, tumbling from the tow'rs on
Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle, or the noxious nightshade spreads;
And ashlings, waisted from the neighb'ring wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trem-
bling heads.

There contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet:
Sits musing on a monumental stone,
And points to the memento at her feet.

Vol. X.

Soon as sage evening check'd day's sunny pride,
I left the mantling shade in moral mood;
And seated by the maid's sequester'd side,
Sigh'd, as the mould'ring monuments I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace
Here time has pass'd—what ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
In vain; and melody her song sublime;
In vain philosophy, with maxims wise,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
And partly the rude savage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted ivy ty'd.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way!
In the crush'd wall, a time-corroded cross,
Religion like, stands mould'ring in decay!

Where the mild sun, through faint-encypher'd
glass,

Illum'd with mellow light yon dusky isle,
Many rapt hours might meditation pass,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And piety, with mystic meaning beads,
Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,
Trode oft the solitary path that leads
Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Through the gray grove, between those with'ring
trees,

'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears.

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his statue
stands;

Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie;
As trac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain,
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
That honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And chivalry stood marshall'd by his side!

Though to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror time
Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft ning sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell,
And where society sat sweetly crown'd,
Eternal solitude has fix'd her cell.

G. Z.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room.
Where the sage matron, and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver-working loom.

The traveller's bewild'rd on a waste;
And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
In the deep dust their barren beauties hide: [dry!
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them

Though his rich hours in revelry were spent,
With Comus, and the laughter loving crew;
And the sweet brow of beauty still unbent
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments—fly they must;
Not to be stay'd by morn or midnight roar!
Nor shall a pulse among that mould'ring dust
Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty moe:

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred nine
Sooth, with his melody, insatiate death!

No—though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around;
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails ambition's wide stretch'd wing,
The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom,

The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king?
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Couriers should call, as round his couch they stood,
"Philip! remember, thou'rt no more than man."

"Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole: [just;

"Though thou art merciful, and brave, and
"Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
"Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!"

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd:

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conquest dress'd;
Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest:

While thus the herald cry'd—"This son of pow'r,
"This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,

"May, in the space of one revolving hour,
"Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!"

Search where ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd,
Where slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And say, while memory weeps the blood-stain'd field,
[man?

Where lies the chief, and where the common

Vain then are pyramids, and motto'd stones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
For time confounds them with the crumbling bones.

That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Refts not beneath the turf the peasant's head,
Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay-bed,
Than t'other in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither let luxury lead her loose-rob'd train;
Here flutter pride, on purple-painted wings;
And from the moral prospect learn—how vain
The wish, that sighs for sublunary things!

A SONG.

He that love hath never try'd,
Nor had Cupid for his guide,
Cannot hit the passage right
To the palace of delight.

What are honours, regal wealth,
Florid youth, and rosy health?
Without love his tribute brings,
Impotent, unmeaning things!

Gentle shepherds, persevere,
Still be tender, still sincere;
Love and time, united, do
Wonders, if the heart be true.

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS.

IMITATED.

HAIL! (with eternal beauty blest!

O'er heav'n and earth ador'd!)

Hail, Venus! 'Tis thy slave's request,

Her peace may be restor'd;

Break the fond bonds; remove the rankling smart,
And bid thy tyrant son from Sappho's soul depart.

Once you descend'd, queen of love,

At Sappho's bold desire,

From the high roofs of sacred Jove,

Thy ever glorious fire!

I saw thy dusky pinion'd sparrows bear
Thy chariot, rolling, light, through the rejoicing air.

No transient visit you design'd,

Your wanton birds depart;

And with a look, divinely kind,

That sooth'd my flutt'ring heart: [rest?

"Sappho," say you, "What sorrow breaks thy
"How can I give relief to thy conflicting breast?

"Is there a youth severely coy,

"My fav'rite would subdue?

"Or has he lost some wand'ring boy,

"To plighted vows untrue?

"Spread thy soft nets, the rambler shall return;
"And with new lighted flames, more fond, more
"fiercely burn.

"Thy proffer'd gifts though he deride,

"And scorn thy glowing charms,

"Soon shall his every art be try'd

"To win thee to his arms;

* Though he be now as cold as virgin snow,
The victim, in his turn, shall like rous'd Ætna
" glow."

Thee, goddess, I again invoke,
These mad desires remove.

Again I've felt the furious stroke
Of irresistible love:
Bid gentle peace to Sappho's breast return,
Or make the youth the loves with mutual ardour
burn.

ANACREON.

ODE LVIII. IMITATED.

As I wove with wanton care,
Fillets for a virgin's hair,
Culling for my fond design,
What the fields had fresh and fine:
Cupid,—and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowslip bell;
While he plumb'd a pointed dart,
Fated to inflame the heart.

Glowing with malicious joy,
Sudden I secur'd the boy:
And, regardless of his cries,
Bore the little frightened prize
Where the mighty goblet stood,
Teeming with a rosy flood.

Urchin, in my rage I cry'd,
What avails thy fancy pride?
From thy busy vengeance free,
Triumph now belongs to me!
Thus—I drown thee in my cup;
Thus—in wine I drink thee up.

Fatal was the nectar'd draught
That to murder love I quaff'd,
O'er my bosom's fond domains,
Now the cruel tyrant reigns:
On my heart's most tender strings,
Striking with his wanton wings
I'm for ever doom'd to prove
All the insolence of love.

ANACREON.

ODE IX. IMITATED.

The Dove.

TELL me, said I, my beauteous dove,
(If an ambassadress from love)
Tell me, on what soft errand sent,
Thy gentle flight is this way bent?

Ambrosial sweets thy pinions shed
As in the quivering breeze they spread!

A message, says the bird, I bear
From fond Anacreon to the fair;
A virgin of celestial grace!
The Venus of the human race!
Me, for an hymn, or amorous ode,
The Paphian Venus once bestow'd
To the sweet bard; for whom I'd fly
Unwearied to the farthest sky.

Through the soft air he bade me glide,
(See, to my wing his billet's ty'd),
And told me, 'twas his kind decree,
When I return'd, to set me free.

I would prove me but a simple bird
To take Anacreon at his word:
Why should I hide me in the wood,
Or search for my precarious food?
When I've my master's leave to stand
Cooing upon his friendly hand;
When I can be profusely fed
With crumbs of his ambrosial bread,
And welcom'd to his nectar bowl,
Sip the rich drops that fire the soul;
'Till in fantastic rounds I spread
My fluttering pinions o'er his head:
Or if he strike the trembling wire,
I perch upon my favourite lyre;
'Till lull'd into luxuriant rest,
Sleep steals upon my raptur'd breast.
Go, stranger—to your business—go,
I've told you all you wish'd to know:
Go, stranger,—and I think you'll say,
This prattling dove's an arrant jay.

THE DANCE.

ANACREONTIC.

HARK! the speaking strings invite,
Music calls us to delight:
See the maids in measures move,
Winding like the maze of love.
As they mingle, madly gay,
Sporting Hebe leads the way.

On each glowing cheek is spread
Rosy Cupid's native red;
And from ev'ry sparkling eye,
Pointed darts at random fly.
Love, and active youth, advance
Foremost in the sprightly dance.

As the magic numbers rise,
Through my veins the poison flies;
Raptures, not to be express'd,
Revel in my throbbing breast.
Jocund as we beat the ground,
Love and harmony go round.

Every maid (to crown his bliss)
Gives her youth a rosy kiss;
Such a kiss as might inspire
Thrilling raptures—soft desire:
Such Adonis might receive,
Such the queen of beauty gave,
When the conquer'd goddess strove
(In the conscious myrtle grove)
To inflame the boy with love.

Let not pride our sports restrain,
Banish hence the prude, disdain!
Think—ye virgins, if you're coy,
Think—ye rob yourselves of joy;
Every moment you refuse,
So much ecstacy you lose:
Think—how fast these moments fly:
If you should too long deny,
Love and beauty both will die.

ANACREON.

ODE XIV. IMITATED.

Why did I with love engage!
Why provoke his mighty rage!

Z z ij

True it is the wand'ring child;
Met me with an aspect mild;
And besought me like a friend,
At his gentle shrine to bend.
True, from my mistaken pride,
Due devotion was deny'd;
'Till (because I would not yield)

Cupid dar'd nie to the field;
Now I'm in my armour clasp'd,
Now the mighty lance is grasp'd,
But an Achileian spear
Would be ineffectual here,
While the poison'd arrows fly
Hot as lightning from the sky.

Wounded, through the woods I run,
Follow'd still by beauty's son;
Arrows in malignant showers,
Still the angry urchin pours;
'Till exhausting all his store,
(When the quiver yields no more)
See the god—a living dart,
Shoots himself into my heart.

Freedom I must now resign,
Victory, oh love, is thine!
What can outward actions win
When the battle burns within!

IMITATION FROM ANACREON.

FILL me that capacious cup,
Fill it to the margin up;
From my veins the thirsty day
Quaffs the vital strength away.

Let a wreath my temples shield;
Fresh from the enamell'd field;
These declining roses bow,
Blasph'ed by my sultry bow.

Flowers, by their friendly aid,
From the sunbeams form a shade:
Let me from my heart require,
(Glowing with intense desire),

Is there, in the deepest grove,
Shelter from the beams of love?

ANACREON.

ODE XXXIII. IMITATED.

To the Swallow

Soon as summer glads the sky,
Hither, gentle bird, you fly;
And with golden sunshine blest,
Build your pretty plaster'd nest.

When the seasons cease to smile,
(Wind'd for Memphis or the Nile)
Charming bird, you disappear
'Till the kind succeeding year.

Like the swallow, love, depart!
Respite for a while my heart.

No, he'll never leave his nest,
Tyrant tenant of my breast!
There a thousand wishes try
On their callow wings to fly;
There you may a thousand tell,
Pertly peeping through a shell:

In a state unfinished, rise
Thousands of a smaller size.

'Till their noisy chirpings cease,
Never shall my heart have peace.

Feather'd ones the younglings feed;
'Till mature they're fit to breed;

Then, to swell the crowded store,
They produce their thousands more;
Nor can mighty numbers count
In my breast their vast amount.

THE PICTURE:

A TALE.

A PORTRAIT, at my lord's command,
Completed by a curious hand,
For dabblers in the nice Vertè
His lordship set the piece to view,

Bidding their connoisseurs tell,
Whether the work was finish'd well.

Why—says the loudest, on my word,
'Tis not a likeness, good my lord;

Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,
Can I pronounce one feature just.

Another effort strait was made,
Another portraiture essay'd.

The judges were again besought,
Each to deliver what he thought.

Worse than the first—the critics bawl,
O what a mouth! how monstrous small!

Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin!
See, what a most preposterous chin!

After remonstrance made in vain,
I'll, says the painter, once again,

(If my good lord vouchsafes to sit)
Try for a more successful hit.

If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
We'll have a piece to please you all.

To-morrow comes—a picture's plac'd
Before those spurious sons of taste—

In their opinions all agree,
This is the vilest of the three.

"Know—to confute your envious pride,
(His lordship from the canvas cry'd)

"Know—that it is my real face,
Where you could no resemblance trace:

"I've try'd you by a lucky trick,
And prov'd your genius to the quick.

"Void of all judgment—justice—sense,
Out—ye pretending varlets—hence."

The connoisseurs depart in haste,
Despis'd—detected—and disgrac'd.

THE WITCH.

A TALE.

A WITCH, that from her ebony chair,
Could hurl destruction through the air,

Or, at her all commanding will,
Make the tumultuous ocean still:

Once, by an incantation fell,
(As the recording druids tell)

Pluck'd the round moon, whose radiant light
Silver'd the sober noon of night;

From the domain she held above,
Down to a dark, infernal grove:

Give me, the goddess cry'd, a cause,
Why you disturb my sacred laws?
Look at my train,—you wand'ring host!
See how the trembling stars are lost!
Through the celestial regions wide,
Why do they range without a guide!
Chaos, from pur confusion, may
Hope for his old detested sway.

I'm, says the witch, severely cross,
Know that my fav'rite squirrel's lost,
Search—for, I'll have creation torn,
If he's not found before the morn.

Soon as the impious charge was giv'n—
From the tremendous stores of heav'n,
Jove with a bolt—revengeful!—red!
Struck the detested monster dead.

If there are slaves to pity blind,
With power enough to plague mankind,
That for their own nefarious ends,
Tread upon freedom and her friends,
Let 'em beware the witch's fate!
When their presumption's at the height,
Jove will his angry powers assume,
And the curs'd miscreants meet their doom.

REPUTATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

To travel far as the wide world extends,
Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

As they went on their intended round,
Talent spoke first, "My gentle comrades, say
"Where each of you may probably be found,
"Should accident divide us on the way.

"If torn (she added) from my lov'd allies,
"A friendly patronage I hope to find,
"Where the fine arts from cultivation rise,
"And the sweet muse hath harmonized man—
"kind."

Says Virtue, "Did sincerity appear,
"Or meek-ey'd charity among the great;
"Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
"Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

"Could I find patriots, for the public weal
"Assiduous, and without their selfish views;
"Could I find priests of undisssembled zeal,
"Tis among those my residence I'd choose.

"In glittering domes let luxury reside;
"I must be found in some sequester'd cell,
"Far from the paths of avarice or pride, I dwell."
"Where home-bred happiness, delights to

"Ye may be trac'd, my gentle friends, 'tis true,
"But who (says Reputation) can explore
"My slippery steps?—Keep, keep me in your
"view,

"If I'm once lost, you'll never find me more."

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

At day's early dawn a gay butterfly spied
A budding young rose, and he wish'd her his
bride!

She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers will do,
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a rose passes quickly away.

And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day,
When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies.

From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he revisit his bride, 'till the sun

Had less than one fourth of his journey to run.
The rose thus reproach'd him—'Already so cold!

'How feign'd, O you false one, the passion you
told!

'Tis an age since you left me: she meant a few
But such we'll suppose the fond language of flowers:

I saw when you gave the base violet a kiss:
How—how could you stoop to a meanness like

this?
Shall a low, little wretch, whom we roses despise,

Find favour, O love! in my butterfly's eyes?
On a tulip, quite tawdry, I saw your fond gaze,

Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
Dull daffodils too, were with ardour address'd,

And poppies ill-scented, you kindly carest'd.
The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer,

'That you're first to complain, I commend you,
my dear!

But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.

I saw the boy zephyrus rise your charms,
I saw how you smil'd and smil'd in his arms;

The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown,
You favour'd besides—O dishonour—a drone!

Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,
Your sweets were made common, false rose, to
a fly."

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did love's providence make,
That ev'ry coquette should be curs'd with a rake.

THE SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE-BUSH.

A FABLE.

A THICK-TWISTED brake, in the time of a storm,
Seem'd kindly to cover a sheep:

So snug, for a while, he lay shelter'd and warm,
It quietly sooth'd him asleep.

The clouds are now scatter'd—the winds are at
peace;

The sheep to his pasture inclin'd:
But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,

His coat is left forlorn behind.

My friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,
Consider before you get in;—

Though judgment and sentence are pass'd on your
By Jove you'll be fleec'd to the skin!

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

A FABLE.

The fox and the cat, as they travell'd one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:

"Tis great (says the fox) to make justice our guide!

"How godlike is mercy!" Grimalkin reply'd:
Whilst thus they proceeded,—a wolf from the wood,

Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seiz'd for his supper an innocent sheep.

"In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton's at hand (says the wolf), I must eat."

Grimalkin's astonish'd,—the fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

"What a wretch (says the cat)—'tis the vilest of brutes:

Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage,
—and roots?" [good,

Cries the fox—While our oaks give us acorns for
What a tyrant is this, to spill innocent blood?"

Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd
still, [a mill;

Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by
Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize.

A mouse too, that chanc'd from her covert to
The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey. [stray,

A spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall;
She cry'd—Of such murders how guiltless am I!
So ran to regale on a new taken fly.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we
blame,

But tax not ourselves, though we practise the same.

HYMEN.

WHEN Chloe, with a blush comply'd,

To be the fond Nicander's bride,
His wild imagination ran
On raptures never known by man.

How high the tides of fancy swell,
Expression must despair to tell.

A painter call'd,—Nicander cries,

"Descending from the radiant skies,
Draw me a bright, a beauteous boy,
The herald of connubial joy!"

"Draw him with all peculiar care,

"Make him beyond Adonis fair;

"Give to his cheeks a roseate hue,

"Let him have eyes of heav'nly blue,

"Lips soft'ning in nectarious dew;

"A lustre o'er his charms display,

"More glorious than the beams of day.

"Expect, Sir, if you can succeed,

"A premium for a prince indeed."

His talents freight the painter try'd,

And ere the nuptial knot was ty'd,

A picture in the noblest taste

Before the fond Nicander plac'd.

The lover thus arraign'd his skill,

"Your execution's monstrous ill!"

"A different form my fancy made;

"You're quite a bungler at the trade.

"Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?

"Where is the cheek's celestial glow?"

"Where are the looks so fond and free?"

"Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me."

The painter bow'd—with this reply,

"My colours an't, your honour, dry;

"When time has mellow'd ev'ry tint,

"Twill please you—or the deuce is in't;

"I'll watch the happy change, and then

"Attend you with my piece again;

In a few months the painter came

With a performance—(still the same):

"Take it away,"—the husband cry'd,

"I have repeated cause to chide:

"Sir, you should all excesses shun;

"This is a picture overdone!

"There's too much ardour in that eye,

"The tincture on the cheeks too high;

"The robes have a lascivious play,

"The attitude's too loosely gay.

"Friend, on the whole, this piece, for me,

"Is too luxuriant—far too free."

The painter thus—"The faults you find

"Are form'd in your capricious mind;

"To passion a devoted slave,

"The first directions, Sir, you gave;

"Possession has repell'd the flame,

"Nor left a sentiment the same.

"My picture is design'd to prove

"The changes of precarious love,

"On the next stair-case rais'd on high,

"Regard it with a curious eye;

"As to the first steps you proceed,

"Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed!

"But as you mount some paces higher,

"Is there a grace that don't expire?"

So various is the human mind,

Such are the frailties of mankind,

What at a distance charm'd our eyes,

After attainment—droops—and dies."

FORTUNE.

AN APOLOGUE.

Fabula Narratur.

JOYE and his senators, in sage debate

For man's felicity, were settling laws,

When a rude roar that shook the sacred gate,

Turn'd their attention to inquire the cause.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudest of his race,

In the rough garbure of grief array'd,

Came brawling to the high imperial place,

"Let me have justice, Jupiter!"—he bray'd.

"I am an ass, of innocence allow'd

"The type, yet fortune persecutes me still;

"While foxes, wolves, and all the murdering

"crowd,

"Beneath her patronage can rob and kill,

"The pamper'd horse (he never toil'd so hard!)

"Favour and friendship from his owner finds;

"For endless diligence—(a rough reward!)

"I'm eudgel'd by a race of paltry hinds.

"On wretched provender compell'd to feed!

"The rugged pavement ev'ry night my bed!

"For me, dame fortune never yet decreed

"The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd shed."

"Rough and unseemly's my irreverent hide!
 "Where can I visit, thus uncourtly drest?
 "That outsize elegance the dame deny'd,
 "For which her favourites are too oft carels'd.
 "To suff'ring virtue, sacred Jove, be kind!
 "From fortune's tyranny pronounce me free!
 "She's a deceiver if she says she's blind,
 "She sees, propitiously sees all—but me."

The plaintiff could articulate no more:
 His bosom heav'd a most tremendous groan!
 The race of long ear'd wretches join'd the roar,
 'Till Jove seem'd tott'ring on his high-built throne.

The monarch, with an all-commanding sound,
 (Deepen'd like thunder through the rounds of space)

Gave order,—That dame fortune should be found,
 To answer, as the night, the plaintiff's case.

Soldiers and citizens, a seemly-train!
 And lawyers and physicians, sought her cell:
 With many a schoolman—but their search was vain:

Few can the residence of fortune tell.

Where the wretch avarice was wont to hide
 His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare;
 'Twas rumur'd that dame fortune did reside,
 And Jove's ambassadors were posted there.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments drest,
 A feeble porter at the gate they found:
 Doubled with wretchedness—with age distressed,
 And on his wrinkled forehead famine frown'd.

"Mortals avaunt (the trembling spectre cries),
 "Ere you invade those sacred haunts, beware!
 "To guard lord avarice from rude surprize,
 "I am the centinel—my name is care.

"Doubts, disappointments, anarchy of mind,
 "These are the soldiers that surround his hall:
 "And ev'ry fury that can lash mankind,
 "Rage, rancour, and revenge attend his call.

"Fortune's gone forth, you seek a wand'ring dame,
 "A settled residence the harlot scorns:
 "Curse on such visitants, she never came,
 "But with a cruel hand she scatter'd thorns!

"To the green vale, yon shel'ring hills sur-
 "round,
 "Go forward, you'll arrive at wisdom's cell:
 "Would you be taught where fortune may be
 "found,
 "None can direct your anxious search so well."

Forward they went, o'er many a dreary spot:
 (Rough was the road, as if untrod before)
 'Till from the casement of a low-roof'd cot
 Wisdom perceiv'd them, and unbar'd her door.

Wisdom, (she knew of fortune but the name)
 Gave to their questions a serene reply:
 "Hither (she said), if e'er that goddess came,
 "I saw her not—the pass'd unnotic'd by.

"Abroad with contemplation oft I roam,
 "And leave to poverty my humble cell:

"She's my domestic, never stirs from home,
 "If fortune has been here, 'tis she can tell.
 "The matron eyes us from yon mantling shade,
 "And see her sober footsteps this way bent!
 "Mark by her side a little rose-lipp'd maid,
 "'Tis my young daughter, and her name's
 "content."

As poverty advanc'd with lenient grace,
 "Fortune (she cry'd) hath never yet been here;
 "But hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,
 "Tells me, her highness may, in time, appear:

"Felicity, no doubt, adorns their lot,
 "On whom her golden bounty beams divine!
 "Yet though she never reach our rustic cot,
 "Patience will visit us—we shan't repine."

After a vast (but unavailing) round,
 The messengers returning in despair,
 On an high hill a fairy mansion found.
 And hop'd the goddess, fortune, might be there.

The dome, so glitt'ring, it amaz'd the sight,
 ('Twas adamant, with gems encrust'd o'er)
 Had not a casement to admit the light,
 Nor could Jove's deputies descry the door.

But eager to conclude a tedious chase,
 And anxious to return from whence they came,
 Thrice they involk'd the genius of the place,
 Thrice utter'd, awfully, Jove's sacred name.

As echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,
 Illusion and her fairy dome withdrew:
 (Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove)
 And fortune stood reveal'd to public view.

Of for that happiness high courts deny'd,
 To this receptacle dame fortune ran:
 When haras'd, it was here she us'd to hide,
 From the wild suits of discontented man.

Prostrate, the delegates their charge declare,
 (Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)
 Fortune receiv'd them with a flatter'ing air,
 And join'd them 'till they reach'd Jove's judg-
 ment seat.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place
 Were gather'd; though diff'rent motives keen:
 Many—to see dame fortune's radiant face,
 Many—by radiant fortune to be seen.

Jove smil'd, as on a favourite he esteems,
 He gave her, near his own, a golden seat:
 Fair fortune's an adventurer, it seems,
 The deities themselves are glad to greet.

"Daughter (says Jupiter), you're sore accus'd!
 "Clamour incessantly reviles your name!
 "If by the rancour of that wretch abus'd,
 "Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

"Though pester'd daily with complaints from man,
 "Through this conviction I record them not—
 "Let my kind Providence do all it can,
 "None of that species ever lik'd his lot.

"But the poor quadruped that now appeals,
 "Can wanton cruelty the weak pursue?

Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
 "And all his wretchedness he lays to you."
 "Alas him, high Jupiter---(reply'd the dame)
 "In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd class?
 "Is fortune, (a divinity) to blame
 "That the descends not to regard---an ass?"
 Fame enter'd in her rolls the sage reply;
 The dame, defendant, was discharg'd with grace!
 "Go---(to the plaintiff, said the fire) and try
 "By merit to surmount your low-born race.
 "Learn from the lion to be just and brave,
 "Take from the elephant instruction wise;
 "With gracious breeding like the horse behave,
 "Nor the sagacity of hounds despise.
 "These useful qualities with care imbibe,
 "For which some quadrupeds are justly priz'd:
 "Attain these talents that adorn each tribe,
 "And you'll no longer be a wretch despis'd."

A MAN TO MY MIND.

(WROTE AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.)

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins de-
 spis'd, [mis'd;
 To all bachelors greeting, these lines are pre-
 sent I'm a maid that would marry, but where shall I find
 (I wish not for fortune) a man to my mind?

Not the fair-weather sop, fond of fashion and lace;
 Not the 'quire, that can wake to no joys but the
 chase; [bind:
 Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can
 Neither this---that---nor t'other's the man to my
 mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd fot, that topos world without
 end; [friend;
 Not the drone, who can't relish his bottle and
 Not the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's
 unkind: [mind:
 Neither this---that---nor t'other's the man to my

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding
 or merit;
 Not the flash, that's all fury without any spirit;
 Not the fine master fribble, the scorn of mankind:
 Neither this---that---nor t'other's the man to my
 mind.

But the youth in whom merit and sense may con-
 spire, [admire:
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should
 In whose heart love and truth are with honour
 combin'd:
 This---this---and no other's the man to my mind.

WITH A PRESENT.

LET not the hand of Amity be nice!
 Nor the poor tribute from the heart disclaim;
 A trifle shall become a pledge of price,
 If friendship stamps it with her sacred name.
 The little rose that laughs upon its stem,
 One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,

In value soars above an eastern gem,
 If tender'd as the token of esteem.
 Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
 Such as your merits might demand---their due!
 Then should the golden tribute of your friend
 Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

FANCY.

A Song in a Pantomime Entertainment.

FANCY leads the fetter'd senses
 Captives to her fond controul;
 Merit may have rich pretences,
 But 'tis fancy fires the soul.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning
 Fancy flies, a fairy queen?
 Fancy, wit and worth disdaining,
 Gives the prize to harlequin.

If the virgin's false, forgive her,
 Fancy was your only foe:
 Cupid claims the dart and quiver,
 But 'tis fancy twangs the bow.

LOVE AND CHASTITY:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

FROM the high mount *, whence sacred groves
 depend,

Diana and her virgin troop descend;
 And while the buskin'd maids with active care,
 The business of the daily chase prepare,
 A favourite nymph steps forward from the throng,
 And thus, exulting, swells the jovial song.

AIR.

Jolly health springs aloft at the loud sounding
 horn,

Unlock'd from soft slumber's embrace;
 And joy sings an hymn to salute the sweet morn,
 That smiles on the nymphs of the chase;
 The rage of fell Cupid no bosom profanes,
 No rancour disturbs our delight,
 All the day with fresh vigour we sweep o'er the
 plains,

And sleep with contentment all night.

RECITATIVE.

Their clamour rous'd the slighted god of love:
 He flies, indignant, to the sacred grove:
 Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair,
 His rosy wings perfume the wanton air;
 Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell designs de-
 clare.

A crimson blush o'erspread Diana's face,
 A frown succeeds---She stops the springing chase,
 And thus, forbids the boy the consecrated place.

AIR.

Fond disturber of the heart,
 From these sacred shades depart:
 Here's a blooming troop disdains
 Love, and his fantastic chains.

* Mount Lathmes.

Sisters of the silver bow,
Pure and chaste as virgin snow,
Melt not at thy feeble fires,
Wanton god of wild desires!

RECITATIVE.

Rage and revenge divide love's little breast,
Whilst thus the angry goddesses headrest:

AIR.

Virgin snow does oft remain
Long unmelted on the plain,
Till the glorious god of day
Smiles, and wastes its pride away.
What is Sol's meridian fire
To the darts of strong desire!
Love can light a raging flame
Hotter than his noontide beam.

RECITATIVE.

Now, through the forest's brown embower'd
ways,

With careless steps the young Endymion strays:
His form erect!—loose flows his lovely hair,
His glowing cheeks like youthful Hebe's fair!
His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move,
His eyes—his ev'ry feature form'd for love:
Around the list'ning woods attentive hung,
Whilst thus, invoking sleep, the shepherd sung:

AIR.

Where the pebbled streamlet glides
Near the wood nymph's rustic grot,
If the god of sleep resides,
Or in Pan's sequester'd cot:
Hither if he'll lightly tread,
Follow'd by a gentle dream,
We'll enjoy this grassy bed,
On the bank beside the stream.

RECITATIVE.

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,
Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes;
And now a sporting breeze his bosom shows,
As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows:
The goddess gaz'd, in magic softness bound;
Her silver bow falls useless to the ground!
Love laugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd a dart
Unerring, to her undefended heart.
She feels in ev'ry vein the fatal fire,
And thus persuades her virgins to retire:

AIR.

Ye tender maids be timely wife!
Love's wanton fury shun!
In flight alone your safety lies,
The daring are undone!

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,
With vultures, fell, engage!
Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
Or tempt the tyger's rage!
No, no, like fawns, ye virgins fly,
To secret cells remove;
Nor dare the doubtful combat try
'Twixt chastity and love.

AMPHITRION.

RECITATIVE.

AMPHITRION and his bride, a godlike pair!
He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair;

On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchless splendour held the nuptial feast:
Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung
Enraptur'd, thus, the happy hero sung:

AIR.

Was mighty Jove descending,
In all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine:
His shafts of bolted thunder
With boldness I'd deride;
Not heav'n itself can fonder
The hearts that love has ty'd.

RECITATIVE.

The thunderer heard,—he look'd with ven-
geance down,—he look'd with ven-
Till beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown.
The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes
Compell'd the conquer'd god to quit his skies;
He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her
charms,
And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

AIR.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
Who reveals it not, when won:
Beauty's like the miser's treasure;
Boast it—and the fool's undone!

Learn by this, unguarded lover,
When your secret sighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue discover
Raptures that you should conceal.

ANACREON.

ODE XIX. IMITATED.

OLD earth, when in a tipling vein,
Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,
Which the tall trees, by heat oppress'd,
Drink from her kind maternal breast:
Lest angry ocean should be dry,
The river gods their stores supply:
The monarch of the glowing day
Drinks large potations from the sea:
And the pale empress of the night
Drinks from his orb propitious light:
All—all things drink—abstemious fage!
Why should not we our thirst assuage?

NEWCASTLE BEER.

WHEN fame brought the news of Great-Britain's
success,
And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat;
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,
To summon the deities all to a treat:
Blithe Comus was plac'd
To guide the gay feast.
And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer;
Yet vow'd to his thinking,
For exquisite drinking,
Their nectar was nothing to Newcastle beer.

The great god of war, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,

THE WORKS OF CUNNINGHAM.

Sent a message that moment to Moor's * for a tun
Of singo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best:

No gods—they all swore,
Regal'd so before,

With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear:
And each deified fellow
Got jovially mellow,

In honour, brave boys, of our Newcastle beer.

Apollo perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon water so long:
He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore song:

But ere he began,
He toff'd off his can:

There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear:

Then sang with great merit,
The flavour and spirit

His godship had found in our Newcastle beer.

'Twas singo like this made Alcides so bold,
It brace'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his pow'rs;
And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.

The horrible crew
That Hercules slew,

Were poverty, calumny, trouble, and fear:
Such a club would you borrow,
To drive away sorrow,

Apply for a jorum of Newcastle beer.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid, and pale,
Whom love, like the cholic, so rudely infests;
Take a cordial of this, 'twill probatum prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your

breasts:

Dull whining despise,
Grow rosy and wise,

Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear;
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk, and be jolly,

And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom physic prescribes,
Who bolus and potion have haras'd to death!
Ye wretches, whom law and her ill-looking tribes
Have hunted about till you're quite out of

breath!
Here's shelter and ease,
No craving for fees,

No danger, no doctor, no bailiff is near!
Your spirits this raises,
It cures your diseases,

There's freedom and health in our Newcastle beer.

THE TOAST.

A CATCH.

Give the toast—my good fellow, be jovial and gay,
And let the brisk moments pass jocund away!

Here's the king—take your bumpers, my brave
British souls,

Who guards your fair freedom should crown your
full bowls,

Let him live—long and happy, see Lewis brought
And taste all the comforts, no cares of a crown.

* Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.

A THREE-PART CATCH.

'Tis in view—(the rich blessing kind nature be-
stow'd,

To conquer our sorrows, or lighten the load)
A full flask!—the rich nectar this bottle contains
In a flood of fresh rapture shall roll through our
veins.

Let it bleed—and carousing this liquor divine,
Sing an hymn to the god that first cultur'd the
vine.

ON SIR W—B—T'S BIRTH-DAY.

Does true felicity on grandeur wait?

Delights she in the pageantry of show?

Say, can the glittering gewgaws of the great
An hour of inborn happiness bestow?

He that is just, benevolent, humane,

In conscious rectitude supremely blest,

O'er the glad hearts of multitudes shall reign,

Though the gay star ne'er blaze'd upon his breast,

Ye happy children of the hoary north,

Hail the glad day that saw your patron born;

Whose private virtues, and whose public worth,

Might the rich seats of royalty adorn.

STANZAS

*Spoken at a Play at the Theatre in Sunderland, for the
benefit of the Corsicans.*

Who can behold with an unpitied eye

The glorious few (with patriotic fire)

Distrest, invaded, and resolv'd to die,

Or keep their independant rights entire?

Shackled themselves, the servile Gauls would bind,

In their ignoble fetters, half mankind.

The gentle homage that, to-night, you've paid

To freedom, and her ever sacred laws,

The humble off'ring at her altar made,

Prove that your hearts beat nobly in her cause.

All-gracious freedom, O vouchsafe to smile,

Through future ages, on this favourite isle!

Far may the boughs of liberty expand,

For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!

For ever blasted be that impious hand,

That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!

Britons!—'tis yours to make her verdure thrive,

And keep the roots of liberty alive.

O may her rich, her ripening fruits of gold,

Britannia, bloom perpetually for thee!

May you ne'er want a dragon, as we're told

Defended once the fam'd Hesperian tree!

A dragon fix'd, for your imperial sake,

With anxious eyes, eternally awake.

THE RESPIRE:

A PASTORAL.

AH, what is't to me that the grasshopper sings!

Or what, that the meadows are fair!

That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings)

The butterflies flaunt it in air!

Ye birds, I'll no longer attend to a lay;
Your haunts in the forest resign!
Shall you, with your true loves, be happy all day,
Whilst I am divided from mine?

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite,
We twist'd a blooming alcove;
And oft has my Damon, with smiles of delight,
Declar'd it the mantle of love.
The roses that crept to our mutual recess,
And rested among the sweet boughs,
Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,
For Damon is false to his vows.

This oak has for ages the tempest defy'd,
We call it—the king of the grove;
He swore, a light breeze should its centre divide,
When he was not true to his love.
Come, come, gentle zephyr, in justice descend,
His falsehood you're bound to display;
This oak and its honours you'll easily rend,
For Damon has left me—a day.

The shepherd rush'd forth from behind the thick
tree,
Prepar'd to make Phillida blest,
And clasping the maid, from an heart full of glee,
The cause of his absence confess:
High raptures, 'twas told him by masters in love,
Too often repeated, would cloy;
And respites—he found were the means to im-
And lengthen the moments of joy.

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSIC.

CEASE, gentle sounds, nor kill me quite
With such excess of sweet delight!
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills through ev'ry vital part;
A soft, a pleasing pain
Pursues my heated blood through ev'ry vein;
What, what does the enchantment mean?
Ah, give the charming magic o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more!

Now wild with fierce desire,
My breast is all on fire!
In soften'd raptures now I die!
Can empty sound such joys impart!
Can music thus transport the heart,
With melting ecstasy!
O art divine! exalted blessing!
Each celestial charm expressing!
Kindest gift the gods bestow!
Sweetest good that mortals know!

When leated in a verdant shade
(Like tuneful Thyrsis) Orpheus play'd;
The distant trees forsake the wood,
The list'ning beasts neglect their food,
To hear the heav'nly sound;
The dryads leave the mountains,
The naiades quit the fountains,
And in a sprightly chorus dance around.
To raise the stately walls of ancient Troy,
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ;
See what soft harmony can do!
The moving rocks the sound pursue,
Till in a large collected mass they grew:

Had Thyrsis liv'd in these remoter days,
His were the chaplet of immortal bays!
Apollo's harp unknown!
The shepherd had remain'd of song
The deity alone.

FROM A TRUANT TO HIS FRIENDS.

'Tis not in cells, or a sequester'd cot,
The mind and morals properly expand;
Let youth step forward to a busier spot,
Led by discretion's cool, conducting hand.
To learn some lessons from the schools of man,
(Forgive me) I forsook my darling home;
Not from a light, an undigested plan,
Nor from a youthful appetite to roam.
In your affections—(let resentment fly)!
Restore me to my long-accustom'd place;
Receive me with a kind, forgiving eye,
And press me in the parent's fond embrace.

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS,

WRITTEN BY NOBODY*.

ADVANCE to fame—advance reveal'd!
Let conscious worth be bold:
Why have you lain so long conceal'd,
And hid Peruvian gold?
Dan Phœbus did with joy discern
Your genius brought to light:
And many a Somebody should learn,
From Nobody to write.

A BIRTH-DAY ODE:

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! how the soul of music reigns,
As when the first great birth of nature sprung,
When chaos burst his massy chains,
'Twas thus the cherubs sung:

AIR.

Hail, hail, from this auspicious morn
Shall British glories rise!
Now are the mighty treasures born,
That shall Britannia's fame adorn,
And lift her to the skies.

RECITATIVE.

Let George's mighty banners spread,
His lofty clarions roar;
Till warlike echo fills with dread
The hostile Gallic shore.

AIR.

Mark, how his name with terror fills!
The magic sound rebellion kills.
And brightens all the northern hills,
Where pallid treasons dwell;
The monster shall no more arise,
Upon the ground the panting lies!
Beneath his William's foot she dies,
And now she sinks to Hell.

* J. Robertson, an actor belonging to the York Com-
pany.

RECITATIVE. Haste—let Ierne's harp be newly-strung,
And after mighty George be William Jung.

AIR.
Talk no more of Grecian glory,
William stands the first in story:

He, with British ardour glows!
See, the pride of Gallia fading!
See, the youthful warrior leading
Britons, vengeful, to their foes!

RECITATIVE.
Fair is the olive branch Hibernia boasts,
Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts;
While Stanhope smiles, her sons are blest,
In native loyalty content!

AIR.
See—O see, thrice happy ile!
See what gracious George bestow'd;
Twice have you seen a Stanhope smile,
These are gifts become a God!

How the grateful island glows!
Stanhope's name shall be rever'd:
Whilst by subjects, and by foes,
Sacred George, is lov'd and fear'd.

CHORUS.
Like Persians to the rising sun,
Respectful homage pay;
At George's birth our joys begun:
Salute the glorious day!

THE BROKEN CHINA.

Soon as the sun began to peep,
And gild the morning skies,
Young Chloe from disorder'd sleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian sylph, the wanton sprite
That waited on her still,
Had teas'd her all the tedious night
With visionary ill.

Some shock of fate is surely nigh,
Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid:
What do these horrid dreams imply!
My Cupid can't be dead!

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap;
Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

And now the best of brittle ware,
Her sumptuous table grac'd:
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat,
When Dick, the country beau appear'd,
And bowing, took his seat.

Well—chatting on, of that and this,
The maid revers'd her cup:
And tempted by the forfeit kifs,
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

* Earl of Cheshire, and Earl of Harrington,
Both successively Lords Lieutenants of Ireland.

With transport he demands the prize:
Right fairly it was won:
With many a frown the fair denies:
Fond baits to draw him on.

A man must prove himself polite,
In such a case as this:
So Richard strives with all his might
To force the forfeit kifs.

But as he strove—O dire to tell!
The table turn'd—the china fell,
A heap of painted dust by allist at heart!

O fatal purport of my dream!
The fair afflicted, cry'd,
(And yet with grief I must)
Occasion'd (I confess my shame)
By childifhness and pride:
For in a kifs, or two, or three,
No mischief could be found:
Then had I been more frank and free,
My china had been found.

TO MR. —.

Yes, Colin, 'tis granted, you flutter in face,
You whisper and dance with the fair;
But merit advances, 'tis yours to give place:
Stand off, and at distance revere:
Nor tease the sweet maid with your jargon of chat,
By her side as you saunter along:
Your taste—your complexion—your this—and
your that,

Nor lift out the end of your song:
For folly and fashion you barter good sense,
(If sense ever fell to your share)
'Tis enough you could pett *petit maitre* commence,
Laugh—loiter—and lie with an air.
No end you can answer, affections you've none,
Made only for prattle and play:
Like a butterfly, hawk'd for a while in the sun,
You'll die undistinguish'd away.

ON THE LATE ABSENCE OF MAY.

Written in the Year 1771.

The rooks in the neighbouring grove
For shelter cry all the long day;
Their huts in the branches above
Are cover'd no longer by May:
The birds, that so cheerfully sung,
Are silent, or plaintive each tone!
And, as they chirp, low, to their young,
The want of their goddess bemoan.

No daisies, on carpets of green,
O'er nature's cold bosom are spread!
Not a sweet-briar sprig can be seen,
To finish this wreath for my head:
Some flow'rets, indeed may be found,
But these neither blooming nor gay;
The fairest still sleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

December, perhaps has purloin'd
Her rich, though fantastical geer:
With envy the months may have join'd,
And jostled her out of the year.

Some shepherds, his true, may repine,
To see their lov'd gardens undress'd;
But I—whilst my Phillida's mine,
Shall always have May in my breast.

AN EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKE BY MR. DIGGS, AT EDINBURGH.

SAY, can the garter, or the star of state,
That on the vain, or on the vicious wait,
Such emblems, with such emphasis impart,
As an insignium near the Mason's heart?
Hail sacred Masonry, of source divine,
Unerring mistress of the faultless line,
Whose plumb of truth, with never-failing sway,
Makes the join'd parts of symmetry obey!
Hail to the craft, at whose serene command
The gentle arts in glad obedience stand;
Whose magic stroke bids fell confusion cease,
And to the finish'd orders yield its place;
Who calls creation from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.
To works of art her merit's not confin'd,
She regulates the morals, squares the mind;
Corrects with care the tempest-working soul,
And points the tide of passions where to roll;
On virtue's tablets marks each sacred rule,
And forms her lodge an universal school;
Where nature's mystic laws unfolded stand,
And sense and science, join'd, go hand in hand.
O! may her social rules instructive spread,
Till truth erect her long-neglected head;
Till, through deceitful night the dart her ray,
And beam, full glorious, in the blaze of day!
Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move;
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
And the whole human race be bound in brother's love.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at the opening of the Theatre at York, after it was elegantly enlarged.

ONCE on a time his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your heathen gods were always fond of strolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night, attended by a tempest, came on;
And as the rain fell pattering, helter skelter,
The deity implor'd the hind for shelter.

Philemon plac'd his godship close beside him,
While goody Baucis made the fire that dry'd him;
With more benevolence than one that's richer,
He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And, fond to give his guest a meal of pleasure,
Sung a rough song, in his rude country measure.
Jove was so pleas'd with these good-natur'd fallies,

Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.
Taste, like great Jupiter, came here to try us,
(Of from the boxes we perceiv'd her spy us)
Whether she lik'd us and our warm endeavours,
Whether she found that we deserv'd her favours,
I know not? But 'tis certain she commanded
Our humble theatre should be expanded.

The orders she pronounc'd were scarcely ended;
But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended:
And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye:
'Tis in that circle [pointing to the boxes] she designs
to meet ye:
Pedants would fix her residence with heathens,
But she prefers old York to Rome or Athens.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at the opening an elegant Little Theatre at Whitchy.

FROM Shakspeare—Johnson—Congreve—Rowe
and others—

The laurel'd list, the true Parnassian brothers!
Hither we're sent, by their supreme direction,
To court your favour, and to claim protection.

Our hopes are flatter'd with the fair's compli-

ance;
Beauty and wit were always in alliance!
Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,
And taste's determin'd by their approbation.

The tragic muse presents a stately mirror,
Where vice surveys her ugly form with terror:
And as the fiend departs—abash'd—disfear'd—
Imperial virtue's with the palm rewarded.
The comic glass, from modern groupes collected,
Shows fops and fools of every class—dissected:
It marks the fair coquette's unfaithful dealings,
And proves that haughty prudes may have their failings.

For faults that flow from habit more than nature,
We'll blend, with honest mirth, some wholesome satire,
Now for our bark—the vessel's tight and able!

New built!—new rigg'd!—[Pointing to the scenes]
with canvas—mast—and cable!

Let her not sink,—or be unkindly stranded,
Before the moral freight be fairly landed:
For though with heart and hand we heave together,

'Tis your kind plaudit must command the wea-
Nor halcyon seas,—nor gentle gales attend us,
'Till this fair circle with their smiles befriend us.

A PROLOGUE,

On opening the Theatre at Whitchy the ensuing Season.

O'er the wild waves, unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call'd for home;
When the bold youth that ev'ry climate tries
'Twixt the blue bosoms—'Twixt the seas and skies—

When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
What glowing ecstasies, by fancy dress'd,
What filial sentiments expand his breast!
In the full happiness he forms on shore,
Doubts—dangers—and fatigues are felt no more.
Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn!
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return!
With such warm ardours you behold us meet,
To lay, once more, our labours at your feet.

(Not without hopes your patronage will last)
We bend with gratitude for favours past.

That our light bark defy'd the rage of winter,
 Rode ev'ry gale--nor started ev'n a splinter;
 We bow to beauty--('twas those smiles secur'd
 her)
 And thank our patrons who so kindly moor'd her.
 Still--still--extend your gentle cares to save her,
 That she may anchor long in Whitby's--favour.

A PROLOGUE,

*Spoke in the character of a Sailor, on opening the New
 Theatre at Northfields.*

HOLLO! my masters, where d'ye mean to flow us?
 We're come to see what pastime ye can show us;
 Sal, step aloft--you shan't be long without me,
 I'll walk their quarter deck and look about me.

Tom and Dick Topfail are above--I hear 'em,
 Tell 'em to keep a birth, and Sal--fit near 'em:
 Sal's a smart lass--I'd hold a but of stingo
 In three weeks' time she'd learn the playhouse
 lingo:

She loves your plays, she understands their mean--
 She calls 'em--moral rules made entertaining:
 Your Shakespeare books, she knows 'em to a tittle;
 And I, myself (at sea) have read--a little.

At London, Sirs, when Sal and I were courting,
 I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouse sporting:
 Mafs! I could like 'em and their whole paratus,
 But for their fidlers and their damn'd sonatas;
 Give me the merry fons of guts and rosin,
 That play--God save the King, and Nancy
 Dawson.

Well--though the frigate's not so much be-
 doyzen'd,

'Tis snug enough!--'Tis clever for the size on't:
 And they can treat with all that's worth regard-
 ing

On board the Drury-Lane or Common-Garden.

Avast!--A signal for the launch, I fancy:

* What say you Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and
 Nancy,

Since they have trimm'd the pleasure-barge so
 tightly,

Shan't you, and I, and Sal, come see them night--
 The jolly crew will do their best endeavours,
 They'll grudge no labour to deserve your favours.
 A luckier fate they swear can ne'er behap 'em
 Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you--clap
 'em.

AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoke at Norwich, in the character of Mrs. Deborah
 Woodcock, in Love in a Village.*

AFTER the dangers of a long probation,
 When Sybil like, she's skill'd in penetration;
 When she has conquer'd each unruly passion,
 And rides above the rocks that others dash on;
 When deeply mellow'd with reserve and rigour;
 When decent gravity adorns her figure,

* To the gallery.

Why an old maid, I wish the wife would tell us,
 Should be the standing jest of birts and fellows:

In maxims sage! in eloquence how clever!
 Without a subject she can talk--for ever!
 Rich in old laws can bring a sentence pat in,
 And quote upon occasion, lawyer's Latin.

Set up that toast, that culprit, *nobis coram*,
 'Tis done--and she's demolish'd in *furor*.

If an old maid's a dragons on duty,
 To guard the golden fruit of rip'ning beauty;
 'Tis right, for fear the giddy sex should wander,
 To keep them in restraint by decent slander.
 When slips are made, 'tis easy sure to find 'em;
 We can detect before the fair design'd them:

As for the men, whose satire oft hath stung us,
 Many there are that may be rank'd among us,
 Law, with long suits and busy mischiefs laden,
 In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
 'Tis undeny'd, and the assertion's common,
 That modern physic is a mere old woman.
 The puny fop that simpers o'er his tea dish,
 And cries--indeed--Miss Deb'rah's--quite old
 maidish!

Of doubtful sex, of undermin'd nature,
 In all respects is but a virgin creature.

Jesting apart, and moral truths adjusting!
 There's nothing in the state itself disgusting:
 Old maids, as well as matrons bound in marriage,
 Are valu'd from propriety of carriage:
 If gentle sense, if sweet discretion guide 'em,
 If matters not though coxcombs may deride 'em;
 And virtue's virtue, be she maid or wedded,
 A certain truth! say--Deb'rah Woodcock said it.

A PROLOGUE,

TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.

*A little piece adapted to the Stage, by D. E. Baker,
 from the celebrated Poem of Ossian, the Son of Fingal.*

To form a little work of nervous merit,
 To give the sleepy stage a nobler spirit;
 To touch a sacred mule, and not defile her,
 This was the plan propos'd by our compiler.

Though caution told him--the presumption's
 glaring!

Dauntless, he cry'd, "It is but nobly daring!
 Can we peruse a pathos more than Attic,
 Nor with the golden measure stamp'd dramatic?
 Here are no lines--in measur'd pace that trip it,
 No modern scenes--so lifeless! so insipid!
 Wrought by a muse--(no sacred fire debarr'd her)
 'Tis nervous! noble! 'tis true northern ardour!
 " Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaim-
 ing,

(The Grecian bards no longer worth the naming)
 In song, the northern tribes so far surpass us,
 One of their Highland hills they'll call Parnassus;
 And from the sacred mount decrees should follow,
 That Ossian was himself--the true Apollo."

Spite of this flash--this high poetic fury,
 He trembles for the verdict of his jury:
 As from his text he ne'er presum'd to wander,
 But gives the native Ossian to your candour,
 To an impartial judgment we submit him,
 Condemn--or rather (if you can) acquit him.

AN EPILOGUE.

TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.

IN fond romance let fancy reign creative!
 Valour among the northern hills is native;
 The northern hills, 'tis prov'd by Ossian's story,
 Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
 Nor could the stormy clime, with all its rigour
 Repel, in love or war, the hero's vigour.

When honour call'd, the youth disdain'd to
 ponder,

And as he fought, the fav'rite maid grew fonder.
 The brave, by beauty were rejected never,
 For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.

If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
 The hard, at home, had ev'ry power descriptive;
 He swell'd the sacred song, and hanc'd the story,
 And rais'd the warrior to the skies of glory.

That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows,
 The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us;
 The sway of northern beauty, if disputed,
 Look round, ye infidels, and stand confuted:
 And for your bards, the letter'd world have known

They're such---The sacred Ossian can't disown 'em.
 To prove a partial judgment doesn't wrong
 you,

And that your usual candour reigns among you,
 Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
 And stamp it with the sanction of your favour.

AN EPILOGUE.

Spoke in the Character of Lady Torvenley, in the Provoked Husband.

At lady---let me recollect---whose night is't?
 No matter---at a circle the politest.
 Taste summons all the satire she is able,
 And canvasses my conduct to the table.

"A wife reclaim'd, and by an husband's rigour!"

A wife with all her appetites in vigour!

Lard! she must make a lamentable figure!

"Where was her pride! of ev'ry spark divested!"

To mend, because a prudish husband press'd it!

What! to prefer his dull domestic quiet,

To the dear scenes of hurricane and riot!

Parties disclaim'd, the happy rout rejected!

Because at ten she's by her spouse expected!

Oh hideous! how immensely out of nature!

Don't you, my dears, despise the servile creature?

"Prudence, although the company be good,

Is often heard, and sometimes understood.

Suppose, to justify my reformation,

She'd give the circle this concise oration.

"Ye giddy groupe of fashionable wives,

That in continued riot waste your lives;

Did ye but see the demons that descend,

The cares convulsive that on cards attend;

The midnight spectres that surround your chairs,

(Rage reddens here---there avarice despairs)

You'd rush for shelter where contentment lies,

To the domestic blessings you despise.

"Or if you've no regard to moral duty,
 ('Tis trite but true)---Quadrille will murder
 beauty."

Taste is abash'd, (the culprit) I'm acquitted,
 They praise the character they lately pity'd;
 They promise to reform---relinquish play,
 So break the tables up at---break of day.

AN EPILOGUE.

Spoke at Edinburgh, in the Character of Lady Fanciful.

FANCY, we're told, of parentage Italian,
 And folly, whose original is Gallic,
 Set up to sale their vast mishapen daughter,
 And Britain, by a large subscription, bought her.

The fertile soil grew fond of this exotic,
 And nurs'd her, till her pow'r became despotic;
 Till ev'ry would-be beauty in the nation
 Did homage at the shrine of affectation.

But common sense will certainly dethrone her,
 And (like the fair ones of this place) disown her.
 If she attempts the dimpled smile delightful!
 The dimpled smile of affectation's frightful!

Mark but her bagatelles---her whine---her whimper---
 her loll---her limp---her saunter, stare---her simper;

All outres, all---no native charm about her,
 And ridicule would soon expire without her.

Look for a grace, and affectation hides it;
 If beauty aims an arrow, she misguides it:
 So awkwardly she mends unmeaning faces,
 To insipidity the gives---grimaces.

Without her dear coquettish arts to aid 'em,
 Fine ladies would be just as nature made 'em,
 Such sensible---sincere---domestic creatures,
 The jest of modern belles, and *petit maitres*.

Safe with good sense, this circle's not in danger
 But as the foreign phantom's---here a stranger,
 I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
 And if they meet, be ready to forego her;
 For trust me, ladies, she'd deform your faces,
 And with a single glance destroy the graces.

AN EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

Spoke at Alnwick, in Northumberland, at a Charitable Benefit Play, 1765.

To bid the rancour of ill-fortune cease,
 To tell anxiety---I give thee peace,
 To quell adversity---or turn her darts,
 To stamp fraternity on gen'rous hearts:
 For these high motives---these illustrious ends,
 Celestial charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
 Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt glade!
 She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,
 And tender as a fond young lover's dream!
 Pity and peace precede her as she flies,
 And mercy beams benignant in her eyes!
 From her high residence, from realms above,
 She comes, sweet harbinger of heavenly love!

* Her sister's charms are more than doubly
 bright;
 From the kind cause that call'd her here to-night.
 An artless grace the conscious heart bestows,
 And on the generous cheek a tincture glows,
 More lovely than the bloom that paints the
 vernal rose.

The lofty pyramid shall cease to live!
 Fleeting the praise such monuments can give!
 But charity, by tyrant time rever'd,
 Sweet charity, amidst his ruins spar'd,
 Secures her votaries unblasted fame,
 And in celestial annals saves their name.

AN EPILOGUE,

*Designed to be spoke at Alnwick, on resigning the Play-
 house to a party detached from the Edinburgh
 Theatre.*

To Alnwick's lofty seat, a sylvan scene!
 To rising hills from distance doubly green,
 Go—says the god of wit, my standard bear,
 These are the mansions of the great † and fair,
 'Tis my Olympus now, go spread my banners
 there.

Led by fond hope, the pointed path we trace,
 And thank'd our patron for the flowery place;
 Here—we behold a gentle waving wood!
 There—we can gaze upon a wand'ring flood!
 The landscape smiles!—the fields gay fragrance
 wear!

Soft scenes are all around—refreshful air!
 Slender repast indeed, and but cameleon fare!

A troop, at certain times compell'd to shift,
 And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift;
 By tyrant managers a while configur'd,
 To fatten on what forage they can find;
 With lawless force our liberty invades,
 And fain would thrust us from these fav'rite shades;
 But we (since prejudice erects her scale,
 And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
 To stronger holds with cool discretion run,
 And leave the conquerors to be—undone.

With gratitude, still we'll acknowledge the fa-
 vours

So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours;
 To the great and the fair we rest thankfully
 debtors, [better].
 And wish we could say, we gave place to our

A PROLOGUE,

TO LOVE AND FAME.

Spoke at Scarborough.

Entering.

WHERE is this author?—Bid the wretch appear,
 Let him come in, and wait for judgment—here.
 This awful jury, all impatient, wait;
 Let him come in, I say, and meet his fate!

* The Countess of Northumberland, who honoured
 the charity with her presence.

† The Earl and Countess of Northumberland, Lord
 and Lady Warkworth, &c.

Strange, very strange, if such a piece succeeds!
 (Punish the culprit for his vile misdeeds)
 Know ye to-night, that his presumptuous works,
 Have turn'd good Christians into—Heathen
 Turks?

And if the genius an't corrected soon,
 In his next trip, he'll mount us to the moon.
 Methinks I hear him say—"For mercy's sake
 Hold your rash tongue—my love and fame's at
 stake;

When you behold me—diffident—diffident!
 'Tis cruelty to make my woes a jest:
 Well—if you will—but why should I distrust?
 My judges are as merciful as just;
 I know them well, have oft their friendship try'd,
 And their protection is my boast—my pride."

Hoping to please, he form'd this bustling plan;
 Hoping to please! 'tis all the moderns can:
 Faith! let him 'scape, let love and fame survive,
 With your kind sanction keep his scenes alive;
 Try to approve (applaud we will exempt)
 Nor crush the barding in this hard attempt.
 Could he write up to an illustrious theme,
 There's mark'd upon the register of fame
 A subject—but beyond the warmest lays!
 Wonder must paint, when 'tis a G—nby's praise.

A PROLOGUE TO RULE A WIFE.

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH.

'Tis an odd portrait that the poet drew!
 A strange irregular he sets in view!
 'Mongst us—thank heaven—the character's un-
 known,

(Bards have creative faculties we own)
 And this appears a picture from his brain,
 'Till we reflect the lady liv'd in Spain.

Should we the portrait with the sex compare,
 'Twould add new honours to the modern fair;
 Their merit, by the foil, conspicuous made,
 And they seem'd brighter from contrasting shade.

Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
 Nor should such antiquated maxims hold;
 Shall subject man assert superior sway,
 And dare to bid the angel sex obey!

Or if permitted to partake the throne,
 Despotie, call the reins of power his own!
 Forbid it, all that's gracious—that's polite!
 (The fair to liberty have equal right)

Nor urge the tenet, though from Fletcher's school,
 That every husband has a right to rule.

A matrimonial medium may be hit,
 Where neither governs, but where both submit.

The nuptial torch with decent brightness burns,
 Where male and female condescend by turns;
 Change then the phrase, the horrid text amend,
 And let the word obey,—be condescend.

A PROLOGUE,

*On receiving the Merchant of Venice, at the time the
 Bill had passed for naturalizing the Jews.*

'Twixt the sons of the stage, without pensions or
 places,
 And the vagabond Jews, are some similar cases;

Since time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much
by slander,

Both lawless, alike, have been sentenc'd to wander;
Then faith 'tis full time we appeal to the nation;
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on;
Lard, that word's so uncouth!—'tis so irksome to
speak it! [take it.

But 'tis Hebrew, I believe, and that's taste, as I
Well,—now to the point—'I'm sent here with
commission,

To present this fair circle our humble petition:
But conscious what hopes we should have of suc-
ceeding,

Without (as they phrase it) sufficiently bleeding:
And convinc'd we've no funds, nor old gold we
can rake up,

Like our good fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob;
We must frankly confess we have nought to pre-
sent ye, [ye,

But Shakspeare's old sterling—pray let it content
This Shylock, the Jew, whom we mean to re-
store ye,

Was naturaliz'd oft by your-fathers before ye;
Then take him to-night to your kindest compas-
sion,

For to countenance Jews is the pink of the fashion.

A PROLOGUE,

*For some Country Lads, performing the Devil of a
Wife, in the Christmas Holidays.*

In days of yore, when round the jovial board,
With harmless mirth, and social plenty stor'd,
Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
And carols sung, or told their Christmas tale;
In struts St. George, old England's champion
knight,
With hasty steps, impatient to recite
"How he had kill'd the dragon, once in fight,"

From ev'ry side—from Troy—from ancient
Greece,
Princes pour in to swell the motley piece;
And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse,
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verse.

Intent to raise this evening's cordial mirth,
Like theirs, our simple stage play comes to birth.
Our want of art we candidly confess,
But give you nature in her homespun dress;
No heroes here—no martial men of might!
A cobbler is the champion of to-night;
His strap, more fam'd than George's lance of old,
For it can tame that dragoness, a scold:
Indulgent, then, support the cobbler's cause,
And though he may not deserve it, smile applause.

A PROLOGUE,

ON OPENING THE NEW THEATRE IN NEWCASTLE,
1760.

Is to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,
To strip the self-deceiving passions bare,
With honest mirth to kill an evening's rare;
If these kind motives can command applause,
For these, the motley stage her curtain draws.

VOL. X.

Does not the poet, that exists by praise,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays?
Is not the wretch (still trembling for his store)
Pleas'd when he grasps a glittering thousand more?
Cheers not the mariner propitious seas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliss?
To ev'ry question we'll reply with—yes.

Suppose them gratified—their full delight
Falls short of ours on this auspicious night;
When rich in happiness—in hopes elate,
Taste has receiv'd us to our fav'rite seat.

O that the soul of action were, but ours,
And the vast energy of vocal powers!

That we might make a grateful off'ring, fit
For these kind judges that in candour sit

Before such judges, we confess, with dread,
These new dominions we presume to tread;
Yet if you smile, we'll boldly do our best,
And leave your favours to supply the rest.

AN INTRODUCTION,

*Spoke at the Theatre in Sunderland, to a Play perform-
ed there for the Benefit of the Widows and Orphans
of that place.*

ON widows—orphans—left, alas! forlorn,
(From the rack'd heart its every comfort torn)
Humanity, to-night, confers relief,

And softens, though she can't remove their grief;
Blasted her hopes, her expectations kill'd,
The sons of sympathy (with sorrow chill'd)
Behold the wretched matron—madly weep,

And hear her cry—"My joys are in the deep!"
To the tremendous Power that rules mankind,
Lord of the seas—the calm and boisterous wind,
We bow, obedient; and with awe resign'd.

His ways, inscrutable, we can't explore,
No—we may wonder, but we must adore.

Happy, for ever, be the generous breast,
That feels compassion for the poor distress;
Happy the hand that stops the sufferer's tear!
Such hands there are, and such we find, are here.

AN ELEGIAC ODE

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

"Pallida mos aequo pulsat pede pauperum tan-
" bernas,
" Regumque turres." HOR.

ENGLAND! thy genius vested like despair,
With loud distress alarms the chalky shore:
Britons! he cries, and rends his hoary hair,
Britons! your much-lov'd monarch is no more!

The sea-gods from their pearl-embroider'd beds,
Who to great George the green dominion
gave,

No longer list their coral-crowned heads,
But dive distress'd beneath the trembling wave.

Hark, how the winds, erst bounteous to his will,
That bore his thund'ring fleets to Gallia's shore,
Pause—for a while, pathetically still.

Then let their sorrows burst in pealy roar!

J A

The nymphs that in the sacred groves prebide,
Where Britain's conqu'ring oaks eternal spring,
In their embrown'd retreats their sorrows hide,
And silent mourn the venerable king.

Tenants of liberty, on Britain's plain,
With flocks enrich'd, a vast unnumber'd store!
'Tis gone, the mighty George's golden reign;
Your Pan, your great protector is no more!

The British swains, e'er whiles a blithesome throng,
No more in laughter's band, to revel seen!
No more the shepherd tunes his cheerful song,
Or dances sportful on the dew-dress'd green.

Beauty, no more the toy of fashion wears,
(So late by love's designful labour dress'd);
But from her brow the luster'd diamond tears,
And with the sable cypress veils her breast.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading state of crowns below;
While melancholy fills the vaulted ile,
With the slow music of heart-wounding woe.

See the detestful owl, ill-omen'd, rise!
Dragg'd, by despair, from her sequester'd cell;
And, by the discord of shrill shrieking cries,
Doubling the horrors of the deep-ton'd bell.

The choral muses droop! their harps unstrung,
The lutes and laurel wreaths neglected fall!
Commerce—besill'd her many nation's tongue,
Whilom so busy in her bustling hall*!

Behold the virtues rang'd, a sorrowing band!
They mourn their king with grief dejected eyes,
See art and sister science, weeping stand!
For ah! their patron, their defender dies;

On conquest's cheek, see how the roses fail!
Grief makes, alas! the fairest blossoms bow!
And honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,
The erst beam'd glorious on our George's brow.

The dreary paths of unrelenting fate, [try!
Must monarchs, mix'd with common mortals,
Is there no refuge for the good and great?
And must the gracious and the godlike die?

Must gilded courts be chang'd for horror's cave!
And scepter'd kings, who keep the world in awe,
Conquer'd by time, and the unpitied grave,
Scarce sav'd their laurels from its rig'rous law!

Search where fell carnage rag'd with rigour steel'd,
Where slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And say, when you've bewept the blood stain'd
field, [man?

Which is the monarch! which the common

The Macedonian monarch†, wife and good,
Bade (when the morning's rosy reign began)
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
"Philip, remember thou'rt no more than man."

* The hall of Commerce, the Royal Exchange.

† Philip, king of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, appointed the pages of his chamber, to remind him every morning, that notwithstanding his glory and power, he was no more than a mere mortal man.

"Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole,
"Though thou art merciful, and brave, and just,
"Philip, reflect thou'rt posting to the goal,
"Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust."

What then avails ambition's wide-stretch'd wing!
The schoolmist's page, or pride of beauty's
bloom!

The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Mingle promiscuous in the levelling tomb.

So Saladin*, for arts and arms renown'd,
The Syrians and Egyptians both subdu'd;
Returning, with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd.

And as he rode, high on his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conquest dress'd,
Conspicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd on a pendant spear his burial vest.

While thus the herald cry'd, "This son of pow'r,
"This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
"May, in the space of a revolving hour,
"Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud."

Can the deep statemen, skill'd in great design,
Save, for the smallest space, precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred nine,
Sooth, with his melody, the tyrant death?

No! though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate,
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

If in the tent retir'd, or battle's rage,
Britannia's sighs shall reach great Fred'ric's†
ear;

He'll drop the sword, or shut the sophic page,
And pensive pay the tributary tear.

Then shall the monarch weigh the moral thought,
(As he laments the parent, friend, ally),
The solemn truth, by sage reflection taught,
That spite of glory, Fred'ric's self must die.

Crowns, like the glow-worm's scarce distinguish'd
light,

For a short moment glance their twinkling fires,
But there's a deathless wreath, divinely bright,
Whose more than diamond lustre, ne'er expires.

Such is the starry meed that virtue ty'd
With her own hands on George's gracious brow;
Eternal shall its golden beams abide,

Though the bright sun should from its orbit
bow.

Nor is the sacred gift to kings confin'd,
The wretch, to fortune, friends, and fame un-
known,

Shall, if sweet piety adorn his mind,
Mount to the highest step of glory's throne.

* Saladin, a famous eastern Emperor, in his triumphant return from the most remarkable conquests, had a shroud carried before him, while proclamation was made, that the victor, after all his glory, could lay real claim to nothing but that wretched linen to wrap his body in for the tomb.

† Frederic, King of Prussia.

The parent's face Apelles * prudent hides,
While death devours the darling of his age;
Nature the pencil'd stroke of art derides,
When grief distracts with agonizing rage.
Then let the muse her sablest curtain spread,
By sorrow taught her nerveless pow'r to know:
When nations cry, their king, their parent's dead,
The rest is dumb, unutterable woe.

Mercy, copartner of great George's throne,
Through the embright'ed air ascendant flies,
Duteous, the peace bestowing maid is flown
To smooth his halcyon progress to the skies,
But see a sacred radiance beams around!
That with returning hope a people cheers!
Behold yon youth, with grace imperial crown'd,
How awful! yet how lovely in his tears!

Mark how his bosom heaves the filial sigh!
He droops distress'd like a fair frost-chill'd
flower,
Till glory from her radiant sphere on high,
Hails him to hold the reins of regal power.
The faintest fire to realms of bliss remov'd,
Like the fam'd phoenix from his pyre shall spring,
Another George as gracious, as below'd,
As good, and glorious, as the parent king.

HORACE,

ODE X. BOOK IV. IMITATED.

CHLOE, my most tender care,
Always coy, and always fair,
Should unwish'd for languor spread
O'er that beauteous white and red;
Should these locks that sweetly play
Down these shoulders, fall away,
And that lovely bloom that glows,
Fairer than the fairest rose;
Should it fade, and leave thy face
Spoil'd of every killing grace;
Should your glass the charge betray,
Thus, my fair, you'd weeping say,
'Cruel gods! does beauty fade?
'Now warm desires my breast invade;
'And why, while blooming youth did glow,
'Was this heart as cold as snow?'

SENT TO MISS BELL H—,

WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.

HAPPY trifles, can ye bear
Sighs of fondness to the fair;
If your pointed tongues can tell,
How I love my charming Bell:
Fondly take a lover's part,
Plead the anguish of my heart.
Go—ye trifles—gladly fly,
(Gracious in my fair one's eye)

* Apelles finding it impossible to express with his pencil, the distress of Agamemnon, while his daughter Iphigenia was offered as a sacrifice, painted him with a veil spread over his face.

Fly—your envy'd bliss to meet;
Fly, and kiss the charmer's feet.
Happy there, with waggish play,
Though you revel day by day,
Like the donor, ev'ry night,
(Robb'd of his supreme delight)
To subdue your wanton pride,
Useless, you'll be thrown aside.

TO CHLOE,

ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY

How can Chloe think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?
Time brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.
See, the proud aspiring oak
Falls beneath the fatal stroke:
If on beauty's cheek he preys,
Straight the rosy bloom decays:
Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And at time's approach—expires.
How can Chloe think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?

INCANTATION.

Performed at the Theatre in Sunderland, in a New
Pantomime.

RECITATIVE.

Hecate.

FROM the dark, tremendous cell,
Where the fiends of magic dwell,
Now the sun hath left the skies,
Daughters of enchantment, rise.

AIR.

[The Witches appear.]

Welcome from the shades beneath!
Welcome to the blasted heath!
Where the spectre and the sprite
Glide along the glooms of night.
Beldams!—with attention keen,
Wait the wish of Harlequin:
Many a wonder must be done
For my first, my favourite son.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder shall be done,
Hecate, for your favourite son.

FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN.

IN A PANTOMIME.

FROM my favour, sense rejected,
Fools by fortune are protected:
Fortune, Harlequin, hath found you,
Happiness will hence surround you.

Should a thousand ills enclose you,
Quick contrivance this belows you!
Valour makes the fair adore you;
This † shall drive your foes before you.

* A hat.

† A sword.

3 A ij

THE WORKS OF CUNNINGHAM.

Gold's the mighty source of pleasure
Take this purse of magic treasure;
Go—for while my gifts befriend you,
Joy and jollity attend you.

ACROSTIC.

P-RAY—tell me, says Venus, one day to thegraces,
(O-n a visit they came, and had just ta'en their
places) [faces:
L-et me know why of late I can ne'er see your
L-adies, nothing, I hope, happen'd here to af-
fright ye? [ye.
Y-ou've had compliment cards ev'ry day to invite
S-ays Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious pro-
ceeding, [breeding:
U-nderhand, dear mamma, there's some mischief a-
T-here's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,
T-hat your loves and your graces all swerve from
their duty. [on.
O-n my life, says dame Venus, I'll not thus be put
N-ow I think on't, last night, some one call'd me
Miss Sutton.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SLEIGH,

OF STOCKTON.

Much lov'd, much honour'd, much lamented
Sleigh!

The kindred virtues had expir'd with thee,
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the sky,
Like the frail offspring of the earth, could die;
Trembling they stand at thy too early doom,
And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.

ACROSTIC.

W-HERE no ripen'd summer glows,
I-n the lap of northern frowns;
D-eferts gloomy, cold, and drear,
(O-ly let the nymph be there)
W-reaths of budding sweets would wear.

M-ay would every fragrance bring,
A-ll the vernal bloom of spring:
D-ryads, deck'd with myrtles green,
D-ancing, would attend their queen:
E-very flower that nature spreads,
R-ising where the charmer treads!

ON THE DEATH OF LORD GRANBY.

For private loss the lenient tear may flow,
And give a short (perhaps), a quick relief;
While the full heart, o'ercharg'd with public woe,
Must labour through a long, protracted grief.

This sudden stroke ('twas like the lightning's
blast)

The sons of Albion can't enough deplore;
Think, Britons, think on all his triumphs past,
And weep—your warrior is—alas! no
more.

Blight, we are told, respects the conqu'ror's tree,
And through the laurel grove with caution
flies;

Vague—and how vain must that assertion be,
Cover'd with laurels when a Granby dies!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. —,

OF SUNDERLAND.

Go, breath of sorrow,—go attending sighs,
Acquaint the natives of the northern shore,
The man they lov'd, the man they honour'd, dier,
And charity's first steward—is no more.

Where shall the poor a friendly patron find?
Who shall relieve them from their loads of pain?
Say, has he left a feeling heart behind,
So gracious—good—so tenderly humane?

Yes—there survives his darling off-spring—youth,
Yet in the paths of virtue, steady—sure!
'Twas the last lesson from his parent's tongue,
Think (O remember), think upon my poor.

A PETITION

To the Worshipful Free-masons, delivered from the
Stage, by a Lady, at a Comedy countenanced by that
Fraternity.

BROTHERS!—'tis bold to interrupt your meeting.
But from the female world I wait you—greeting.

[Curtsies.

The ladies can advance a thousand reasons,
That make them hope to be received as masons:
To keep a secret,—not one hint expressing, (sing!)
I'o rein the tongue,—O husbands, there's a bless-
As virtue seems the mason's sole foundation,
Why should the fair be barr'd from—Installation?
If you suppose us weak, indeed you wrong us;
Historians, Sapphos too, you'll find among us;
Think—brothers—think, and graciously admit us;
Doubt it not, Sirs, we'll gloriously acquit us:
How to be wiser, and more cautious, teach us,
Indeed 'tis time that your instructions reach us:
The faults of late, and every foul miscarriage,
Committed in the sphere of modern marriage,
Were caus'd (if I've a grain of penetration)
From each great lady's not being made a mason.
Accept us then, to brotherhood receive us,
And virtue, we're convinc'd, will never leave us.

AN ODE OF THREE

FOR THE BIRTH OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

"Arma, Virumque, cano." VIRG.

RECITATIVE.

MORE glorious than the comet's blaze,
That through the starry region strays:
From Zembla to the torrid zone,
The mighty name of Prussia's known.

AIR.

Be banish'd from the books of fame,
Ye deeds in distant ages done;
Lost and inglorious is the name
Of Hannibal, or Philip's son:
Could Greece, or conquering Carthage sing
A hero great as Prussia's king!

Where restless envy can't explore,
Or flatter'd hope presume to fly;
Fate bade victorious Fred'rick soar,
For laurels that can never die!
Could Greece, &c.

His rapid bores tremendous break,
Through nations arm'd in dread array,
Swift as the furious blast that shake
The bosom of the frightened sea.
Could Greece, &c.

In vain, to shake the throne of Jove,
With impious rage, the giants try'd;
'Gainst Fred'rick's force the nations strove
In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.
Could Greece, &c.

While prudence guides his chariot wheels,
Through virtue's sacred paths they roll;
Immortal truth his bosom steels,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields,
In comfort with her brave ally;
Saves her fair roses in the fields,
Where Gaul's detested lilies die.
Wreaths of eternal friendship spring,
'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's king.

The jocund bowl let Britons raise,
And crown the jovial board with mirth;
Fill—to great Frederick's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece, or conquering Carthage ling
A chieftan fam'd like Prussia's king!

AN ODE,

Composed for the Birth day of the late General Lord Blakeney.

THE mules harps, by concord strung!
Loud let them strike the festal lay,
Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,
To hail her hero's natal day.
Arise, paternal glory rise,
And lift your Blakeney to the skies!

Behold his warlike banners wave:
Like Britain's oak the hero stands:
The shield—the shelter of the brave!
The guardian o'er the British bands:
Arise, paternal, &c.

He wrests the wreath from Richlieu's * brows,
Which fraud or faction planted there;
France to the gallant hero bows,
And Europe's chiefs his name revere.
Arise, paternal, &c.

With partial conquest on their side!
The sons of Gaul—a pageant crew!
Rank, but inglorious in their pride,
To Blakeney, and his vanquish'd few.
Arise, paternal, &c.

* Richlieu, commander of the expedition against Port-Nabon.

Hibernia †, with maternal care,
His labour'd statue lifts on high;
Be partial, time!—the trophy spare,
That Blakeney's name may never die!
Arise, paternal glory, rise!
And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

SEE how the buds and blossoms shoot:
How sweet will be the summer fruit!
Let us behold the infant rose:
How fragrant when its beauty blows!
The morning smiles, serenely y;
How bright will be the proudest day!
Contemplate next the charming maid,
In early innocence array'd.
If, in the morning of her years,
A lustre so intense appears,
When time shall point her noon-tide rays,
When her meridian charms shall blaze,
None but the eagle-eye must gaze.

A SONNET:

ADDRESSED TO MISS S

WHEN Flora decks the mantling bowers,
In elegant array,
And scatters all her opening flowers,
A compliment to May!

With glowing joy, my bosom beats;
I gaze delighted round,
And wish to see the various sweets
In one rich nosegay bound.
'Tis granted—and their bloom display'd,
To bless my wond'ring view;
I see them all—my beauteous maid,
I see them all in—you.

ANACREON.

ODE V. IMITATED.

THE ROSE.

SURE roses in the sprightly juice,
Prepar'd for ev'ry social use!
So shall the earthy nectar prove
A draught for all-imperial Jove.

Ourselves, with rosy chaplets bound,
Shall sing, and set the goblet round.

Thee, ever gentle rose, we greet,
We worship thee, delicious sweet!
For though by mighty gods careles'd,
You deign to make us mortals blest.

The Cupids, and the graces fair,
With myrtle sprigs adorn their hair;
And nimbly strike celestial ground,
Eternal roses blooming round.

Bring us more sweets, ere these expire,
And reach me that harmonious lyre:
Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial son,
Shall lead us to his fav'rite ton:

† A statue was erected in Dublin to the memory of General Blakeney, who was a native of Ireland.

Among the sporting youths and maids,
Beneath the vine's auspicious shades,
For ever young—for ever gay,
We'll dance the jovial hours away.

MOSCHUS.

IDYLLIUM VII.*

(As translated by Dr. Broome.)

TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, golden star, of ray serene!
Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen!
O Hesper! glory of the night,
Diffusing through the gloom, delight!
Whose beams all other stars outshine,
As much as silver Cynthia thine:
O guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
To him I love, my shepherd swain!
He keeps the mirriful feast, and soon
Dark shades will cloud the splendid moon.
Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
Nor the lone traveller of gold:
Love is my crime: O lend thy ray
To guide a lover on her way!
May the bright star of Venus prove
The gentle harbinger of love!

A PASTORAL.

WHERE the fond zephyr through the woodbine
plays, [bow'r,
And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling
Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays
Impatient—for 'tis past—the promis'd hour!
Lend me thy light, O ever-sparkling star!
Bright Hesper! in thy glowing pomp array'd,
Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
And beam protection on a wand'ring maid.
'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
And pass, unnotic'd, from malignant sight,
This dreary waste, full resolute, I try,
And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.
The moon has slipp'd behind an envious cloud,
Her smiles, so gracious, I no longer view;
Let her remain behind that envious shroud,
My hopes, bright Hesperus, depend on you.
No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast;
I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee:
Hear, then, what love and innocence request,
And shed your kindest influence on me.
Thee—Venus loves—first twinkler of the sky,
Thou art her star—in golden radiance gay!
On my distresses cast a pitying eye,
Assist me—for, alas! I've lost my way.
I see the darling of my soul—my love!
Expressions can't the mighty rapture tell:
He leads me to the bosom of the grove:
Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus, farewell!

TO CHLOE, IN AN ILL HUMOUR.

CONSIDER, sweet maid, and endeavour
To conquer that pride in thy breast;

* To this Idyllium (translated by Dr. Broome) the author owns himself indebted for a hint, from which the following pastoral proceeds.

It is not a haughty behaviour
Will set off thy charms to the best.

The ocean, when calm, may delight you,
But should a bold tempest arise,
The billows enrag'd would affright you:
Loud objects of awful surprise!
'Tis thus, when good humour diffuses
Its beams o'er the face of a fair;
With rapture his heart a man loses,
While frowns turn love to despair.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

AN EPIGRAM.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget,
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.
But Sawney shall receive the praise
His lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's shoes are paid for.

ANOTHER.

To Wasteall, whose eyes were just closing in
death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door; [breath,
In peace, cry'd the wretch, let me give up my
And fate will soon rub out my score.
Come, bailiffs, cries Doll, (how I'll hamper this
cheat)
Let the law be no longer delay'd,
I never once heard of that fellow call'd fate,
And by G—d he shan't die till I'm paid.

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

SAYS Tom to Richard, Churchill's dead;
Says Richard, Tom, you lie,
Old Rancour the report hath spread,
But genius cannot die.

A POSTSCRIPT.

WOULD honest Tom G—d* get rid of a scold,
The torture, the plague of his life!
Pray tell him to take down his lion of gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

EPIGRAPH FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

Executed by Mr. P. Cunningham, Statuary in Dublin.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None—'tis the sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

EPIGRAM.

COULD Kate for Dick compose the Gordian string,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!

* Landlord of the Golden Lion, an inn in Yorkshire.

A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse.

APOLLO TO MR. C—— F——.

On his being satirized by an ignorant Person.

WHETHER he's worth your spleen or not,
You've ask'd me to determine;
I wish my friend a nobler lot
Than that of trampling vermin.
A blockhead can't be worth our care,
Unless that we'd befriend him;
As you've some common sense to spare,
I'll pay what you may lend him.

ON SEEING J. C—— FT, ESQ. ABUSED IN
A NEWSPAPER.

WHEN a wretch to public notice,
Would a man of worth defame;
Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,
Only shows his want of shame.
Busy, pert, unmeaning parrot
Vilest of the venal crews!
Go—and in your Grub-Street garret,
Hang yourself and paltry muse.
Pity too the meddling sinner
Should for hunger hang or drown:
F—— x, (he must not want a dinner)
Send the scribbler half a crown.

VERSES BY THE AUTHOR,

Written about three Weeks before his Death.

DEAR lad, as you run o'er my rhyme,
And see my long name at the end,
You'll cry—"And has Cunningham time
"To give so much verse to his friend?"
'Tis true, the reproof (though severe)
Is just from the letters I owe;
But blameless I still may appear,
For nonsense is all I bestow.
However, for better for worse,
As Damons their Chloës receive,
Ev'n take the dull lines I rehearse—
They're all a poor friend has to give.
The drama and I have shook hands,
We've parted, no more to engage;
Submissive I met her commands—
For nothing can cure me of age.
My sunshine of youth is no more!
My mornings of pleasure are fled!
'Tis painful my fate to endure—
A pension supplies me with bread!
Dependant at length on the man
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise!
I conquer my pride as I can—
His charity merits my praise!
His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the supply—

His kindness exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh.

But like the old horse in the long,
I'm turn'd on the common to graze—
To fortune these changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend, through the day
Her smiles were the smiles of deceit—
At noon she'd her favours display,
And at night let me pine at her feet.

No longer her presence I court,
No longer I shrink at her frowns!
Her whimsies supply me with sport—
And her smiles I resign to the clowns!

Thus lost to each worldly desire,
And scorning all riches—all fame,
I quietly hope to retire—
When time shall the summons proclaim.

I've nothing to weep for behind!
To part with my friends is the worst!
Their numbers, I grant, are confin'd;
But you are, still, one of the first.

A POEM

To the Memory of
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

BY ROBERT FERGUSON.

YE mournful meanders and groves,
Delight of the muse and her song;
Ye grottos and dripping alcoves,
No strangers to CORYDON's tongue.
Let each sylvan and dryad declare
His themes and his music how dear,
Their plaints and their dirges prepare,
Attendant on CORYDON's bier.
The echo that join'd in the lay,
So amorous, sprightly, and free,
Shall send forth the sounds of dismay,
And sigh with sad pity for thee.
Wild wander his flocks with the breeze;
His reed can no longer controul;
His numbers no longer can please,
Or send kind relief to the soul.
But long may they wander and bleat,
To hills tell the tale of their woe;
The woodlands the tale shall repeat,
And the waters shall mournfully flow.
For these were the haunts of his love,
The sacred retreats of his ease,
Where favourite fancy would rove,
As wanton, as light as the breeze.
Her zone will discolour'd appear,
With fanciful ringlets unbound,
A face pale and languid she'll wear,
A heart fraught with sorrow profound.

The reed of each shepherd will mourn;
The shades of Parnassus decay;
The muses will dry their sad urn,
Since 'rest of young CORYDON's lay.

To him every passion was known
That throbb'd in the breast with desire;
Each gentle affection was shown
In the soft sighing songs of his lyre.

Like the carolling thrush on the spray
In music soft warbling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.

Let beauty and virtue revere,
And the songs of the shepherd approve,
Who felt, who lamented the snare,
When repining at piteous love.

The summer but languidly gleams,
Pomona no comfort can bring,
Nor vallies, nor grottos, nor streams,
Nor the May-born flowrets of spring.

They have fled all with CORYDON's muse,
For his brows to form chaplets of woe,
Whose reed oft awaken'd their boughs
As the whispering breezes that blow.

To many a fanciful spring
His lyre was melodiously string;
While fairies and fawns in a ring
Have applauded the swain as he sung.

To the cheerful he usher'd his smiles,
To the woeful his sigh and his tear;

A condoler with want and her toils,
When the voice of oppression was near.

Though titles and wealth were his due,
Though fortune denied the reward;
Yet truth and sincerity knew
What the goddess would never regard.

Avails ought the generous heart,
Which nature to goodness design'd,
If fortune denies to impart
Her kindly relief to the mind?

'Twas but faint the relief to dismay,
The cells of the wretched among;
Though sympathy sung in the lay,
Though melody fell from his tongue.

Let the favour'd of fortune attend
To the ails of the wretched and poor:
Though CORYDON's lays could befriend,
'Tis riches alone that can cure.

But they to compassion are dumb,
To pity their voices unknown;
Near sorrow they never can come,
'Till misfortune has mark'd them her own.

Now the shades of the evening depend;
Each warbler is lull'd on the spray;
The cypress doth ruefully bend
Where the corpse of cold CORYDON stay.

Adieu then the songs of the swain,
Let peace still attend on his shade;
And his pipe that is dumb to his strain,
In the grave be with CORYDON laid.

The Witch - a Fable - See it in the Weekly Mag Edin. 1769. 404

A Song - "Sweet Wedlock's in Vogue" &c of Thomson's Coll. 3. 145

A Song - "Kate of Sherwood." The Silver Moons enamoured beam. 344. 139.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW GREEN.

Containing

THE SPLEEN,
THE GROTTO,
THE SEEKER,

ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY,
SPARROW AND DOVE,
JOVE AND SEMELE,

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd muse.
The child is genuine; you may trace
Throughout the fire's transmitted face
Nothing is stol'n: My muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

THE SPLEEN.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1794.

POETICAL WORKS

MATTHEW GREEN.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

ON BARONAGE, A DISCOURSE, &c.
STARROW AND DOWNS, &c.
JOVE AND JERUSALEM, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The want of method prevents,
Allowing for a spacious mind.
The child is generous; you may trace
The generous's blood in his veins;
Heaven's gifts are his; his mind, though mean,
Is from the fount of truth within;
Not vainly busy with Oldham's life,
To pick a basket for the well.

THE SECOND.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WATKINS AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1794.

THE LIFE OF GREEN.

OF the personal history of GREEN, very few particulars are known; and for those few, the world is chiefly obliged to the editor of "Doddsley's Collection, 1783; and an anonymous writer in the "European Magazine," 1785.

Mathew Green was born in 1696. He was of a family of good repute among the Dissenters, and had his education in that sect. He was a man of approved probity, and sweetness of temper and manners. His wit abounded in conversation, and was never known to give the least offence. He had a post in the Custom-house, and discharged the duty there with the utmost diligence and ability. He died in 1737, at the age of forty-one years, at lodgings in Nag's-head Court, Gracechurch Street.

To the above account, in "Doddsley's Collection," which was furnished by his friend Glover, the celebrated author of "Leonidas," it may be added, that he was nephew to Mr. Tanner, clerk of Fishmonger's-hall. He had not much learning; but knew a little Latin.

He was very subject to the hyp; had some free notions in religious subjects; and though bred among the Quakers, grew disgusted at the preciseness and formality of the sect.

The following anecdotes are related in the "European Magazine," 1785; upon the authority of Glover.

Mr. Sylvanus Bevan, a Quaker, and a friend of Green, was mentioning at Button's Coffee-house, that while he was bathing in the river, a waterman saluted him with the usual compliment of the lower class of people, by calling "a Quaker, a Quaker, quirl." He at the same time expressed his wonder, how his profession could be known while he was without his clothes. Green immediately replied, that the waterman might discover him by his swimming against the stream.

The department in the Custom-house to which Green belonged, was under the controul of the Duke of Manchester, who used to treat those immediately under him once a-year. After one of those entertainments, Green seeing a range of servants in the hall, said to the first of them, "Pray, Sir, do you give tickets at your turnpike?"

In a reform which took place in the Custom-house, among other articles, a few pence paid weekly, for providing the cats with milk, were ordered to be struck off. On this occasion, Green wrote a humorous petition, as from the cats, which prevented the regulation, in that particular form, from taking place.

Green's conversation was as novel as his writings; which occasioned one of the Commissioners of the Customs, a very dull man, to observe, that he did not know how it was, but Green always expressed himself in a different manner from other people.

This very original poet published nothing in his lifetime. In 1732, he printed, and gave away, a few copies of *The Grotto*, written in the character of a *Fisherman*, since inserted in "Doddsley's Collection;" but for reasons which cannot readily be guessed at, the following introductory lines are omitted.

We had a water-poet once,
Nor was he register'd a dunce;
I'll lay awhile my writing by,
And hang abroad my nets to dry,

And slow my apostolic boat,
And try to raise a swan-like note;
For fishing oft in Twick'nam reach,
I've heard fine strains along the beach,
That tempt to sing a cave's renown,
And fetch from thence an ivy crown.

Again, after the line,

That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale,

Of treaty of intriguing kind,
With secret article here sign'd;
And beds conceal'd with bushy trees,
Planted with Juno's lettuces.

After the line

We best what is true nature find,

these two lines should follow :

Chemists and laws their process suit;
They metals, these the mind transmute.

His poem, intituled *The Spleen, An Epistle to Mr. C. Jackson*, was written piecemeal, and would never have been completed, had he not been pressed to it by his friend Glover; who committed it to the press soon after his death, in 1737. It was afterwards reprinted with the *Grotto*, in "Doddley's Collection;" and received, with *The Sackler*, verses on *Bardley's Apology for the Quakers*, and three lighter pieces, into the edition of the "English Poets," 1790.

Many of his unpublished manuscripts were in the possession of Glover at the time of his death; in 1785; which, it is hoped, have been preserved by his family, and will be published, with the dramatic pieces he left behind him.

Considered as a poet, Green ranks with Butler and Prior; neither of whom, however, he professedly imitates. He has originality in many parts.

His thoughts are unborrowed and unexpected, and the strain of his diction original and peculiar. He has Butler's exuberance of matter, and variety of illustration; and Prior's polished wit, and easy versification.

The *Grotto* is written with great elegance and great sprightliness; the language is neat and easy, and the numbers smooth, without the appearance of care.

Gray has not disdained to borrow hints from this performance; as every reader of his beautiful "Ode to Spring," and the following exquisite lines, will readily perceive.

Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,
For virtue, as for learning known:
The thinking sculpture helps to raise
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place;
To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
Their silence speaks, and shade gives light;
While insects from the threshold preach,
And minds, dispos'd to musing, teach;
Proud of strong limbs, and painted hues,
They perish by the slightest bruise;
Or maladies begun within,
Destroy more slow life's frail machine;
From maggot youth, through change of state,
They feel like us the turns of fate;
Some born to creep, have liv'd to fly,
And change earth's cells for dwellings high;
And some that did their fix wings keep,
Before they died, been forc'd to creep;
They politics like ours profess,
The greater prey upon the less;
Some strain on foot, huge loads to bring,
Some tire incessant on the wing;
And in their different ways explore,
With sense of want, by future store;
Nor from their vig'rous schemes desist,
Till death, and then are never miss'd;

THE LIFE OF GREEN.

749

Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,
Are sick and well, have war and peace ;
And, broke with age, in half a day
Yield to successors, and away.

The lines, beginning, *O Delia ! when I touch this string*, are written with equal vigour and elegance.

The Spleen, his greatest work, has many admirers. It is written in that beautiful energetic style, which characterises this poet ; and pleases by the justness of the sentiments, and the novelty and variety of the illustrations. The diction is concise, nervous, and simple, and pleases by its perspicuity and freedom from ambitious ornament. The original idea seems to have been taken from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy ;" a book to which a mind of the greatest powers may be indebted without disgrace. His design, as he tells his friend Mr. Jackson, is not

To write a treatise on the spleen ;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse ;
Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse.
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in ease ;
And how I do myself demean,
In stormy world to live serene.

In describing his peculiar habits, opinions, and amusements, he appears to have proposed to himself no particular method ; but to have written the casual dictates of the present moment. The descriptions are unconnected, and the reflections independent on one another ; but whatever topic employs his mind, he shows himself qualified to expand and illustrate it with all the accessaries that wit, learning, and observation, can furnish. His verses are not tissues of common thoughts, or light images, that may be traced in books. He displays, on every subject, a wonderful compass of comprehension, and activity of fancy.

No poet, except Butler, has ever brought so many remote images so happily together. It is scarcely possible to peruse a single couplet, without finding some association of images that was never found before.

His verses *On Barclay's Apology*, are characterised by the same originality of thought, simplicity of language, and facility of expression. The *Sparrow and the Dove*, displays considerable invention, and no small portion of ease, vivacity, and humour. The mythological story of *Jove and Semele*, though not over decent, is written with great familiarity, and great sprightliness.

"Of Mr. Matthew Green, of the Custom-house," says Mr. Duncombe, "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. L. p. 122, "I know no more than that Pope, on reading this excellent poem *The Spleen*, said, 'there was a great deal of originality in it.'"

"In this poem," says Mr. Melmoth, "Fitzosborne's Letters," p. 114, "there are more original thoughts thrown together, than I have ever read in the same compass of lines."

THE WORKS OF GREEN

THE SPLEEN.

An Epistle to Mr. Cutburt Jackson.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd muse;
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine; you may trace
Throughout the fire's transmitted face,
Nothing is stol'n: my muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring the fountains within;
Nor vainly buys what * Gildon sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there unseen commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won †:
They safely sing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurell'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects of theft beware;
From More ‡ so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a treatise on the spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend the alarm watch, your pulse.
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away

* Gildon's Art of Poetry.

† "A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
Which from a naked Picot his grandfire
won."

Howard's British Princess.

‡ James More Smith, Esq. See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 59. and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

The day-mare spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in ease;
And how I do myself demean
In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic lantern spleen
With frightful figures spreads life's scene,
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Show'd part was substance, shadow more;
With spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, till fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food,
To mend viscosity of blood;
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore;
To thee, I fly, by thee dilute
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,
Thirsty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood;
But after no field-honours itch,
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch,
While spleen lies soft-relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn,
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
With rosal wash seduce her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as the skies;
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the hawk-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robust field-notes resound,
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view,
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen
Some recommend the bowling green;

Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
 Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
 Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
 Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
 And kitten, if the humour hit,
 Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf;
 At some parties let us laugh.
 Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
 That stimulates their impotence;
 Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
 Err with their wings for want of eyes.
 Poor authors worshipping a calf,
 Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
 A strict dissenter saying grace,
 A lecturer preaching for a place,
 Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
 Making the past the future sense,
 The popish dubbing of a priest;
 Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd;
 Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
 Great Esculapius on his stage,
 A miser starving to be rich,
 The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
 A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
 Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,
 New almanacks compos'd by seers,
 Experiments on felons ears,
 Disdainful prudes, who ceaselessly ply
 The superb muscle of the eye,
 A coquette's April-weather face,
 A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
 And fops in military show,
 Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
 I clear my evening with a play,
 Or to some concert take my way.
 The company, the shine of lights,
 The scenes of humour, music's flights,
 Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
 To others' grief attention raise:
 Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
 We borrow joy by pitying woe;
 There gaily comic scenes delight,
 And hold true mirrors to our sight.
 Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
 Calling the passions to her aid,
 When moral scenes just actions join,
 Takes shape, and shows her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
 Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
 When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
 To music's pipe the passion's dance;
 Motions unwill'd its pow'r have shown,
 Tarantulated by a tune.

Many have held the soul to be
 Nearly ally'd to harmony.
 Her have I known indulging grief,
 And shunning company's relief,
 Unveil her face, and looking round,
 Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
 The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
 Or spleen will surely be too hard;

Which, like those fish by sailors met,
 Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
 In such dull weather, so unfit
 To enterprise a work of wit,
 When clouds one yard of azure sky,
 That's fit for simile, deny,
 I dress my face with studious looks,
 And shorten tedious hours with books.
 But if dull fogs invade the head,
 That mem'ry minds not what is read,
 I sit in window dry as ark.

And on the drowning world remark:
 Or to some coffee-house I stray
 For news, the manna of a day,
 And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
 That politics go by the weather:
 Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
 And play at cards but for small sums;
 Or with the merry fellows quaff,
 And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
 Or drink a joco-serious cup
 With souls who've took their freedom up,
 And let my mind, beguild by talk,
 In Epicurus' garden walk,
 Who thought it heav'n to be serene;
 Pain, hell, and purgatory, spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
 And chat away the gloomy fit;
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
 And wear a gay impertinence,
 Nor think nor speak with any pains,
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins;
 Talk of unusual swell of waist
 In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
 And beauty bor'ring Spanish red,
 And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
 And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
 And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
 Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
 By grave pretence to go to church)
 Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
 Like Will and Mary on the coin:
 And thus in modish manner we,
 In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
 Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
 May with its beauties grace my line,
 While I bow down before its shrine,
 And your throng'd altars with my lays
 Perfume, and get by giving praise.
 With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
 You excommunicate the spleen,
 Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
 You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;
 What'er you say, how'er you move,
 We look, we listen, and approve.
 Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
 Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
 By Celia's pat, on their report,
 The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
 Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
 And loves the floral game, to romp.
 But who can view the pointed rays,
 That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
 Love on his throne of glory seems
 Encompass'd with satellite beams.

But when blue eyes, more softly bright, diffused
Diffuse benignly humid light, we gaze, and see the smiling loves,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves, And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves, And raptur'd fix in such a face,
And raptur'd fix in such a face, Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace,
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace, Shine but on age, you melt its snow,
Shine but on age, you melt its snow, Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow, And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes, Blood long congeal'd liquefies,
Blood long congeal'd liquefies, True miracle, and fairly done,
True miracle, and fairly done, By heads which are ador'd while on.
By heads which are ador'd while on, But oh, what pity 'tis to find
But oh, what pity 'tis to find, Such beauties both of form and mind,
Such beauties both of form and mind, By modern breeding much debas'd,
By modern breeding much debas'd, In half the female world at least,
In half the female world at least, Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
Hence I with care such lott'ries shun, Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone, And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
And han't, by vent'ring on a wife, Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflow'r the virgin heart,
Of every folly-fost'ring bed,
By quick'ning heat of custom bred,
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Defist, and give us nature wild;
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence controul;
Coquettes, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts,
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You show too plain, you strive to kill,
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife,
To solace the fatigues of life;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey;
Then truth, and patience of controul,
And house-wife arts adorn'd the soul;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone;
And jealousy, a thing unknown;
Veils were the only masks they wore;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo;
Wife men did not to be thought gay,
Then compliment their pow'r away;
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall;
We sign-haw-haws, that show them all,
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end,
I never am at meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the spleen,
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call on spleen depend.
Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disafe:

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A gipsy diction scarce known well,
By th' magi, who law fortunes tell,
I shun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the spleen,
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex,
Where its twelve verd'ers every day
Are changing still the public way,
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur,
And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt,
No computer-wits me agitate;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn,
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate,
Her panegyric to repeat,
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind,
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsiding settles into spleen,
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party strife,
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
Small beer the deadliest heresy,
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive,
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whose gay red-letter'd faces
We read good-living more than grace,
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immaculate as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray
To the state's mellow forms prefer,
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in show-glass of the face,
Did never mean yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place,
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men,
But to avoid religious jars,
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.

3 B

I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan.
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.

Happy the man, who innocent,
Grieves not at ill he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen fend,
And scoundrel link-boys for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every Christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employed as engineers:
This view my forward zeal to shock,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means lush virtuous ends,
I laugh off spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd! nefarious thought!
In vain our fires have nobly fought:
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and freedom cheer our plains,
And learning largefess bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay approach with zeal defend,
Left their own paradise should end.
The press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monster superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense;

And, liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snare, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation*,
The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be blest,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd,
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand,
With mirror in his wanton hand;
Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the sunny glare.
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.

When fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figure well,
And show her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties fancy drew,
And disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on ether in the park;
Whoe'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, exprestes, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news;
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking spleen for wit;
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To found the epic trump of fame;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat;

* The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732, the conduct of the directors of this body, became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

I bless my stars, I never knew
Whimfies, which close pursu'd, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delicious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes;
The fabled gods the poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similes,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly show
What fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The muse's revelations show.
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain;
And lott'ries never tempt the wife
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the muses in my way.
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names,
Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On poems by their dictates writ
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
And mere upholders in a trice
On gems and paintings set a price.
These tail'ring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays
Striving free nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiarist's ends,
Whose easy vamping talent lies,
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some devoid of art and skill
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging show the town
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgment to refuse,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baser metals mix'd

Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass a play.
All these engage to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,
Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
As Piapho* taught his birds to sing;
Then to the ladies they submit,
Returning officers on wit:
A crowded house their presence draws,
And on the beaux imposes laws,
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the panel are its friends:
Their natures merciful and mild
Have from mere pity sav'd the child;
In bulrush ark the bantling found
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
They have preserv'd by kind support,
And brought the baby-muse to court.
But there's a youth† that you can name,
Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain;
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate,
This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
He sings, and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse;
If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law
By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,
The keener passions then engage
Aright, and sanctify their rage;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove.
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow.

From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend.
Me never did ambition seize,
Strange fever most inflam'd by ease,
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt fortune for a bride,
This paradise-tree, so fair and high,
I view with no aspiring eye:
Like aspen shake the restless leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
But fits of spleen, call'd growing wife.
Greatness in glittering forms display'd
Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
And by its falsely-envy'd scene
Gives self-debasing fits of spleen.

* *Piapho* was a *Libyan*, who desiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this means: He took young birds and taught them to sing. *Piapho* is a great god. When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

† *Mr. Glover*, the excellent author of *Leonidas*, *Roadicca*, *Medeas*, &c.

We should be pleas'd that things are so,
 Who do for nothing see the show,
 And, middle siz'd, can pass between
 Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
 And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
 A wat'ry sun shine in the face,
 And pleasures fled to, to redress
 The sad fatigue of idleness
 Contentment, parent of delight,
 So much a stranger to our sight,
 Say, goddess, in what happy place
 Mortals behold thy blooming face;
 Thy gracious auspices impart,
 And for thy temple choose my heart.
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
 Thy science learn, to bound desire;
 By happy alchymy of mind
 They turn to pleasure all they find;
 They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of spleen,
 And meretricious arts of dress,
 To feign a joy, and hide distress;
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose;
 And cover'd by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts, that round them fly;
 Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares;
 But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good posses'd.
 Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
 The blithsome goddess fouths my care,
 I feel the deity inspire,
 And thus the models my desire.
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made,
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
 Two maids, that never saw the town,
 A serving-man, not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow,
 A drive, while t'other holds the plough;
 A chief, of temper form'd to please,
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
 And better to preserve the peace,
 Commission'd by the name of niece;
 With understandings of a size
 To think their master very wise.
 May Heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cup-board, little plate,
 Display benevolence, not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land:
 A pond before full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
 Behind, a green like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
 Where od'rous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air;
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too regale,

Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
 Like amphitheatre surrounds;
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
 From hills through plains in dusk array
 Extended far, repel the day.
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid:
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of fate,
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach,
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle through the mind,
 Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measur'd motions frisk about,
 'Till old Silenus puts them out.
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vie in variety of green;
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
 Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy top-knots deck her hair.
 And silver streams through meadows stray,
 Naiads on the margin play,
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills
 From play-things urns pour down the rills.
 Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm through life;
 See faction, safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy;
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
 By av'rice, sphinxer of the heart,
 Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
 May I, with look unglom'd by guile,
 And wearing virtue's liv'ry smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive,
 With income not in fortune's pow'r,
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town life to amuse,
 To purchase books and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down,
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing in age,
 When fate extends its gathering gripe,
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.
 But now more serious see me grow,
 And what I think, my Memmius, know.
 Th'enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
 Have never yet my reason foil'd.
 His springy soul dilates like air,
 When free from weight of ambient care,
 And hush'd in meditation deep,
 Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
 Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
 Proves a Columbus of her own,

Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chafes light forms and shadowy things,
And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless spleen,
And fancy's telescope supplies
With tinctur'd glaze to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On fairer's mere herefay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
And clubs its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its wifor mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find,
Since optic reason sh-ows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain,
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood frown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders show,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O *Entium Ens*! divinely great —
Hold, muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
Where no ideas make the way.
With tender eyes and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint,
Who features veil'd by light can hit?
Where can, what has no outline fit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Not runs, with wisdom's lyrens caught,
On quicksands swell wing shepweck'd thought;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state.

Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last,
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong,
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate;
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit;
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid;
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge to career.
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way,
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may Heav'n propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

AN EPIGRAM,

On the Reverend Mr. Lawrence Echard's and Bishop
Gilbert Burnet's Histories.

Gut's history appears to me
Political anatomy,
A case of skeletons well done,
And malefactors every one.
His sharp and strong incision pen
Historically cuts up men;
And does with lucid skill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
Laurence proceeds another way,
And well-dress'd figures doth display;
His characters are all in flesh,
Their hands are fair, their faces fresh;
And from his sweet'ning art derive
A better scent than when alive.
He wax-work made to please the sons,
Whose fathers were Gil's skeleton's.

As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves
 faints, [against]
 Being Christ's little flock every where spoke
 Said a jolly church parson (devoted to ease,
 While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece),
 If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;
 The first is in error, the last a deceiver:
 That ours' is the true church, the sense of our
 tribe is,

And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis*. [band
 Said a yea and a nay friend, with a stiff hat and
 (Who, while he talk'd gravely, would hold forth
 his hand),

Domination and wealth are the aim of all three,
 Though about ways and means they may all dis-
 agree;

Then pr'ythee be wise, go the Quaker's by-way,
 'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay.

ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS*.

THESE sheets primeval doctrines yield,
 Where revelation is reveal'd;
 Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
 Systems lethargic to the head
 They purge, and yield a diet thin,
 That turns to gospel-chyle within.
 Truth sublimae may here be seen,
 Extracted from the parts terrene.
 In these is shown, how men obtain
 What of Prometheus poets feign:
 To Scripture plainness dress is brought,
 And speech, apparel to the thought.
 They hiss, from instinct, at red coats,
 And war, whose work is cutting throats,
 Forbid, and press the law of love:
 Breathing the spirit of the dove.
 Lucrative doctrines they detest,
 As manufactur'd by the priest;
 And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
 For stuff, which never mends the way;
 And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,
 And frank the gospel for our use.
 They sable standing armies break;
 But the militia useful make:
 Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,
 Taught by these rules as well as they;
 Rules which, when truths themselves reveal,
 Bid us to follow what we feel.
 The world can't hear the small still voice,
 Such is its bustle and its noise;

* This celebrated book was written by its author, both in Latin and English, and was afterwards translated into High Dutch, Low Dutch, French, and Spanish, and probably into other languages. It has always been esteemed a very ingenious defence of the principles of Quakerism, even by those who deny the doctrines which it endeavours to establish. The author was born at Edinburgh, in 1648, and received part of his education at the Scots College in Paris, where his uncle was principal. His father became one of the earliest converts to the new sect; and, from his example, the son seems to have been induced to tread in his steps. He died on the 3d of October, 1690, in the 42d year of his age.

Reason the proclamation reads,
 But not one riot passion heeds.
 Wealth, honour, power, the graces are,
 Which here below, our homage share:
 They, if one votary they find
 To mistress more divine inclin'd,
 In truth's pursuit, to cause delay,
 Throw golden apples in his way.

Place me, O Heav'n! in some retreat;
 There let the serious death-watch beat,
 There let me self in silence shun,
 To feel thy will, which should be done.

Then comes the Spirit to our hut,
 When fast the senses' doors are shut;
 For so divine and pure a guest
 The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.

O contemplation! air serene!
 From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!
 Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,
 Where grace, when waited for, is found.

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,
 And meets, exulting, virgin truth;
 Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,
 Impulses rustle through the mind:
 Here shines that light with glowing face,
 The fuse divine, that kindles grace;
 Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,
 Till darkness be by dying past.
 And then goes out at end of night,
 Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me! the heats and colds of life,
 Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,
 Breed stormy passions, which confin'd,
 Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,
 And raise despair; my lamp can last,
 Plac'd where they drive the furious blast.

False eloquence! big empty sound!
 Like showers that rush upon the ground!
 Little beneath the surface goes,
 All streams along, and muddy flows.
 This sinks, and swells the buried grain,
 And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,
 Exerts persuasion's winning force,
 And nervates so the good design,
 That King Agrippa's case is mine.

Well-natur'd, happy shade, forgive
 Like you I think, but cannot live.
 Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
 That from dependence life exempt;
 And constitution fram'd so strong,
 This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
 Not such my lot, not fortune's brat,
 I live by pulling off the hat;
 Compell'd by station every hour
 To bow to images of power;
 And in life's busy scenes immers'd,
 See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent want, whose reasons sway,
 And make ten thousand truths give way,
 While I your scheme with pleasure trace,
 Draws near, and stares me in the face.
 Consider well your state, the cries,
 Like others kneel, that you may rise;
 Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,
 To which preferment is annex'd;

Nor madly prove, where all depends,
 Idolatry upon your friends.
 See, how you like my rueful face,
 Such you must wear, if out of place.
 Crack'd is your brain to turn recluse,
 Without one farthing out at use.
 They, who have lands, and safe bank flock,
 With faith so founded on a rock,
 May give a rich invention ease,
 And construe Scripture how they please.
 The honour'd prophet, that of old
 Us'd Heav'n's high counsels to unfold,
 Did, more than courier angels, greet
 The crows, that brought him bread and meat.

THE GROTTO *.

Written under the Name of Peter Drake, a Fisherman of Brentford.

Printed in the Year 1732, but not published.

"Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,
 "Atque inter silvas Academi quaerere verum."
 HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
 The Grotto makes them all with egg:
 Finding this chalk-stone in my nest,
 I strain, and lay among the rest.

ADIED a while, forsaken flood,
 To ramble in the Delian wood,
 And pray the god my well-meant song
 May not my subj:ct's merit wrong.

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
 Gives leave to view what beauties grace
 Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen
 The much-sung grotto of the queen.
 Contemplative, forget a while
 Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile,
 And Wolfey's † pride (his greatest guilt)
 And what great William since has built;
 And flowing fast by Richmond scenes,
 ‡ (Honour'd retreat of two great queens)
 From || Sion-House, whose proud survey
 Browbeats your flood, look cross the way,
 And view, from highest swell of tide,
 The milder scenes of Surry-side.

Though yet no palace grace the shore,
 To lodge that pair you should adore;
 Nor abbies, great in ruin, rise,
 Royal equivalents for vice;
 Behold a grott, in Delphic grove,
 The graces' and the muses' love.
 (O, might our laureat study here,
 How would he hail his new-born year)!

* A building in Richmond-Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline, and committed to the custody of Stephen Suck. At the time this poem was written, many other verses appeared on the same subject.

† Hampton-Court, begun by Cardinal Wolfey, and improved by King William III.

‡ Queen Anne, consort of King Richard II. and Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

|| Sion-House is now a seat belonging to the Du's of Northumberland.

A temple from vain glories free,
 Whose goddess is philosophy,
 Whose sides such licens'd idols crown
 As superstition would pull down;
 The only pilgrimage I know,
 That men of sense would choose to go:
 Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
 Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
 While all the virtues gather round,
 To see her consecrate the ground.
 If thou, the god with winged feet,
 In council talk of this retreat,
 And jealous gods resentment show
 At altars rais'd to men below;
 Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
 Their house our heroes should admit;
 While each exists, as poets sing,
 A lazy lewd immortal thing,
 They must (or grow in disrepute)
 With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is in terms unskill'd
 To praise whatever Boyle * shall build;
 Needless it is the busts to name
 Of men, monopolists of fame;
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone †,
 For virtue as for learning known;
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise
 Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:
 To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
 Their silence speaks, and shade gives light:
 While insects from the threshold preach,
 And minds dispos'd to musing teach:
 Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
 They perish by the slightest bruise;
 Or maladies, begun within,
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine;
 From maggots-youth through change of state,
 They feel like us the turns of fate;
 Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
 And change earth-cells for dwellings high;
 And some that did their six wings keep,
 Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep,
 They politics like ours profess,
 The greater prey upon the less:
 Some strain on foot huge loads to bring;
 Some toil incessant on the wing;
 And in their different ways explore
 Wise sense of want by future store;
 Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
 'Till death, and then are never miss'd.
 Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,
 Are sick and well, have war and peace,
 And, broke with age, in half a day
 Yield to successors, and away,
 Let not profane this sacred place,
 Hypocrisy with Janus' face;

* Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taste in architecture. "Never was protection and great wealth more generously and judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy." He died December 4, 1753.

† The author should have said five, there being the busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

Or pomp, mixt state of pride and care;
Court kindness, falsehood's polish'd ware;
Scandal disguis'd in friendship's veil;
That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale;
Or art politic, which allows
The Jesuit-remedy for vows
Or priest perfuming crowned head,
'Till in a swoon truth lies for dead;
Or tawdry critic, who perceives
No grace, which plain proportion gives,
And more than lineaments divine
Admires the gilding of the shrine;
Or that self-haunting spectre spleen,
In thickest fog the clearest seen;
Or prophecy, which dreams a lie,
That fools believe and knaves apply;
Or frolic mirth, profanely loud,
And happy only in a crowd;
Or melancholy's pensive gloom,
Proxy in contemplation's room.

O Delia! when I touch this string,
To thee my muse directs her wing.
Unspotted fair! with downcast look
Mind not so much the murmur'ing brook;
Nor fixt in thought, with footsteps slow
Through cypress alleys cherish woe:
I see the soul in pensive fit,
And moping like sick linnet sit.
With dewy eye, and moulting wing,
Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing;
I see the favourite curls begin
(Disus'd to toilet discipline)
To quit their post, lose their smart air,
And grow again like common hair;
And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
Raise a red circle round the eye;
And by this bur about the moon,
Conjecture more ill weather soon.
Love not so much the doleful knell:
And news the boding night-birds tell;
Nor watch the waincoat's hollow blow;
And hens portentous when they crow;
Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;
In taper find no winding-sheet:
Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,
Though thrown at others, meant for thee:
Or when the coruscation gleams,
Find out not first the bloody streams;
Nor in impress remembrance keep
Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep;
Nor rise to see in antique hall
The moon-light monsters on the wall,
And shadowy spectres darkly pass
Trailing their fables o'er the grass.
Let vice and guilt act how they please
In souls their conquer'd provinces;
By Heaven's just charter it appears,
Virtue's exempt from quartering fears,
Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely dress'd,
Live at discretion in your breast?
Be wise, and panic flight disdain,
As notions, meteors of the brain;
And sights perform'd, illusive scene!
By magic lanthorn of the spleen.
Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,
With virtue's ticket, to a feast,

Where decent mirth and wisdom join'd
In stewardship, regale the mind.
Calls back the Cupids to your eyes,
I see the godlings with surprise.
Not knowing home in such a plight,
Fly to and fro, afraid to light.--

Far from my theme, from method far,
Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,
That scorn the rein when Delia leads.

No daub of elegiac strain
These holy wars shall ever stain;
As spiders Irish waincoat flee,
Falsehood with them shall disagree:
This floor let not the vulgar tread,
Who worship only what they dread:
Nor bigots who but one way see
Through blinkers of authority;
Nor they who its four saints defame
By making virtue but a name;
Nor abstract wit (painful regale
To hunt the pig with slippery tail)!
Artists, who richly chafe their thought,
Gaudy without, but hollow wrought;
And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
To bear the proof and standard touch:
Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark
With necklace bells in treble bark:
Nor cynics growl and fiercely paw,
The mastiffs of the moral law.
Come, nymph, with rural honours dress'd,
Virtue's exterior form confess,
With charms untarnish'd, innocence
Display, and Eden shall commence;
When thus you come in sober fit,
And wisdom is prefer'd to wit;
And looks diviner graces tell,
Which don't with giggling muscles dwell;
And beauty like the ray-clipt sun,
With bolder eye we look upon;
Learning shall with obsequious mien
Tell all the wonders she has seen;
Reason her logic armour quit,
And proof to mild persuasion sit;
Religion with free thought dispense,
And cease crusading against sense;
Philosophy and the embrace,
And their first league again take place;
And morals pure, in duty bound,
Nymph-like the sisters chief surround;
Nature shall smile, and round this cell
The turf to your light pressure swell,
And knowing beauty by her shoe,
Well air its carpet from the dew.
The oak, while you his umbrage deck,
Lest fall his acorns in your neck;
Zephyr his civil kisses gives,
And plays with curls instead of leaves:
Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
And during their vacation sing;
And flow'rs lean forward from their seats
To traffic in exchange of sweets;
And angels bearing wreaths descend,
Prefer'd as vergers to attend
This fane, whose deity entreats
The fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our letter'd strife,
And guard us through polemic life;
From poison vehicled in praise,
For satire's shots but slightly graze;
We claim your zeal, and find within,
Philosophy and you are kin.

What virtue is we judge by you;
For actions right are heauteous too;
By tracing the sole female mind,
We best what is true nature find:
Your vapours bred from fumes declare,
How steams create tempestuous air,
'Till gushing tears and hasty rain
Make heaven and you serene again:
Our travels through the stary skies
Were first suggested by your eyes;
We, by the interposing fan,
Learn how eclipses first began;
The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,
Describes how blazing comets roam:

The glowing colours of the cheek
Their origin from Phœbus speak;
Our watch how Luna strays above
Feels like the care of jealous love;
And all things we in science know
From your known love for riddles flow.

Father! forgive, thus far I stray,
Drawn by attraction from my way,
Mark next with awe, the foundress well,
Who on these banks delights to dwell;
You on the terrace see her plain,
Move like Diana with her train,
If you then fairly speak your mind,
In wedlock since with Isis join'd,
You'll own, you never yet did see,
At least in such a high degree,
Greatness delighted to undress;
Science a scepter'd hand cares;
A queen the friends of freedom prize;
A woman wife men canonize.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

Containing

EPISTLES TO THE GREAT,
POWER OF HARMONY,
VISION OF SHAKESPEARE,



VER-VERT,
FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON,
SONGS,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I spend alternately my hours,
'Twixt *Epicurus*' myrtle bowers,
And *Academus*' palmy grove;
Happy from Seine's meand'ring shores,
Where polish'd pleasures ever rove,
The *first* to bring the Thespian maids,
To play to science and to love
On Cyprian pipes in British shades.

THE RETREAT OF ARISTIPPUS, EP. I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE NEW YORK

POTENTIAL WORKS

JOHN ALBERT COOPER, ESQ.

Containing

VER-RETT
FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON
SONG

LETTERS TO THE GREAT
POWER OF HARMONY
VISION OF SHARPLESS

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I found it necessary my house
To be a place of quietude
And to be a place of quietude
To be a place of quietude
To be a place of quietude
To be a place of quietude
To be a place of quietude
To be a place of quietude

THE REVISED OF REVISED, 1774

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1774

THE LIFE OF COOPER.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, "the English Anacreon," was the son of ——— Gilbert Cooper, Esq. of Thurgarton Priory in Nottinghamshire, and was born in 1723. The family estate which he inherited was granted at the dissolution of the religious houses by King Henry VIII. to William Cooper, one of his ancestors. His father served the office of High Sheriff of the county, in 1739.

He received his education at Westminster School, under Dr. Nicholls; and had for his school-fellows Lord Albemarle, Lord Buckinghamshire, Major Johnson, Mr. George Ashby, and other eminent and ingenious men.

In 1743, he became a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge; and resided there two or three years; but quitted the University on his marriage with Susanna, the daughter of William Wright, Esq. son to Lord Keeper Wright, and Recorder of Leicester, 1749-1763, and settled at his family seat.

In 1745, he published, without his name, *The Power of Harmony*, a poem in two books, 4to; and in 1746 and 1747, he produced several essays and poems under the signature of *Pbilalethes*, in a periodical work, called "The Museum," published by Doddley. On his eldest son, who was born July 25, 1749, and died the next day, he wrote a Latin *Epitaph*, which is placed in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church, Leicester, and of which a burlesque poetical translation is printed in "Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. XLVIII. p. 487.

The same year, he published the work by which he is chiefly known, intitled, *The Life of Socrates, collected from the Memorabilia of Xenophon and the Dialogues of Plato, and illustrated farther by Aristotle, Diodorus Siculus, Cicero, Proclus, Apuleius, Maximus Tyrius, Boetius, Diogenes Laertius, Aulus Gellius, and others*, 8vo. with a head of Socrates and emblematical vignettes, by Boitard.

In this work, which received much assistance from his friend, the Rev. John Jackson of Leicester, who communicated several learned notes, he gave evident marks of superior genius, warm, impetuous, and impatient of restraint. In the text, but particularly in the notes, he sometimes displayed the inordinate vanity and self-sufficiency of a young author, in speaking without due deference of preceding writers; whom, not content with confuting, he treats like a merciless exulting conqueror, thoughtless of the vicissitudes of war, and regardless how soon it might be his fortune to fall under the lash of critics as severe as himself.

Speaking of his own style, he says, "It is such in every place as the subject seems to require; concise, though circumstantial; in the historical parts, diffused and declamatory in the recapitulation, and close and unaffected in the occasional reflections."

As to his freedom with other authors, "some expressions," says he, "may appear too harsh, and others too luscious; but all weapons are not to be used alike; for, as the ancient warlike Scythians found, in the servile war, that whips more intimidated the army of slaves that marched amongst them than the sword, which had so often corrected the pride of nations; so, contumely and ridicule will avail against those who are lost to good manners, candour, and good sense, when the nobler methods of humanity, reason, and learning, would prove ineffectual. The sentiments of others who write like men, are examined in the same spirit; and, where the author is obliged to oppose their opinions, he does it with a proper respect due to their character, always distinguishing between the designing deceptions of the heart, and the involuntary errors of a misled understanding."

"He entered on the work," he adds, "with no small application, for his own instruction and amusement; and, after being carefully revised, it is now communicated with the honest design of

making others partake in the same satisfaction this inquiry has afforded him. If this desirable end cannot be obtained, he thinks it is paying a greater respect to mankind to confess that the failure proceeds from deficiency of abilities, and not from the want of laudable endeavours. Whatever failings the learned may observe, the author has reason to expect, since all he advances is intended for the promotion of good manners, morality, and true religion, that they would, with the good-nature becoming such, candidly impute them to error, insisting strongly on the merit of his design, however little he may have in the execution of it."

The most formidable antagonist which he provoked was Warburton, who then figured high in the first ranks of learning; "a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which had not oppressed his imagination, nor clouded his perspicacity."

In a note on Pope's "Essay on Criticism," he thus takes occasion to introduce Cooper: "As ignorance, when joined with humility, produces stupid admiration, on which account it is so commonly observed to be the mother of devotion and blind homage; so, when joined with vanity (as it always is in bad critics), it gives birth to every iniquity of impudent abuse and slander. See an example (for want of a better) in a late worthless and now forgotten thing, called *The Life of Socrates*; where the head of the author (as a man of wit observed on reading the book) has just made a shift to do the office of a camera obscura, and represent things in an inverted order, himself above, and Sprat, Rollin, Voltaire, and every other author of reputation, below."

This severe attack produced *Cutwory Remarks on Mr. Warburton's new edition of Mr. Pope's Works, in a Letter to a Friend, 1751*; in which he appeals to the impartial reader, "whether there is the least reflection through the whole *Life of Socrates*, or the notes upon Mr. W's morals, and whether he has not confined his criticism to Mr. W's practice as an author," and declares the epithet bestowed upon him by Mr. W. to be "a downright slander."

"I have undergone," says he, "young as I am, too many disappointments in life to wonder much at many things which the mob of mankind call extraordinary, otherwise I might be surprised that almost a total retirement from the world would not shelter me from the injuries of it, especially too at an age when few have had any concerns with it. I thought I might have enjoyed an unenvied obscurity in the most undisturbed peace and tranquillity, and that calumny was too busy about the names of those who were candidates for fame, to find time to visit the recesses of one whose contempt of every advantage of life but what conduced to quiet, should, it was hoped, protect him from the poisonous breath of that daughter of envy. But I was greatly mistaken, it seems, in my humble expectations; for I had scarcely begun to feel the calm comforts which the absence of contention yields to a thinking creature, before I was informed, by letters from some of my friends in town, that Mr. Warburton had, with his usual humanity and good-nature, very commendably answered the *Life of Socrates* in the tail of one note, by the free use of those appellations he has indiscriminately thrown out upon not only all those who have ever had any controversy with him, but upon all others too whom he ever suspected to have the rashness to contradict any of his opinions. Howsoever this would have alarmed me heretofore as an author, from the pen of any other person, it had no effect upon me from the writer it came from; and I sat down contemptuously contented, without so much as being solicitous to know what abuse he had conferred upon my writings. I say abuse, for he never spoke of an opponent without it. But as indifferent as I was about my character as a writer, I can't say I was quite so easy when I was afterwards told that he had attacked it as a man. Upon this, I wrote to him that I thought he had used me very ill, and should take proper notice of him for it in public. In answer to which, he tells a friend of mine, "that he was surprised I should think myself ill used, for that he had never mentioned my name or writings in public or in conversation but with honour, till I had wrote a book wherein I had treated him through the whole with a scurrility worse than *Billingsgate*, and that he had now taken no other revenge than the casual mention of the *Life of Socrates* (without the mention of my name) with a slight joke." I will ask any impartial reader if there is the least reflection through the whole *Life of Socrates*, or the notes upon Mr. W's morals? whether I have not confined my criticism to his practice as an author? and whether every thing therein advanced cannot be proved

ever and over again by citations from the "Divine Legation" and his other tracts? At the same time, I desire one part of the dispute betwixt us may be finished by an answer to these questions: Is not calling a guiltless man, an impudent slanderer, calumny, and quite a different revenge than a slight joke? and has not Mr. W. done that in the note in question?"

According to this account of the quarrel, it appears that Cooper was the aggressor, in consequence, it would seem, of Warburton's attack on the first *Academics*, and many of the more humane *Stoics*, among the ancients; Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Geddes, Hutcheson, and Akenfide, among the moderns, of whom he was a most zealous admirer and imitator.

"I have great reason," says he, "to believe, from his treatment of others, that, considering the favourable though undeserved reception the *Life of Socrates* met with from the public, I should not have escaped his good-natured notice, even if I had never in the course of my argument called his opinions *professedly* in question; for how could a living advocate for benevolence, and the dignity of human nature, hope to escape the rage of one who had so far declared a *Quixotic* war with both, as impiously to rush into the tombs of the dead, and to deliver up the ashes of those to defamation who had been most glorious ornaments of our species."

In 1754, he published his *Letters on Taste*, 8vo, an elegant little volume, on which no small share of his reputation is founded; and in 1755, *The Tomb of Shakspeare, a Vision*, 4to, a performance in which there is more of wit and application than of nature or genius.

In 1756, he assisted Moore, by writing some numbers of *The World*; and attempted to rouse the indignation of his countrymen against the *Hessians*, at that time brought over to defend the nation, in an iambic ode, intitled, *The Genius of Great Britain*, with a poetical dedication to Mr. Pitt.

In 1758, he published *Epistles to the Great, from Aristippus in Retirement*, 4to; and *The Call of Aristippus, Epistle IV. to Mark Akenfide, M. D.* 4to, written in imitation of some fashionable French writers, Chapelle, Chaulieu, la Fare, Madame Deshoulières, and particularly of Gresset.

The same year, he published *A Father's Advice to his Son*, 4to; and in the "Annual Register" for that year is his translation of *An Epistle from the King of Prussia to M. Voltaire*.

In 1759, he published *Ver-Vert, or the Nunnery Parrot, an Heroic Poem, in two Cantos, inscribed to the Abbess of D***, translated from the French of M. Gresset*, reprinted in the first volume of Dilly's "Repository," 1777, and in 1783.

In 1763, he served the office of High Sheriff of the county of Nottingham, was in the Commission of the Peace, and about this time a constant attendant and a frequent speaker at the society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, and was for a little while one of the chairmen of the Committee of Polite Arts. It was an object of ambition with him to be chosen a Vice-President of that most respectable and useful society; but not being elected, his dissatisfaction was so great, that he discontinued his attendance.

In 1764, he published an ingenious *Project for raising an Hospital for Decayed Authors*, 8vo, reprinted in the second volume of Doddsley's "Fugitive Pieces."

The same year, he published *Poems on Several Subjects*, by the Author of the *Life of Socrates*, 12mo, including all the pieces he had published separately except *Ver-Vert*, with a prefatory advertisement by Doddsley; in which his declaration to him that "he was very little solicitous what would be the fate of them," was probably the result of affectation or disgust.

"The following poems having been very favourably received by the public when they first appeared in detached pieces, the author has been prevailed upon to permit me to collect them into this small volume. When I requested him to give me a preface, he replied, "That to those to whom such trifles afforded pleasure, a formal introduction would be unnecessary; that he wrote most of them when he was very young, for his own amusement, and published them afterwards for my profit; and as they had once answered both these ends, he was very little solicitous what would be the fate of them for the future."

He died at his father's house in May-Fair, after a long and excruciating illness, arising from the stone, April 14. 1769, in the 46th year of his age.

Cooper was a man of an agreeable appearance, of polite address, and accomplished manners. He was an active and useful magistrate; and his abilities were considerable enough to entitle him to

the distinction of a polite and ingenious, though not a first rate writer. He belonged to a particular school of literature, that of his namesake Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftsbury, as is apparent from his works in general, and is acknowledged in several particular passages. He was likewise devoted to other writers who embraced the sentimental philosophy, and especially to Hutcheson and Akenfide.

The *Life of Socrates*, his first production, by which he acquired a temporary celebrity, is not now held in much estimation. His *Letters on Taste*, the most popular of his prose works, have gone through four editions. In the first edition, he carried his applause of Akenfide to a ridiculous height of extravagance. To the two last editions are added nine *Essays* on various subjects. Perhaps he is not very accurate in his definition of *Taste*; and the justness of his criticisms may sometimes be disputed; but the work is an agreeable one upon the whole, and will be read with pleasure by the lovers of polite literature.

On the first appearance of the *Letters on Taste*, it was acutely observed by Dr. Johnson, "Literary Magazine" 1757, "that Cooper's genius seemed to shine more in description than in definition; that he had more of imagery than of speculation; that his imagination was the strongest talent of his mind; and that if he had not attempted to offer any thing new on the subject of *Taste*, he was always so entertaining, spirited, and splendid, in his diction, that the reader who is not instructed by him cannot fail of being pleased and diverted."

No edition of his *Poems on Several Subjects* has been called for since his death; but most of his pieces published separately have been reprinted in the Miscellanies. They are now, with *Ver-Vert* and the *Song to Winifreda*, received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

As a poet, the compositions of Cooper are characterised by ease, elegance, and spriteliness. He is not destitute of enthusiasm and of fancy; but his fancy is not always under proper regulation; and he sometimes fails in the precision of his ideas. His sentiments, though seldom new, are generally liberal and just; his diction, with some exceptions, proper and easy; and his versification sweetly modulated and harmonious. His chief defect is a superabundance of prosopopæias, which is one of the tricks of modern poetry.

His *Epistles to his Friends in Town, from Aristippus in Retirement*, are the most pleasing of his poetical compositions. To the original edition is prefixed a frontispiece, which may be considered as the argument and scope of the *Epistles*. *Aristippus*, that tasteful ancient, who, according to Horace, became every situation, and adapted himself properly to all circumstances, makes the principal figure in the piece. He is seated conspicuously, crowned with roses by the groves of Epicurus or Academus, with the Loves hovering above him, and appears dismissing his attendant satyr among the high-born and high-stationed group of mortals in different professions, who are figuring it much beneath him in attitudes sufficiently poignant and ludicrous. The *Epistles* exhibit the first example in our language of a successful imitation of Gresset, and other French writers, in the arbitrary disposition of the rhyme, and the easy lightness and variety of the numbers. In the first epistle, intitled, *The Retreat of Aristippus*, he expatiates on the exquisite taste and menial elegance in which he lives and converses, surrounded with wit and science, the pleasures, graces, &c. His particular purpose is to convince the nameless Peer, to whom it is addressed, of his philosophical superiority to courts and courtiers, and even the ribboned and gartered peerage; to whom, with their levees, at the conclusion, he contrasts himself and his own. His second epistle, intitled, *The Temper of Aristippus*, addressed to a lady, by the poetical name of *Melissa*, has many beauties. In the following passage, in which he describes his own temper of mind, the principal image of *Philomela*, and those which accompany it, are agreeably expressed, and in numbers very pleasingly modulated.

When, in the silent midnight grove,
Sweet *Philomela* swells her throat
With tremulous and plaintive note,
Expressive of disast'rous love,
I with the pensive pleasures dwell,
And, in their calm sequester'd cell,
Listen with rapturous delight
To the lost songster of the night.

Here *Echo*, in her mossy cave,
Symphonious to the love-lorn song,
Warbles the vocal rocks among,
Whilst gently-trickling waters lave
The oak-fring'd mountain's hoary brow,
Whose streams, united in the vale,
O'er pebbled beds loquacious flow,
Tun'd to the sad melodious tale
In numbers querulously flow.

His third epistle, intituled, *The Apology of Arisippus*, is addressed to a friend, to whom he apologises for his writing verses, when the supercilious censors may object such an employment to him at the decline of his youth. He characterises his own poetry in the following beautiful lines.

But should you ask me why I choose
Of all the laurel'd sisterhood
Th' inhabitants of *Pindus* wood,
The least considerable muse.
The v'lets round the mountain's feet,
Whose humble gems unheeded blow,
Are to the shepherd's smell more sweet
Than lofty cedars on its brow.
Let the loud *Epic* sound th' alarms
Of dreadful war, and heroes sprung
From some immortal ancestry;
Clad in impenetrable arms
By *Valiant* forg'd, my lyre is strung
With softer chords, my muse more free
Wanders through *Pindus* humbler ways
In amiable simplicity:
Unstud'd are her artless lays;
She asks no laurel for her brows;
Careless of censure or of praise,
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;
Fonder of happiness than fame,
To the proud bay prefers the rose,
Nor barters pleasure for a name.
On nature's lap reclin'd at ease,
I listen to her heav'nly tongue,
From her derive the pow'r to please,
From her receive th' harmonious time,
And what the goddesses makes my song
In unpremeditated rhyme
Mellifluous flows, whilst young *Desire*
Cull'd from th' *Elysian* bloom of spring,
Strews flow'rs immortal round my lyre,
And fancy's sportive children bring,
From blossom'd grove and lily mead,
Fresh fragrant chaplets for my head.
The most, though softest of the nine,
Euterpe, muse of gaiety,
Queen of heart-soft'ning melody,
Allures my ear with notes divine.
In my retreat *Euterpe* plays,
Where science, garlanded with flow'rs,
Enraptur'd listens to her lays
Beneath the shade of myrtle bow'rs.

His fourth epistle, intituled, *The Call of Arisippus*, is addressed to Akenide, in a strain of exalted panegyric; and contains some beautiful passages pregnant with the genuine spirit of poetical enthusiasm. In describing his poetical inauguration, in imitation of Horace, the lyric muse warbles with all her native wildness and freedom. The doves covered Horace, as he tells us, with fresh leaves, when he was a child, and had sported himself asleep near a wood. The *Call of Arisippus* is not so simple. The elves and fairies danced about him as he slumbered under a blooming hawthorn; the nightingale neglected her singing to make him a flowery couch; the red-breast rose at day-break

to furnish him with a pillow of wild roses; while the bees, without disturbing him, filled his little lips with May honey.

In these *Epistles*, Cooper is continually varying his numbers, and combining them in the manner that is most agreeable to the ear. But this airy melody is only calculated for light subjects, and would be ridiculous if employed to express the grave or the sublime.

The *Power of Harmony*, his next principal poetical work, is evidently composed in imitation of "Akenfide's Pleasures of Imagination," without rising to the same degree of merit. It abounds with the sentiments of Shakspeare, not very perspicuously expressed. His *Vision of Shakspeare* is a performance of considerable excellence. The scene of the vision is supposed on the banks of the *Avon*, where Shakspeare is interred. *Fancy*, who is employed in decking his grave with flowers, while she laments his death, raises up the imaginary beings introduced by Shakspeare in his dramas; as *Ariel*, *Prospero*, *Caliban*, the *fairies*, *witches*, and *ghosts*; after which, the sun banishing *Morpheus* and his dreams, he concludes the poem with an address apparently improper, to the "dear enchantress of the brain," to give wealth, honour, and renown, to others, but to give him content with such innocence as is attainable by man, and to teach him self-knowledge. It is written in alternate rhyme, like the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," which probably excited his emulation, and tinged his fancy a little, though the particular quality of the subject has prevented any remarkable imitation of it. The introductory stanzas, among many others, are beautifully descriptive; the expression is apt and elegant, and the versification throughout flows with an agreeable lulling melody.

The admirers of simple and elegant poetry are obliged to Cooper for bringing them acquainted with the *Song to Winifreda*, inserted in his *Letters on Taste*. The *Father's Advice to his Son* is a fine imitation of it, and is perhaps the most popular of his performances. His *Genius of Great Britain* breathes the genuine spirit of liberty and poetry. His *Songs* are sprightly and elegant.

His version of the *Ver-Vert* of his favourite Gresset has the elegance, delicate raillery, playfulness, and grace, of the original in a high degree. This poem has been long admired amongst the most elegant of the mock heroics. It has not the dignity and strong satire of the "Lutrin," nor the rich invention of the "Rape of the Lock," but is distinguished by its lightness, gaiety, and ease. Gresset was bred a Jesuit; but his wit procured his dismissal from the society. His *Ver-Vert* could expect no pardon from the convent, being a satire against nunneries. The story of the poem is briefly this: *Ver-Vert* was a parrot belonging to the nuns of the visitation at Nevers, and a great favourite with the whole sisterhood. The young novices treated him with sugar plums and bonbons; the mothers taught him Ave Marias and Pater Nosters; from which he profited so well, that his fame spread to a sisterhood at Nantes, the nuns of which sent an earnest request that this edifying bird might be permitted to pay them a visit. He is accordingly sent to them by the Loire; but during the voyage, having for his fellow passengers two or three dragons and other company of that stamp, he unfortunately forgets all the pious aspirations of the convent, and learns the reprobate language of his new companions; in which, to their infinite surprise and disappointment, he accosts the nuns of Nantes, who are struck with horror at his graceless conversation, so different from what they were taught to expect, and send him back in disgrace to Nevers, where the change in his manners excites equal astonishment. Poor *Ver-Vert* is condemned to a penitentiary cell and bread and water, till his fault is supposed to be expiated; but, on the day appointed for his restoration to favour the joy and affection of the younger nuns lead them to feast him so profusely with sweetmeats and other good things, that he is literally killed with kindness.

Such is the outline of the tale, to which Gresset has given infinite spirit, by having thrown so much of character into the portrait of his hero, who appears in the first part a novice, innocent, and demure, and, after his transformation, a lively rake, and petite maitre. Perhaps he would have told his story more neatly, had he concluded it with the arrival of his hero at Nantes.

Another version of *Ver-Vert*, in heroic verse, was printed in 1793, 4to, the production of the learned and ingenious Dr. Geddes, who knew not that it had been previously translated by Cooper, in the agreeable and easy manner of the original. The features of the poem are faithfully

rendered by Dr. Geddes; but the verse is not finished with sufficient care, and we miss in it the charm which engaged us in reading Gresset and Cooper.

"I am glad," says Gray, "in one of his letters to Dr. Wharton, "you have had any pleasure in Greflet; he seems to me a truly elegant and charming writer. The "*Mechant*" is the best comedy I ever read; his "*Edward*" I could scarce get through, it is puerile, though there are good lines. However, you are to consider this is a collection made up by the Dutch booksellers; many things unfinished or written in his youth, or designed not for the world, but to make his friends laugh, as the "*Lutrin Vivant*," &c; but then there are the *Ver Vert*, the "*Epistle to P. Bonceant*, the *Chartreuse*," that to his sister, an "*Ode on his Country*," another on "*Mediocrity*," and the "*Sidnei*," another comedy, all which have great beauties."

In estimating the peculiar merit of Cooper as an imitator of Gresset, &c. it may be reasonably doubted whether it be eligible to imitate the French in an arbitrary disposition of rhyme, to which the unsuitness of their language for better poetry seems to have reduced them, when that is not the case in ours. Imitation seems scarcely to merit attention for its own sake, but for the contingency of some improvement that may result from it. And if those modes of rhyme adapted to sportive and familiar subjects, and long established by the use of good writers in our own language, shall be at least full as applicable to every purpose for which this freedom of rhyme and diction is designed, the introduction of it will be useless at the best, though it should not strictly subject the introducer to Quintilian's imputation of the *frivole in parvis jactantia*. Butler, Prior, and Green, have abundantly demonstrated our short measures of eight syllables in single, and of nine in double rhymes, (besides the English Anacreontic of Seven) to be well adapted to subjects of humour and pleasantry, and to be capable of comprising much wit, and many beauties, in diction of equal ease and vivacity. Indeed, as Cooper has infused an equal proportion of wit and of original conceptions, in equally happy expression, into his *Epistles*, &c. it may serve in some measure to reconcile us to the arbitrary return and frequent sameness of many of his rhymes, which read too prosaically, and rather like parentheses. But where such species of novelty is predicated, as the principal recommendation of a work, its applause will probably be limited to the admirers of that easy French poetry, which has been thought by some of our best critics too frothy and spiritless.

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...which engaged us in testing Goffet and Coopers' registers by Dr. Goddard; but the work is not finished with sufficient care, and we make in it the

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every which has been thought by some of our best writers too nearly and too literally to Quintilian's impression of the French as a nation. Indeed, as Cooper has hinted an equal perversion of wit and of original conception, and to be capable of comparing much wit and many beauties in diction of French wit (besides the English assessment of herself to be well skilled in topics of humor and pleasantry) and to be capable of happy expression, into his favorite, &c. it may have in some measure to be ascribed to the literary taste and frequent returns of many of our writers, which tend too politically, and rather like parodies. But where such topics are merely introduced as the principal recommendation of a work, the applicants will probably be misled to the advantage of that early French country, which has been thought by some of our best writers too nearly and too literally to Quintilian's impression of the French as a nation.

THE WORKS OF COOPER.

EPISTLES TO HIS FRIENDS IN TOWN,

FROM ARISTIPPUS IN RETIREMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE species of poetry, in which the following epistles are written, has been used with great success among the French, by Chapelle, Chaulieu, La Fare, Gresset, Madame Deshoulières, and others; but I do not remember to have seen it before in the English language. The unconfined return of the rhymes, and easiness of the diction, seem peculiarly adapted to epistolary compositions. The author professedly imitates the general manner of the abovementioned writers, but he is more particularly obliged to Gresset, for two or three hints in his performance, which he has acknowledged in the marginal notes. The reader will not forget, that these four epistles were written originally under a fictitious character.

EPISTLE I.

THE RETREAT OF ARISTIPPUS.

To his Grace the Duke of

Je vous livre mes rêveries
Que quelques vérités hardies,
Viennent librement mêlanger. GRESSET.

SEIZ'd with the rage of being great
In courts, my lord, let others lead
(Exchanging happiness for state),
The crowd of tinsel'd slaves, who tread
The miry ministerial road
To modern honour's dark abode,
Where dwell th' high vulgar of the town,
Which England's common courtesy,
To make bad fellowship go down,
Politely calls good company.
Remote from politics and strife,
From the dull fons of bus'ness free,
Unfetter'd by domestic life,
To letter'd ease a votary,
I spend alternately my hours
'Twixt Epicurus' myrtle bow'rs
And Academus' palmy grove,
Happy, from Seine's meandering shores,
Where polish'd pleasures ever rove,
The first to bring the Thespian maids,
To play to science and to love
On Cyprian pipes in British shades.
No levees here attend his grace,
My lord, ev'ry morn an ass,

Nor office-clerks with busy face,
To make fools wonder as they pass,
Whisper dull nothings in his ear,
'Bout some rogue borough-monger there.
The well-bred insipidity
Of town assemblies ne'er is heard,
And candidates for prelacy,
That fable, supple, bowing herd,
This silent territory fly;
For bishoprics are seldom found
In realms of scientific ground.
No doctor's medicinal wig,
No titled beggar's suppliant knee,
No alderman with knighthood big
And newly purchas'd pedigree,
No vultures of the human race
From Temple or from Lincoln's-Inn,
No pseudo-patriot out of place,
Nor venal senator that's in,
Disturb this amiable retreat;
Only a muse, a love, or grace,
In this calm senate have a seat.
Such recrements are free.
No muse has lately been at court,
Nor are the graces better for't;
Nor have the love's septennially,
A borough-int'rest to support,
Mortgag'd their healths or property.
Led by unerring nature's voice,
I haunt retirement's silent shade,
Contentment's humble lot and choice,
Where on the mossy sopha laid,

I see, through contemplation's eye,
The white-wing'd cherub innocence,
Each blessing of her native sky
To sympathetic hearts dispense.
Here, undebauch'd by spurious art,
Great nature reigns in every part,
Both when resplendent Titan's beam
In high meridian splendour glows,
And when pale Cynthia's maiden gleam
O'er night a silver mantle throws.
The natives of the neighb'ring grove
Their nuptials chaunt on vernal sprays;
Untaught by Ovid how to love,
True passion modulates their lays.
From no Propertius' polish'd strain,
The linnet forms her temperate note;
From no Tibullus learns to plain
The widow'd turtle's faithful throat.
Each feather'd libertine of air,
Gay as Catullus, loves and sings;
Free as the Teian sage from care,
The goldfinch claps his gilded wings,
And woo's his female to repair
To shady groves and crystal springs.
Here blest with freedom and content,
Untaught by devious thought to stray
Through fancy's visionary way,
These sylvan bards of sentiment
Warble the dictates of the heart
Uninterrupted as they flow,
Unmeasur'd by the rules of art,
Now strongly high now sweetly low.

Such scenes the good have ever lov'd,
The great have sought, the wise approv'd.
Here legislators plann'd of old
The pandects of immortal laws;
And mighty chiefs and heroes bold,
Withdrawn from popular applause,
First have lett their countries free
From savage and from human pests,
Gain'd a more glorious victory.
O'er the fierce tyrants of their breasts.

methinks, I hear some courtier say,
"Such charms ideal ill agree
With moderniz'd gentility;
For now the witty, great, and gay,
I think what so charms your rural sense,
Only a clown's fit residence.
In former days a country life,
For so time-honour'd poet-sing,
Free from anxiety and strife,
Was biandish'd by perpetual spring.
There the sweet graces kept their court,
The nymphs, the fauns, and dryads play'd,
Thither the muses would resort,
Apollo lov'd the sylvan shade,
The gods and heroes own'd a passion
For wives and daughters of the swains,
And her mines, whilst 'twas the fashion,
Ridotto'd on the rural plain.
The 'squires were then of heav'nly race,
The parsons fashionable too,
Young Hercules had at court a place,
Venus and Mars were folks one knew.
But long long since those times are o'er,
No goddess trips it o'er the lea,

"The gods and heroes are no more,
"Who danc'd to rural minstrelsy,
"Detested are these sad abodes
"By modern dames of mortal make,
"And peers, who rank not with such gods,
"Their solitary feasts forsake.
"For now 'tis quite another case,
"The country wears a different face.
"When sometimes, (oh! the cruel Lent)!

"Thither her ladyship is sent,
"As Sol through Taurus mounts the sky,
"Or George prorogues his parliament,
"Her beauteous bosom heaves a sigh,
"Five months in rustic banishment.
"Thither, alas! no Viscounts rove,
"Nor heart-bewitching col'nels come,
"Dull is the music of the grove,
"Unheeded fades the meadow's bloom.
"The verdant copse may take the birds,
"The breath of morn and evening's dew
"To bleating flocks and lowing herds
"Be pleasant and be wholesome too;
"But how can these ('tis out of nature)
"Have charms for any human creature?"
Such are the sentiments, I own,
Of all that lazy loitering race,
From daily officers to his grace,
Who never leave the guilty town;
But in the purloins of the court,
By knaves are spaniel'd up and down,
To fetch and carry each report.

Far other images arise
To those who inward turn their eyes
To view th' inhabitants of mind;
Where solitude's calm vor'ries find
Of knowledge th' inexhausted prize;
And truth, immortal truth bestows,
Clad in etherial robes of light,
Pure as the flakes of falling snows,
Unenvied unrepov'd delight.

On me, my lord, on humble me
The intellectual train attends;
Science oft seeks my company,
And fancy's children are my friends.
Here blest with independent ease,
I look with pity on the great,
For who, that with enjoyment sees
The laughs and graces at his gate,
And little loves attending nigh,
Or fondly hovering o'er his head,
To wing his orders through the sky,
Whilst warbling muses round him shed
Sweet flow'rs, which on Parnassus blow,
Would with these thorny paths to tread,
Which slaves and courtiers only know.

Thanks to my ancestors and Heav'n,
To me the happier lot is giv'n,
In calm retreat my time to spend
With far far better company,
Than those who on the court attend
In honourable drudgery,
Warriors and statesmen of old Rome,
Duly observe my leisure day,
And wits from polish'd Athens come,
Occasional devoirs to pay.

With me great Plato often holds
Discourse upon immortal pow'rs,
And Attic Xenophon unfolds
Rich honey from Lycæum's flow'rs;
Cæsar and Tully often dine,
Anacreon rambles in my grove,
Sweet Horace drinks Falernian wine,
Catullus makes op haycocks love,
With these, and some akin to these,
The living few who grace our days,
I live in literary ease,
My chief delight their taste to please
With soft and unaffected lays,
Thus, to each vot'ry's wish, kind fate
Divides the world with equal line,
She bids ambition, care, and state,
Be the high portion of the great,
Peace, friendship, love, and bliss be mine.

EPISTLE II.

THE TEMPER OF ARISTIPPUS.

TO LADY *****.

Quo me cunque rapit Tempus as deferor hospes.
HORAT.

I've oft, Melinda, heard you say,
"The world observes I never wear
"An aspect gloomy or severe,
"That, constitutionally gay,
"Whether dark clouds obscure the sky,
"Or Phœbus gilds the face of day,
"In pleasure's true philosophy
"I pass the winged years away."
In most, 'tis true, the human sense
Is subjected to smiles, or tears,
To swelling pride, or trembling fears,
"By ev'ry skyey influence."
Cameleon-like their souls agree
With all they hear and all they see,
Or, as one instrument resounds,
Another's unison of sounds,
Their mutable complexions carry
The looks of anger, hope, and joy;
Just as the scenes around 'em vary,
Pleasures delight, or pains annoy.
But I, by philosophic mood,
Let the wise call it happy folly,
Educe from ev'ry evil good,
And rapture 'e'en from melancholy.
When in the silent midnight grove,
Sweet Philomela swells her throat
With tremulous and plaintive note,
Expressive of disast'rous love,
I with the pensive pleasures dwell,
And in their calm sequest'rd cell,
Listen with rapturous delight
To the soft songster of the night.
Here Echo, in her mossy cave,
Symphonious to the love-lorn song,
Warbles the vocal rocks among,
Whilst gently-trickling waters lave
The oak fring'd mountain's hoary brow,
Whose streams, united in the vale,

O'er pebbled beds loquacious flow,
Tun'd to the sad melodious tale
In murmurs querulously flow,
And, whilst immers'd in thought I lie,
From ages past and realms unseen,
There moves before the mental eye
The pleasing melancholy scene
Of nymphs and youths unfortunate,
Whose fame shall spread from shore to shore,
Preserv'd by bards from death and fate,
Till time itself shall be no more.

Thus, not by black misanthropy
Impell'd, to caves or rocks I fly;
But when, by chance or humour led,
My wand'ring feet those regions tread,
Taught by philosophy so sweet
To shun the fellowship of care,
Far from the world I go to meet
Such pleasures as inhabit there.

With rebel-will I ne'er oppose
The current of my destiny,
But, pliant as the torrent flows,
Receive my course implicitly,
As, from some shaded river's side
If chance a tender * osier's blown,
Subject to the controuling tide,
Th' obedient shrub is carried down.
Awhile it floats upon the stream,
By whirlpools now is forc'd below,
Then mounts again where Titan's beams
Upon the shining waters glow.
Sweet flow'ry vales it passes by,
Cities, and solitudes by turns,
Or where a dreary desert burns
In sorrowful obscurity,
For many a league the wand'rer's borne,
By forest, wood, mead, mountain, plain,
'Till, carried never to return,
'Tis buried in the boundless main.
Thus Aristippus forms his plan;
To ev'ry change of times and fates
His temper he accommodates;
Not where he will, but where he can,
A daily bliss he celebrates,
An osier on the stream of time,
This philosophic wanderer
Floating through ev'ry place and clime,
Finds some peculiar blessing there,
Where e'er the winding current strays
By prosp'rous mount or adverse plain,
He'll sport, till all his jocund days
Are lost in life's eternal main.

Let worldlings hunt for happiness
With pain, anxiety and strife,
Through ev'ry thorny path of life,
And ne'er th' ideal fair possess;
For who, alas! their passions send
The fleeting image to pursue,
Themselves their own designs undo,
And in the means destroy the end.

* See the *Chartreuse of Gresset* from whence this passage is imitated, but the subsequent particular application to Aristippus is this author's.

But I a surer clue have found,
To guide me o'er the mazy ground;
For knowing that this deity
Must ever rove at liberty
Through fancy's visionary road,
I never wisdom's schemes employ
To find her in one fix'd abode,
But where I meet her I enjoy;
And being free from strife and care,
Am sure to meet her ev'ry where.

EPISTLE III.

THE APOLOGY OF ARISTIPPUS.

To ***** E/g.

D'autres font des vers par etude
J'en fais pour me defendre. GRESSET.

SHOULD supercilious censors say
"His youth is waining, 'tis not time
"For Aristippus now with rhyme
"To while the useless hours away,"
I might reply, I do no more
Than what my betters did before;
That what at first my fancy led
This idle business to pursue,
Still makes me prosecute the trade,
Because I've nothing else to do;
But to the candid, Tom, and you,
A better reason I could give,
To whom a better reason's due,
That in these measures I convey
My gentle precepts, how to live,
Clearer than any other way.
For in the pow'rs of poetry,
Wit, truth, and pleasure blended lie.
As, in Italia's fertile vales,
On the same tree, whilst blossoms blow,
The ripen'd fruits nectareous grow,
Fed by warm suns and fresh'ning gales.
Divinest art to mortals giv'n!
By thee, the brave, the good, the wise,
The fair, the learn'd, and witty, rise
From earth's dull sod, and people heav'n.
Nor be'to thee imputed blame,
That ever-barking calumny,
And filthy-mouth'd obscenity,
Have oft usurp'd thy injur'd name!
Alas! the drops which morning sheds
With dewy fingers on the meads,
The pink's and vi'let's tubes to fill,
Alike the noxious juices feed
Of deadly hemlock's pois'nous weed,
And give 'em fatal pow'r to kill!

Imagination loves to trace
Reason's immortal lineaments
In fiction's necromantic face,
When probability assents.
The fairest features fiction wears,
When most like truth th' enchantress looks,
As sweet Narcissa's shade appears,
In silent lakes and crystal brooks,
So like the life, we scarcely know
Where last to fix our wav'ring love,
Whether upon the form below,
Or on the real nymph above.

In each we see an angel's face,
Though for the substance breathe our sighs,
Whilst we the shadowy image trace
In the clear wave with longing eyes.

But should you ask me, why I choose,
Of all the laurel'd sisterhood
Th' inhabitants of Pindus' wood,
The least considerable muse.
The vi'lets round the mountain's feet,
Whose humble gems unheeded blow,
Are to the shepherd's smell more sweet
Than lofty cedars on its brow.

Let the loud epic sound th' alarms
Of dreadful war, and heroes sprung
From some immortal ancestry,
Clad in impenetrable arms
By Vulcan forg'd, my lyre is strung
With softer chords, my muse more free
Wanders through Pindus' humbler ways
In amiable simplicity:

Unstudied are her artless lays,
She asks no laurel for her brows;
Careless of censure or of praise,
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;
Fonder of happiness than fame

To the proud bay prefers the rose,
Nor barter pleasure for a name.

On nature's lap reclin'd at ease,
I listen to her heav'ly tongue,
From her derive the pow'r to please;
From her receive th' harmonious time,
And what the goddess makes my song
In unpremeditated rhyme

Mellifluous flows, whilst young desire,
Cull'd from th' Elysian bloom of spring,
Strews flow'rs immortal round my lyre,
And fancy's sportive children bring,
From blossom'd grove and lily mead,
Fresh fragrant chaplets for my head.

The most, though softest of the nine,
Euterpe, muse of gaiety,
Queen of heart-soft'ning melody,
Allures my ear with notes divine.

In my retreat Euterpe plays,
Where science, garlanded with flow'rs,
Enraptur'd listens to her lays
Beneath the shade of myrtle bow'rs.

This pleasing territory lies
Unvisited by common eyes,
Far from the prude's affected spleen,
Or bigot's surly godliness,
Where no coquettes, no jilts are seen,
Nor folly-fetter'd fops of dress;

Far from the vulgar, high, and low,
The pension'd great man's littleness;
Or those who, prone to slavery, grow
Fit tools of others' tyranny;

And, with a blind devotion, bow
To wooden blocks of quality;
Far from the land of argument,
Where, deep within their murky cells,

* Figures and blotted tropes are pent,
And three-legg'd syllogism dwells;

• See *Les Ombres of Gresset.*

Far from the bubble-blowing race,
The schoolmen subtle and refin'd,
Who fill the thick skull's brainless space
With puffs of theologic wind;
And all the grave pedantic train,
Which fairy genius longs to bind
Hard with a comment's iron chain,
But, whilst such drones are driv'n away,
In my belov'd retreat remain
The fair, the witty, and the gay.

Here the soft patriarch of the loves,
Honey'd Anacreon, with the doves
Of Venus flutt'ring o'er his head
(Whilst ivy-crowned hours around
The laughter-loving graces lead
In sportive ringlets to the found
Of Paphian flutes), the muse invites
To festive days and am'rous nights.
Here tender Mofchus loves to rove
Along the meadow's daisy'd side,
Under a cool and silent grove,
Where brooks of dimpling waters glide.
Rapt in celestial ecstasy
Sappho, whom all the nine inspire,
Varies her am'rous melody,
The chords of whose Idalian lyre,
As changeful passions ebb or flow,
Struck with bold hand, now vibrate high,
Now, modulated to a sigh,
Tremble most languishingly low.

Horace, mild sage, refin'd with ease,
Whose precepts, whilst they counsel, please,
Without the jargon of the schools,
And fur-gown'd pedant's bookish rules,
Here keeps his lov'd academy;
His art so nicely he conceals,
That wisdom on the bosom steals,
And men grow good insensibly.
From cool Valclusa's lily meads
Soft Petrarch, and his Laura come,
And e'en great Tasso sometimes treads
These flow'ry walks, and culls the bloom
Of rural groves, where heretofore
Each muse, each grace, beneath the shade
Of myrtle bow'rs, in secret play'd
With an Idalian paramour.

From silver Seine's transparent streams,
With roses and with lilies crown'd,
Breathing the same heart-easing themes,
And tun'd in amicable sound,
Sweet bards, of kindred spirit, blow
Soft Lydian notes on Gallic reeds,
Whose songs instruct us how to know
Truth's flow'rs from affectation's weeds,
Chapelle leads up the festive band;
La Farre and Chaulieu, hand in hand,
Close follow their poetic fire,
Hot with the Teian grape and fire;
But hark! as sweet as western wind
Breathes from the vi'let's fragrant beds,
When balmy dews Aurora sheds,
Gresset's clear pipe, distinct behind,
Symphoniously combines in one,
Each former bard's mellifluous tone.
Gresset! in whose harmonious verse

The Indian bird shall never die,
Though death may perch on Ver-Vert's hearth;
Fame's tongue immortal shall rehearse
His variable loquacity.

Nor wanting are there bards of Thames,
On rural reed young Surry plays,
And Waller woos the courtly dames
With gay and unaffected lays,
His careless limbs supinely laid
Beneath the plantain's leafy shade,
Prior his easy pipe applies
To sooth his jealous Cloc's breast,
And even Sachariffa's eyes
To brighter Cloc's yield the prize
Of Venus' soul-bewitching cest.
Than these much greater bards, I ween,
Whenever they will condescend
Th' inferior mules to attend,
Immortalize this humble scene:
Shakspere's and Drayton's fairy crews
In midnight revels gambol round,
And Pope's light sylphids sprinkle dews
Refreshing on the magic ground.
Nor 'dains the dryad train of yore,
And green-hair'd naiads of the flood,
To join with fancy's younger brood,
Which brood the sweet enchantress bore
To British bards in after times,
Whose fame shall bloom in deathless rhymes,
When Greece and Britain are no more.

Whilst such the feasts of fancy give,
Careless of what dull sages know,
Amidst their banquets I will live,
And, pitying, look on pow'r below.
If still the Cynic censor says,
That Aristippus' useless days
Pass in melodious foolery,
This is my last apology:
"Whatever has the pow'r to bless,
"By living having learnt to prize,
"Since wisdom will afford me less
"Than what from harmless follies rise,
"I cannot spare from happiness
"A single moment to be wise."

EPISTLE IV.

THE CALL OF ARISTIPPUS.

To Mark Akenside, M. D.

ΑΧΑΡΙΣ ΔΕ ΤΙΣ ΠΡΟΤΚΩΣ
ΜΕΘΕΤΟ ΔΟΙΗΜΑ

Ode Henr. Stephen.

O thou, for whom the British bays
Bloom in these unpoetic days,
Whose early genius glow'd to follow
The arts through nature's ancient ways,
Twofold disciple of Apollo!
Shall Aristippus' easy lays,
Trifles of philosophic pleasure
Compos'd in literary leisure,
Aspire to gain thy deathless praise?
If thy nice ear attends the strains,
This careless bard of nature breathes
On Cyprian flute in Albion's plains;

By future poets myrtle wreaths
Shall long be scatter'd o'er his urn
In annual solemnity,
And marble Cupids, as they mourn,
Point where his kindred ashes lie.

Whilst through the track of endless day
Thy muse shall, like the bird of Jove,
Wing to the source of light her way,
And bring from cloudless realms above,
Where truth's seraphic daughters glow,
Another Promethean ray
To this benighted globe below,
Mine, like soft Cytherea's dove,
Contented with her native grove,
Shall fondly sooth th' attentive ear
Of life's way-wearied travellers,
And, from the paths of fancied woes,
Lead 'em to the serene abode,
Where real bliss and real good
In sweet security repose;
Or, as the lark with matin notes,
To youth's new voyagers, in spring,
As over head in air she floats,
Attendant on unruffled wing,
Warbles inartificial joy,
My muse in tender strains shall sing
The feats of Venus' winged boy,
Or how the nimble-footed hours,
With the three graces knit in dance,
Follow the goddess's Elegance
To Hebe's court in Paphian bow'rs.

Nor let the supercilious wife,
And gloomy sons of melancholy,
These unaffected lays despise,
As day-dreams of melodious folly.
Reason a lovelier aspect wears
The smiles and muses when between,
Than in the Stoic's rigid mien,
With beard philosophiz'd by years;
And virtue moans not in the cell
Where cloister'd pride and penance dwell,
But, in the chariot of the loves,
She triumphs innocently gay,
Drawn by the yok'd Italian doves,
Whilst young affections lead the way
To the warm regions of the heart,
Whence selfish fiends of vice depart,
Like spectres at th' approach of day.

Should any infidel demand,
Who sneers at our poetic heav'n,
Whether from ordination given
By prelates of the Theban land,
Or inspiration from above
(As modern Methodists derive
Their light from no divine alive),
I hold the great prerogative
T' interpret sage Anacreon's writ,
Or gloss upon Catullus' wit,
Prophets that heretofore were sent,
And finally require to see
Credentials of my embassy,
Before his faith could yield consent,
Convincing reasons I would give
From a short tale scarce credible,
But yet as true and plausible

As some which Catholics believe,
That I was call'd by Jove's behest
A Paphian and a Delphian priest.

Once, when by Trent's pellucid streams,
In days of prattling infancy,
Led by young wond'ring ecstacy,
To view the sun's refulgent beams,
As on the sportive waves they play'd,
Too far I negligently stray'd,
The god of day his lamp withdrew,
Evening her dusky mantle spread,
And from her moist'ned tresses shed
Refreshing drops of pearly dew.
Close by the borders of a wood,
Where an old ruin'd abbey stood,
Far from a fondling mother's sight,
With toil of childish sport oppress'd,
My tender limbs sunk down to rest
'Midst the dark horrors of the night.
As Horace erst by fabled doves
With spring's first leaves was mantled o'er,
A wand'rer from his native groves,
A like regard the British loves
To me their future poet bore,
Nor left me guardianless alone,
For though no nymph or faun appear'd,
Nor piping satyr was there heard,
And here the dryads are unknown;
Yet, natives true of English ground,
Sweet elves and fays in mantles green,
By shepherds oft in moonlight seen,
And dapper fairies danc'd around.
The nightingale, her love-lorn lay
Neglecting on the neighb'ring spray,
Strew'd with fresh flow'rs my turfy bed,
And, at the first approach of morn,
The red-breast stript the fragrant thorn
On roses wild to lay my head.
Thus, as the wond'ring rustics say,
In smiling sleep they found me laid
Beneath a blossom'd hawthorn's shade,
Whilst sportive bees, in mystic play,
With honey fill'd my little lips
Blent with each sweet that zephyr sips
From flow'ry cups in balmy May.

From that blest'd hour my bosom glow'd
Ere vanity or fame inspir'd,
With unaffected transports fir'd,
And from my tongue untutor'd flow'd
In childhood's inattentive days,
The lisping notes of artless lays,
Nor have these dear enchantments ceas'd,
For what in innocence began
Still with increasing years increas'd,
And youth's warm joys now charm the man.
Perhaps this fondly-foster'd flame,
E'en when in dust my body's laid,
Will o'er the tomb preserve its flame,
And glow within my future shade,
If thus, as poets have agreed,
The soul, when from the body freed,
In t' other world confines her bliss,
To the same joys she lov'd in this,
Thine, when she's pass'd the Stygian flood,
Shall, 'midst the patriot chiefs of old,

The wise, the valiant, and the good,
(Great names in deathless archives roll'd) !
Strike with a master's mighty hand
Thy golden lyre's profoundest chords,
And fascinate the kindred band
With magic of poetic words.
Ravish'd with thy mellifluous lay
Plato and Virgil shall entwine
Of olive and the Mænean bay
A never-fading crown for thee,
And learn'd Lucretius shall resign,
Among the fowl'wers of the nine,
His philosophic dignity.

For though his faithful pencil drew
Nature's external symetry,
Yet to the mind's capacious view,
That unconfin'd expatiates
O'er mighty Nature's wondrous whole,
Thy nicer stroke delineates
The finer features of the soul.
And, whilst the Theban bard to thee
Shall yield the heart-elating lyre,
Horace shall hear attentively
Thy finger touch his foster wire
To more familiar harmony.
Mean while thy Aristippus' shade
Shall seek where sweet Anacreon plays,
Where Chapelle spends his festive days,
Where lies the vine-impurpled glade,
By tuneful Chalcus vocal made,
Or where our Shenstone's mossy cell,
Or where the fair Desboulle's strays,
Or Hammond and Pavillon dwell,
And Gresset's gentle spirit roves
Surrounded by a group of loves
With roses crown'd and asphodel.

Let the furr'd pedants of the schools,
In learning's formidable show,
Full of wise saws and bookish rules,
The meagre dupes of misery grow,
A lovelier doctrine I profess
Than their dull science can avow;
All that belongs to happiness
Their heads are welcome still to know,
My heart's contented to possess.
For in soft elegance and ease,
Secure of living whilst I live,
Each momentary bliss I seize,
Ere these warm faculties decay,
The fleeting moments to deceive
Of human life's allotted day.
And when th' invidious hand of time
By stealth shall silver o'er my head,
Still pleasure's rosy walks I'll tread,
Still with the jocund muses rhyme,
And haunt the green Idalian bow'rs,
Whilst wanton boys of Paphos' court
In myrles hide my staff for sport,
And coif me, where I'm bald, with flow'rs.

Thus to each happy habit true,
Preferring happiness to pow'r,
Will Aristippus e'en pursue
Life's comforts to the latest hour,
Till age (the only malady
Which thou and med'cine cannot cure,
Yet what all covet to endure)

This innocent voluptu'ry
Shall, from the laughs and graces here,
With late and lenient change remove,
To regions of Elysian air,
Where shades of mortal pleasures rove,
Destin'd, without alloy, to share
Eternal joys of mutual love,
Which transitory were above.

A SONG.

DEAR Chloe what means this disdain,
Which blasts each endeavour to please?
Though forty, I'm free from all pain,
Save love, I'm free from disease.

No graces my mission have fled,
No muses have broken my lyre;
The loves frolic still round my bed,
And laughter is cheer'd at my fire.

To none have I ever been cold,
All beauties in vogue I'm among;
I've appetite e'en for the old,
And spirit enough for the young.

Believe me, sweet girl, I speak true,
Or else put my love to the test;
Some others have doubted like you,
Like them do you bless and be blest.

AN EPISTLE

FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO MONSIEUR

VOLTAIRE. 1757.

Translated from the French.

VOLTAIRE, believe me, were I now
In private life's calm station plac'd,
Let heav'n for nature's wants allow,
With cold indifference would I view
Departing fortune's winged haste,
And laugh at her caprice like you.
Th' insipid farce of tedious state,
Imperial duty's real weight,
The faithless courier's supple bow,
The fickle multitude's cares,
And the great vulgar's littleness,
By long experience well I know;
And, though a prince and poet born,
Vain blandishments of glory scorn.
For when the ruthless shears of fate
Have cut my life's precarious thread,
And rank'd me with th' unconscious dead,
What wilt avail that I was great,
Or that th' uncertain tongue of fame
In mem'ry's temple chaunts my name?
One blissful moment whilst we live
Weights more than ages of renown;
What then do potentates receive
Of good, peculiar to their own?
Sweet ease and unaffected joy,
Domestic peace, and sportive pleasure,
The regal throne and palace fly,
And, born for liberty, prefer
Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure
To what we monarchs buy so dear,
The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.

My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend
On fickle fortune's casual flight,
For, whether she's my foe or friend,
In calm repose I'll pass the night;
And ne'er by watchful homage own
I court her smile, or fear her frown.
But from our stations we derive
Unerring precepts how to live,
And certain deeds each rank calls forth,
By which is measur'd human worth.
Voltaire, within his private cell,
In realms where ancient honesty
Is patrimonial property,
And sacred freedom loves to dwell,
May give up all his peaceful mind,
Guided by Plato's deathless page,
In silent solitude resign'd
To the mild virtues of a sage;
But I, 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage
Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,
Must be, to face the tempest's rage,
In thought, in life, in death, a king.

A HYMN TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

SWEET as the fragrant breath of genial May,
Come, fair Hygeia, goddess heav'nly born,
More lovely than the sun's returning ray,
To northern regions, at the half year's morn.

Where shall I seek thee? in the wholesome grot,
Where temperance her scanty meal enjoys?
Or peace contented with her humble lot,
Beneath her thatch th' inclement blast defies?

Swept from each flow'r that sips the morning dew,
Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes around;
Where'er thou fly'st the blossoms blush anew,
And purple v'lets paint the hallow'd ground.

Thy presence renovated nature shows,
By thee each shrub with varied hue is dy'd,
Each tulip with redoubled lustre glows,
And all creation smiles with flow'ry pride.

But in thy absence joy is felt no more,
The landscape wither'd e'en in spring appears,
The morn low'rs om'nous o'er the dusky shore,
And evening suns set half extinct in tears.

Ruthless disease ascends, when thou art gone
From the dark regions of th' abyss below,
With pestilence, the guardian of her throne,
Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

In vain her citron groves Italia boasts,
Or Po the balsam of his weeping trees;
In vain Arabia's aromatic coasts
Tincture the opinions of the passing breeze.

No wholesome scents impregn the western gale,
But noxious stench exhal'd by scorching heat,
Where gasping swains the poisonous air inhale
That once diffus'd a medicinal sweet.

Me, abject me, with pale disease oppress'd,
Heal with the balm of thy prolific breath,
Rekindle life within my clay-cold breast,
And shield my youth from canker-worms of death.

Then on the verdant turf, thy fav'rite shrine,
Restor'd to thee a votary I'll come,
Grateful to offer to thy pow'r divine,
Each herb that grows round Æsculapius' tomb.

A SONG.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day,
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May,
Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the mother's of love.

Though mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds,
And receives gentle odours from violet beds,
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unfullied as new fallen-snow,
Yet as lively as tints of young Iris's bow,
As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,
Where the peace-loving halcyon deposits her brood.

The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,
She cull'd as the bee would the bloom of each flow'r;

Which treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I,
For though her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

AN IAMBIC ODE.

Written in the Year 1756.

Αἰνέουσι γὰρ οἱ τῶν μὲν τῶν ἀνδρῶν σωτηρίας τοῖς ἱερ-
εῖσιν, ὡς ἂν δι' ἀγωνιστῶν μὲν αὐτοῖς ὑμῶν
κατὰ τὴν χάριν ἐκείνης ἔχουσιν

Diodor. Sicul. Histor. Lib. I.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE.

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

O THOU ordain'd at length by pitying fate
To save from ruin a declining state;
Adorn'd with all the scientific store
Which bloom'd on Roman or Athenian shore;
At whose command our passions fall or rise,
Breathe anger's menaces, or pity's sighs,
Whose breast (O never let the flame expire)!
Glow's ardent with the patriot's sacred fire;
Attend the bard, who scorns the venal lays,
Which servile flattery spurious greatness pays:
Whose British spirit emulating thine,
Could ne'er burn incense at corruption's shrine;
Who far from courts maintains superior state,
And thinks that to be free is to be great;
Careless of pride's imperial smile or frown,
A friend to all mankind, but slave to none;

Above temptation, and unbaw'd by pow'r,
Pleas'd with his present lot, nor wishes more,
Save that kind heaven would one bless'd boon bestow,
Which monarchs cannot grant, or courtiers
From each low view of selfish factions free,
To think, to speak, to live; O Pitt, like thee, live!

As late o'er Britain's chalky coasts
The genius of the island flew,
The venal swarm of foreign hosts
Inglorious basking in his view,
Deep in his breast he felt the new disgrace,
And honest blushes warm'd his godlike face.

Quick flash'd the lightning of his spear
Which blasted France on Créssy's field;
He wheel'd the blazing sword in air,
And on his shoulders spread the shield,
As when o'er Agincourt's blood-purpled lands,
Pale terror stalk'd through all the Gallic bands.

Soon as he cast his eyes below,
Deep heav'd the sympathetic sigh,
Sudden the tears of anguish flow,
For sore he felt th' indignity;
Discordant passions shook his heavenly frame,
Now horror's damp, now indignation's flame.

Ah! what avails he cry'd, the blood
Shed by each patriot band of yore,
When freedom's unpaid legions stood
Protectors of this sea-girt shore,
When ancient wisdom deem'd each British sword
From hostile pow'r could guard its valiant lord.

What though the Danish raven spread
Awhile his wings o'er English ground,
The bird of prey funeral fled
When Alfred call'd his peers around,
Whose fleets triumphant riding on the flood,
Deep stain'd each chalky cliff with Denmark's blood.

Alfred on natives could depend,
And scorn'd a foreign force to employ,
He thought, who dar'd not to defend
Were never worthy to enjoy;
The realm's and monarch's interest deem'd but
And arm'd his subjects to maintain their own.

What though weak John's divided reign
The Gallic legions tempted o'er,
When Henry's barons join'd again,
Those feather'd warriors left the shore;
Learn, Britons, hence, you want no foreign friends,
The lion's safety on himself depends.

Reflect on Edward's glorious name;
On my fifth Henry's martial deeds;
Think on those peers of deathless fame,
Who met their king on Thames's meads,
When sov'reign might acknowledg'd reason's plea,
That Heav'n created man for liberty.

* Six thousand Hessians imported to protect this island!!!

Though Rome's fell star malignant shone,
When great Eliza rul'd this state,
On English hearts the plac'd her throne,
And in their happiness her fate;
While blacker than the tempests of the north,
The Papal tyrant sent his curses forth.

Lo! where my Thames's waters glide
At great Augusta's regal feet,
Bearing on each returning tide
From distant realms a golden fleet,
Which homeward wafts the fruits of ev'ry zone,
And makes the wealth of all the world your own.

Shall on his silver waves be borne
Of armed slaves a venal crew?
Lo! the old god denotes his scorn,
And shudders at th' unusual view,
Down to his deepest cave retires to mourn,
And tears indignant bathe his crystal urn.

O! how can vassals born to bear
The galling weight of slavery's chain,
A patriot's noble ardour share,
Or freedom's sacred cause maintain?
Britons exert your own unconquer'd might,
A freeman best defends a freeman's right.

Look back on every deathless deed
For which your fires recorded stand;
To battle let your nobles lead
The sons of toil, a hardy band;
The sword on each rough peasant's thigh be worn,
And war's green wreath the shepherd's front adorn.

But see, upon his utmost shores
America's sad genius lies,
Each wasted province he deplores,
And casts on me his languid eyes,
Bless'd with Heav'n's fav'rite ordinance I fly,
To raise th' oppress'd, and humble tyranny.

This said, the vision westward fled,
His wrinkled brow denouncing war;
The way fire-mantled vengeance led,
And justice drove his airy car;
Behind firm-footed peace her olive bore,
And plenty's horn pour'd blessings on the shore.

THEAGENES TO SYLVIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Theagenes, son of Hieron, the priest of Pan, having fallen in love, at an annual festival in the temple of that god, with Sylvia, a votress to Diana, finds means to seduce her. After some time, the nymph being struck with horror at her guilt, in the utmost despair and contrition, makes a vow that she would endeavour to expiate her offence by a life of religious solitude: Upon which occasion Theagenes writes the following epistle.

N. B. Several hints in the following epistle were taken from the celebrated Lord Gray's Love Letters.

SAY, dearest object of my broken heart,
Must we, for e'er, like soul and body part?

Must I be doom'd whole ages to deplore,
And think of transports I must taste no more?
O dreadful thought! whose endless view contains
Grief following grief, and pains succeeding pains!
Each joy is blighted, and each comfort fled!
Ye dreary sisters, cut the fatal thread!

Ah! whither fly'st thou? to some dreary plain,
Where frozen chaffin and horror reign;
And melancholy, daughter of despair,
With pale contrition, and with gloomy care,
To spend thy youth in superstitious fears,
In needless penance, penitence, and tears.
Let those dwell there whose bosoms guilt reprove,
But thou hast none, if tis no sin to love.
For what is deem'd a half extorted vow,
Too dull for lovers, and forgotten now?
Religious cheat! impos'd by fear on man,
And priests continue what the fool began.

O stay, for absence never can destroy,
No distance quell my visionary joy;
In vain you still endeavour to remove
The beauteous cause of my unhappy love:
Imagination follow close behind,
Presents fresh past pleasures to my mind;
The rebel mind forbidden passion knows,
With welcome flames the guilty bosom glows,
Again th' ecstatic soul dissolves away,
In brightest visions of eternal day;
There sees thy fatal form, on seems to stand
For Heaven it loses when it loses thee.

Worn by my sorrows, see this wretched frame,
Innocent object of thy fatal flame!
See! round my lips a deadly paleness spread;
Where roses bloom'd, the canker grief has fed;
From my cold cheeks the with'ring lily flies,
And light extinguish'd leaves my weeping eyes.

O count again the pleasures we have prov'd,
Promoting mutual what the other lov'd;
Recall in thought each am'rous moment gone,
Think each soft circumstance, and still think on;
But chief that day destructive to my rest,
For ever fatal, yet for ever blest,
When I, assisted at the sacred shrine,
My aged father in the rites divine,
Beheld thee first, celestial as thou art,
And felt thy image sink into my heart;
Ere I could think I found myself undone,
For but to see thee and to love are one.

No more the pomp and solemn splendour pleas'd,
Devotion's flames within my bosom cease;
Thy fairer form expell'd the deity,
And all the mighty space was fill'd with thee.
I fear'd 'twas error, and to wisdom fled;
To call her rigid doctrine to my aid;
But such the passion, wisdom must approve,
She saw the object, and she bade me love.

The pleasing paths of Venus I retr'd,
No more a mortal, but an am'rous god.
O pow'ful weakness of th' ecstatic mind!
Celestial gleams to human failings join'd!
Love waits our thoughts when fancy spreads her
fals.

To lands of paradise with gentle gales,
Love makes the sifter soul for ever even;
Love can do all, for love itself is heav'n.

The tedious business of the day was done;
Our aff'ring ended with the parting sun;
The night advanc'd, the shepherds homeward sped;
To the sweet comforts of the nuptial bed;
But me, alas! far other cares employ,
To reap the harvest of unlawful joy;
Pensive I wander'd on the lonely shore,
Where breaking billows at a distance roar;
The sighs that issued from my lab'ring breast,
Woke Echo from her inmost cave of rest.
On thee I thought, on thee I call'd alone,
The soften'd rocks re-echo'd to my moan,
The sympathizing streams ran mournful by,
And tun'd their plaintive bubblings to my cry.

Thrice had the moon her silver mantle spread,
As oft I wander'd from my sleepless bed;
As oft I trav'ers'd o'er the neighbouring plain,
As oft I sought thee, but I sought in vain;
At last, arriv'd the long expected hour,
I found thee musing in a lonely bow'r;
The time and place invited to impart
The faithful language of my love-sick heart,
With agonizing sighs I gain'd belief,
And each pathetic circumstance of grief;
A war unequal in thy breast ensu'd,
Stern duty fail'd, and gentle pity woo'd,
Pity admitted all dissain remov'd,
And soon what merry spar'd the woman lov'd,
A crimson blush o'er all thy face was spread,
Then lilies pale, and all the roses fled;
Each look more faithful, to thy heart reveal'd
The fatal secret that thy tongue conceal'd.
The happy omen of success I view'd
Embrac'd th' advantage, and th' attack pursu'd,
Honour's first guard of wakeful scruples o'er,
Love found a breach, and tears contend no more;
Each others arms each others body press'd,
We spoke much pleasure, and we felt the rest;
The rest, which only can the faithful feel,
The rest, which none had ever pow'r to tell;
The rest, which feels unutterably sweet,
In the first intercourse when lovers meet.
The modest diffidence, and bold desires,
Soft thrilling cold, and quick returning fires,
The glowing blushes and the joyful tears,
The stat'ring wishes, and th' alarming fears,
The gentle breathings and the mutual sighs,
And all the silent eloquence of eyes.

Pleas'd with the first delight, my raptures
To seize at once the last recels of love,
Till flying swiftly on from joy to joy,
I sunk at last in heav'nly ecstacy.

The secret progress thus we first began,
Then soon round pleasure's flow'ry circle ran;
How oft we met, dull reason frown'd in vain,
How oft we parted but to meet again;
O blessed moments, and divine dreams!
Enchanting transports, and celestial gleams!
Fly quick, my fancy, bring him back to view,
In retrospection let me love anew.

And once in thought enjoy the bliss again,
Even cheaply purchas'd by an age of pain.

O sacred queen of silent night, advance,
And cast thy sable mantle o'er th' expanse.

Come, gentle sleep, and close my wearied eyes,
Give to my arms what hateful day denies,
For vain, alas! those dulcet wishes roll,
When sov'reign reason awes the wakeful soul;
Sleep sets it free to all its native fires,
And gives a grateful loose to soft desires.
At that calm hour, when peace her requiem sings,
And pleading slumbers spread their airy wings;
Thy beauteous image comes before my sight:

(My theme by day, my constant dream by night);
Fancy not fairer paints those heav'n-born maids,
In fair Elysium under myrtle shades,
Who ever blooming, ever young appear,
To drive from happy shades intruding fear.
My ravish'd thoughts on plumes angelic soar,
And feel within a heav'n, or somewhat more.
Straight on thy oft-repeated name I call,
Then wake, and sigh, and find it vanish all.

Thus erst when Orpheus from the Stygian shore
Had won his youthful bride by music's pow'r,
Impatient to behold her, ere he pass'd
The pool of Cocytus, and th' infernal waste,
Heedless he cast forbidden looks behind;
The fleeting shadow vanish'd like the wind;
And all his joys wing'd their eternal flight
With her, like frighted doves, to realms of night.

Again I close my sleep-deluded eyes,
Around my soul black swarms of demons rise,
Pale spectres grin, and angry furies howl,
Quick lightnings flash, and horrid thunders roll;
Again the frighted wand'rer haltes away
Back to the living horrors of the day,
There counts the visionary misery o'er,
And realizes what was dreamt before.

Ye dreary pow'rs that hover o'er the plains
Where sorrows reign, and everlasting pains,
Bear me to places suited to my woe,
Where noxious herbs and deadly poisons grow,
Whilst wintry winds howl fiercely round my head,

The flint my pillow, sharpen'd rocks my bed;
And ghosts of wretches once who dy'd for love,
Round their unburied bodies nightly rove,
Which hang half moulder'd on some blasted tree,

And by their sad example counsel me.

What now avail the joyous moments past,
Or what will all the wretched few that last?
In them I dying will our loves proclaim,
With fault-ring accents call upon thy name,
And whilst I bless thee with my parting breath,
Enjoy the raptures of my life in death.
Then spare thy curses, and forget th' offence
Of him who robb'd thee of thy innocence;
Or if not quite forget, forgive at least,
And soothe the dying penitent to rest.

Oh! may to thee the pitying gods bestow
Eternal peace and happiness below;
Yet when thy mortal frame, as once it must,
Returns and mingles with its native dust,
May the same urn our mingled ashes have,
And find a lasting union in the grave!

If you ere long my bleeding corse should see
Beneath the covert of yon consecrated tree,
This last request I make for all my fears,

For all my sleepless minutes spent in tears,
For all those struggles of my parting breath,
And all the agonies in one, my dearest,
Think on the raptures which we revel'd there,
Then breathe a sigh, and drop th' indebted tear,
This empty tribute to the mem'ry due,
Of one who liv'd and dy'd in love of you.
My ghost, thus sooth'd, shall seek the Stygian
shore,
Mix with the happy crowd, and grieve no more;
But eager wait till thou at last art giv'n,
To raise each blessing of th' Elysian heav'n,
Where uncontroll'd in amorous sports we'll play,
And love a whole eternity away.

THE POWER OF HARMONY.

IN TWO BOOKS.

THE DESIGN.

It is observable, that whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an instantaneous pleasure to the mind, exclusive of reflection. For the great Creator of all things, infinitely wise and good, ordained a perpetual agreement between the faculties of moral perfection, the powers of fancy, and the organs of bodily sensation, when they are free and undisturbed. From hence is deducible the most comfortable, as well as the most true philosophy that ever adorned the world; namely a constant admiration of the beauty of the creation, terminating in the adoration of the First Cause, which naturally leads mankind cheerfully to co-operate with his grand design for the promotion of universal happiness.

From hence our author was led to draw that analogy between natural and moral beauty; since the same faculties, which render us susceptible of pleasure from the perfection of the creation, and the excellence of the arts, afford us delight in the contemplation of dignity and justice in character and manners. For what is virtue, but a just regulation of our affections and appetites, to make them correspond to the peace and welfare of society? so that good and beauty are inseparable.

From this true relish of the soul, this harmonious association of ideas, the ancient philosophers, and their disciples among the moderns, have enlivened their imaginations and writings in this amicable intercourse of adding moral epithets to natural objects, and illustrating their observations upon the conduct of life, by metaphors drawn from the external scenes of the world: so we know, that by a beautiful action, or consonant behaviour, is meant the generous resignation of private advantage by some individual, to submit and adapt his single being to the whole community, or some part of it. And in like manner, when we read of a solemn grove, where horror and melancholy reign, we entertain an idea of a place that create such thoughts in the mind, by reason of its solitary situation, want of light, or any other circumstances analogous to those dispositions, so termed, in human nature.

This, then, is the design of the poem, to show that a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature, will by degrees harmonize the soul to a responsive regularity and sympathetic order.

From what has been premised, it would be needless to explain the comprehensive meaning of the word Harmony. For an explanation or a proof of the relation of the imitative arts to moral philosophy, the reader is referred to the dialogues of Plato, and the other philosophers of the academic school; to Lord Shaftsbury and Hutcheson, their great disciples among the moderns.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation to Venus allegorically. Invocation to quit superstition, and adore the Creator of all things. Chaos originally reduced to harmony. A fictitious account of the music of the spheres. The notes of music taken from the number of planets. Its effect on the mind in despair—in sorrow—in rage—in disordered bodies—on brutes and irrational beings. The feast of art described, and her attendants: to what end are her labours: either to excite voluptuousness, or the contrary, just as made use of. Commendation of the use of art to raise in us sentiments of justice and temperance. The excellence of art as great in representing monstrous objects as the most regular, as far as relates to imitation. Why a just resemblance gives us pleasure. Passions may be represented by outward forms, but moral beauty can never be full enough expressed by them: that province belongs to the muse. The conclusion of the first book.

THE HARMONY OF MUSIC, POETRY, AND THE IMITATIVE ARTS.

Or Harmony, and her celestial pow'r
O'er the responsive soul, and whence arise
Those sweet sensations, whether from the lays
Of melting music, and impassion'd verse,
From mimic scenes of emulative art,
Or nature's beautiful objects, which affect
The moral pow'rs with sympathetic charms,
The muse congenial sings.—Descend, ye nine,
Who guard th' Aonian mount, whilst I unfold
The deep recesses of your tuneful haunts,
And from your inmost bow's select a bay
To deck the fav'rite theme. Do thou attend,
Thou, whom Lucretius to his great design
Invok'd; and with thee bring thy darling son,
Who tun'd Anacreon's lyre, to guide my hand,
Advent'rous rais'd to sweep harmonious chords.
Come all ye sons of liberty, who wake
From dreams of superstition, where the soul
Through mists of forc'd belief, but dimly views
Its own great Maker; come, and I will guide,
Uninterrupted by the jargon shrill
Of gnostic priests, your footsteps to the throne
Where pleasure reigns with reason, to behold
His Majesty celestial, and adore
Him through each object of proportion fair,

The source of virtue, harmony, and bliss!

Ere this delightful face of things adorn'd
The great expanse of day, dark chaos reign'd,
And elemental discord; in the womb
Of ancient night, the war of atoms rag'd
Incessant; anarchy, confusion wild.
Harsh dissonance, and uproar fill'd the whole;
Till that Eternal One, who from the first
Existed, sent his plastic word abroad
Throughout the vast abyss: created worlds
Felt the sweet impulse, and obedient fled
To stations ascertain'd; there to perform
Their various motions, corresponding all
To one harmonious plan, which fabled feign
The mystic music of the distant spheres.

* All this the Samian sage had seen at large,
From Ida's cloud-topp'd summit, or the cave
With Epimenides, where he survey'd,
Higher on wings of contemplation borne,
The mighty maze of nature; where he learnt,
† From that celestial number, how to form
The lyre heart-melting, and the vocal shell.

Thus all the pow'r of music from the spheres
Descends to wake the tardy soul of man
From dreams terrestrial: ever to its charms
Obscure, ever by its dulcet strains
Smooth'd from the passions of tempestuous life,
And taught to pre-enjoy its native heav'n.

Whilst through this vale of error we pursue
Ideal joys, where fancy leads us on
Through scenes of paradise in fairy form
Of ease, of pleasure, or extensive pow'r;
And when we think full fairly we possess
The promis'd heav'n, disease, or wrinkled care,
Fill with their loth'd embrace our eager grasp,
And leave us in a wilderness of woe
To weep at large; where shall we seek relief,
Where ease th' oppressive anguish of the mind,
When retrospection glows with conscious shame
By gray experience in the wholesome school
Of sorrow tutor'd? Whither shall we fly?
To wilds and woods, and leave the busy world
For solitude? Ah! thither still pursue
Th' intruding fiends, attend our evening walk,
Breathe in each breeze, and murmur in each rill;
Where peace, protected by the turtle wing
Of innocence, expands the lovely bloom
Of gay content, no more to be enjoy'd,

* It is very evident that Pythagoras, who is justly esteemed in one respect the inventor of music, had a clear notion of the present astronomical system, though the honour of the discovery was reserved for Copernicus so many ages after. Nor was this sentiment of his unknown to the rest of the philosophers: for the Stagyrites, in the 13th chapter of the 2d book *apud* Olympiodorus, speak of it in these terms: "Those philosophers, who are called Pythagoreans, affirm, that the sun is in the middle; and that the earth, like the rest of the planets, rolls round it upon its own axis, and so forms the day and night."

† The number of the planets.

Πρωτος διακρινουσιν λεγουσιν οφθαλμοις ουνοθεν
Αρμονικη αριθμησις διατασσεται αλλε ατ' αλλε.
Alex. Ephes. apud Heracl. de Hem.

But lost for ever! Yet benignant Heav'n,
Correcting with parental pity, sent
This friendly syren from the groves of joy,
To temper with mellifluous strains the voice
Of mental anguish, and attune the groans
Of young impatience, to the softer sound
Of grateful Pæans to its Maker's praise.

Alike, if ill external, made our own,
Mix in the cup of life the bitter drop
Of sorrow; when the childless father sighs
From the remembrance of his dying son;
When death has sever'd, with a long farewell,
The lover from the object of desire,
In the full bloom of youth, and leaves the wretch,
To sooth affliction in the well-known scenes
Of blameless rapture once; uncouth advice
In vain intrudes with sacerdotal frown,
And superstition's jargon, to expel
The sweet distress; the gen'rous soul disdains,
Deaf to such monkish precepts, all constraint,
And gives a loose to grief; but strait apply
The lenient force of numbers, they'll assuage
By calm degrees the sympathetic pain,
Till lull'd at length, the intellectual pow'rs
Sink to divine repose, and rage no more.
So when descended rains from Alpine rocks
Burst forth in diff'rent torrents, down the rush
Precipitate, and o'er the craggy steep
Hoarse roaring bear the parted soil away;
Anon, collected on the smoother plains,
Glide to the channel of some ancient flood,
And flow one silent stream. This oft I felt,
When, wand'ring through the unfrequented woods,
Mourning for poor Ardelia's hapless fate,
Thee, my belov'd Melodius, I have heard
In silent rapture all the live-long day.
Though black despair fate brooding o'er my
thoughts

Pregnant with horror, thy Platonic lay
Dispell'd th' unmanly sorrows, and again
Led forth my vagrant fancy through the plan
Of nature, studious to explore with thee
Each beautiful scene of musical delight,
Which bears fraternal likeness to the soul.

* Is there a passion, whose impetuous force
Disturbs the human breast, and breaking forth
With sad eruptions, deals destruction round,
Like flames convulsive from th' Ætnean mole,
But by the magic strains of some soft air
Is harmoniz'd to peace? As tempests cease
Their elemental fury, when the queen
Of heav'n, descending on a zephyr's plume,
Smiles on th' enamell'd landscape of the spring.
Say, at that solemn hour, the noon of night,
When nought but plaintive Philomela wakes,
Say, whilst she warbles forth her tragic tale,
Whilst grief melodious charms the Sylvan pow'rs,
And echo from her inmost cave of rest
Joins in her wailing, dost thou not partake
A melancholy pleasure? And though rage
Did lead thee forth beneath the silent gloom

* "Spirito ha' ben dissonante, anima forde,
"Che dal concerto universal discorda."

L' *Adone del Marino*, Cant. setti.

To meditate on horror and revenge,
Thy soften'd soul is gently sooth'd within,
And, humaniz'd again by pity's voice,
Becomes as tender as the gall-less dove

Nor is the tuneful blessing here confin'd
To cure distemper'd passions, and allay
By its persuasive notes convulsive throbs
Of soul alone; but (strange) with subtle pow'r
Acts on the grosser matter of the frame
By riot shatter'd, or the casual lot
Of sickness wither'd. When th' harmonious plan
Of inward beauty ceases, oft the lute,
By soft vibrations on responsive nerves,
Has reconcil'd, by medicinal sounds,
Corporeal Chaos to its pristine form.
Such is the fabled charm Italians boast
To cure that insect's venom, which benumbs
By fatal touch the frozen veins, and lulls
The senses in oblivion: when the harp,
Sonorous, through the patient's bosom pours
Its antidotal notes, the flood of life,
Loos'd at its source by tepefying strains,
Flows like some frozen silver stream unthaw'd
At a warm zephyr of the genial spring.

Doubt you those charms of music o'er the soul
Of man? Behold! e'en brute creation feels
Its pow'r divine! For when the liquid flute
Breathes am'rous airs, touch'd by the love-sick
swain,

Mute is each hill and dale; the list'ning herds†
Express their joy irrational (as erst
When fauns and dryads follow'd ancient Pan
In festive dance). Ask you, from whence arise
These grateful signs of pleasure in the gaze
Of list'ning flocks at music's dulcet lore?
From whence, but from responsive notes within
Of harmony celestial, which inspires
Each animal, through all the spacious tracts
Of earth, and air, and water, from the large
Unwieldy elephant, to th' unseen mote,
That flutters in the sun's meridian beam. (Isume
See! round that fragrant rose, whose sweets per-
The tinctur'd pinions of the passing breeze,
How bees laborious gather! from each hive
The dusky myriads swarm, to taste the dew,
Just sprinkled from Aurora's golden plumes,
Ambrosializ'd within its dulcet leaves,
And sweets distilling like Arabian gums
From medicinal groves—homeward they bear
The liquid spoil, exulting, all intent
To enrich the waxen empire: till anon
Luxurious plenty sows the fatal seed
Of dire dissention; sudden rage ensues,
And fight domestic; to the fields of air
The winged hosts resort; the signals sound,
And civil slaughter strews the plains below
With many a little corpse. But e'en amidst
The thickest war, let but the tuneful rod

* See the surprising effects of music related by Plato,
Aristotle, Theophrastus, Pelybius, and other ancient
authors.

† "For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
"Or race of youthful and unhandled colts," &c.
Shaksp. *Merchant of Venice*.

On brazen cymbal strike, the lenient strains,
Quick undulating through the silent air,
Recal harmonious love and gentle peace
Back to their ancient seats; the friendly swarms
Sudden in reunited clusters join,
Pendent on neighb'ring fallows; nought is heard
But notes reciprocal of bliss sincere,
Soft-breathing through each amicable hive.

Now to the muse sublimer objects turn,
For mind alone can feel th' effect divine
Of emulative art, where human skill
Steals with a Promothéan hand the fire
Of heav'n, to imitate celestial pow'r.

Deep in the vale of solitude, where peace
Breathes o'er the foul diviner airs than those
By Grecian fablers sung, which from the banks
Of fam'd Elysium wait on happy shades
Their grateful influence, in sequester'd bow'rs
The pow'r of art resides: Reflection firm,
And vagrant fancy at her sov'reign nod
Attendant wait; behind th' ideal train
Of memory, with retrospective eye
Supports her throne, whilst contemplation guides
Her trophied car. Through nature's various paths,
Alike, where glows the blossom'd pride of May,
Or where bleak winter from the widow'd shrubs
Strips the gay verdure, and invests the boughs
With snowy horror; where delicious streams
Through flow'ry meadows seek their wanton
course;

Or where on Afric's unfrequented coasts
The dreary desert burns; where'er the ray
Of beauty gilds the scene, or where the cloud
Of horror casts its shade; the unrestrain'd
Explores, and in her faithful mirror bears
The sweet resemblance, to revive the soul,
When absence from the fight for ever tears
The source of rapture. Hence the tablet glows
With charms exotic; hence the sculptur'd bust,
As o'er the rock the plastic chissel moves,
Breathes by degrees, till streight returns afresh
The lov'd idea to the ravish'd eye,
And calls up ev'ry passion from its source.

Is love the object of thy glowing thoughts?
Or dream'st thou of a bliss exceeding far
Elysian pleasures? Would'st thou taste again
The heart-enslaving transports, when the soul,
Big with celestial triumph, through the vales
Of am'rous fancy led the sportive hours
To soft Italian airs, whilst wanton loves
Strew'd round thee roses of eternal bloom,
And fann'd the sultry breeze with golden plumes?
See! where, beneath a myrtle bow'r reclin'd,
Which on the canvass casts its cooling shade,
Encircled in each other's arms, yon beauteous pair
In dulcet dalliance lie; the rigid frown
Of care ne'er low'rs, but ever cheerful smiles
Effuse, like vernal suns, their genial beams [sighs,
To warm their mutual hearts; whilst rapt'rous
Sweeter than aromatic winds which blow
O'er spicy groves in intermingled gales,
Are wafted to th' impending queen of love.

But burns thy heart with more refin'd delight?
And would'st thou through the faithful colours
view

Calm chastity and justice blend their charms
Like gleams of opening heav'n? Yon radiant
throne

Presents great Cyrus, as the Magi feign'd
The snowy-vested Mithras, from the east
Defending in effulgent rays of light,
To guide the virtuous to th' ethereal plains,
Where joy for ever dwells. Before him stands
A trembling captive, with dejected looks,
As conscious of her form: upon her cheeks
The rose of beauty fades, with paler hue
The lily sickens, and each flow'r declines
Its drooping head. But see! how he revives
With unexpected hopes her tortur'd breast,
And joy's soft blush appears! So the bless'd wings
Of western zephyr's, o'er Arabian coasts
Sprinkle their heav'nly dew; the wither'd plants
Incline their sun-parch'd bosoms to imbibe
The renovating moisture, till anon
The pristine bloom through vegetative pores
Returning, smiles in ev'ry flow'ry vale. [pride.
And decks the neighb'ring hills with verdant

Such groups as these instruct th' unbiass'd mind
With real wisdom, when with beauty's garb
Virtue invested, and ne'er fading charms,
Fills with desire the soul; here art employs
To worthy ends her pencil as of old,
And calls the hero to receive the wreath
Of public honour, whilst his sacred bust
Is still preserv'd for nations yet unborn
To view with adoration; ev'ry breast
Feels emulative spirits burn within,
And longs to join the honour'd list of fame.

Yet still her influence is not less confess'd
In other forms, to raise abhorrence fierce,
To paint in hideous shapes the crew of vice,
And all her train of sure-attending woes.
These objects have their diff'rent graces too,
And glow, if faithful, through the mimic scenes
With charms peculiar. For perfection fits*,
As the known imitation shall succeed,
With equal lustre on a tyrant's frown,
As on the dimple of Pancaeste's cheek,
Or Delia's iv'ry neck. The melting tear
Drops from th' afflicted parent's joyless eye,
Not less delightful to th' attentive gaze
Of fix'd examination, than the smiles
Of infant Cupids sporting through the groves,
Where Venus sleeping lies. From nature form'd,
The just resemblance from consenting thought
Applause demands; and fancy's ravish'd eye
Sports o'er the painted surge, whose billows roll
Tempestuous to the sky, with equal bliss,
As o'er the marble surface of the deep,
Whom mild Favonius from the western isles,
With youthful spring flies glad some o'er the main,
To seek his gentle May; while Proteus rests
Deep in his oozy bed, and halcyons call,
Secure of peace, their new-bledg'd young abroad.

* See the reason in Aristotle assigned, why the mind
is as much delighted with aptness of description to ex-
cite the image, as with the image in description. *Arist.
de Poet. cap. 4.* So Plutarch de Aud. Poet. See his
Symp. lib. 5.

External matter thus by art is wrought,
 Or with the pencil or the chissel's touch,
 To give us back the image of the mind,
 Which smiles to find its own conceptions there.
 But can the draw the tenderness of thought?
 Can the depict the beauty of the soul,
 And all th' internal train of sweet distress,
 When friendship o'er the recent grave declines
 Its sick'ning head, as ev'ry action dear,
 And ev'ry circumstance of mutual love
 Returns afresh; while from the streaming eyes
 Bursts forth a flood of unavailing tears,
 Of parting tears, ere yet they close the tomb?
 Or, can she from the colours that adorn
 The wat'ry bow; from all the splendid store,
 That Flora lavishes in vernal hours
 On wanton zephyr; from the blazing mine
 Where Plutus reigns: can the select a bloom
 To emulate the patriot's bosom, when the wealth
 Of nations, all imperial pomp is scorn'd,
 And tyrants frown in vain, yet to the last
 He breathes the social sigh, and even in death
 With blessing on his native country calls!—
 That only to the muse belongs, to show
 How charms each moral beauty, how the scene
 Of goodness pleases the responsive soul,
 And soothes within the intellectual pow'rs
 With sympathetic order. For at first,
 This emanation of the source of life
 Unfulfill'd glows, till o'er th' ethereal rays
 Opinion casts a tincture, and infects
 The mental optics with a jaundice hue;
 Then, like the domes beneath a wizard's wand,
 Each object, as the hellish artist wills,
 A shape fallacious wears.—O throng, ye youth,
 Around the poet's song, whose sacred lays,
 Breathe no infectious vapours from the coasts,
 Where indolence supinely nods at ease,
 And offers to the passing crowd her couch
 Of down, whilst infant vices lull the mind
 To fatal slumbers; other themes invite
 My faithful hand to strike the votive lyre.
 Lo! virtue comes in more effulgent pomp,
 Than what the great impostor promis'd oft
 To cheated crowds of Mussulmen, beside
 The winy rivers and refreshing shades
 Of Paradise; and lo! the dastard train
 Of pleasure disappears. So fleet the shades,
 That wander in the dreary gloom of night,
 When from the eastern hills Aurora pours
 Her flood of glory, and relumes the world.
 Be she my great protectress, she my guide
 Through lofty Pindus, and the laurel grove,
 Whilst I through unfrequented paths pursue
 The steps of Grecian sages, and display
 The just similitude of moral charms,
 Of harmony and joy, with this fair frame
 Of outward things, which through untainted sense
 With a fraternal goodness fires the soul.

BOOK H.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the moral train of harmony: External objects analogous to them. The seats of

rural beauty. Every kind of beauty charms, exclusive of any secondary motive. The annual renovation of nature. The complicated charms of various objects. The great, the wonderful, the fair: The contrast to the same harmonious, when united to the universal plan of nature, Abstracted objects, how they work upon the mind:—with gaiety:—with horror: with sorrow, admiration, &c. Moral beauty superior to natural, a view of the universe: The harmony of the whole: What to be deduced from it. Contemplation on beauty and proportion in external objects, harmonizes the soul to a sympathetic order. The conclusion.

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

COME all ye moral genii, who attend
 The train of rural beauty, bring your gifts,
 Your fragrant chaplets, and your purple wreaths,
 To crown your poet's brow; come all ye pow'rs,
 Who haunt the sylvan shades, where solitude
 Nurses sweet contemplation; come ye band
 Of graces, gentle peace, contentment fair,
 Sweet innocence, and snowy-winged hope,
 Who sport with young simplicity beneath
 Her mossy roof; around my faithful lays
 Lead forth in festive pomp your paramours
 Of nature*, deck'd in spring's Elysian bloom,
 Or autumn's purple robes; whilst I relate
 In sounds congenial your untainted bliss,
 And their unfading lustre. Nor be thou
 Far from my lyre, O liberty! sweet nymph,
 Who roam'st at large through unfrequented
 groves,
 Swift as the mountain hind; or eastern winds
 O'er Asia's kingdoms.—To each nat'ral scene
 A moral pow'r belongs; as erst the woods,
 Inspir'd by dryads, wav'd their awful heads
 With sacred horror, and the crystal streams
 Flow'd unpolluted by revering swains
 From urns celestial, whilst the mystic founts
 Of sportive nymphs were heard in bubbling
 springs.

Ye fields and woods, and silver winding streams,
 Ye lillied vallies, and resounding rocks,
 Where faithful echo dwells; ye mansions blest
 Where nature reigns throughout the wide ex-
 panse,
 In majesty serene of opening heav'n;
 Or, humbler seated, in the blushing rose,
 The virgin violet, or the creeping moss,
 Or winding round the mould'ring ruin's top,
 With no unpleasing horror sit array'd
 In venerable ivy: Hail, thrice hail,
 Ye solitary feasts, where wisdom seeks
 Beauty and good, th' inseparable pair,
 Sweet offspring of the sky, those emblems fair
 Of the celestial cause, whose tuneful word
 From discord and from Chaos rais'd this globe,
 And all the wide effulgence of the day.

From him begins this beam of gay delight,
 When aught harmonious strikes th' attentive
 mind;

* Natural objects, which produce in the mind such images.

In him shall end; for he attun'd the frame
Of passive organs with internal sense,
To feel an instantaneous glow of joy*,
When beauty from her native seat of heav'n,
Cloth'd in ethereal mildness, on our plains
Descends, ere reason with her tardy eye
Can view the form divine; and through the world
The heav'nly boon to ev'ry being flows.
Why, when the genial spring with chaplets
crown'd

Of daisies, pinks, and v'lets, wakes the morn
With placid whispers, do the turtles coo,
And call their comforts from the neighb'ring
groves

With softer music? why exalts the lark
His matin warbling with redoubled lays?
Why stand th' admiring herds with joyful gaze
Facing the dawn of day, or frisking bound
O'er the soft surface of the verdant meads
With unaccustom'd transport? 'Tis the ray
Of beauty, beaming its benignant warmth
Through all the brute creation: hence arise
Spontaneous off'rings of unfeigned love
In silent praises. And shall man alone,
Shall man with blind ingratitude neglect
His Maker's bounty? Shall the lap of sloth,
With soft insensibility compose
His useless soul, whilst unregarded blooms
The renovated lustre of the world?

See! how eternal Hebe onward leads
The blushing morn, and o'er the smiling globe,
With Flora join'd, flies gladsome to the bow'r,
Where, with the graces, and Idalian loves,
Her sister beauty dwells. The glades expand
The blossom'd fragrance of their new-blown pride,
With gay profusion: and the flow'ry lawns
Breathe forth ambrosial odours; whilst behind,
The muse in never-dying hymns of praise
Pursues the triumph, and responsive airs
Symphonious warble through the vocal groves,
Till playful echo, in each hill and dale,
Joins the glad chorus, and improves the lay.

First o'er yon complicated landscape cast
Th' enraptur'd eye, where, through the subject
plains,

Slow with majestic pride a spacious flood
Devolves his lordly stream; with many a turn
Seeking along his serpentinizing way,
And in the grateful intricacies feeds
With fruitful waves those ever-smiling shores,
Which in the floating mirror view their charms
With conscious glory; from the neighb'ring urns
Th' inferior rivers swell his regal pomp
With tributary off'rings. Some afar
Through silent oases, and the fullen green
Of mournful willows, melancholy flow:

* *Whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an immediate pleasure, exclusive of reflection: nor, as beauty is not vague and unsettled, but fixt to a proper criterion, are we left indifferent; but led naturally to embrace it, by that propensity the divine Author of all things implanted in us. See the Characteristics, and An Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue.*

Some o'er the rattling pebbles, to the sun
Obvious, with colour'd rays refracted, shine
Like gems which sparkle on th' exalted crown
Of kings barbaric: Others headlong fall
From a high precipice, whose awful brow,
Fring'd with a sable wood, nods dreadful o'er
The deep below, which spreads its wat'ry lap
To catch the gushing homage, then proceeds
With richer waves than those Pactolus erst
Pour'd o'er his golden sands; or yellow Po,
Ting'd with the tears of aromatic trees.
Then at a distance, through the parted cliffs
In unconfin'd perspective send thy gaze,
Disdaining limit, o'er the green expanse
Of ocean, swelling his cerulean tide,
Whilst on th' unruffled bosom of the deep
A halcyon stillness reigns; the boist'rous winds,
Hush'd in Æolian caves, are lull'd to rest,
And leave the placid main without a wave.
E'en western zephyrs, like unfrighted doves,
Skim gently o'er with reverential awe,
Nor move their silent plumes. At such a time
Sweet Amphitrite, with her azure train
Of marine nymphs, emerging from the flood,
Whilst ev'ry Triton tun'd his vocal shell
To Hymeneal sounds, from Nereus' court
Came to espouse the monarch of the main,
In nuptial pomp arriv'd.—Now change the scene,
Nor less admire those things, which view'd apart
Uncouth appear, or horrid; ridges black
Of flagg'd rocks, which hang tremendous o'er
Some barren heath; the congregated clouds
Which spread their sable skirts, and wait the wind
To burst th' embosom'd storm; a leafless wood,
A mould'ring ruin, light'ning-blasted fields,
Nay e'en the seat where desolation reigns
In brownest horror, by familiar thought
Connected to this universal frame,
With equal beauty charms the tasteful soul,
As the gold landscapes of the happy isles
Crown'd with Hesperian fruit; for nature form'd
One plan entire, and made each separate scene
Co-operate with the gen'ral force of all
In that harmonious contrast. Hence the fair,
The wonderful, the great, from different forms
Owe their superior excellence. The light,
Not intermingled with opposing shades,
Had shone unworshipp'd by the Persian priest
With undistinguish'd rays—Yet still the hue
Of separated objects tinge the sight
With their own likeness; the responsive soul,
Cameleon like, a just resemblance bears,
And faithful, as the silent mirror shows
In its true bosom, whether from without
A blooming paradise smiles round the land,
Or Stygian darkness blots the realms of day.
Say, when the smiling face of youthful May
Invites soft zephyr to her fragrant lap,
And Phœbus wantons on the glistering streams,
Glow not thy blood with unaccustom'd joy,
And love unselt before? Methinks the train
Of fair Euphrosyne, heart-easing smiles,
Hope, and her brother love, and young delight,
Come to invite me to ambrosial feasts,
Where youth administers the sprightly bowl

Of care-beguiling mirth; and hark! the sound
Of sportive laughter, to the native home
Of silent night, with all her meagre crew
Chafes abhorred grief. Prepare the songs
Of mental triumph; let the jocund harp
In correspondent notes deceive the hours,
And merriment with love shall sport around.

But what perceive we in those dusky groves,
Where cypress with funereal horror shades
Some ruin'd tomb; where deadly hemlock chills
Th' unfruitful glebe, and sweating yews distill
Immedicable poison? In those plains,
Black melancholy dwells with silent fear,
And superstition fierce, the foulest fiend
That ever sullied light. Here frantic woe
Tears her dishevell'd hair; her pale disease
Hangs down her sickly head, and death behind,
With sable curtains of eternal night,
Closes the ghastly prospect. — From the good
Far be this horrid group! the foot of peace
And innocence should tread the blest retreat
Of pleasant Tempe, or the flow'ry field
Of Enna, glowing with unfading bloom,
Responsive to the moral charms within.
Those horrid realms let guilty villains haunt,
Who rob the orphan, or the sacred trust
Of friendship break; the wretch who never felt
Stream from his eye the comfortable balm,
Which social sorrow mixes with her tears;
Such suit their minds. There let the tyrant howl,
And hierarchy, ministrs abhor'd
Of pow'r illicit, bound with iron chains
She made for liberty and justice, gnash
Her foaming teeth, and bite the scourge in vain.

— Or when the stillness of the gray-cy'd eve,
Brok'n only by the beetle's drowsy hum,
Invites us forth to solitary vales,
Where awful ruins on their mossy roofs
Denote the flight of time; the pausing eye
Slow round the gloomy regions casts its glance,
Whilst from within the intellectual pow'rs,
With melancholy pleasure on the brow
Of thoughtful admiration fix the sign
Of guiltless transport; not with frantic noise,
Nor the rude laughter of an idiot's joy;
But with the smiles that wisdom, temp'ring oft
With sweet content, effuses. Here the mind,
Lull'd by the sacred silence of the place,
Dreams with enchanted rapture of the groves

* *The ancients, who had always this analogy between natural and moral objects in view, imagined every gloomy place like this to be inhabited by such personages. Creon, in the Oedipus of Seneca, after he has described* — "*procul ab urbe locus illicitus niger,*" goes on to relate what he saw there by the power of necromancy.

cæcus furor
Horrorque, et una quidquid æternæ oreant
Celantque tenebræ; luctus evellens comam,
Ægrequè lassum sustinens morbus caput,
Gravis senectus sibimet, & pendens metus.

And to objects of a different nature: we give the moral epithets of gay, lively, cheerful, &c. because the mind is so affected.

Of Academus, and the solemn walks,
As erst, frequented by the godlike band;
Of Grecian sages; to the list'ning ear
Socratic sounds are heard, and Plato's self
Seems half emerging from his olive bow'r
To gather round him all th' Athenian sons
Of wisdom. — Hither throng, ye studious youth;
Here through the mental eye enamour'd view
The charms of moral beauty, to the soul's habit
More grateful, than when Titan's golden beam
First dawns upon the new-recover'd sight
Of one long-fated to the dreary gloom
Of darkness. How, to undistemper'd thought,
Does virtue in mild modesty appear
Delightful, when the sympathetic heart
Feels for another's woe! Was any scene
So beautiful: in the wide-extended pomp
And golden splendour of the Persian camps
When all the riches of the east were spread
Beneath the tyrant's feet; did aught appear
So lovely and so great, as when the call
Of curs'd ambition ceas'd in Xerxes' breast,
And from the social eye compassion pour'd
The tender flood of heart-ennobling tears?

Thus the chief scenes of nature view'd apart,
Which with a just similitude affect
Th' attentive mind, now through the tuneful
whole

Let the swift wing of fancy bear us on
Beyond the ken of knowledge; where, unseen
To us inhabitants of this small spot,
Ten thousand worlds in regions unconfin'd,
Progressive and obedient to the source
Of light eternal, gild the vast expanse:
Or, should we stop th' aspiring flight to view,
Led by the hand of science and of truth,
Where in the midst the glorious sun expands
His flame, and with perennial beams supplies
The distant planets as they roll around;
What harmony divine for ever reigns!
How these in tuneful order through the void
Their different statious keep, their pow'rs distinct
Observe; and in each others friendly sphere
Their kindest influence blend, till all unite
To form the plan of the all-ruling Mind,
And, through the whole celestial bliss diffuse!

Hence let the worse than atheist, the fond fool
Who safely doats in superstition's gloom,
And blindfold led by easy faith, denies
The guide of reason, obstinately bent
To seek the cause of universal good,
And source of beauty in the demon's cave,
And, shudd'ring, fancies he at distance hears
The howls of ghosts, created to endure
Eternal torments. Let this impious wretch
Look round this fair creation, where, impell'd
By that great Author, every atom tends

* *The superiority of moral beauty to natural, has been universally allowed by all authors, both ancient and modern. And that sentence of Seneca's may be understood figuratively: "Nullum ornamentum principis fastidio dignius pulchriusque est quam illa corona civis servator." SENECÆ de Clem. lib. I.*

† *Vide Sir Isaac Newton, book iii. p. 345.*

To universal harmony; where joy,
 As with a parent's fondness, to behold
 Her own soft image in her child impress'd,
 Smiles on the beauteous offspring, and illumines
 Responsive signs of pleasure; like the beams
 Of Titan sporting on the lucid waves
 Whence Venus rose of old: let him then say,
 If nature meant this goodly frame to cheat
 Deluded mortals? Did an idiot's scheme
 Upraise this wondrous fabric? Say, was man
 Forth from the dark abyss of chaos call'd
 In vain to breathe celestial air, in vain
 To view the bloom of beauty, not to feel
 Th' effect divine soft-thrilling through his soul,
 And wak'ning ev'ry pow'r which sleeps within
 To gaze amazement? Did the Lord of all
 Attune our finer organs to the charms
 Of things external, only to enslave
 This image of himself? To the tuneful breast
 Of virtuous wisdom, such discordant thoughts
 Are far excluded; other themes employ
 The studious sage's hours; his kindred soul
 Triumphs on contemplation's eagle wings
 Through yon ethereal plains, where distant worlds
 Roll through the vast abyss; there unconfin'd
 Pursues the fiery tract where comets glow;
 Or in the sable bosom of the night,
 Sweeps headlong to o'ertake the rapid flight
 Of exhalations from ideal stars
 Shot wildly down; nor 'dains he to behold
 In nature's humbler walks the sweet recess,
 Where beauty on the splendid rose exults
 As conscious of her form, or mildly veils
 Her maiden blushes in the chastest pink,
 Or on the margin of the crystal brook,
 In soft Narcissus blows. For him the choir
 Of feather'd songsters breathe their vernal airs;
 For him the stillness of th' autumnal grove
 In pleasing sadness reigns; for him the sheaf
 Of Ceres spreads its yellow pride; the horn
 Of ripe Pomona pours its off'rings forth;
 Winter presents his free domestic bowl
 Of social joy; and spring's Elysian bloom,
 Whilst Flora wantons in her zephyr's arms
 Invites the graces forth to join the hours
 In festive dance. His tasteful mind enjoys
 Alike the complicated charms, which glow
 Through the wide landscape, where enamell'd
 meads, [streams,
 Unfruitful rocks, brown woods, and glitt'ring
 The daisy-laughing lawns, the verdant plains,
 And hanging mountains, strike at once the sight
 With varied pleasure; as th' abstracted ray,
 Which soft effuses from Eudæa's eye
 The opening dawn of love. He looks through all
 The plan of nature with congenial love,
 Where the great social link of mutual aid
 Through every being twines; where all conspire
 To form one system of eternal good,
 Of harmony and bliss, in forms distinct,
 Of natures various as th' effulgent sun,
 Which pours abroad the mighty flood of day,
 To the pale glowworm in the midnight shade.
 From these sweet meditations on the charms
 Of things external; on the genuine forms

Which blossom in creation; on the scene
 Where mimic art, with emulative hue,
 Usurps the throne of nature unprov'd;
 Or the just concord of mellifluous sounds;
 The soul, and all the intellectual train
 Of fond desires, gay hopes, or threat'ning fears,
 Through this habitual intercourse of sense
 Is harmoniz'd within, till all is fair
 And perfect; till each moral pow'r perceives
 Its own resemblance, with fraternal joy,
 In ev'ry form complete, and smiling feels
 * Beauty and good the same. Thus the first man
 Fresh from creation rising, in the flood
 A godlike image saw; with fixt amaze
 He gaz'd; th' attentive figure from below
 Gaz'd with responsive wonder: did he smile?
 The shad'wy features dimpled in the waves
 Not less delighted; till at length he found
 From his own form th' external object flow'd,
 And mov'd to his its correspondent charms.

EPITAPH,

In St. Margaret's Church, Leicester.

Hic jacet
 Quod mori potuit,
 HENRICI GILBERTI COOPER,
 Infantis desideratissimi,
 Filii natu maximi
 JOHANNIS GILBERTI COOPER,
 De Thurgarton, in agro Nottinghamiensis,
 Et SUANNÆ uxoris ejus;
 Natus 25 Julii, denatus 26, 1749.
 Atavis effret editus antiquis
 Nulla alia in re claruit,
 Nec potuit:
 Flosculus enim in ipsa quoque dulcis ætacula,
 Prima gemma pullulaturus,
 Parcarum hen parcere nesciarum,
 Fatali assatu contactus
 Exaruit.
 Mæstus itaque et merens pater,
 Charissimi infantuli sui memoriz,
 Hoc est inane munus,
 Amoris monumentum
 Collocavit.

SONG TO WINIFREDA.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda move thy fear,
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What though no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles, grace our blood,
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,
 And to be noble, we'll be good.

* See Plato's *Dialogues*, Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, &c. whom the ingenious author of the "*Traité du Beau*" follows. "Si la félicité des hommes est nécessairement liée avec la pratique de la vertu, il faut reconnaître que la vertu est essentiellement belle, puis que la beau consiste dans le rapport des choses avec notre destination."

What though from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season,
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones much shall wonder,
How they admire such little folk.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I go wooing in my boys.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

AN ELEGY.

In Imitation of the old Song to Winifreda.

Written in the year 1758.

— "aspice vultus
" Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
" Inferere, et patrias intus dependere curas."
OVID. MET.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted muse's moan.

A swain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending
Sate forrowing at the close of day,
At whose fond side a boy attending
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue.

" My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
" My prattling innocent attend,
" Nor fear rebuke or sour displeasure,
" A father's loveliest name is friend.

" Some truths, from long experience flowing,
" Worth more than royal grants receive,
" For truths are wealth of Heav'n's bestowing,
" Which kings have seldom power to give.

" Since from an ancient race descended
" You boast an unattainted blood,
" By yours be their fair fame attended,
" And claim by birth-right to be good.

" In love for ev'ry fellow-creature
" Superior rise above the crowd,
" What most ennobles human nature
" Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

" Be thine the gen'rous heart that borrows
" From others' joys a friendly glow,
" And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows
" Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

" This is the temper most endearing;
" Though wide proud pomp her banners spreads;
" An heav'nlier pow'r good-nature bearing
" Each heart in willing thralldom leads.

" Taste not from fame's uncertain fountain
" The peace-destroying streams that flow,
" Nor from ambition's dang'rous mountain
" Look down upon the world below.

" The princely pine on hills exalted,
" Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
" By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,
" Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie;

" Whilst the mild rose more safely growing
" Low in its unassuming vale,
" Amidst retirement's shelter blowing
" Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.

" Wish not for beauty's darling features
" Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r;
" For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
" Shine but the pageants of an hour.

" I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
" At noon, a gay Narcissus blow
" Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
" Bloom'd in the silver waves below;

" By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,
" The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd,
" At eve its glories all were blasted,
" And not one former tint remain'd.

" Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
" Lead you from wisdom's path astray;
" What genius lives renown'd in story
" To happiness who found the way?

" In yonder mead behold that vapour
" Whose vivid beams illusive play,
" Far off it seems a friendly taper
" To guide the traveller on his way;

" But should some hapless wretch pursuing
" Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
" He'd find, too late his rashness rueing,
" That fatal quicksands lurk below.

" In life-such bubbles ought admiring
" Gilt with false light and fill'd with air,
" Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
" To peace in virtue's cot repair.

" There seek the never-wasted treasure,
" Which mutual love and friendship give,
" Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
" And bless'd and blessing you will live.

"If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
 "As mine its bounty does with you,
 "In fondness fatherly excell'g
 "Th' example you have felt pursue."

He pau'd—for tenderly caressing
 The darling of his wounded heart,
 Looks had means only of expressing
 Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading
 Had rob'd with black th' horizon round;
 And dank dews from her tresses shedding
 With genial moisture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying
 'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,
 His face, array'd in smiles, denying
 The true complexion of his mind;

For seriously around surveying
 Each character, in youth and age,
 Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
 That play'd upon this human stage.

(Peaceful himself and undesigning)
 He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
 And felt each secret with inclining
 To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to what'er above was fated
 Obediently he bow'd his soul,
 For, what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
 He thought Heav'n only should controul.

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

A VISION.

WHAT time the jocund rosy-bosom'd hours
 Led forth the train of Phœbus and the spring,
 And zephyr mild profusely scatter'd flowers
 On earth's green mantle from his musky wing.

The morn unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,
 Westward the raven-pinion'd darkness flew,
 The landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,
 And to their graves the fallen ghosts withdrew.

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat
 With love-lorn plainings tremulous and slow,
 And on the wings of silence ceas'd to float
 Th' gurgling notes of her melodious woe:

The god of sleep mysterious visions led
 In gay procession 'fore the mental eye,
 And my free'd soul awhile her mansion fled,
 To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air, methought I took my flight,
 Through ev'ry clime o'er ev'ry region pass'd,
 No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,
 Hesperian garden, or Cimmerian waste.

On Avon's banks I lit, whose streams appear
 To wind with eddies fond round Shakspeare's
 tomb,

The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,
 And v'lets breathe, and earlicst roses bloom.

Here fancy sat (her dewy fingers cold
 Decking with flow'rets fresh th' unfulfill'd sod),
 And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mold,
 Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.

Ah! what avails, the cry'd, a poet's name?
 Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath
 To snatch from dumb oblivion others' fame?
 My darling child here lies a prey to death!

Let gentle Otway, white-rob'd pity's priest,
 From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,
 Or Southern captivate th' impassion'd breast
 With heart-felt sighs and sympathy of woe.

For not to these his genius was confin'd,
 Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
 Poetic transports of the madding mind,
 And the wing'd words that waft the soul to
 heaven

The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
 Piercing all objects of creation's store,
 Which on this world's extended surface lie,
 And plastic thought that still created more.

O grant, with eager rapture I reply'd,
 Grant me great goddess of the changeful eye,
 To view each being in poetic pride,
 To whom thy son gave immortality.

Sweet fancy smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,
 When straight these visions felt her pow'ful arm,
 And one by one succeeded at her nod,
 As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form (of azure hue—
 Whose mantle bound with brede ethereal, flow'd
 To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
 Swift down the sun-beams of the noon-tide
 rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
 Of an old sage to solitude resign'd,
 With fenny vapours he obscur'd the day,
 Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the
 wind.

He whirl'd the tempest through the howling air,
 Rattled the dreadful thunderclap on high,
 And rais'd a roaring elemental war
 Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky.

Then like Heav'n's mild ambassador of love
 To man repentant, bad the tumult cease,
 Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
 And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in spirit or in mien
 Another form † succeeded to my view;
 A two-legg'd brute, which nature made in spleen,
 Or from the loathing womb unfinished drew.

Scarce could he syllable the curse he thought,
 Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
 A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
 The mongrel offspring of a witch and devil.

* Ariel in the Tempest. † Caliban in the Tempest.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
The flow'ry margin * of a silent stream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by silver Cynthia's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended grass,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And ey'd their gambols in the wat'ry glass,
That smoothly stole along the shad'wy glade.

Through these the queen Titania pass'd ador'd,
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to see great Oberon her lord
Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
A flouter warrior never took the field,
His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,
The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd,
Each little helmet sparkling like a star,
And their sharp spears a pierceless phalanx rear'd,
A grove of thistles glittering in the air.

The scene then chang'd from this romantic land
To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfin'd,
Where three swart sisters † of the weird band
Were muttering curses to the troublous wind.

Pale want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of
years,

And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves they posted to the bourne
Of a drear island, where the pendent brow
Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the boil'rous waves which rag'd
below.

Deep in a gloomy grot, remote from day,
Where smiling comfort never show'd her face,
Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray
Discov'ring all the terrors of the place,
They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,
Whilst ghastly goblins glided slowly by,
The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their horrid augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
Nor sign of living creature could be seen,
Save where the reptile snake, or fullen toad,
The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
Each weird sister vanish'd into smoke.
Now a dire yell of spirits ‡ under ground
Through troubled earth's wide yawning sur-
face broke;

When, lo! each injur'd apparition rose;
Aghast the murd'rer started from his bed;

* *Fairy-land from the Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

† *The Witches in Macbeth*

‡ *Ghosts in Macbeth, Richard III. &c.*

Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current
froze,
And horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I seen—but now the god of day
O'er earth's broad breast his flood of light had
spread,

When Morpheus call'd his fickle train away,
And on their wings each bright illusion fled.

Yet still the dear enchantress of the brain
My wakeful eyes with wishful wand'rings
sought,
Whose magic will controuls th' ideal train,
The ever-reflex progeny of thought.

Sweet pow'r, said I, for others gild the ray
Of wealth, or honour's folly-feather'd crown,
Or lead the madding multitude astray
To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

Me (humbler lot!) let blameless bliss engage,
Free from the noble mob's ambitious strife,
Free from the muck-worm miser's lucrous rage,
In calm contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
Through error's maze my devious footsteps
lead,

Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

Let not my reason impiously require,
What Heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow
span,

But teach me to subdue each fierce desire
Which wars within this little empire, man.

Teach me, what all believe, but few possess,
That life's best science is ourselves to know,
The first of human blessings is to bless,
And happiest he who feels another's woe.

Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
While time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
Nor rashly break nor wish to stop the glass.

And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great ones envy such an honest fame.

VER-VERT: OR THE NUNNERY PARROT.

AN HEROIC POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

Inscribed to the Abbess of D****.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSIEUR
G ESSET.

CANTO I.

O YOU, round whom, at virtue's shrine,
The solitary graces shine,
With native charms all hearts engage,
And reign without religious rage;
You, whose congenial soul by heaven
A pleasing guide to truth was given,

Uniting, with the family
Of rigid duties, harmless mirth,
Daughter of social liberty,
Twin-born with humour at a birth,
And every other power to please,
Taste, fancy, elegance, and ease;
O! since you bid your bard relate
A noble bird's disastrous fate,
In notes of sympathetic woe,
Be you my muse, my soul inspire,
And teach my numbers how to flow
Like those which trembled from your lyre
In soft and sorrow-soothing sound,
Whilst listening Cupids wept around,
When dear * Sultana's spirit fled,
In youthful vigour's vernal bloom,
To the dark mansions of the dead:
Then for my hero's hapless doom
Such tears might once again be shed.

One might, upon his virtues cross'd
By adverse fortune's envious rage,
And wanderings over many a coast,
Swell out the soporific page,
And other odysseys compose
To lull the reader to repose:
One might the gods and devils raise
Of superannuated lies,
Spin out the deeds of forty days
To volumes of dull histories,
And with a pompous tediousness
Sublimely heavy moralize
Upon a bird, in epic dress,
Who as *Aeneas*' self was great,
As famous too for godliness
And each way more unfortunate;
But folios are, in verse, excess,
Which the sweet muses must abhor,
For they are sportive bees of spring,
Who dwell not long on any bower,
But, lightly wandering on the wing,
Collect the bloom from flower to flower,
And, when one fragrant blossom's dry,
To other sweets unrifled fly.
This truth my observation drew
From faultless nature and from you;
And may these lines, I copy, prove
I'm govern'd by the laws I love!
Should I, too faithfully portraying
Some cloyster'd characters, reveal
The convent arts themselves, arraying
In pomp, with hieroglyphic skill,
Each weighty business of the grate,
Each serious nothing's mystic face,
Each trifle swell'd with holy state;
Your native humour, whilst I trace
The comic semblance, will forbear
To blame the strokes you cannot fear;
You may despise, from folly free,
What dullness is oblig'd to wear,
The formal mask of gravity.
Illusion's meteors never shine
To lead astray such souls as thine.
All holy arts heaven values less

* *A Lap-dog.*

Than amiable cheerfulness.
Should virtue her own image shew
To ravih'd mortals here below,
With features fierce she'd not appear
Nor superstition's holy leer,
But, like the graces, or like you,
She'd come to claim her altar's due.
In many an author of renown
I've read this curious observation,
That, by much wandering up and down,
Men catch the faults of every nation
And lose the virtues of their own.
'Tis better, e'en where scanty fare is,
Our homely hearths and honours watching,
Under protection of our lares,
A calm domestic life to wed,
Than run about infection catching
Where-ever chance and error tread:
The youth too soon who goes abroad
Will half a foreigner become,
And bring his wondering friends a load
Of strange exotic vices home.

This truth the hero of my tale
Exemplifies in tarnish'd glory;
Should sceptic wits the truth assail,
I call for witness to my story
Each cloister'd echo now that dwells
In Nevers' consecrated cells.

At Nevers, but few years ago,
Among the nuns o' th' visitation,
There dwelt a parrot, though a beau,
For sense of wondrous reputation;
Whose virtues, and genteel address,
Whose figure, and whose noble soul,
Would have secur'd him from distress
Could wit and beauty fate controul.
Ver-Vert (for so the nuns agreed
To call this noble personage)
The hopes of an illustrious breed,
To India ow'd his parentage,
By an old missionary sent
To this said convent for his good,
He yet was young and innocent,
And nothing worldly understood.
Beauteous he was, and debonnaire,
Light, spruce, inconstant, gay, and free,
And unreserv'd, as youngsters are,
'Ere age brings on hypocrisy.
In short, a bird, from prattling merit,
Worthy a convent to inherit.

The tender cares I need not tell
Of all the sisterhood devout,
Nothing, 'tis said, each lov'd so well,
Leave but her ghostly father out,
Nay in some hearts, not void of grace,
One plain historian makes no doubt
The parrot of the priest took place.
He shar'd in this serene abode
Whate'er was lov'd by the profession;
On him such dainties were bestow'd
As nuns prepare against confession,
And for the sacred entrails hoard
Of holy fathers in the Lord.
Sole licens'd male to be lov'd,
Ver-Vert was blest'd without controul,

Careless and careless'd he rov'd
Of all the monastery the foul,
Except some antiquated dames,
Whose hearts to pleasure callous grown
Remark'd with jealous eyes the flames
Of bosoms younger than their own.
At years of reason not arriv'd
A life of privilege he liv'd,
He said and did what'er he would,
And what he said or did was good.
He'd peck the nuns in wanton play
To wile their plain-work hours away;
No party ever was approv'd
Without his favourite company;
In him they found what females lov'd,
That life of bliss variety:
He'd strut a beau in sportive rings
Uttering pert sentences by rote,
Mimic the butterfly's light wings
Or nightingale's complaining note;
He'd laugh, sing, whistle, joke, and leer,
And frolic, but discreetly so,
With a prudential cautious fear,
As nuns probationary do.
Question'd at once by many a tongue
Incessantly inquisitive,
He could, discordant sounds among,
To each a proper answer give;
This power from Cæsar's nothing varies,
Who did at once great plans conceive
And dictate to four secretaries.

If chronicles may be believ'd,
So lov'd the pamper'd gallant liv'd,
That with the nuns he always din'd
On rarities of every kind;
Then hoards, occasionally varied,
Of biscuits, sweet-meats, nuts, and fruit,
Each sister in her pocket carried,
Subordinately to recruit,
At leisure times, when not at table,
His stomach indefatigable.
The little cares with tender faces
And fond attentions, as they say,
Are natives of these holy places,
As Ver-Vert witness'd every day.
No human parrot of the court
Was fondled half so much as he;
In indolence genteel, and sport,
His hours roll'd on delightfully:
Each chamber that he fancied best
Was his the dormitory round,
And, where at eve he chose to rest,
Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground,
And much the lucky nun was blest'd!
But nights he very seldom pass'd
With those whom years and prudence blest'd,
The plain neat room was more his taste
Of some young damsel not profess'd;
This nicety at board and bed
Show'd he was nobly born and bred.
When the young female anchorite,
Whom all the rest with envy view'd,
Had fix'd him for the coming night,
Perch'd on her Agnus box he stood,
Silent in undisturb'd repose
Till Venus' warning star arose:

And when at morn the pious maid
Her toilette's mysteries display'd
He freely saw what'er was done;
I say the toilette, for I've read,
But speak it in a lower tone,
That virgins, in a cloister bred,
Their looks and languishings review
In mirrors to their eyes as true,
As those, that serve to show the faces
Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces,
For, as in city or at court
Some certain taste or mode prevails,
There is among the godly sort
A taste in putting on their vails;
There is an art to fold with grace,
Round a young vestal's blooming face,
Plain crape, or other simple stuff,
With happy negligence enough:
Often the sportive loves in swarms,
Which to the monasteries repair,
Spread o'er the holy fillets charms
And tie them with a killing air;
In short, the nuns are never seen
In parlour or at grate below,
'Ere at the looking-glass they've been,
To steal a decent glance or so.
This softly whisper'd friends between,
Farther digression we adjourn,
And to our hero now return.
Safe in this unmolested scene
Ver-Vert, amidst a life of bliss,
Unrivall'd reign'd on every part;
Her flighted sparrows took amiss
This change in sister Thecla's heart;
Four finches through mere rage expir'd
At his advancement mortified,
And two grimalkins late admir'd,
With envy languish'd, droop'd, and died.

In days like these of joy and love,
Who would have thought such tender cares
To form his youthful mind, should prove,
Through fortune's spite, destructive snares?
Or that an adverse time should come
When this same idol of their hearts
Should stand the mark, by cruel doom,
Of horror's most envenom'd darts?
But stop, my muse, forbid to flow
The tears arising from the sight
Of such an unexpected woe,
Too bitter fruit, alas! to grow
From the soft root of dear delight!

CANTO II.

In such a school, a bird of sense
Would soon acquire, it is confess'd,
The gift of copious eloquence;
For, save his meals and hours of rest,
His tongue was always occupied:
And no good treatise could excel,
In phrases ready cut and dried,
His doctrines about living well.
He was not like those parrots rude
Whom dangling in a public cage
The common manners of the age

Have render'd conversably lewd;
Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,
With frail concupiscence endued,
Each human vanity describe.
Our Ver-Vert was a faint in grain,
A soul with innocence fraught,
Who never utter'd word profane,
Who never had immodest thought.
But in the room of ribbald wit
Each mystic colloquy he knew,
And many a text in holy writ
With prayers and collects not a few;
Could psalms and canticles repeat
And benedictio complete;
He could petition heaven for grace
With fawning voice and eyes,
And at a proper time and place
Religiously soliloquize;
Each help he had in this learn'd college
That could conduce to sacred knowledge,
For many virgins had retreated
Through grace to this religious fold,
Who, word for word, by rote repeated
Each Christmas carol, new and old.
From frequent lessons every day
The scholar grew as learn'd as they;
Their very tone of speaking too
In pious drawlings he express'd,
The same religious sighs he drew
Deep heaving from the godly breast,
And languid notes in which these doves
Mournfully chaunt their mystic loves.
In short, the bird perform'd his part
In all the psalmodizing art.

Such merit could not be confin'd
Within a cloister's narrow bound,
But flew, for fame is swift as wind,
The neighbouring territories round;
Through Nevres' town from morn to night,
Scarce any other talk was heard,
But of discourses exquisite
Betwixt the nuns and Indian bird:
And ev'n from Moulins numbers came
To witness to the truth of fame.
Ver-Vert, the parlour's boasted glory,
Whilst all that came were told his story,
Perch'd proud upon his favourite stand
Sister Melania's ivory hand,
Who pointed out each excellence
Of mind or body he possess'd,
His sweet mild temper, polish'd sense,
And various colours on his breast,
When his engaging aspect won
Each visiter he look'd upon;
But beauty the most exquisite
Was, in our tender proselyte,
The least his qualities among,
For all forgot his feathery pride
And every outward charm beside
The moment that they heard his tongue,
With various righteous graces fill'd,
By the good sisterhood instill'd,
Th' illustrious bird his speech began,
At every turn allusions new,
Conceptions fine, and doctrines true,

In streams of honey'd language ran;
But what was singularly new,
In this uncommon gift of speech,
And scarce will be reputed true,
Not any whilst they heard him preach,
Did ever feel (his powers were such)
Ecclesiastic lethargy,
From soporific sanctity;
What orator can boast as much?
Much was he prais'd and much carress'd,
Whilst he, familiariz'd to fame,
Convinc'd 'twas only a mere name,
His head on his projected breast
With priestly gentleness reclin'd,
And always modestly express'd
The inward triumph of his mind.
When he had utter'd to the crowd
His treasure'd scientific store,
He mutter'd something not aloud,
And sunk in cadence more and more,
Till, with an aspect sanctified,
At last in silence down he sat;
And left his audience edified
On what had pass'd to ruminate.
These eloquent harangues would flow
With choice of sweetest phrases fraught
Except a trifling word or so,
Which accidentally he caught,
Of scandal, at the grate below,
Or some small syllable of haite,
Which gentle nuns will, by the bye,
At one another sometimes cast,
When none but holy ears are nigh,
Thus liv'd in this delightful cage;

As faint, as master, or as sage,
Good father Ver-Vert, dear to more
Than of yail'd Hebes half a score,
As any cloister'd monk as fat,
As reverend too in holy state,
Learn'd as an abbe town approv'd,
And fair as youths by brides carress'd,
For lovely he was always lov'd,
Perfum'd, well-bred, in fashion dress'd;
In short, had he not hapless rovd
To see the world completely blest'd

But soon the fatal moments came
Of ever-mournful memory,
Destructive to our hero's fame,
Voyage of crimes and misery,
Of sad remorse and endless shame!
Would foresight in a former age
Had torn it from th' historic page!
Ah! what a dangerous good at best,
The possession of renown!
Obscurity is sooner blest,
From his sad fate it will be shown;
Too much success and brilliant parts
Have often ruin'd virtuous hearts.

Thy talents, Ver-Vert, and thy name,
To these lone walls were not confin'd;
As far as Nants the voice of fame
Proclaim'd th' endowments of thy mind.
At Nants, 'tis known, the visitation
Of reverend sisters has a fold,
Who there, as elsewhere through the nation,

Know first whate'er by fame is told,
With other news, each holy dame,
This parrot's merit having heard,
Had longings to behold the bird.
A lay-maid's wish is like a flame;
But, when a nun has such desire,
'Tis fifty times a fiercer fire.
Their curious hearts already burn'd,
Their thoughts to distant Nevers flew,
And many a holy head was turn'd,
The feather'd prodigy to view.
Immediately upon the spot
To the good abbess of the place.
A female secretary wrote,
Beseeching her to have the grace
To Nants, by water down the Loire,
To send the bird to fam'd for sense,
That all the female Nantine choir
Might hear and see his excellence.

The letter goes : all question, when
The bearer will return again ?
'Twill be eleven days at least,
An age to any female breast !
They send each day fresh invitation,
Depriv'd of sleep through expectation.

Howe'er at length to Nevers came
This letter of importance great.
At once the convent's in a flame
And the whole chapter's summon'd strait.
" Lofe Ver-Vert ! heaven ! send rather death !
" What comfort will with us be left,
" These solitary towers beneath,
" When of the darling bird bereft ?"
Thus spoke the nuns of blooming years,
Whose hearts, fatigued with holy leisure,
Preferr'd to penance and to tears
Soft sentiments of harmless pleasure.

In truth, a holy flock, at least,
So close confin'd, might fairly claim
To be by one poor bird careles'd,
Since there no other parrot came
Fledg'd or unfledg'd to cheer their nest.
Yet 'twas the opinion of the dames
Who, by their age superior, sat
Rulers in senatorial state,
Whose hearts resist'd passion's flames,
That, for a fortnight's space or so,
Their dear disciple strait should go ;
For, prudence overweighing love,
Th' insatuated state decreed
A stubborn negative might prove
The cause of mutual hate, and breed
For ever after much bad blood
'Twixt theirs and Nants's sisterhood.

Soon as the ladies, in conclusion,
O' th' upper house the bill had pass'd,
The commons were in great confusion ;
Young Seraphina cry'd in haste,
" Ah ! what a sacrifice they make !
" And is it true consent they give ?
" Fate from us nothing more can take !
" How, Ver-Vert leave us, and we live !"

Another, though reputed sage,
Grew pale at what she heard them say ;
No council could her grief allwage,

She trembled, wept, and swoon'd away.
All mourn'd departing Ver-Vert's fate,
Prefaging, from I know not what,
This tour would prove unfortunate.
In horrid dreams the night they spent,
The mora redoubled horrors sent.
Too vain regret ! the mournful hour
Already's come, within their view.
The boat is waiting at the shore,
The fates command to bid adieu,
And to his absence, for a while,
Their throbbing bosoms reconcile.
Already every sister pin'd
Like the soft turtle of the grove,
To grief beyond-hand self-reign'd
For the lone hours of widow'd love.
What tender kisses were bestow'd
On Ver-Vert leaving this abode !
What briny streams of sorrow flow'd !
The nearer his departure drew

They doated on him more and more,
And found each moment genius new
And beauties never seen before.
At length he leaves their wishful eyes,
Love with him from the convent flies.

" Ah ! go, my child ; my dearest, haste,
" Where honour calls thee from my arms ;
" But, O ! return, thy exile past,
" For ever true, and full of charms !
" May zephyrs with their airy plumes,
" Waft thee securely on thy way !
" Whilst I, amidst these dreary toombs,
" In anguish waste the tardy day.
" And sadly solitary mourn
" Uncomforted till thy return.
" O Ver-Vert, dearest soul ! adieu !
" And, whilst thy journey happy proves,
" May all, thy beauteous form who view,
" Think thee the eldest of the loves !"

Such were the words and parting scene
Of one young lately vailed fair,
Who oft, to dissipate chagrin,
In bed made many a fervent prayer,
Learnt from the manual of Racine ;
And who with all her heart, no doubt,
Would, for sweet Ver-Vert's company,
Have left the holy monastery,
A follow'd him the world throughout.

But now the droll is put on board,
At present virtuous and sincere,
And modest too in deed and word :

O ! may his bosom every where,
By prudence guarded, still retain
That worth, and bring it home again !
Be that however as it may,
The boat's already on its way :

The noise of waves beneath the prow
Re-echoes in the air above ;
The zephyrs favourably blow,
And Nevers backwards seems to move.

At present virtuous and sincere,
And modest too in deed and word :

O ! may his bosom every where,
By prudence guarded, still retain
That worth, and bring it home again !
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CANTO III.

In the same passage-boat, that bore
This bird of holiness from shore,

There happen'd the same time to fail
Two nymphs of constitution frail,
A nurse, loquacious, two Gascoons,
A vagrant monk, and three dragoons,
Which, for a youth of piety,
Was worshipful society!
Ver-Vert, unpractis'd in their ways,
As folks in foreign countries do,
Stood silently in fix'd amaze;
Their thoughts and language both were new.
The style he did not understand;
It was not, like the scriptures, phras'd
In dialect of holy land,
With sacred eastern figures rais'd;
Nor that, in which the vestal band
Of nuns their Maker pray'd and prais'd;
But full of, what the bird surpris'd,
Big words not over Christianis'd;
For the dragoons, a wordy race
Not burden'd with religious grate,
Spoke fluently the suter's tongue,
Saint Bacchus only they ador'd,
To whom libations oft they pour'd
For pastime as they fail'd along;
The Gascoons and the female three
Convers'd in idioms which belong
To Venus's great mystery;
On t'other hand the sailors swore,
Curs'd, and blasphem'd each heavenly power,
Whose voices, not in flowers of speech,
But words sonorous us'd to deal,
Roundly articulated each,
Nor lost the smallest syllable.
In this variety of sound
And unintelligible prate,
Ver-Vert, surpris'd at all around,
Sad, silent, and embarrass'd fat;
He fear'd his ignorance to betray,
And knew not what to think or say.

The monk, to satisfy the crowd
Who long'd to hear his thoughts aloud,
To talk the pensive stranger prels'd;
The girls in words too debonnaire,
Unus'd at penance, or in prayer,
The melancholy bird carels'd:
Here by the sex he lov'd address'd
The parrot (whilst his look benign
With usual light religious glisters)
In sacred sighs and nunnery whine
Answers, God save you, holy sisters!
At this God save you, we'll suppose,
An universal laugh arose:
In ridicule the words aloud
Were echo'd through the noisy crowd.
Thus mock'd, abash'd the novice stood,
And inly chew'd, the mental cud.
He found what he had said was wrong,
And saw 'twas needful to endeavour
To speak the language of the throng,
If e'er he hop'd to gain their favour!
His heart, by nature fond of praise,
Which had been nourish'd all his days,
Till then, with flattery's incense full,
Now could, alas! sustain no more
Of constancy the modest power

Against th' assaults of ridicule;
Here first, by four impatience cross'd
Ver-Vert his innocency lost.
From thence he pour'd ungrateful curses
Against the nuns his former nurses,
Who never had adorn'd his mind,
Careless of literary merit,
With language copious and refin'd,
Replete with elegance and spirit.
T' acquire this great accomplishment
Each earnest faculty he bent,
And though his prudent tongue lay still,
His soul of thinking had its fill.
But first the bird resolv'd, in pet,
All the old gew-gaws to forget
Which hitherto compos'd his creed,
That new ideas might succeed.
In two days, by strict computation,
All former knowledge he expell'd;
So much the present conversation
The convent dialect excell'd.
This first step made, within a trice,
The truly docile animal
(Young minds too soon are skill'd in vice) !
In ribaldry was clerical,
And quickly learnt to curse and swear,
As fast as an old devil would chatter,
Bound down by chains of mystic prayer,
Beneath a pot of holy water.
His practice contradicted plain
A maxim which old books maintain,
That none to heinous crimes can leap
At first, but progress step by step;
For he at once without degree
Was doctor in iniquity.
He learnt by heart the alphabet
Of watermen, the Loire along,
And when, in any stormy fit,
And oath escap'd a sailor's tongue;
Ver-Vert, emphatically plain,
Re-echo'd damn you back again.
On this, applauded by the crew,
Proudly content with what had pass'd,
Solicitous he daily grew,
The shameful honour to pursue
Of pleasing their corrupted taste;
And, soon degrading to their bent
His generous organ of discourse,
Became profanely eloquent.
Ah! why should bad examples force
A youthful heart, born free from evils,
From heaven's allegiance to the devil's,
Ye nymphs of Nevers' convent chaste,
What did you in your cloister'd cells,
Where pensive melancholy dwells,
Whilst these unlucky moments pass'd?
In that sad interval, no doubt,
Nine days you spent in prayers devout,
Petitioning kind Heaven to give
A happy journey home again
To the most thankless soul alive,
Who, quite regardless of your pain,
Abroad engag'd in pleasures new,
Spent not a single thought on you,
The yawning band of tediousness

The convent round besieg'd each gate;
 And spleen, in fanciful distress,
 Sat fullen at the gloomy grate;
 Nay, what the sex shuns every where,
 Silence herself came almost there.
 Ah! cease your vows, for Ver-Vert's grown
 Unworthy of your lavish loves;
 Ver-Vert no longer will be known
 By heart as spotless as the dove's,
 By temper softer than the down,
 By fervency of soul in prayer;
 Oh! must the muse the truth declare?
 A very wretched profligate,
 A scoffer of his ancient home,
 Blasphemer of your holy state,
 And loose apostate he's become;
 What you such care and labour cost,
 Among the winds and waves is lost.
 Then, fair ones, fondly boast no more
 His science and his docile soul,
 Genius is vain, and learning's store,
 If virtue governs not the whole.
 Forget him quite; the shameful wretch
 His heart has tainted with pollution,
 And given up all those powers of speech
 And mighty parts to prostitution.

But now to Nante, the boat's last station,
 Our hero and his friends draw nigh,
 Where through impatient expectation
 The holy sisters almost die:
 For their desires the rising sun
 Begins his daily course too late;
 Too slow his fiery couriers run,
 To gain at eve the western gate.
 The flatterer hope, in this suspense,
 For ever artful to deceive,
 Promis'd a prodigy to give
 Of genius, dignity, and sense;
 A parrot highly-born and bred,
 Possess'd of noble sentiments,
 Persuasive tongue, discerning head;
 In short, with all accomplishments:
 But O! I mention it with pain,
 These expectations all were vain!

At length the vessel reaches land,
 Where an old solemn sister sat,
 Commission'd by the sacred band
 Th' arrival of the bird to wait;
 Who, on that errand daily sent,
 E'er since the first epistle went,
 At first approach of rising day
 Her wandering eyes impatient cast,
 Which seem'd, along the watery waste,
 To waft our hero on his way.
 The fly bird had no sooner seen
 The nun, near whom he disembark'd,
 But strait he knew her by the mien
 And eyes with holy prudery mark'd,
 By the white gloves and languid tone,
 The veil, and linsley-woolsey vest,
 And, what would have suffic'd alone,
 The little cros upon her breast.
 He shudder'd at th' approaching evil,
 And soldier-like, we may conclude,
 Sincerely wish'd her at the devil;

Preferring much the brotherhood
 Of the dragons, who spoke out plain,
 Whose dialect he understood,
 Than to return to learn again
 Prayers stuff'd with many a holy notion,
 And ceremonials of devotion:
 But the vex'd dross, by force, was fated
 To be conducted where he hated.
 The careful carrier held her prize
 In spite of all his rueful cries;
 Though much he bit her, by the way,
 Upon her arms, her neck, and face,
 And in his anger, as they say,
 Would not have scrupled any place.
 At last, howe'er, with much ado,
 She brought him safe to sacred ground;
 Ver-Vert's announc'd: the rumour flew
 Swift as the wind the convent round.
 The bell proclaims the welcome morn:
 Strait from the choir each sister springs,
 And to the common parlour's borne
 On expectation's eager wings.
 All crowd this wonder to behold
 With longings truly female fir'd;
 Nay ev'n the feeble and the old
 With youth's warm thoughts are reinspir'd;
 Whilst each, regardless of her years,
 For speed forgets the load she bears;
 And mother Agnes, near fourscore,
 Now runs, who never ran before

CANTO IV.

At length expos'd to public view,
 His figure was by all admir'd;
 Charm'd with a sight so fair and new,
 Their eager eyes were never tir'd:
 Their taste beyond dispute was true;
 For though the rogue had swerv'd from duty,
 He had not lost one jot of beauty.
 And the camp mien and rakish stare
 Improv'd it with an easy air.
 Why, heaven, should charms attractive glow,
 Brilliant around a son of sin?
 Rather deformity should show
 The badness of the heart within.
 To praise his looks and lovely feather
 Our sisters babbled so together,
 Unheard, 't would have been no wonder,
 If Heaven had roll'd its loudest thunder:
 Meanwhile unmov'd th' apostate bird
 Deign'd not to speak one pious word,
 But like a lusty Carmelite,
 Roll'd his lascivious eyes about.
 This gave offence: so lewd a sight
 Was shocking to the band devout.
 Next, when the mother abbess came,
 With an authoritative look,
 The feather'd libertine to blame,
 Contemptuously his tail he shook;
 And, not maturely having weigh'd
 The horror of the words he said,
 Replied, in military phrase,
 "What damn'd fools nuns are now-a-days!"
 Our history notes, that on the way,
 These words he'd heard the sailors say,

At this, with looks demure, another
 The holy sisterhood among,
 (Willing to make him hold his tongue)
 Cry'd, "Fie! for shame my dearest brother!
 For thanks this dearest brother swore,
 And us'd sagaciously enough,
 One syllable that rhymes to more,
 'Gainst which few female ears are proof.
 "Jesu! good mother, she exclaim'd,
 "This is some wicked witch, 'tis clear;
 "And not the bird of Nevers fam'd,
 "To friends of our religion dear!"
 Here, suttler-like, he cry'd aloud
 "The devil seize this noisy crowd!
 By turns each sister did essay
 To curb the feather'd grenadier;
 And each as fast was sent away
 With something buzzing in her ear;
 For, laughing at the younger tribe,
 He mimic'd their loquacious rage;
 And, still more freely to describe
 The dull grimace of scolding age,
 He ridicul'd the dying closes
 Of precepts snuffled through their noses.
 But, what was worse than all the rest,
 By these dull sermons much oppress'd,
 And with unvented choler swelling,
 He thunder'd out each horrid word,
 The very tars in noise excelling,
 Which on the river he had heard;
 Cursing and swearing all along,
 Invoking every pow'r of hell,
 Whilst B's redundant from his tongue,
 And F's emphatically fell.
 The sense of what they heard him speak
 The younger sisters could not tell;
 For they believ'd his language Greek.
 Next he came out with, blood! and sounds!
 Damnation,—brimstone,—fire,—and thunder!
 The grate, at these terrific sounds
 Trembling, is almost split asunder;
 And the good nuns in speechless fright,
 Crossing their throbbing bosoms, fly
 Each to her cell remote from light,
 Thinking the day of judgment nigh.
 Wide opening her sepulchral jaws,
 One ancient sister whines, "What evil
 "Have we design'd, good Heaven, that draws
 "Upon us this incarnate devil?
 "By what incentive is he mov'd
 "So like the damn'd below to swear?
 "Is this that Ver-Vert so approv'd?
 "Are these his faculties so rare?
 "But let us without farther pain
 "Send back the profligate again."
 "Mother of God!" another cries,
 "What horrors are before our eyes!
 "In Never's consecrated dome
 "Is this the language vestals speak?
 "Is all their youth taught thus at home?
 "Home with the hateful heretic!
 "For, if he enters, we shall dwell
 "In league with all the fiends of hell."
 In fine, his freedom Ver-Vert lost;
 And 'twas resolv'd, without delay,
 To send the wretch cag'd-up away.

This end our pilgrim wish'd the most:
 Howe'er, in form, he's cited first,
 Arraign'd, detestable declar'd,
 Convicted by the court, accurst,
 And from each charity debarr'd,
 For having wickedly assail'd
 The virtue of the sisters veil'd.
 All sign the sentence, yet bemoan
 The object it's inflicted on;
 For pity 'tis, ere full age blooms,
 To find depravity so foul.
 Or that, beneath such beautiful plumes,
 A debauchee's corrupted soul,
 The Pagan manners of a Turk,
 And tongue of Infidel, should lurk.
 In short, his old conductress bore
 The banish'd culprit to the port;
 But in returning, as before,
 He never bit our sister for;
 For joyfully he left the shore,
 And in a tilt-boat home return'd,
 Where Nevers' nuns his absence mourn'd.
 Such was the liad of his woes!
 But ah! what unexpected mourning,
 What clamour and despair arose,
 When, to his former friends returning,
 He shock'd them with a repetition
 Of his late verbal acquisition!
 What could th' afflicted sisters do?
 With eyes in tears, and hearts in trouble,
 Nine venerable nuns, for woe
 Each in a vail funeral double,
 Into the seat of judgment go,
 Who, in their wrinkled fronts, resembled
 Nine ages in a court assembled.
 There, without hopes of happy ending,
 Depriv'd of all to plead his cause,
 On whom there was the least depending,
 Poor Ver-Vert sat, unskill'd in laws,
 Chain'd to his cage, in open court,
 And stript of glory and support.
 To condemnation they proceed;
 Two Sibyls sentence him to bleed;
 'Twas voted by two sisters more;
 Not so religiously inhuman,
 To send him to that Indian shore,
 Unknown to any Christian woman,
 That conscience might his bosom gore,
 And yield him up a prey to death,
 Where first, with Brachmen, he drew breath.
 But the five others all according
 In lesser punishments awarding,
 For penance, two long months conclude
 That he should pass in abstinence,
 Three more in dismal solitude,
 And four in speechless penitence;
 During which season they preclude
 Biscuits and fruits, the toilette's treasures:
 Alcoves and walks, those convent pleasures,
 Nor was this all; for, to complete
 His miserable situation,
 They gave him, in his sad retreat,
 For jailer, guard, and conversation,
 A stale lay-sister, or much rather
 An old vail'd ape, all skin and bone,
 Or, cover'd o'er with wrinkled leather,

A walking female skeleton;
 An object proper, to fall'n glory,
 To cry aloud, *memento mori*.
 Spite of this dragon's watchful soul,
 The younger nuns would often go,
 With looks of pity to condole;
 Which ev'n in exile soften'd woe.
 Nay some, from morning prayers returning,
 With nuts and candied almonds came;
 But to a wretch in prison mourning
 Weeds and ambrosia were the same.
 Taught by misfortune's sound tuition,
 Cloth'd with disgrace, and stung with pain,
 Or sick of that old scare-crow vision,
 The bird became in pure contrition
 Acquainted with himself again:
 Forgetting his belov'd dragoons,
 And quite according with the nuns
 In one continued unison
 Of air, of manners, and of tone;
 No sleek prebendal priest could be
 More thoroughly devout than he.
 When this conversion was related,
 The gray divan at once awarded
 His banishment should be abated,
 And farther vengeance quite discarded.
 There the blest day of his recal
 Is annually a festival,
 Whose silken moments white and even,
 Spun by the hands of smiling love,
 Whilst all th' attendant fates approve,
 To soft delights are ever given.

How short's the date of human pleasure!
 How false of happiness the measure!
 The dormitory, strew'd with flowers,
 Short prayer, rejoicing, song, and feast,
 Sweet tumult, freedom, thoughtless hours,
 Their amiable zeal express'd,
 And not a single sign of sorrow
 The woes predicted of to-morrow.
 But, O! what favours misapplied
 Our holy sisterhood bestow'd!
 From abstinence's shallow tide
 Into a stream that overflow'd
 With sweets, so long debarr'd from tasting,
 Poor Ver-Vert too abruptly hasting,
 (His skin with sugar being waded,
 With liquid fires his entrails burn'd)
 Beheld at once his roses faded
 And to funereal cypresses turn'd.
 The nuns endeavour'd, but in vain,
 His fleeting spirit to detain;
 But sweet excess had hasten'd fate;
 And, whilst around the fair-ones cry'd,
 Of love a victim fortunate
 In pleasure's downy breast he died.
 His dying words their bosoms fir'd,
 And will for ever be admir'd.

VOL. X.

Venus herself his eye-lids clos'd,
 And in Elysium plac'd his shade,
 Where hero-parrots safe repos'd
 In almond groves that never fade,
 Near him, whose fate and fluent tongue,
 Corinna's lover wept and sung.

What tongue sufficiently can tell
 How much bemoan'd our hero fell!
 The nun, whose office 'twas, invited
 The bearers to th' illustrious dead;
 And letters circular indited,
 In which this mournful tale I read.
 But, to transmit his image down
 To generations yet unknown,
 A painter, who each beauty knew,
 His portraiture from nature drew;
 And many a hand, guided by love,
 O'er the stretch'd sampler's canvas plain,
 In broidery's various colours strove
 To raise his form to life again;
 Whilst grief, t' assist each artist, came
 And painted tears around the frame.
 All rites funereal they bestow'd,
 Which erst to birds of high renown
 The band of Helicon allow'd,
 When from the body life was flown.
 Beneath a verdant myrtle's shade,
 Which o'er the mausoleum spread,
 A small sarcophagus was laid,
 To keep the ashes of the dead.
 On porphyry grav'd in characters
 Of gold, with sculptur'd garlands grac'd,
 These lines, exciting pity's tears,
 Our convent Artemisias plac'd.

"Ye novice nuns, who to this grove repair,
 "To chat by stealth, unaw'd by age's frown;
 "Your tongues one moment, if you can, for-
 "bear,
 "Till the sad tale of our affliction's known.
 "If 'tis too much that organ to restrain,
 "Use it to speak what anguish death im-
 "parts:
 "One line this cause for sorrow will explain;
 "Here VER-VERT lies; and here lie all our
 "hearts."

'Tis said however (to pursue
 My story but a word or two)
 The soul of Ver-Vert is not pent
 Within th' aforesaid monument,
 But, by permission of the fates,
 Some holy sister animates;
 And will, in transmigration, run
 From time to time, from nun to nun,
 Transmitting to all ages hence
 In them his deathless eloquence.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

Containing

THE TRAVELLER,
THE DESERTED VILLAGE,
HERMIT,
RETALIATION,

SONGS,
ELEGIES,
TALES,
PROLOGUES,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Adieu, sweet bard! to each fine feelings true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Those form'd to charm ev'n vicious minds—and these
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free—for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise:
Yes, these survive to time's remotest day;
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay,
Reader, if number'd in the muse's train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain:
But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan;
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

Woty's Verses on the Death of Goldsmith.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

Containing

SONGS,
EPIGRAMS,
EPIQUES,
EPIGRAMS

THE TRAVELLER,
THE DESERTED VILLAGE,
THE HERMIT,
RETALIATION

OF THE

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

Alas, sweet bard! to each due tribute rise,
Thy virtues many, and thy labours few;
Thou form'd'st to charm ev'n wisdom's mind;—and sheels
With talents which the social soul no yields.
Another's was thy heart could never melt;
None gave more thee—yet none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, which thy own harmonious lays
Have taught me, out thy monument of praise:
Yet, thou, to me, as much as to the world;
While drops of grief, and honest tears decay.
Reader, if number'd in the world's name,
Go, raise the lyre, and imitate his strain:
For, if no poet thou, reverse the plan;
Depart in peace, and unite the man.

Wrote, &c. in the Month of January

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1774

THE LIFE OF GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was the third son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, and was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, (according to his epitaph in Westminster-Abbey, at Pallas, in the county of Longford) in Ireland, in 1729. He was instructed in classical learning at the school of Mr. Hughes, from whence he was removed to Trinity-College, Dublin, where he was admitted an usher the 11th of June 1744. At the University, he exhibited no specimen of that genius which distinguished him in his maturer years. On the 27th of February 1749 O. S. two years after the regular time, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Intending to devote himself to the study of physic, he left Dublin, and proceeded to Edinburgh, in 1751, where he continued till the beginning of the 1754, when, having imprudently engaged to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow-student, he was obliged precipitately to quit the place. He made his escape as far as Sunderland; but there was overtaken by the emissaries of the law, and arrested. From this situation, he was released by the friendship of Mr. Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the College. On his being set at liberty, he took his passage on board a Dutch ship for Rotterdam; from whence, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited great part of Flanders; and, after passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor in Physic, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva.

This tour was made for the most part on foot. He had left England with little money, and being of a thoughtless disposition, and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining any fatigue, he proceeded resolutely in gratifying his curiosity, by the sight of different countries.

He had some knowledge of the French language and of music; he played tolerably well on the German flute, which now at times became the means of his subsistence. His learning procured him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses that he visited, and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany.

"Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall," he used to say, "I played one of my merriest tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day; but *in truth* (his constant expression), I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them."

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper person for a travelling tutor to a young gentleman, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable fortune by the death of his uncle.

This connection lasted but a short time; they disagreed in the south of France, and parted. Friendless and destitute, he was again left exposed to all the miseries of indigence in a foreign country. He, however, bore them with great fortitude; and having by this time satisfied his curiosity abroad, he bent his course towards England, and arrived at Dover, the beginning of the year 1758.

On his return he found himself so poor, that it was with difficulty he was enabled to reach London with a few halfpence only in his pocket. He was an entire stranger, and without any recommendation. He offered himself to several apothecaries, in the character of a journeyman, but had the mortification to find every application without success.

At length he was admitted into the house of a chemist near Fish-Street-Hill, and was employed in his laboratory, until he discovered the residence of his friend Dr. Sleigh, who patronised and supported him.

"It was Sunday," said Goldsmith, "when I paid him a visit, and it is to be supposed, in my best clothes. Sleigh scarcely knew me.—*Such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty.* However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever; and he shared his purse and his friendship with me, during his continuance in London."

Dr. Sleigh afterwards settled as a physician at Cork, his native city, and was rising rapidly into eminence, when he was cut off, in the flower of his age, by an inflammatory fever, which at once deprived the world of a fine scholar, a skilful physician, and an honest man.

By the recommendation of the chemist, who saw in Goldsmith talents above his condition, he soon after became an assistant to Dr. Milner, who kept an academy at Peckham. He remained not long in this situation; but being introduced to some booksellers, he returned to London, took a lodging in Green-Arbour-Court, near the Old Bailey, and commenced author.

Mr. Griffiths, the proprietor of the "Monthly Review," gave him a department in his Journal, and Mr. Newbery, the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Church-Yard, gave him a department in the "Public Ledger," where he wrote those periodical papers, called *Chinese Letters*, which now appear in his works, under the title of the *Citizen of the World*.

His first works were *The Bee*, a weekly pamphlet, and *An Inquiry into the Present State of Politic Learning in Europe*, published before the close of the year 1759.

Soon after his acquaintance with Mr. Newbery, for whom he held the "pen of a ready writer," he removed to lodgings in Wine-Office-Court, Fleetstreet, where he finished the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which by the friendly interference of Dr. Johnson, was sold for sixty pounds, to discharge his rent. "A sufficient price when it was sold," as he informed Mr. Boswell; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was by his *Traveller*; and the bookfeller had so faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after *The Traveller* had appeared. Then to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

In 1765, he published *The Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society*, &c., of which Dr. Johnson said, "There has not been so fine a poem since Pope's time." Part of his poem, as he says in his dedication to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, was formerly written to him from Switzerland, and contained about two hundred lines. The manuscript lay by him some years without any determined idea of publishing, till persuaded to it by Dr. Johnson, who gave him some general hints towards enlarging it; and in particular, as Mr. Boswell informs us, furnished line 240,

To stop too fearful, and too faint to go.

and the concluding ten lines, except the last couplet but one.

The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.

Luke, in the last line, is mentioned by mistake for *George*. In the *Respublica Hungarica*, there is an account of a desperate rebellion in 1514, headed by two brothers of the name of *Zick*, George and Luke. When it was quelled, *George*, not *Luke* was punished, by his head being encircled with a red-hot iron, *corona candescens ferrea coronatur*.

This poem established his reputation among the booksellers, and introduced him to the acquaintance of several men of rank and abilities, Lord Nugent, Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Dyer, &c. who took pleasure in his conversation, and by turns laughed at his blunders, and admired the simplicity of the man, and the elegance of his poetical talents.

The same year he published a collection of *Essays*, which had been printed in the newspapers, magazines, and other periodical publications.

He now made his appearance in a professional manner, in a scarlet great coat, buttoned close

under the chin, a physical wig and cane, as was the fashion of the times, and declined visiting many of those public places, which formerly were so convenient to him in point of expence, and which contributed so much to his amusement. "In truth," said he, "one sacrifices something for the sake of good company; for here I am shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably."

In 1766, the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared, and completely established his literary reputation.

Soon after the publication of *The Traveller*, he removed from Wine-Office-Court to the Library Staircase, Inner-Temple, and at the same time took a country house, in conjunction with Mr. Bot, an intimate literary friend, on the Edgware Road, at the back of Cannons. This place he jocularly called the Shoemaker's Paradise, being originally built, in a fantastic taste, by one of the craft.

Here he wrote his *History of England*, in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son, 2 vols. 12mo, a work generally attributed to Lyttleton, and, which is rather singular, never contradicted either directly or indirectly by that nobleman or any of his friends. This book had a very rapid sale, and continues to be esteemed one of the most useful introductions of that sort to the study of our history.

His manner of compiling this history is thus described by an intelligent writer, who lived in the closest habits of intimacy with him for the last ten years of his life, in the "European Magazine for 1793."

"He first read in a morning from Hume, Rapin, and sometimes Kennet, as much as he designed for one letter, marking down the passages referred to on a sheet of paper, with remarks. He then rode or walked out with a friend or two, who he had constantly with him, returned to dinner, spent the day generally convivially, without much drinking (which he never was in the habit of); and when he went up to bed, took up his books and papers with him, where he generally wrote the chapter, or the best part of it, before he went to rest. This latter exercise cost him very little trouble, he said; for, having all his materials ready for him, he wrote it with as much facility as a common letter."

"Of all his compilations," he used to say, his "*Selection of English Poetry*," showed more 'the art of profession.' Here he did nothing but mark the particular passages with a red lead pencil, and for this he got two hundred pounds; but then he used to add, "a man shows his judgment in these selections, and he may be often twenty years of his life in cultivating that judgment."

In 1768, he brought on the stage at Covent Garden his *Good-natured Man*, a comedy; which, though evidently written by a scholar and a man of observation, did not please equal to its merits. Many parts of it exhibit the strongest indications of his comic talents. There is, perhaps, no character on the stage more happily imagined and more highly finished than *Creaker's*. His reading of the incendiary letter in the fourth act, was received with a roar of approbation. Goldsmith himself was so charmed with the performance of Shuter in that character, that he thanked him before all the performers, telling him, "he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richness of his colouring made it almost appear as new to him as to any other person in the house." The prologue was furnished by Dr. Johnson.

The unjustifiable severity with which this play was treated by the town, irritated his feelings much, and what added to the irritation, was the very great success of Kelly's "*Falfe Delicacy*," which appeared at the other house, just at the same time.

Such was the taste of the town for sentimental writing, in which this comedy abounds, that it was played every night to crowded audiences; ten thousand copies of the play were sold that season, and the bookfellers concerned in the profits of it, not only presented Kelly with a piece of plate, value 20 l., but gave him a public breakfast at the Chapter coffehouse.

The success of "*Falfe Delicacy*" dissolved the intimacy between Kelly and Goldsmith; who, though the type of his own *Good-natured Man*, in every other respect, yet in point of authorship, and particularly in poetry,

Could bear no rival near his throne.

Had Kelly been content to keep in the back ground, Goldsmith would have shared his last guinea with him, and in doing it would have felt all the fine influences of his good-nature; but to contend for the bow of Ulysses, "this was a fault; that way envy lay."

Goldsmith cannot be acquitted of all manner of blame in his enmity to Kelly, who was a very deserving man, and, by the publication of his "Thespis," "Babbler," some novels, and "False Delicacy," had raised himself much into public notice; and what justly increased it, was the consideration of his doing all this from an humble beginning, and a very narrow education. He had a growing family too, which he supported with decency and reputation.

Though the fame of his *Good-natured Man* did not bear him triumphantly through; yet, by the profits of his nine nights, and the sale of the copy, he cleared five hundred pounds. With this, and the savings made by his compilations of a *Roman History*, in 2 vols. 8vo, and a *History of England*, in 4 vols. 8vo, which he used to call "building a book" he descended from his attic story in the Staircase, Inner-Temple, and purchased chambers in Brooke-Court, Middle-Temple, for which he gave four hundred pounds. These he furnished rather in an elegant manner, fitted up and enlarged his library, and commenced quite a man of "lettered ease" and consequence.

About this time he was concerned in a fortnightly publication, called *The Gentleman's Journal*, in conjunction with Dr. Kenrick, Bickerstaff, &c. which was soon discontinued. When a friend was observing what an extraordinary sudden death it had, "Not at all, Sir," says Goldsmith, "a very common case, it died of too many doctors."

His next original publication was *The Deserted Village*, which came out in the spring of 1770, and had a very rapid sale. He received a hundred pounds for the copy from Mr. Griffin his bookseller, which he returned, under an idea of its being too much; and his way of computation was this: "That it was near five shillings a couplet, which was more than any bookseller could afford, or indeed more than any modern poetry was worth." He, however, lost nothing by his generosity, as the bookseller paid him the hundred pounds, which the rapid sale of the poem soon enabled him to do. He was, by his own confession, four or five years collecting materials in all his country excursions for this poem, and was actually engaged in the construction of it above two years. Dr. Johnson furnished the four last lines.

The year following, he prefixed a *Life of Parnell*, to a new edition of his "Poems on Several Occasions," by T. Davies, 8vo.; a performance worthy of Parnell's genius and amiable disposition.

His next original work was his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer; or, the Mistakes of a Night*, which was acted at Covent Garden, in 1772; and, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Colman and some others, that there were parts in it too farcical, it met with great success, and restored the public taste to his good opinion. One of the most ludicrous circumstances it contains, that of the robbery, is borrowed from "Albumazar." The first night of its performance, instead of being at the theatre, he was found sauntering between seven and eight o'clock in St. James's Park; and it was on the remonstrance of a friend, who told him how "useful his presence might be in making some sudden alterations which might be found necessary in the piece," that he was prevailed upon to go to the theatre. He entered the stage-door, just in the middle of the 5th act, when there was a hiss at the improbability of *Mrs. Hardcastle* supposing herself fifty miles off, though in her own ground, and near her own house. "What's that!" says he, terrified at the sound. "Pshaw, Doctor," says Colman, who was standing by the side of the scene, "don't be fearful of *Squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder." He never forgave Colman this reply to the last hour of his life.

He cleared eight hundred pounds by this comedy; but though this year was very successful to him, by the *History of Greece*, 2 vols, the *Life of Bolingbroke*, prefixed to a new edition of the "Patriot King," and other publications; what with his liberality to poor authors, Purdon, Jack Pilkington, Dr. Hiffernan, &c. and a ridiculous habit of gaming, he found himself, at the end of it, considerably in debt. This he lamented in secret, but took no effectual means for the cure of it.

This period is farther remarkable for his dismissing the title of *Doctor* from his address, and calling himself *Mr. Goldsmith*. Whether he had only then decided never to practise the profession

he was bred to, or that he thought *Mr.* a more familiar manner of launching himself into the fashionable world, which he was then vain enough to affect to be fond of, is not ascertained; this, however, was the fact, that the world would not let him lose his degree, but called him *Doctor* (though he was only Bachelor of Physic) to the end of his life.

Besides his *Histories of England, of Greece, and of Rome*, he submitted to the drudgery of compiling *An History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, 8 vols, 8vo, 1774, which procured for him more money than fame. Just before his death, he had formed a design for executing *An Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*; a plan which met with no encouragement.

The poem of *Retaliation* was his last performance, which he did not live to finish. It was written in answer to certain illiberal attacks, which had been made on his person, writings, and dialect, in a club of literary friends, where wit is said to have sometimes sparkled at the expence of good-nature. When he had gone as far as the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he read it in full club, where, though some praised it, and others seemed highly delighted with it, they still thought the publication of it not altogether so proper. He now found that a little sparkling of *jear* was not altogether an unnecessary ingredient in the friendship of the world, and though he meant not immediately, at least, to publish *Retaliation*, he kept it, as he expressed himself to a friend, "as a rod in pickle upon any future occasion;" but this occasion never presented itself: A more awful period was now approaching, "when kings as well as poets cease from their labours."

He had been for some years afflicted with a strangury, which, with the derangement of his worldly affairs, brought on a kind of habitual despondency, in which he used to express "his great indifference about life." At length, in March 1774, being seized with a nervous fever, he, against the advice of his physician, took so large a portion of James's powder, that it was supposed to have contributed to his dissolution, on the 4th of April 1774, after an illness of ten days, in the 45th year of his age. He was buried in the Temple Church-yard, the 9th of the same month. A pompous funeral was intended; but most of his friends sent excuses, and a few coffeehouse acquaintances, rather suddenly collected together, attended his remains to the grave. A monument has since been erected to his memory, in Westminster Abbey, at the expence of the literary club to which he belonged, with the following epitaph, written by Dr. Johnson:

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
Sive risus essent movendi
Sive lacrymæ
Affectuum potens et lenis dominator:
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hibernia Formiæ Longfordiensis
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI;
Eblanæ literis institutus;
Obiit Londini
April IV. MDCCCLXXIV.

"Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith," Dr. Johnson writes Mr. Boswell, July 4. 1774, "there is little to be told, more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua [Reynolds] is of opinion, that he owed no less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?"

His *Miscellaneous Essays* in prose and verse were collected into one volume, 8vo, 1775. His *Poetical and Dramatic Works* were collected, and printed in 2 vols. 8vo, 1780. An edition of his *Miscellaneous Works* was printed at Perth, 3 vols, 8vo, 1793. His *Traveller* and *Deserted Village* have

been frequently reprinted, and with his *Retaliation* and other pieces, were received into the edition of the "English Poets," 1790.

With some awkward impediments and peculiarities in his address, person, and temper, Goldsmith attained a share of literary eminence and emolument, which, with common prudence, might have protected the remainder of his life from the irritating uncertainties of want. In the course of fourteen years, the produce of his pen is said to have amounted to more than eight thousand pounds. But all this was rendered useless by an improvident liberality, which prevented him from distinguishing properly the objects of his generosity, and an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted. He was so humane in his disposition, that his last guinea was the general boundary of his munificence. He had two or three poor authors always as pensioners, besides several widows and poor housekeepers; and when he had no money to give the latter, he always sent them away with shirts or old clothes, and sometimes with the whole contents of his breakfast-table, saying, with a smile of satisfaction, after they were gone, "Now let me suppose, I have ate a heartier breakfast than usual, and am nothing out of pocket." He was always very ready to do service to his friends and acquaintance, by recommendations, &c.; and as he lived latterly much with the great world, and was much respected, he very often succeeded, and felt his best reward, in the gratification of doing good. Dr. Johnson knew him early, and always spoke as respectfully of his heart as of his talents. Goldsmith, in some respect, conciliated his good opinion, by almost never contradicting him; and Dr. Johnson, in return, laughed at his oddities, which only served as little foils to his talents and moral character.

"His person," says Mr. Boswell, in his "Life of Dr. Johnson," "was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar, awkwardly affecting the complete gentleman. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil; there was a quick, but not a strong vegetation of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation. In allusion to this, Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his writings, said, he was "an inspired idiot;" and Garrick described him as one

——for shortness call'd *Nell*,

Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor *Poll*.

But in truth this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas, which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*; and from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without any knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. He, I am told, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be too strictly criticised; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money, he gave it away liberally. His desire of imaginary consequence predominated over his attention to truth."

As a prose writer, Goldsmith must be allowed to have rivalled, and even exceeded Dr. Johnson, and his imitator, Dr. Hawkefworth, the most celebrated professional prose writer of his time. His prose may be regarded as the model of perfection, and the standard of our language; to equal which, the efforts of most would be vain, and to exceed it, every expectation, folly.

"Goldsmith," says Dr. Johnson, "was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best what he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

Of his prose writings, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Essays*, *History of England*, *Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*, *Life of Parnell*, and *Natural History*, have obtained most distinction. His *Vicar of Wakefield* ranks in the first class of English novels. The language which "angels might have heard, and

virgins told," deserves the highest praise. If we do not always admire his knowledge or extensive philosophy, we feel the benevolence of his heart, and are charmed with the purity of its principles. If we do not follow with awful reverence the majesty of his reason, or the dignity of the long-extended period, we at least catch a pleasing sentiment, in a natural and unaffected style.

His *Essays*, originally written for newspapers, cannot be read without lamenting his fate (the fate of hapless genius!) while some venal and ignorant Procrustes of the house of literature, stood over him to extend or contract his elegance, till it just filled the destined space.

"It is the great excellence of a writer," says Dr. Johnson, "to put into his book as much as it will hold. Goldsmith has done this in his *History*. Goldsmith tells you shortly all you wish to know. His plain narrative will please again and again. He has the art of compiling, and saying every thing he has to say in a plain manner. He is now writing a *Natural History*, and will make it as entertaining as a "Persian tale."

His *Natural History* is a compilation of unequal merit. He has adopted no methodical arrangement worthy of notice; and his descriptions, negligent of those distinguishing peculiarities of structure, which enables us to discover the name and species of each individual, are almost wholly employed upon their more amusing properties and relations. The second, third, and fourth volumes, comprehending the natural history of *mankind* and of *quadrupeds*, are chiefly borrowed from Buffon's diffuse writings, from which he has transcribed many errors. The four last volumes, comprehending the history of *birds, fishes, insects, &c.* are particularly defective, probably because in composing them, he no longer derived any assistance from Buffon, whose volumes on birds he does not appear to have seen. The manner and style in which it is written, are generally pleasing, and the entertainment which it affords, is occasionally increased by the interposition of pertinent speculative reflections.

As a poet, he is characterised by elegance, tenderness, and simplicity. He is of the school of Dryden and Pope, rather than that of Spenser or Milton. In sweetness and harmony, he rivals every writer of verse since the death of Pope. It is to be regretted, that his poetical performances are not more numerous. Though he wrote prose with great facility, he was rather slow in his poetry, not from the tardiness of fancy, but the time he took in pointing the sentiment, and polishing the versification. His manner of writing poetry, it is said, was this: he first sketched a part of his design in prose, in which he threw out his ideas as they occurred to him; he then sat carefully down to verify them, correct them, and add such other ideas as he thought better fitted to the subject. He sometimes would exceed his prose design, by writing several verses impromptu; but these he would take uncommon pains afterwards to revise, lest they should be unconnected with his main design.

His *Traveller, Deserted Village, Hermit, and Retaliation*, are the chief foundation of his fame. *The Traveller* is one of those delightful poems, that allure by the beauty of their scenery, a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent happiness of expression. In the address to his brother, to whom the poem is inscribed, it is impossible not to be pleased with the *untraveller's heart*, and the happy image of the *lengthening chain*. The simile of the rainbow, is equally just and magnificent; and is one of those real beauties in imagery, which have the power of pleasing universally, by being at once obvious to the mind, and at the same time possessing native dignity enough to secure them from that indifference, with which things frequently contemplated are beheld.

The *Traveller sits him down* (as he expresses it) on an eminence of the Alps, and from thence takes a view of the several kingdoms that lie around him, not with the contracted eye of a recluse, but with the liberal spirit of a man who rightly considers and embraces the general blessings of Providence.

For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

He then inquires, whether superior happiness be the lot of any particular country, but concludes, that, though every man thinks most favourably of his own, nature has, in general, observed an equality in the distribution of her bounties. The description of the people of Italy is not less just, than that of their country is picturesque and harmonious: but the moralist may object to the conclusion, as unfavourable to the interests of virtue.

Each nobler aim repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the foul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupies the mind.

The beauties of the description of the *Swiss* are so natural and obvious, that no eye can overlook them. Whether the severity of a Helvetian winter *chills the lap of May, when no zephyr soothes the breast of the mountain*; whether the hardy *Swiss sees his little lot, the lot of all; breaths the keen air, and carols as he goes, drives his ploughshares to the sleep, or drags the struggling savage into day*; the whole is beautiful. Whether he *sits down the monarch of a bed, and surveys his children's looks, that brighten at the blaze*, or entertains the pilgrim, whose tale repays the nightly bed, the whole is still beautiful; but the simile of the *babe* is something more; there is a grandeur as well as beauty in the application of it.

But having found that the rural life of a *Swiss* has its evils as well as comforts, he turns to *France*, and describes a people almost of a different species. He next makes a transition to *Holland*, and from thence proceeds to *Britain*. The characteristics of the different nations, are just and ingenious; but the descriptions are neither full nor perfect. He has contented himself with exhibiting them in those points of view in which they are generally beheld; but the lights are much strengthened by the powers of poetic genius.

The *Deserted Village*, is a performance of distinguished merit. The general idea it inculcates is this, that commerce, by an enormous introduction of wealth, has augmented the number of the rich, who, by exhausting the provision of the poor, reduce them to the necessity of emigration. The poem opens with an apostrophe to its subject, with which the imagination may be pleased, but which will not fully satisfy the judgment. The village diversions are perhaps insisted on with too much prolixity and amplification. But we are recompensed for this generality and redundancy, by the classical and beautiful particularity and conciseness of the context, the *dancing pair, the swain mistrustless of his smutted face, the bashful virgin, &c.* The paragraph in general has much inaccuracy, especially a disgusting identity of diction; the word *bowers* occurs twice, the word *sweet* thrice, and *charms* and *sport*, singular or plural, four times. We have also *toil remitting*, and *toil taught to please, succeeding sports, and sports with sweet succession*. The paragraph beginning, *All fares the land, &c.* has great merit; the sentiment is noble, and the expression little inferior. The following one asserts what has been repeatedly denied, that *there was a time in England, when every rood of ground maintained its man*. Wherever there is property, there must of necessity be poverty and riches. The apostrophe to *Retirement* is beautiful, but fanciful; for him who retires into the country to *crown a youth of labour with an age of ease, the mine must be explored, the deep tempted, and*

The pale artist ply the sickly trade.

The paragraph beginning, *Sweet was the sound, &c.* has uncommon merit. The circumstances it describes are obvious in nature, but never in poetry; and they are described with great force and elegance. The particulars are most happily selected; and they bear one uniform consistent character, that of a sober or serene cheerfulness. The *Matron gathering water cresses*, is a fine picture. When *Auburn* is described as flourishing, the *village preacher* is very properly introduced, and characterized in a manner which seems almost unexceptionable, both for sentiment and expression. His contentment, hospitality and piety, are pointed out with sufficient particularity, yet without confusion or redundancy. The *copse*, the *torn scrubs*, and the garden flower that *grows wild*, are fine natural strokes. The *good man*, attended by his venerating parishioners, and with a kind of dignified complacency, even permitting the familiarities of their children, is strongly and distinctly represented. The similes of a bird teaching her young to fly, and the mountain that rises above the storm, are not easily to be paralleled. The last has been much admired; and is indeed a happy illustration, so far as immaterial objects can be illustrated by material.

The *schoolmaster*, though a secondary character, is described with great force and precision. The description of the *village ale-house*, is drawn with admirable propriety and force. The fine poetical inventory of the furniture, is fully equalled by the character of the guests, and the details of their

amusements. It is not poetical fiction, but historical truth. But though nothing is invented, something is suppressed. The rustic's hour of relaxation is too rarely so innocent; it is too often contaminated with extravagance, anger, and profanity; describing vice and folly, however, will not prevent their existing; and, it is agreeable to forget for a moment, the reality of their existence. The rest of the poem consists of a descant on the misapplication of wealth, luxury, and the variety of artificial pleasures, and the miseries of those, who, for want of employment at home, are driven to settle new colonies abroad. *Tumultuous grandeur*, and *her rattling chariots, glaring torches, &c.* are finely contrasted with the distressful situation of a poor prostitute. There is beauty in the simile of the *primrose*, and pathos in the mention of the unhappy girl laying her head at the door of her betrayer. The detail of the emigration, beginning, *Do thine sweet Auburn, &c.* is animated, and in general correctly drawn. The paragraph, *Good Heaven what sorrow, &c.* has many beauties. The heart must be insensible, indeed, which does not feel the force of pathos, in the circumstances of the daughter relinquishing her lover, in order to attend her father; and the mother clasping her thoughtless babes with additional tenderness. Having enumerated the domestic virtues which are leaving the country, with the inhabitants of *Auburn*, he concludes the poem, with an address to *Poetry*, in a strain of noble enthusiasm, which would have done honour to any poet of any age.

Of the *Hermit*, which first appeared in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the public has long since judged. It is universally allowed to rank with the most beautiful ballads in our language. A remarkable instance of his imitation of Young occurs in the following lines:

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.

Night IV.

The poem of *Retaliation* abounds with wit, free from even the slightest tincture of ill-nature; and the characteristics of all the parties are equally pointed and just. His epitaph on Mr. Burke is remarkable, and proves him intimately acquainted with the character of that celebrated orator and statesman. The description of Mr. Burke's brother is humorous, and, at the time of its composition, was truly characteristic and appropriate. The lines on Cumberland convey much useful satire. After an epitaph on Dr. Douglas, the present Bishop of Salisbury, whom he justly calls, *The Scourge of Impostors, the Terror of Quacks*, he proceeds to Garrick, who had been particularly severe on Goldsmith; but is said never to have forgiven this repique, which is perhaps the most masterly part of this very agreeable fragment. Garrick retaliated upon him in a fable, intitled *Jupiter and Mercury*, which is preserved in this collection. His small pieces require no distinct consideration or particular criticism.

"What Goldsmith," says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, "commonly says of himself is very true; he always gets the better when he argues alone, meaning that he is master of a subject in his study, and can write well upon it, but when he comes into company grows confused, and unable to talk. Take him as a poet, his *Traveller* is a very fine performance; and so is his *Deserted Village*, were it not sometimes too much the echo of his *Traveller*. Whether indeed we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class."

The two following portraits of him (one in verse and the other in prose) were written by an intimate friend immediately after his death, and were both esteemed faithful likenesses:

"Here rests, from the cares of the world, and his pen,
A poet whose like we shall scarce meet again;
Who, though form'd in an age when corruptions ran high,
And folly alone seem'd with folly to vie,
When genius with traffic too commonly train'd,
Recounted her merits by what she had gain'd,
Yet spurn'd at those walks of debasement and pelf,
And in poverty's spite dar'd think for himself.
Thus free'd from those fetters the muses oft bind,
He wrote from the heart to the hearts of mankind;
And such was the prevalent force of his song,
Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a throng.
The lovers---'twas their's to esteem and commend,
For his *Hermit* had prov'd him their tutor and friend.

THE LIFE OF GOLDSMITH.

The statesman, his politic passions on fire,
 Acknowledg'd repose from the charms of his lyre.
 The moralist too had a feel for his rhymes,
 For his *Essays*, were curbs on the rage of the times,
 Nay, the critic, all school'd in grammatical sense,
 Who look'd in the glow of description for *sense*,
 Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
 And confess'd by his eyes what he felt at his heart,

Yet bless'd with original powers like these,
 His principal force was on *paper* to please;
 Like a fleet-footed hunter, though first in the chase,
 On the road of plain sense he oft slacken'd his pace,
 Whilst *dullness* and *cunning*, by whipping and goring,
 Their hard-footed hackneys paraded before him,
 Compounded likewise of such primitive parts,
 That his manners alone would have gain'd him our hearts.
 So simple in truth, so ingenuously kind,
 So ready to feel for the wants of mankind;
 Yet praise but an author of popular quill,
 His flux of philanthropy quickly flood'd still;
 Transform'd from himself, he grew meanly severe,
 And rail'd at those talents he ought not to fear.

Such then were his foibles; but though they were such,
 As shadow'd the picture a little too much,
 The style was all graceful, expressive, and grand,
 And the whole the result of a masterly hand."

The following was written *impromptu* on the evening of his death :

" In an age when genius and learning are too generally sacrificed to the purposes of ambition and avarice, it is the consolation of virtue, as well as of its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldsmith as a shining example to the contrary.

" Early compelled (like many of our greatest men) into the service of the muses, he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct, but knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of *fashion*, than to set off the dignity of *truth*; and in this he succeeded so happily, that his writings stamp him, no less the man of genius, than the universal friend of mankind.

" Such is the short outline of his poetical character, which, perhaps, will be remembered whilst the first-rate poets of this country have any monuments left them. But, alas! his noble and immortal part, the good man, is only consign'd to the short-lived memory of those who are left to lament his death.

" Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in every pursuit of it. Warm in his friendships, gentle in his manners, and in every act of charity and benevolence, "the very milk of human nature" Nay, even his foibles and little weaknesses of temper, may be said rather to simplify than degrade his understanding; for though there may be many instances adduced to prove he was *no man of the world*, most of those instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart.—One who esteemed the kindness and friendship of such a man, as forming a principal part of the happiness of his life, pays this last, sincere, and grateful tribute to his memory."

THE WORKS OF GOLDSMITH.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM WRITTEN BY MR. PRATT,

ON THE DEATH OF EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.

THE TEARS OF GENIUS.

THE village bell tolls out the tone of death,
And through the echoing air, the length'ning
 found,

With dreadful pause, reverberating deep,
Spreads the sad tidings o'er fair Auburn's vale.
There, to enjoy the scenes her bard had prais'd
In all the sweet simplicity of song,
Genius, in pilgrim garb, sequester'd sat,
And herded jocund with the harmless swains :
But when she heard the fate-forboding knell,
With started step, precipitate and swift,
And look pathetic, full of dire presage, [green,
The church-way walk, beside the neighbour'ing
Sorrowing she fought ; and there, in black array,
Borne on the shoulders of the swains he lov'd,
She saw the boast of Auburn mov'd along.
Touch'd, at the view, her pensive breast she struck,
And to the cypress, which incumbent hangs
With leaning slope, and branch irregular,
O'er the moss'd pillars of the sacred fane, [gloom,
The briar-bound graves shadowing with funeral
Forlorn she hied ; and there the crowding woe
(Swell'd by the parent) press'd on bleeding thought,
Big ran the drops from her maternal eye,
Fast broke the bosom-sorrow from her heart,
And pale distress sat sickly on her cheek,
As thus her plaintive elegy began.

And must my children all expire ?
Shall none be left to strike the lyre ?
Courts death alone a learned prize ?
Falls his shafts only on the wife ?
Can no fit marks on earth be found,
From useless thousands swarming round ?
What crowding cyphers cram the land !
What hosts of victims, at command !
Yet shall th' ingenious drop alone ?
Shall science grace the tyrant's throne ?
Thou murder'rer of the tuneful train !
I charge thee, with my children slain !

Scarce has the sun thrice urg'd his annual tour,
Since half my race have felt thy barbarous pow'r ;

Sore hast thou thinn'd each pleasing art,
And struck a muse with every dart :

Bard after bard obey'd thy slaughtering call,
Till scarce a poet lives to sing a brother's fall.

Then let a widow'd mother pay
The tribute of a parting lay.

Tearful, inscribe the monumental strain,
And speak aloud her feelings and her pain !

And first, farewell to thee, my son, she cried,
Thou pride of Auburn's dale—sweet bard, fare-
 well.

Long for thy sake, the peasants tear shall flow,
And many a virgin-bosom heave with woe,
For thee shall sorrow sadden all the scene,
And every pastime perish on the green ;
The sturdy farmer shall suspend his tale,
The woodman's ballad shall no more regale,
No more shall mirth, each rustic sport inspire,
But every frolic, every feat shall tire.
No more the evening gambol shall delight,
Nor moonshine revels crown the vacant night,
But groups of villagers (each joy forgot)
Shall form a sad assembly round the cot.
Sweet bard, farewell—and farewell Auburn's bliss,
The bashful lover, and the yielded kiss ;
The evening warble Philomela made,
The echoing forest, and the whispering shade,
The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,
And the blithe voice that " whistled as it went."
These shall no longer charm the ploughman's care,
But sighs shall fill the pauses of despair.

Goldsmith adieu : the " book-learn'd priest" for
 thee

Shall now in vain possess his festive glee,
The oft heard jest in vain he shall reveal,
For now, alas ! the jest he cannot feel,
But ruddy damfels o'er thy tomb shall bend,
And conscious weep for their and virtue's friend :
The milk-maid shall reject the shepherd's song,
And cease to carol as the toils along ;
All Auburn shall bewail the fatal day, [away ;
When from her fields their pride was snatch'd
And even the matron of the cressly lake,
In piteous plight, her palsied head shall shake,
While all adown the furrows of her face
Slow shall the lingering tears each other trace.

And Oh, my child ! severer woes remain
To all the houseless and unshelter'd train :
Thy fate shall sadden many an humble guest,
And heap fresh anguish on the beggar's breast.

For dear wert thou to all the sons of pain ;
To all that wander, sorrow, or complain.
Dear to the learned, to the simple dear,
For daily blessings mark'd thy virtuous year ;
The rich receiv'd a moral from thy head,
And from thy heart the stranger found a bed.
Distress came always smiling from thy door ;
For God had made thee agent to the poor ;
Had form'd thy feelings on the noblest plan,
To grace at once the poet and the man.

EXTRACT FROM A MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DARK as the night, which now in dunest robe,
Ascends her zenith o'er the silent globe ;
Sad melancholy wakes, a while to tread,
With solemn step, the mansions of the dead :
Led by her hand, o'er this yet recent shrine
I sorrowing bend ; and here essay to twine
The tributary wreath of laureat bloom,
With artless hands to deck a poet's tomb ;
The tomb where Goldsmith sleeps. Fond hopes,
adieu !

No more your airy dreams shall mock my view :
Here will I learn ambition to controul,
And each aspiring passion of the soul :
E'en now, methinks, his well-known voice I hear,
When late he meditated flight from care,
When as imagination fondly hied

To scenes of sweet retirement, thus he cried.
" Ye splendid fabrics, palaces, and towers,
" Where dissipation leads the giddy hours,
" Where pomp, disease, and knavery, reside,
" And folly bends the knee to wealthy pride ;
" Where luxury's purveyors learn to rise,
" And worth, to want a prey, unfriended dies ;
" Where warbling eunuchs glitter in brocade,
" And hapless poets toil for scanty bread :
" Farewell ! to other scenes I turn my eyes,
" Embosom'd in the vale where Auburn lies,
" Deserted Auburn, those now ruin'd glades,
" Forlorn, yet ever dear and honour'd shades.
" There, though the Hamlet boasts no smiling
" train,

" Nor sportful pastime circling on the plain ;
" No needy villains prowl around for prey,
" No slanderers, no sycophants betray ;
" No gaudy soplings scornfully deride
" The swain, whose humble pipe is all his pride.
" There will I fly to seek that soft repose,
" Which solitude contemplative bestows :
" Yet oh, fond hope ! perchance there still re-
" mains

" One lingering friend behind, to bless the plains ;
" Some hermit of the dale, enshrin'd in ease,
" Long lost companion of my youthful days ;
" With whose sweet converse in his social bower,
" I oft may chide away some vacant hour ;
" To whose pure sympathy I may impart
" Each latent grief that labours at my heart,
" What'er I felt, and what I saw, relate,
" The shoals of luxury, the wrecks of state ;
" Those busy scenes, where science wakes in vain,
" In which I shar'd, ah ! ne'er to share again.

" But whence that pang ? does nature now rebell ?
" Why falters out my tongue the word farewell ?
" Ye friends ! who long have witness'd to my toil,
" And seen me ploughing in a thankless soil,
" Whose partial tenderness hush'd every pain,
" Whose approbation made my bosom vain :
" 'Tis you, to whom my soul divided, hies
" With fond regret, and half unwilling flies ;
" Sighs forth her parting wishes to the wind,
" And lingering leaves her better half behind.
" Can I forget the intercourse I shar'd,
" What friendship cherish'd, and what zeal en-
" dear'd ?

" Alas ! remembrance still must turn to you,
" And to my latest hour protract the long adieu.
" Amid the woodlands, where'er I rove,
" The plain, or secret covert of the grove,
" Imagination shall supply her store
" Of painful bliss, and what she can restore ;
" Shall strew each lonely path with flowrets gay,
" And, wide as is her boundless empire, stray.
" On eagle pinions traverse earth and skies,
" And bid the lost and distant objects rise.
" Here, where encircled o'er the sloping land
" Woods rise on woods, shall Aristotle stand ;
" Lyceum round the godlike man rejoice,
" And bow with reverence to wisdom's voice.
" There, spreading oaks shall arch the vaulted
" dome,

" The champion, there, of liberty and Rome,
" In attic eloquence shall thunder laws,
" And uncorrupted senates shout applause.
" Not more ecstatic visions rapt the soul
" Of Numa, when to midnight grots he stole—
" And learnt his lore, from virtue's mouth refin'd,
" To fetter vice, and harmonize mankind.
" Now stretch'd at ease beside some fav'rite stream,
" Of beauty and enchantment will I dream ;
" Elysium, seats of art, and laurels won,
" The graces three, and * Japhet's fabled son :
" Whilst Angelo shall wave the mystic rod,
" And see a new creation wait his nod ; [er,
" Prescribe his bounds to time's remorseless pow-
" And, to my arms, my absent friends restore,
" Place me amidst the group, each well-known
" face,

" The sons of science, lords of human race ;
" And as oblivion sinks at his command,
" Nature shall rise more finish'd from his hand,
" Thus some magician fraught with potent skill,
" Transforms, and moulds each varied mass at
" will ;

" Calls animated forms of wondrous birth,
" Cadmean offspring, from the teeming earth,
" Uncurs'd the ponderous toms, the realms of
" night,
" And calls their cold inhabitants to light ;
" Or, as he traverses a dreary scene,
" Bids every sweet of nature there convene,
" Huge mountains skirted round with wavy woods,
" The shrub-deck'd lawns, and silver sprinkled
" floods,
" Whilst flowrets spring around the smiling land,
" And follow on the traces of his wand.

Prometheus.

" Such prospects, lovely Auburn, then be thine!
 " And what thou canst of bliss impart be mine;
 " Amid thy humble shades, in tranquil ease,
 " Grant me to pass the remnant of my days.
 " Unfetter'd from the toil of wretched gain,
 " My raptur'd muse shall pour her noblest strain,
 " Within her native bowers the notes prolong,
 " And, grateful, meditate her latest song.
 " Thus, as adown the slope of life I bend,
 " And move, resign'd, to meet my latter end,
 " Each worldly wish, each worldly care repress,
 " A self-approving heart alone possess,
 " Content, to bounteous Heaven I'll leave the
 " rest."

Thus, spoke the bard: but not one friendly
 power,

With nod assentive crown'd the parting hour;
 No eastern meteor glar'd beneath the sky,
 No dextral omen: nature heav'd a sigh
 Prophetic of the dire impending blow,
 The presage of her loss, and Britain's woe.
 Already portion'd, unrelenting fate
 Had made a pause upon the number'd date;
 Behind, stood death, too horrible for sight,
 In darkness clad, expectant, prun'd for flight;
 Pleas'd at the word, the shapeless monster sped,
 On eager message to the humble shed,
 Where wrapt by soft poetic visions round,
 Sweet slumbering, fancy's darling son he found,
 At his approach the silken pinion'd train
 Affrighted, mount aloft, and quit the brain;
 Which late they fann'd: now other scenes than
 dales

Of woody pride, succeed, or flow'ry vales:
 As when a sudden tempest veils the sky,
 Before serene, and streaming lightnings fly;
 The prospect shifts, and pitchy volumes roll,
 Along the drear expanse, from pole to pole;
 Terrific horrors all the void invest,
 Whilst the archspectre issues forth confest.
 The bard beholds him beckon to the tomb
 Of yawning night, eternity's dread womb;
 In vain attempts to fly, the impassive air
 Retards his steps, and yields him to despair;
 He feels a gripe that thrills through every vein,
 And panting struggles in the fatal chain.
 Here paus'd the fell-destroyer to survey
 The pride, the boast of man, his destin'd prey,

Prepar'd to strike, he pois'd aloft the dart,
 And plung'd the steel in virtue's bleeding heart;
 Abhorrent, back the springs of life rebound,
 And leave on nature's face a grisly wound,
 A wound enrol'd among Britannia's woes,
 That ages yet to follow, cannot close.

Oh, Goldsmith! how shall sorrow now essay
 To murmur out her flow incondite lay?
 In what sad accents mourn the luckless hour,
 That yielded thee to unrelenting power;
 Thee, the proud boast, of all the tuneful train
 That sweep the lyre, or swell the polish'd strain?
 Much honour'd bard! if my untutor'd verse
 Could pay a tribute, worthy of thy hero,
 With fearless hands I'd build the fane of praise,
 And boldly strew the never fading bays.
 But, ah! with thee my guardian genius fled,
 And pillow'd in thy tomb his silent head:
 Pain'd memory alone behind remains,
 And pensive stalks the solitary plains,
 Rich in her sorrows, honours without art,
 She pays in tears, redundant from the heart,
 And say, what boots it o'er thy hallow'd dust
 To heap the graven pile, or laurell'd bust;
 Since by thy hands already rais'd on high,
 We see a fabric tow'ring to the sky;
 Where hand and hand with time, the sacred lore
 Shall travel on, till nature is no more?

ON THE DEATH OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

BY W. WOTY.

ADIEU, sweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
 Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
 Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds,—and
 these

With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
 Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
 None gave more free,—for none more deeply felt.
 Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
 Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise:
 • Yes, these survive to time's remotest day;
 While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
 Reader, if number'd in the muse's train,
 Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain;
 But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
 Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

P O E M S.

A PROLOGUE,

*Written and spoken by the Poet Laberius, a Roman
 Knight, whom Cæsar forced upon the Stage.*

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS *.

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
 And save from infamy my sinking age!

* *This translation was first printed in one of Gold-
 smith's earliest works, "The Present State of Learn-
 ing in Europe," 12mo. 1759.*

VOL. X.

Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
 What in the name of dotage drives me here?
 A time there was, when glory was my guide,
 Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
 Unaw'd by power, and unappall'd by fear,
 With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
 But this vile hour disperes all my store,
 And all my hoard of honour is no more;
 For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
 Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
 Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
 Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please,

3 F

Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five,
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.
Such pleasures, unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze,
O!—But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a flatterer or a belle;
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend,
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any certain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd Coxcombs at her levy;

The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting rapartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rife,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phyz;
And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravel'd nooze,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower:
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smoothe her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city confins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride;
For taudry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean:
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day;
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to God Mercurius;
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth;

The strefs of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bards decreed;
A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear;
And waft his godship through the air;
And here my simile unites,
For in modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand;
By classic authors, term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses.
To wit—most wond'rously endu'd,
No poppy water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives mens souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then;
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy flaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to snore,
Alike too both conduce to sleep.
This differencee only as the God
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goosequill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, mercy had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But ev'n this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

A DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's bug, and Parson's black cham-
paign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;

The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread:
The royal garb of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William shew'd his lamp-black
face:

The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears, the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney
board;

A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

THE HERMIT.

A BALLAD. 1765.

The following letter, addressed to the printer of
the *St. James's Chronicle*, appeared in that pa-
per, in June 1767.

SIR,

As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspa-
per controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit
me to be as concise as possible in informing a cor-
respondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's
Travels, because I thought the book was a good
one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the
bookseller that it was then first published; but in
that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my read-
ing was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of
having taken a ballad, I published some time ago,
from one * by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not
think there is any great resemblance between the
two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad
is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some
years ago; and he (as we both considered these
things as trifles at best) told me with his usual
good humour, the next time I saw him, that he
had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shak-
speare into a ballad of his own. He then read me
his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly
approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are
scarce worth printing: and were it not for the
busy disposition of some of your correspondents,
the public should never have known that he owes
me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to
his friendship and learning for communications of
a much more important nature.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way.
"To where yon taper cheers the vale
"With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
"With fainting steps and slow;
"Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
"Seem length'ning as I go."

* *The Friar of Orders Gray.* "Reliquiae of Antient
Poetry," Vol. II. p. 243.

" Forbear, my son," the hermit cries;
 " To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 " For yonder faithless phantom flies
 " To lure thee to thy doom.
 " Here to the houseless child of want
 " My door is open still;
 " And though my portion is but scant,
 " I give it with good will.
 " Then turn to-night, and freely share
 " Whate'er my cell bestows;
 " My rusby couch and frugal fare,
 " My blessing and repose.
 " No flocks that range the valley free,
 " To slaughter I condemn:
 " Taught by that power pities me,
 " I learn to pity them:
 " But from the mountain's grassy side
 " A guiltless feast I bring;
 " A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
 " And water from the spring.
 " Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
 " All earth-born cares are wrong:
 " Man wants but little here below,
 " Nor wants that little long."
 Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell!
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.
 Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay;
 A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
 And strangers led astray.
 No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care;
 The wicket op'ning with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.
 And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest!
 And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily prest, and smil'd;
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguil'd.
 Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
 The crackling faggot flies.
 But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth a stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.
 His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 " And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
 " The sorrows of thy breast?"
 " From better habitations spurn'd,
 " Reluctant dost thou rove:

" Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 " Or unregarded love?
 " Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
 " Are trifling, and decay;
 " And those who prize the paltry things,
 " More trifling still than they.
 " And what is friendship but a name,
 " A charm that lulls to sleep;
 " A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 " And leaves the wretch to weep?
 " And love is still an emptier sound,
 " The modern fair-one's jest:
 " On earth unseen, or only found
 " To warm the turtle's nest.
 " For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 " And spurn the sex," he said:
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.
 Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view;
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.
 The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms:
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.
 " And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 " A wretch forlorn," she cry'd;
 " Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 " Where heaven and you reside.
 " But let a maid thy pity share,
 " Whom love has taught to stray;
 " Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 " Companion of her way.
 " My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 " A wealthy lord was he;
 " And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
 " He had but only me.
 " To win me from his tender arms,
 " Unnumber'd suitors came;
 " Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 " And felt, or feign'd a flame.
 " Each hour a mercenary crowd
 " With richest proffers strove:
 " Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 " But never talk'd of love.
 " In humble, simplest habit clad,
 " No wealth or power had he;
 " Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 " But these were all to me.
 " The blossom opening to the day,
 " The dews of heaven resin'd,
 " Could nought of purity display,
 " To emulate his mind.
 " The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 " With charms incessant shine;
 " Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 " Their constancy was mine.

" For still I try'd each fickle art,
 " Importunate and vain ;
 " And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 " I triumph'd in his pain.
 " Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 " He left me to my pride ;
 " And sought a solitude forlorn
 " In secret, where he dy'd.
 " But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 " And well my life shall pay ;
 " I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 " And stretch me where he lay.
 " And there forlorn, despairing hid,
 " I'll lay me down and die ;
 " 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 " And so for him will I."
 " Forbid it, heaven ! " the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast :
 The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide,
 'Twas Edwin's self that preft.
 " Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 " My charmer, turn to see
 " Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 " Restor'd to love and thee.
 " Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 " And ev'ry care resign :
 " And shall we never, never part,
 " My life—my all that's mine.
 " No, never, from this hour to part,
 " We'll live and love so true,
 " The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 " Shall break thy Edwin's too."

AN ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song :
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.
 In Iflington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene'er he went to pray,
 A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes ;
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his clothes.
 And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.
 This dog and man at first were friends ;
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.
 Around from all the neighbouring streets,
 The wondering neighbours ran,

And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye ;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That show'd the rogues they ly'd,
 The man recover'd of the bite,
 The dog it was that dy'd.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charms can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is, to die.

THE TRAVELLER* ;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY. 1765.

To the Rev. Henry Goldsmith.

DEAR SIR,
 I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication ; and, perhaps, it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a-year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few ; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations ; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting and music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her ; they en-

* In this poem several alterations were made, and some new verses added, as it passed through different editions.—We have printed from the ninth, which was the last edition published in the life-time of the author.

grofs all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this poem. I am,

Dear Sir,
Your most affectionate brother,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam; whatever realms to see,
My heart untr'v'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around

Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear:

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thanksless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heav'n to man supplies:

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human blis to small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,

May gather blis to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave,
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first best country, ever is at home,
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;

As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her blis at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
fails;

And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like you neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the blis that sense alone bestows,
And sensual blis is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive,
vain;

Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
state;

At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column fought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more untidely than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;

While nought remain'd of all that riches gave;
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride:
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
There paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion
tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his seals though
small.

He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the sleep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the
ways,

And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her board,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the blis his scanty fund supplies.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren fates assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unsat'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
For, as refinement stops, from fire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart,
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm
the way,

These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power.
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth
imparts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm,

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind:
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand;

Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy;
But foster'd even by freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordling stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor thus the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, strip of all her
charms,

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a pert aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;

And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force,
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless or?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
ways;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel;
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.

To Sir Joshua Reynolds.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the verification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deploras is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege, and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages, and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. I am,

Dear Sir,
Your sincere friend,
and ardent admirer,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbour'ing hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And flights of art and feats of strength went round.

And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply fought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove. [these,

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
With sweet success, taught ev'n toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed, [fled.

These were thy charms—But all these charms are
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to half'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
scene,

Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year claps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when, oft at ev'ning's close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soft'n'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring

wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion fought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That, feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

[smil'd,

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his

place;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise,
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were

won.

[glow,

Pleas'd with his guests the good man learn'd to
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way,

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to

raise,

And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's

smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

[spread,

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossm'd furze unprofitably gay
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with coun'feit glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides preface,
And even the story ran that he could gauge :
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring

found,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspir'd,

Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks pro-
found,

And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place :
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glitten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour ! could not all
Relieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall !
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mangle blifs go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the glofs of art ;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway :
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrustful asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land :
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore ;

Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and bounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
growth ;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that drest supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes :
But when those charms are past, for charms are
frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to blefs,
In all the glaring impotence of drest.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its viftas strike, its palaces surprife ;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight
reign,

Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles ere annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts—Ah, turn thine
eyes

Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;

Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? [train,
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud mens doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
ing day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And thudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwichly woe;

Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand,
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well,
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE GIFT TO IRIS:

IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAV, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair-one prize
The gift, who flights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em,
If gems, or gold, import a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd off'nings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere, than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way?

Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPILOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.

WHAT? five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of think-
ing.

Well, since she thus has shown her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.
But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*]—I've
got my queue:

The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you
you, you. [*To boxes, pit, and gallery.*]

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false
spouses?

Statefemen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fall on fifteen.
Mifs, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman:
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure,
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing—but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round
parade,

Looking, as who should say, dam'me! who's
afraid? [*Mimicking.*]

Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems to every gazer all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack, [*black!*]
He bows, turns round, and whisp—the man is
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!

Well then a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll, for once, spare you.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE. 1765.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or
fatter

Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce
help regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd
in. [*nounce,*]

But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pro-
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my
turn,

It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn*.
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Mon-
roe's:

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and
the when.

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him
alone,

For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a
shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself,
enter'd;

An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
"What have we got here?—why, this is good
eating!"

Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a
flounce,

"I get these things often; but that was a bounce:
Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the na-
tion,

Are pleas'd to be kind; but I hate ostentation."

* Lord Clare's nephew.

"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,
I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will
be there;

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord
Clare.

And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner!
What say you—a pasty, it shall and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear
friend!" [wind,

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself,"
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman
hasty,

Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dislike'd in my life, [wife.
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his
So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When came to the place where we all were to
dine

(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine),
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
dumb, [come;

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail.
The one with his speeches, and t' other with
Thrall; [ty,

But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the par-
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotoman, the other a Jew,
They both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Pa-
nurge." [name,

While thus he described them by trade and by
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there was spinnage and pudding made
hot;

In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian,
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most, was that d—m'd Scot-
tish rogue, [brogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his
And, "madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my
poison,

A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curs'd,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burst."

* See the letters that passed between his Royal High-
ness Henry Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grosvenor,
12mo, 1769.

"The tripe," quoth the Jew, "with his choce-
late cheek,
I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small; [all."
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at
"O—Oh!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in
a trice,

He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty!" "A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too." [Scot;
"What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echo'd the
Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid:
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake
her? [baker:

That she came with some terrible news from the
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let smiles drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour mis-
plac'd,

To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of dis-
cerning—

A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of
this.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE CAP- TIVITY.

SONG.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TOTT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?

"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given
"to letters,
"Nor dare I pretend to know more than my bet-
"ters, [graces,
"Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your
"As I hope to be fav'd! without thinking on
"affes."

Edinburgh, 1753.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON *.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

AN ELEGY,

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.
The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.
She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning.
At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.
Her love was fought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.
But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.
Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not dy'd to-day.

RETALIATION†.

Or old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united,

* This gentleman was educated at Trinity-College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot-soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's *Henriade*.

† First printed in 1774, after the author's death. Dr. Goldsmith, and some of his friends, occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-House. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of wit and jest. He was called on for Retaliation, and, at the next meeting, produced the following poem.

If our * landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
best dish:

Our † dean shall be venison, just fresh from the
plains; [brains;

Our ‡ Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of
Our § will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,

And § Dick with his pepper shall heighten their
flavour:

Our ** Cumberland's sweetbread its place shall ob-
tain,

And †† Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain:
Our ‡‡ Garrick's a salad; for in him we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree:

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,

That ||| Ridge is anchovy, and §§ Reynolds is
lamb;

That ¶¶ Hickey's a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,

Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?

Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm
able,

Till all my companions sink under the table;

Than, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
mirth:

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,

At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out;

Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,

That fly-boots was curiously cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,

And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining
his throat,

To persuade *** Tommy Townshend to lend him
a vote;

* The master of the St. James's Coffee-House, where
the Doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this
poem, occasionally dined.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke.

§ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General
Conway, and member for Bedwin.

¶ Mr. Richard Burke, collector for Granada.

** Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West-Indi-
an, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers*, and other drama-
tic pieces.

†† Doctor Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious
Scottish gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as
a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting
several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his
countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bow-
er's *History of the Popes*.

‡‡ David Garrick, Esq.

||| Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to
the Irish bar.

§§ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

¶¶ An eminent attorney.

*** Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitechurch.

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought
of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, fir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
was in't;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must
sigh at:

Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
* Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the
ball:

Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, to provoking a devil was Dick, [nick;
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has disen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies for lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failing alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking di-
vines,

Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant
reclines:

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety I fear'd for my own;

* Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having
slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different
times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a
kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other
people.

VOL. X.

But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our * Dodds shall be pious, our † Kenricks shall
lecture;

‡ Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall com-
pile;

New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the
dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, consult without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge, his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle
them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye † Kellys, and § Woodfalls fo-
grave, [you gave?

What a commerce was yours, while you got and
How did Grub street re-echo the shouts that you
rais'd, [prais'd?

While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
I'o act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.

Old Shakspeare; receive him, with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickie reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser:
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser:

* The Rev. Dr. Dodds.

† Dr. Kenrick, who read lecture at the Devil tavern,
under the title of "The School of Shakspeare."

‡ James Macpherson, Esq., who lately, from the
mere force of his style, wrote down the first part of all
antiquity.

§ Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word*
to the *Wife*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*, &c. &c.

§ Mr. William Woodfall, printer of the *Morning*
Chronicle.

66

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and
burn ye,—

He was, could he help it? a special attorney.
Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wifer or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard
of hearing: [stuff,
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and
He shifted his * trumpet, and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on † Mr. Whitefoord, from a friend of Goldsmith's.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily lived, he is now a † grave man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set in a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station was fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall ‖ confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper wits! ye pert scribbling-folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine:
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)

§ *Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press.*
Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I
admit [wit:

That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said

* Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

† Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

‡ Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

‖ Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the *Public Advertiser*.

§ Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the *Public Advertiser*.

This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
"Thou best humour'd man with the worst hu-
mour'd muse."

SONG.

Intended to have been Sung in the Comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Ah, me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

PROLOGUE TO ZOBELIDE:

A TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.

Acted at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, 1772.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUICK.

In these bold times, when learning's sons explore
The distant climates, and the savage shore;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsoke the fair, and patiently—go simpling.
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With *Scythian* stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands he 'as order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost:
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!
You ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:
(*Upper gallery.*)
There *improves* spread, and larger than I've
seen 'em— (*Pit.*)
Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in
'em— (*Balconies.*)
Here ill conditioned oranges abound— (*Stage.*)
And apples, bitter apples strew the ground:
(*Tasting them:*)

The inhabitants are cannibals I fear:
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
O, there the people are—best keep my distance;
Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;
Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've
laid her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his first adventure, lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought
from far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What, no reply to promises so ample?
—I'd best step back—and order up a sample,

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWIS,

In the Character of Harlequin, at his Benefit.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;

I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyeball vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[Takes off his mask.]

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth,
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!
Whose inns and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities;
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!

No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakspeare shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—
Soft! 'twas but a dream.

[treating:]

Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no rest
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that Æsop's flag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.

"The deuce confound," he cries, "these drum-
stick thanks,

"They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
"They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
"But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head,
"How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
"My horns! I'm told horns are the fashion now."
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen
drew.

[behind,

Hoicks! hark forward! came thundering from
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[Taking a jump through the stage door.]

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT *.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind;

* This Imitation having originally been adopted by
Mr. Faulkner, as a genuine poem by Swift, it has been

Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wife Aristotle and Smiglelius,
By Ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione preditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em.
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature,
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That instinct is a surer guide,
Than reason-boasting mortals pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutiorum.
Whoever knew an honest brute,
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery,
Or plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob,
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noster Row:
No judges, silders, dancing-masters,
No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds,
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others throat for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape,
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state:
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacquies, waiters,
Their master's manners still contract,
And footmen, lords, and dukes, can act.
Thus at the court, both great and small,
Behave alike, for all ape all.

STANZAS

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,

reprinted in every subsequent edition of the Dean's
Poems; and was not discovered till it was too late to
take it out of the present edition.

Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures
start.

O Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear!
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung
tear.

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be like Cupid blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

A SONNET.

WEeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection?
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

A FABLE.

(Written some time after Goldsmith's Poem of Re-
salutation.)

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

HERE Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was
mellow,

Go fetch me some clay, I'll make an odd fellow.
Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and
some dross, [cross.

Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he
Be sure as I work to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, with a mind turn'd to fic-
tions; [baking,

Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be
chaste, [fine taste;

Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail.

For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and
poet. [same,

Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great
And amongst other mortals be GOLDSMITH his
name. [appear,

When on earth this strange meteor no more shall
You, Hermes, shall fetch him to make us sport
here.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

Containing

MANNERS,
THE GYMNASIAD,

||

HONOUR,
THE STATE DUNCES;

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR:

Pope writes unhurt—but know, 'tis diff'rent quite,
To beard the lion, and to crush the mite.
Safe may he dash the statesman in each line;
There dread his satire, who dare punish mine?

MANNERS.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1794.

PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE OF P. WHITEHEAD.

PAUL WHITEHEAD was the youngest son of Mr. Edmund Whitehead, a tradesman, said to have been a tailor in Castle-Yard, Holborn; and was born in 1710, on St. Paul's day, from which circumstance he obtained his Christian name.

He received his education from a clergyman, at Hitchin, in Bedfordshire. Being intended for trade, he was placed an apprentice to a mercer in London; but, disliking his situation, he soon quitted it, and entered himself of the Temple, in order to study the law.

During his apprenticeship, he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Lowth, his fellow apprentice, the friend and executor of the celebrated tragedian Quin, through whom he became acquainted with Mr. Fleetwood, the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, an acquaintance which proved fatal to his affairs in the early part of his life.

Mr. Fleetwood, it seems, had influence enough over him to prevail upon him to enter into a joint security with him for the payment of three thousand pounds; "not," says Fleetwood, "that the obligation will be binding upon you at all; but another name is wanting as a matter of course."

Mr. Fleetwood's failure to discharge the obligation, subjected Whitehead to the penalty of the bond; and he was accordingly arrested and confined for several years within the walls of the Fleet prison.

Some years before, he had distinguished himself in the career of politics and poetry, by his conversation and writings. It was principally to Whitehead, in conjunction with the well-known Mr. Carey, the town was indebted for the amusement of the *Mock Procession* of the Free Masons, whose just and timely ridicule put the anniversary parade so much out of countenance, that it has ever since been discontinued.

His first poetical performance was, *The State Dancer*, inscribed to Pope, in 1733; and in 1738, he published *Manners*, a satire, in which some noblemen having been treated with very little respect, a complaint was made to the House of Lords, and on the 12th February 1738-9, it was voted to be scandalous; and Dodsley, the publisher of it, was taken into custody of the Black Rod, and confined a week. On this occasion, Whitehead withdrew till the storm was over.

In the famous contested election between Trentham and Vandeput, for Westminster, Whitehead exerted all his activity, frequently heading numerous bodies of the electors in person, and supplying the presses with daily advertisements and electioneering squibs, in favour of Sir George Vandeput.

His next performance was the *Gymnasiad*, published in 1744; and that was succeeded by *Honour*, a satire, in 1747.

When the Prince of Wales commenced his opposition to the Court, Whitehead connected himself with that party, and was the author of the celebrated pamphlet, called, *The Case of the Honourable Alexander Murray, Esq.* which fell under the censure of the House of Commons, who procured Mr. Owen, the publisher, to be prosecuted for vending it. In 1755, he published his *Epistle to Dr. Thompson*.

He had in 1735, married Miss Dyer, only daughter of Sir Swinnerton Dyer, of Spainsall, in Essex, with whom he is said to have received 10,000*l.*

She died young; and Whitehead, after his release from Fleetwood's debt, lived in a sort of independence, if not affluence.

He was particularly attached to Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord le Despenser, at whose house he almost constantly resided, and by whom he was held in an equal degree of estimation. When his Lordship came into office with Lord Bute's party, he procured a patent place of 800*l.* for his friend, which he enjoyed to his death.

Thus provided against the reverses of fortune, he retired to spend the evening of his days in an agreeable and convenient retreat on Twickenham Common, where he frequently entertained his friends with that species of humour which was peculiar to him, and a conviviality of disposition for which his company was ever agreeable to his acquaintance.

The ease, if not affluence, of his circumstances, in this situation, is thus poetically described by himself in his *Epistle to Dr. Thompson*.

E'er wants my table the health-cheering meal,
With Banstead mutton crown'd, or Essex veal
Smokes not, from Lincoln meads the stately loin,
O' rosy gammon of Hantonian swine.
From Dorking's roofs the feather'd victims bleed,
And Thames still wafts me ocean's scaly breed;
Though Gallia's vines their costly juice deny,
Still Tajo's banks the jocund glass supply;
Still distant worlds nectareous treasures roll,
And either India sparkles in my bowl.
Of Devon's boughs, or Dorset's bearded fields,
To Britons arms a British beverage yields.

Nor do the pleasures of the table, and the exhilarating conveniencies of good cheer, appear to have been superior to the complacency and tranquillity of mind, with which he spent the latter part of his days, as he has described it at the close of the same epistle, in a translation of King's "Apology," which he poetically applies to himself,

My ease and freedom, if for aught I vend,
Would not you cry—to Bedlam—Bedlam, friend;
But to speak out—shall what would ne'er engage
My frailer youth, now captivate my age.
What cares can vex, what terrors frightful be,
To him whose shield is hoary sixty-three.
When life itself so little worth appears,
The ministers can give no hopes, or fears!
Although grown gray within my humble gate,
I ne'er kiss'd hands, ne'er trod the rooms of state;
Yet, not unhonour'd have I liv'd, and blest
With rich convenience, careless of the rest.
What boon more grateful can the gods bestow
On those avow'd their fay'rite sons below?

For some time before his death, he lingered under a severe illness, during which he employed himself in burning his manuscripts. Though his disorder was such as no medicine could reach, he bore the excruciating pains which he suffered with great resignation, and died December 30. 1774, in the 64th year of his age. He bestowed, among other bequests, the very singular one, of his heart, on his noble friend and patron Lord le Despenser, who deposited it with great pomp and ceremony, on the 13th of August 1775, in a mausoleum, erected for that purpose in his garden, at High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, as a memorial due to so acceptable a present, as that of the heart of an honest man.

His *Poems and Miscellaneous compositions*, which he never could be prevailed on to collect and republish in his lifetime, were collected and reprinted, with explanatory notes, and his Life, by Captain Edward Thompson, with the approbation and communications of his friends and relations. The *Poems* were received into the edition of the "English Poets," 1790.

Whitehead was a facetious companion, and possessed the qualities of ingenious and ingenuous to their utmost extent. He belonged for some years to that jovial association of choice spirits, called the Beef Steak Club, held in Covent-Garden Theatre, and consisting of an heterogeneous mixture of

peers, poets, and players. As to his political principles, if we may judge of them by his writings, he appears to have been animated with that laudable zeal for liberty, which usually displays its greatest warmth in the breasts of men of genius. His apostrophe to the Patriot, on this subject, in his *Manners*, is animated and beautiful.

Thrice happy patriot ! whom no courts debase,
No titles lessen, and no stars disgrace.
Still nod the plumage o'er the brainless head ;
Still o'er the faithless heart the ribband spread.
Such toys may serve to signalize the tool,
To gild the knave, or garnish out the fool ;
While you, with Roman virtue arm'd, disdain
The tinsel trappings and the glitt'ring chain :
Fond of your freedom, spurn the venal fee,
And prove he's only great—who dares be free.

It may be doubted, however, whether in his attachment to parties in particular, he either acted or wrote from any other principle than personal views or attachments ; motives that have actuated political partizans from the days of Sallust to the present. *Bonum publicum sic certabat*. He was, indeed, generally supposed to be a Tory, with a strong tincture of the Jacobite ; for which supposition, he gave no little reason by his frequent sneers at the House of Hanover. But, if we pay any regard to the warmth which he breathes, the spirit of independence, the enthusiasm with which he speaks of public virtue, and the severity with which he lashes private vice, we may justly call in question his having any attachment to a race of tyrants from principle.

The passage in his *Manners*, beginning, *I cannot truckle to a slave in state, &c.* and that in his *Honour*, beginning, *Great in her laurell'd sages, Athens, &c.* are inconsistent with a grounded partiality to the line of the Stuarts. The truth, perhaps, is, that the party he first embraced, and to which he afterwards adhered, was as much an object of accident as choice. His disposition, indeed, appears to have had an original turn to sarcasm and satire ; but he came into life, at a time when the reputation and success of Pope had raised the character of a satirist much beyond its true standard. Pope, therefore, was chosen as the model, of which he gloried in the imitation. It must be confessed, however, that he followed him, *baud passibus æquis*, at least in his poetical career, and the success attending it, of which he pathetically complains in his *Manners*.

Pope writes unhurt—but know, 'tis different quite
To beard the lion, and to crush the mite.
Safe may he dash the statesman in each line ;
Those dread his satire, who dare punish mine.

The great and particular courtiers are always the object of the spirited satirist. Hence, as the persons then in power were Whigs, he, of course, took the side of the Tories. Hence, also, his terrible aversion at that time, to courts and drawing-rooms. And yet, when the patrons to whom a congeniality of sentiment had recommended him, had, by a similar congeniality, recommended themselves to royal patronage, it was not found that either the secondary patron, or the poet, entertained any such antipathy to courts and courtiers any longer.

His principal poems, are, *Manners*, a satire ; *The State Dunces*, a satire ; *Honour*, a satire ; *The Gymnasiad*, a mock heroic poem ; and the *Epistle to Dr. Thompson* ; which sufficiently show, that he possessed a manly strength of expression, and a flowing vein of poetry. His lesser pieces have their brighter passages ; but require no distinct consideration.

THE WORKS OF P. WHITEHEAD.

THE STATE DUNCES :

A SATIRE.

Inscribed to Mr. Pope, 1733.

"I from my soul sincerely hate
"Both kings and ministers of state."

SWIFT.

WHILE cringing crowds at faithless levees wait,
Fond to be fools of fame, or slaves of state;
And others, studious to increase their store,
Plough the rough ocean for Peruvian ore;
How blest thy fate, whom calmer hours attend,
Peace thy companion, fame thy faithful friend!
While in thy Twick'nham bow'rs, devoid of care,
You feast the fancy, and enchant the ear;
Thames gently rolls her silver tide along,
And the charm'd Naiads listen to thy song.

Here peaceful pass the gentle hours away,
While tuneful science measures out the day!
Here, happy bard, as various fancies lead,
You paint the blooming maid, or flow'ry mead!
Sound the rough clangor of tumultuous war*,
Or sing the ravish'd tendrils of the fair†:
Now melting move the tender tear to flow,
And wake our sighs with Eloisa's woe‡.
But chief, to dullness ever foe decreed,
The apes of science with thy satire bleed§;
Peers, poets, pandars, mingle in the throng,
Smart with thy touch, and tremble at thy song||.

Yet vain, O Pope! is all thy sharpest rage,
Still starv'ling dunces persecute the age;
Faithful to folly, or enrag'd with spite,
Still tasteless Timons build, and Tibbalds write;
Still Wellsted¶ tunes his beer-inspired lays,
And Ralph, in metre, holds forth Stanhope's praise.
Ah! hapless victim to the poet's flame,
While his eulogiums crucify thy fame.

Shall embryo wits thy studious hours engage,
Live in thy labours, and profane thy page;
While virtue, ever-lov'd, demands thy lays,
And claims the tuneful tribute of thy praise?
Can Pope be silent, and not grateful lend
One strain to sing the patriot and the friend,

Who, nobly anxious in his country's cause,
Maintains her honours, and defends her laws?
Could I, my bard, but equal numbers raise,
Then would I sing—for, oh! I burst to praise—
Sing how a Pult'ney* charms the list'ning throng,
While senates hang enraptur'd on his tongue;
With Tully's fire how each oration glows,
In Tully's music how each period flows;
Instruct each babe to lip the patriot's name,
Who in each bosom breathes a Roman flame.

So, when the genius of the Roman rage,
Stemm'd the strong torrent of tyrannic age,
In freedom's cause each glowing breast he warm'd,
And, like a Pult'ney, then a Brutus charm'd.

How blest, while we a British Brutus see,
And all the Roman stands confest in thee!
Equal thy worth, but equal were thy doom,
To save Britannia, as he rescu'd Rome:
He from a Tarquin snatch'd the destin'd prey;
Britannia still laments a Walpole's sway.

Arise, my tuneful bard, nor thus in vain
Let thy Britannia, whom thou lov'st, complain:
If thou in mournful lays relate her woe,
Each heart shall bleed, each eye with pity flow;
If to revenge you swell the sounding strain,
Revenge and fury fire each British swain:
Obsequious to thy verse each breast shall move,
Or burn with rage, or soften into love.

O let Britannia be her poet's care!
And lash the spoiler, while you save the fair.
Lo! where he stands, amidst the servile crew,
Nor blushes stain his cheek with crimson hue;
While dire corruption all around he spreads,
And ev'ry ductile conscience captive leads:
Brib'd by his boons, behold the venal band
Worship the idol they could once command!
So Britain's now, as Judah's sons before,
First raise a golden calf, and then adore.

Let dull Parnassian sons of rhyme no more
Provoke thy satire, and employ thy pow'r;
New objects rise to share an equal fate,
The big, rich, mighty, dunces of the state.
Shall Ralph, Cooke, Welsted, then engross thy
rage,

While courts afford a Hervey, York, or Crag,
Dullness no more roosts only near the sky,
But senates, drawing-rooms, with garrets vie;
Plump peers, and breadless bards, alike are dull;
St. James's and Rag-fair club fool for fool.

* Homer. † Rape of the Lock.

‡ Eloisa to Abbad. § Dunciad. || Epistles.

¶ Two authors, remarkable for nothing so much as
the figure they make in the Dunciad.

* Afterwards Earl of Bath.

Amidst the mighty dull, behold how great
 An Appius swells the Tibbald of the state!
 Long had he strove to spread his lawless sway
 O'er Britain's sons, and force them to obey;
 But, blasted all his blooming hopes, he flies
 To vent his woe, and mourn his lost excise.

Pensive he sat, and sigh'd, while round him lay
 Loads of dull lumber, all inspir'd by pay:
 Here, puny pamphlets, spun from prelates' brains;
 There, the smooth jingle of Cooke's lighter strains;
 Here, Walsingham's * soft lulling opiates spread;
 There, gloomy Osborn's * quintessence of lead:
 With these the statesman strove to ease his care,
 To sooth his sorrows, and divert despair:
 But long his grief sleep's gentle aid denies;
 At length a slumb'rous Briton clos'd his eyes.

Yet vain the healing balm of downy rest,
 To chase his woe, or ease his lab'ring breast:
 Now frightful forms rise hideous to his view,
 More, Stafford, Laud, and all the headless crew;
 Daggers and halberts boding terror breeds,
 And here a Dudley swings, there Villiers bleeds.

Now goddess dullness, watchful o'er his fate,
 And ever anxious for her child of state,
 From couch of down flow rais'd her drowsy head
 Forsook her slumbers, and to Appius sped.

Awake, my son, awake, the goddess cries,
 Nor longer mourn thy darling lost excise:
 (Here the sad sound unseal'd the statesman's
 eyes)

Why slumbers thus my son, oppress'd with care?
 While dullness rules, say, shall her sons despair?
 O'er all I spread my universal sway;
 Kings, prelates, peers, and rulers, all obey:
 Lo! in the church my mighty pow'r I shew,
 In pulpit preach, and slumber in the pew;
 The bench and bar alike my influence owns;
 Here prate my magpies, and there doze my drones.
 In the grave done, how formal is my mien,
 Who rule the gallipots of Warwick-lane!
 At court behold me strut in purple pride,
 At Hockley roar, and in Crane-court preside.
 But chief in thee my mighty pow'r is seen;
 'Tis I inspire thy mind, and fill thy mien:
 On thee, my child, my duller blessings shed,
 And pour my opium o'er thy fav'rite head;
 Rals'd thee a ruler of Britannia's fate,
 And led thee blund'ring to the helm of state.

Here how'd the statesman low, and thus address'd:
 O goddess, sole inspirer of my breast!
 To gall the British neck with Gallic chain,
 Long have I strove, but long have strove in vain;
 While Caleb †, rebel to thy sacred pow'r,
 Unveils those eyes which thou hast curtain'd o'er;
 Makes Britain's sons my dark designs foresee,
 Blast all my schemes, and struggle to be free.
 O, had my projects met a milder fate,
 How had I reign'd a bathaw of the state!
 How o'er Britannia spread imperial sway!
 How taught each free-born Briton to obey!

* Names assumed by writers of two ministerial papers.

† Caleb d' Anvers, the name assumed by the writers of the Craftsman.

No smiling freedom then had cheer'd her swains;
 But Asia's deserts vy'd with Albion's plains:
 Turks, Vandals, Britain! then compar'd with thee,
 Had hugg'd their chains, and joy'd that they were free;

While wond'ring nations all around had seen
 Me rise a great Mogul, or Mazarin:
 Then had I taught Britannia to adore,
 Then led her captive to my lawless pow'r.
 Methinks I view her now no more appear
 First in the train, and fairest 'midst the fair:
 Joyless I see the lovely mourner lie,
 Nor glow her cheek, nor sparkle now her eye;
 Faded each grace, no smiling feature warm;
 Torn all her tresses, blighted ev'ry charm:
 Nor teeming plenty now each valley crowns;
 Slaves are her sons, and tradeless all her towns,
 For this, behold yon peaceful army fed;
 For this, on senators see my bounty shed;
 For this, what wonders, goddess, have I wrought!
 How bully'd, begg'd, how treated, and how fought!
 What wand'ring maze of error blunder'd through,
 And how repair'd old blunders still by new!
 Hence the long train of never-ending jars,
 Of warful peaces, and of peaceful wars,
 Each mystic treaty of the mighty store,
 Which to explain demands ten treatises more:
 Hence scarecrow navies, floating raree-shows;
 And hence Iberia's pride, and Britain's woes.
 These wond'rous works, O goddess! have I done,
 Works ever worthy dullness' fav'rite son.

Lo! on thy sons alone my favours show'r;
 None share my bounty that disdain thy pow'r:
 Yon feathers, ribbons, titles light as air,
 Behold, thy choicest children only share:
 Each views the pageant with admiring eyes,
 And fondly grasps the visionary prize;
 Now proudly spreads his leading-string of state,
 And thinks—to be a wretch, is to be great.

But turn, O goddess! turn thine eyes, and view
 The darling leaders of thy gloomy crew.

Full open-mouth'd Newcastle there behold,
 Aping a Tully, swell into a scold,
 Grievous to mortal ear.—As at the place
 Where loud-tongu'd virgins vend the scaly race,
 Harsh peals of vocal thunder fill the skies,
 And stunning sounds in hideous discord rise;
 So, when he tries the wond'rous power of noise,
 Each hapless ear's a victim to his voice. [mend

How blest, O Chelfelden *! whose art can
 Those ears Newcastle was ordain'd to rend.

See Harrington secure in silence sit;
 No empty words betray his want of wit:
 If sense in hiding folly is express'd,
 O Harrington! thy wisdom stands confess'd.

To dullness sacred cause for ever true,
 Thy darling Caledonian, goddess, view;
 The pride and glory of thy Scotia's plains,
 And faithful leader of her venal swains:
 Loaded he moves beneath a servile weight,
 The dull laborious packhorse of the state;
 Drudges through tracks of infamy for pay,
 And hackneys out his conscience by the day:

* William Chelfelden, an eminent surgeon.

Yonder stands the busy peerless peer,
With aspect meagre and important air;
His form how Gothic, and his looks how sage!
He seems the living Plato of the age.

Blest form! in which alone thy merit's seen,
Since all thy wisdom centers in thy mien!

Here Egmont, Albemarle (for senates fit),
And W—— by the wife, in council sit:
Here looby G——n, Gr——m ever dull,
By birth a senator, by fate a fool!

While these, Britannia, watchful o'er thy state,
Maintain thine honours, and direct thy fate;
How shall admiring nations round adore,
Behold thy greatness, tremble at thy pow'r;
New Shebas come, invited by thy fame,
Revere thy wisdom, and extol thy name!

Lo! to yon bench now, goddess, turn thine eyes,
And view thy sons in solemn dullness rise;
All doating, wrinkled, grave, and gloomy; see
Each form confess thy dull divinity;
True to thy cause behold each trencher'd sage
Increas'd in folly as advanc'd in age:

Here Ch——r, learn'd in mystic prophecy,
Confuting Collins, makes each prophet lie:
Poor Woolston by thy Smallbrook there assail'd;
Gaols sure convinc'd him, though the prelate fail'd.

But chief Pastorius, ever grave and dull,
Devoid of sense, of zeal divinely full,
Retail his squibs of science o'er the town,
While charges, past'als, through each street re-
sound;

These teach a heav'nly Jesus to obey,
While those maintain an earthly Appius' sway.
Thy gospel truth, Pastorius, crost we see,
While God and Mammon's serv'd at once by
thee.

Who would not trim, speak, vote, or conscience
To lord it o'er a fee, and swell in lawn?
Ifarts like those, O Sherlock, honours claim,
Than these none merits more the prelate's name:
Wond'ring behold him faithful to his fee,
Prove parliaments dependent to be free;
In senates blunder, flounder, and dispute,
For ever reas'ning, never to confute.
Since courts for this their fated gifts decree,
Say, what is reputation to a fee?

Lo! o'er yon flood Hare casts his low'ring eyes,
And wishful sees the rev'rend turrets rise.
While Lambeth opens to thy longing view,
Hapless! the mitre ne'er can bind thy brow:
Though courts should deign the gift, how won-
d'rous hard

By thy own doctrines still to be debarr'd!
For, if from change * such mighty evil springs,
Translations sure, O Hare! are sinful things.

These rulers see, and nameless numbers more,
O goddess, of thy train the choicest store,
Who ignorance in gravity entrench,
And grace alike the pulpit and the bench.

Full plac'd and pension'd, see! Horatio stands;
Begrim'd his face, unpurify'd his hands:

* A noted sermon preached on the 30th of January, on this text, "We be unto them that are given to change," &c.

To decency he scorns all nice pretence,
And reigns firm foe to cleanliness and sense:
How did Horatio Britain's cause advance!
How shine the flower and buffoon of France!
In senates now, how scold, how rave, how roar,
Of treaties run the tedious train-trow o'er!

How blunder out what'er should be conceal'd,
And how keep secret what should be reveal'd!
True child of dullness! see him, goddess, claim
Pow'r next myself, as next in birth and fame.

Silence! ye senates, while enribbon'd Young
Pours forth melodious nothings from his tongue!
How sweet the accents play around the ear,
Form'd of smooth periods, and of well-tun'd air!
Leave, gentle Young, the senate's dry debate,
Nor labour 'midst the labyrinths of state;
Suit thy soft genius to more tender themes,
And sing of cooling shades, and purling streams;
With modern sing-song murder ancient plays;
Or warble in sweet ode a Brunswick's praise:
So shall thy strains in purer dullness flow,
And laurels wither on a Ciber's brow.

Say, can the statesman wield the poet's quill,
And quit the senate for Parnassus' hill?
Since there no venal vote a pension shares,
Nor wants Apollo lords commissioners.

There W—— and P——, goddess, view,
Firm in thy cause, and to thy Appius true!
Lo! from their labours what reward betides!
One pays my army, one my navy guides.

To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the fair,
"Conduct a singer, or reclaim a hair,"
O'er baleful tea with females taught to blame,
And spread a slander o'er a virgin's fame;
Form'd for these softer arts shall Hervey strain
With stubborn politics his tender brain!
For ministers laborious pamphlets write,
In senates prattle, and with patriots fight;
Thy fond ambition, pretty youth, give o'er,
Preside at balls, old fashions lost restore;
So shall each toilette in thy cause engage,
And H——y shine a P——re of the age.

Behold a star emblazon C——n's coat!
Not that the knight has merit, but a vote.
And here, O goddess, num'rous wrongheads trace,
Lur'd by a pension, ribband, or a place:

To murder science, and my cause defend,
Now shoals of Grub-street garretteers descend,
From schools and desks the writing insects crawl,
Unlade their dullness, and for Appius bawl.

Lo! to thy darling Osborne turn thine eyes,
See him o'er politics superior rise:
While Caleb feels the venom of his quill,
And wond'ring ministers reward his skill:
Unlearn'd in logic, yet he writes by rule,
And proves himself in syllogism—a fool;

* This gentleman, with the assistance of Rempe, Concanen, and several others, committed a barbarous murder on the body of an old comedy, by turning it into a modern ballad opera; which was scarce exhibited on the stage, before it was thought necessary to be contracted into one act. As this is the only living instance of the surprising genius and abilities of these wits, I could not forbear mentioning it.

Now flies obedient, war with sense to wage,
And drags th' idea through the painful page;
Unread, unanswer'd, still he writes again,
Still spins the endless cobweb of his brain;
Charm'd with each line, reviewing what he writ,
Blesses his stars, and wonders at his wit.

Nor less, O Walsingham, thy worth appears!

Alike in merit, though unlike in years:
Ill-fated youth! what stars malignant shed
Their baneful influence o'er thy brainless head,
Doom'd to be ever writing, never read!
For bread to libel liberty and ease,
And damn thy patron weekly with defence.
Drench'd in the fable flood, O hadst thou still
O'er skins of parchment drove thy venal quill,
At Temple ale-house told an idle tale,
And pawn'd thy credit for a mug of ale;
Unknown to Appius then had been thy name,
Uplac'd thy coat, unsacrific'd his fame;
Nor vast unvedded-reams would Peele deplore,
As victims destin'd to the common shore.

As dunce to dunce in endless numbers breed,
So to Concanen see a Ralph succeed;
A tiny witling of these writing days, [plays.
Full-fam'd for tuneless rhymes, and short-liv'd
Write on, my luckless bard, still unasham'd,
Though burnt thy journals, and thy dramas
damn'd;

'Tis bread inspires thy politics and lays,
Not thirst of immortality or praise.

These, goddess, view, the choicest of the train,
While yet unnumber'd dunces still remain;
Deans, critics, lawyers, bards, a motley crew,
To dullness faithful, as to Appius true.

Enough, the goddess cries, enough I've seen;
While these support, secure my son shall reign;
Still shalt thou blund'ring rule Britannia's fate,
Still Grub-street hail thee minister of state.

MANNERS:

A SATIRE, 1738.

"Paulus vel Cossus vel Drusus moribus esto."

JUVENAL.

"WELL—of all plagues which make mankind
their sport, [—a court.

"Guard me, ye Heav'ns! from that worst plague

"Midst the mad mansions of Moorfields, I'd be

"A straw-crown'd monarch, in mock majesty,

"Rather than sovereign rule Britannia's fate,

"Curs'd with the follies and the farce of state.

"Rather in Newgate walls, O! let me dwell,

"A doleful tenant of the darkling cell.

"Than swell, in palaces, the mighty store

"Of fortune's fools, and parasites of pow'r.

"Than crowns, ye gods! be any state my doom,

"Or any dungeon, but—a drawing-room.

"Thrice happy patriot! whom no courts de-

"base,

"No titles lessen, and no stars disgrace.

"Still nod the plumage o'er the brainless head;

"Still o'er the faithless heart the ribband spread.

"Such toys may serve to signalize the fool,

"To gild the knave, or garnish out the fool;

"While, you, with Roman virtue arm'd, disdain

"The tinsel trappings and the glittering chain:

"Fond of your freedom spurn the venal fee,

"And prove he's only great—who dares be free."

Thus fang Philemon in his calm retreat,

Too wise for pow'r, too virtuous to be great.

But whence this rage at courts? reply'd his

grace,

Say, is the mighty crime, to be in place?

Is that the deadly sin, mark'd out by Heav'n,

For which no mortal e'er can be forgiv'n?

Must all, all suffer, who in courts engage,

Down from lord steward, to the puny page?

Can courts and places be such sinful things,

The sacred gifts and palaces of kings?

A place may claim our rev'rence, Sir, I own;

But then the man its dignity must crown:

'Tis not the truncheon, or the ermine's pride,

Can screen the coward, or the knave can hide.

Let Stair and ***† head our arms and law,

The judge and gen'ral must be view'd with

awe:

The villain then would shudder at the bar;

And Spain grow humble at the sound of war.

What courts are sacred, when I tell your grace,

Manners alone must sanctify the place?

Hence only each its proper name receives;

Haywood's a brothel; White's ‡ a den of thieves;

Bring whores and thieves to court, you change

the scene,

St. James's turns the brothel, and the den.

Who would the courtly chapel holy call,

Though the whole bench should consecrate the

wall?

While the trim chaplain, conscious of a fee,

Cries out, "My king, I have no God but thee;"

Lifts to the royal seat the asking eye,

And pays to George the tribute of the sky;

Proves sin alone from humble roofs must spring;

Nor can one earthly failing stain a king.

Bishops and kings may consecrate, 'tis true;

Manners alone claim homage as their due.

Without, the court and church are both profane,

Whatever prelate preach, or monarch reign;

Religion's rostrum virtue's scaffold grows,

And crowns and mitres are mere raree-shows.

In vain, behold yon rev'rend turrets rise,

And Sarum's sacred spire salute the skies!

If the lawn'd Levite's earthly vote be sold,

And God's free gift retail'd for Mammon gold;

No rev'rence can the proud cathedral claim,

But Henley's shop, and Sherlock's, are the same.

Whence have St. Stephen's walls so hallow'd

been?

Whence? from the virtue of his sons within.

† It is to be lamented that the barrenness of the present times obliges the author to trust to posterity, for the supply of a proper character in this place.

‡ Dr. Swift says, "That the late Earl of Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's chocolate-house (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the English nobility."

But should some guileful serpent void of grace,
Glide in its bounds, and poison all the place;
Should e'er the sacred voice be set to sale,
And o'er the heart the golden fruit prevail;
The place is alter'd, Sir; nor think it strange
To see the senate sink into a change.

Or court, or church, or senate-house, or hall,
Manners alone beam dignity on all.
Without their influence, palaces are cells;
Crane-court *, a magazine of cockle-shells;
The solemn bench no bosom strikes with awe,
But Westminster's a warehouse of the law.

These honest truths, my lord, deny you can;
Since all allow that 'Manners make the man.'
Hence only glories to the great belong,
Or peers must mingle with the peasant throng.

Though strung with ribbands, yet behold his
grace

Shines but a lacquey in a higher place!
Strip the gay liv'ry from the courtier's back,
What marks the difference 'twixt my lord and jack?
The same mean, supple, mercenary knave,
The tool of power, and of state the slave:
Alike the vassal heart in each prevails,
And all his lordship boasts is larger vales.

Wealth, manors, titles, may descend, 'tis true;
But ev'ry heir must merit's claim renew.

Who blushes not to see a C— heir
Turn slave to found, and languish for a play'r †?
What piping, fiddling, squeaking, quav'ring, bawling!

What sing-song riot, and what eunuch-squawling!
C—, thy worth all Italy shall own,
A statesman fit, where Nero ‡ fill'd the throne.

See poor Lævinus, anxious for renown,
Through the long gallery trace his lineage down,
And claim each hero's visage for his own.
What though in each the self-same features shine,
Unless some lineal virtue marks the line,
In vain, alas! he boasts his grandfire's name,
Or hopes to borrow lustre from his fame.
Who but must smile, to see the tim'rous peer
Point 'mong his race our bulwark in the war?
Or in sad English tell how senates hung
On the sweet music of his father's tongue?
Unconscious, though his fires were wise and brave,
Their virtues only find in him a grave.

Not so with Stanhope ||: see by him sustain'd
Each hoary honour which his fires had gain'd.
To him the virtues of his race appear
The precious portion of five hundred year;
Defended down, by him to be enjoy'd,
Yet holds the talent lost, if unemploy'd.
From hence behold his gen'rous ardour rise,
To swell the sacred stream with fresh supplies:

* The Royal Society.

† That living witness of the folly, extravagance,
and depravity of the English Farinello, who is now at
the court of Spain, triumphing in the spoils of our
nobility, as their pirates are in those of our injured
merchants.

‡ A Roman emperor remarkable for his passion for
music.

|| The Earl of Chesterfield.

Abroad, the guardian of his country's cause;
At home, a Tully to defend her laws.
Senates with awe the patriot sounds imbibe,
And bold corruption almost drops the bribe.

Thus added worth to worth, and grace to grace,
He beams new glories back upon his race.

Ask ye, what's honour? I'll the truth impart.
Know, honour, then, is honesty of heart.
To the sweet scenes of social Stow * repair,
And search the master's breast,—You'll find it
there.

Too proud to grace the sycophant or slave,
It only harbours with the wife and brave;
Ungain'd by titles, places, wealth, or birth;
Learn this, and learn to blush, ye sons of earth!
Blush to behold this ray of nature made
The victim of a ribband, or cockade.

Ask the proud peer, what's honour? he displays
A purchas'd patent, or the herald's blaze;
Or, if the royal smile his hopes has blest,
Points to the glittering glory on his breast;
Yet, if beneath no real virtue reign,
On the gay coat the star is but a stain:
For I could whisper in his lordship's ear,
Worth only beams true radiance on the star.

Hence see the garter'd glory dart its rays,
And shine round E— with redoubled blaze:
Ask ye from whence this flood of lustre's seen?
Why E— whispers, votes, and saw Turin's

Long Mile reign'd the minion of renown;
Loud his eulogiums echo'd through the town:
Where'er he went, still crowds around him
throng,

And hail'd the patriot as he pass'd along.
See the lost peer, unhonour'd now by all,
Steal through the street, or skulk along the mall;
Applauding sounds no more salute his ear,
But the loud Pean's sunk into a sneer.
Whence, you'll inquire, could spring a change
so sad?

Why, the poor man ran military mad;
By this mistaken maxim still misled,
That men of honour must be cloth'd in red.
My grandfire wore it, Milo cries—'tis good;
But know, the grandfire stain'd it red with blood.
First 'midst the deathful dangers of the field,
He shone his country's guardian, and its shield;
Taught Danube's stream with Gallic gore to
flow;

Hence bloom'd the laurel on the grandfire's brow;
But shall the son expect the wreath to wear,
For the mock triumphs of an Hyde-Park war?
Sooner shall Bunhill, Blenheim's glories claim,
Or Biller's rival brave Eugene in fame;
Sooner a like reward their labours crown,
Who storm a dunghill, and who sack a town.

Mark our bright youths, how gallant and how
gay,

Fresh plum'd and powder'd in review array.
Unspoil'd each feature by the martial fear,
Lo! A— assumes the god of war;
Yet vain, while prompt to arms by plume and pay,
He claims the soldier's name from soldier's play.

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

This truth, my warrior, treasure in thy breast,
A standing soldier is a standing jest.
When bloody battles dwindle to reviews,
Armies must then descend to puppet shows;
Where the lac'd log may strut the soldier's part,
Bedeck'd with feather, though unarm'd with heart.

There are who say, "You lash the sins of men!
"Leave, leave to Pope the poignance of the pen;
"Hope not the bays shall wreath around thy
"head;

"Fannius may write, but Flaccus will be read."
Shall only one have privilege to blame!
What then, are vice and folly royal game?
Must all be poachers who attempt to kill?
All, but the mighty sovereign of the quill?
Shall Pope, alone, the plenteous harvest have,
And I not glean one straggling fool, or knave?
Praise, 'tis allow'd, is free to all mankind;
Say, why should honest satire be confin'd?
Though, like th' immortal bard's, my feeble dart
Stains not its feather in the culprit heart;
Yet know, the smallest insect of the wing
The horse may tease, or elephant can sting;
Ev'n I, by chance, some lucky darts may show'r,
And gall some great Leviathans of pow'r.

I name not Walpole; you the reason guess;
Mark yon fell happy hov'ring o'er the press.
Secure the muse may sport with names of kings;
But ministers, my friend, are dang'rous things.
Who would have Paxton * answer what he writ;
Or special juries, judges of his wit?

Pope writes unhurt—but know, 'tis diff'rent
quite

To beard the lion, and to crush the mite.
Safe may he dash the statesman in each line;
Those dread his satire, who dare punish mine.

Turn, turn your satire then, you cry, to praise,
Why, praise is satire, in these sinful days.
Say, should I make a patriot of Sir Bill,
Or swear that G——'s Duke has wit at will;
From the gull'd knight could I expect a place,
Or hope to lie a dinner from his grace,
Though a reward be graciously bestow'd
On the soft satire of each birth-day ode?

The good and bad alike with praise are blest;
Yet those who merit most, still want it least:
But conscious vice still courts the cheering ray,
While virtue shines, nor asks the glare of day.
Need I to any, Pul'ney's worth declare?
Or tell him Carteret charms, who has an ear?
Or, Pitt, can thy example be unknown,
While each fond father marks it to his son?

I cannot truckle to a slave in state,
And praise a blockhead's wit, because he's great:
Down, down, ye hungry garretters, descend,
Call Walpole † Burleigh call him Britain's friend;
Behold the genial ray of gold appear,
And rouse, ye swarms of Grub-street and Rag-
fair.

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the *Craftsman*.

See with what zeal you tiny insect * burn
And follows queens from palaces to urns;
Though cruel death has cloth'd the royal ear,
The flatt'ring fly still buzzes round the bier:
But what avails, since queens no longer live?
Why, kings can read, and kings, you know, may
give.

A mire may repay his heav'nly crown,
And, while he decks her brow, adorn his own.

Let Laureat Cibber birth-day sonnets sing,
Or Fanny crawl, an ear-wig on the king:
While one is void of wit, and one of grace,
Why should I envy either song or place?
I could not flatter, the rich butt to gain;
Nor sink a slave, to rise vice chamberlain.

Perish my verse! where'er one venal line
Bedaubs a duke, or makes a king divine,
First bid me swear, he's found who has the plague,
Or Horace rival Stanhope at the Hague.
What, shall I turn a pandar to the throne,
And lift with B—ll † to roar for half-a-crown?
Sooner T—r—I shall with Tully vie,
Or W—n—n in senate scorn a he;
Sooner Iberia tremble for her fate
From M——h's arms, or Ab——n's debate.

Though fawning flatt'ry ne'er shall taint my lays,
Yet know, when virtue calls, I burst to praise.
Behold yon temple ‡ rais'd by Cobham's hand,
Sacred to worthies of his native land:
Ages were ransom'd for the wife and great,
Till Barnard came, and made the group com-
plete.

Be Barnard there—enliven'd by the voice,
Each busto bow'd, and sanctify'd the choice.

Pointless all satire in these iron times;
Too faint are colours, and too feeble rhymes.
Rise then, gay fancy, future glories bring,
And stretch o'er happier days thy healing wing.
Rapt into thought, lo! I Britannia see
Rising superior o'er the subject sea;
View her gay pendants spread their silken wings,
Big with the fate of empires, and of kings:
The tow'ring barks dance lightly o'er the main,
And roll their thunder through the realms of
Spain.

Peace, violated maid, they ask no more,
But waft her back triumphant to our shore;
While buxom plenty, laughing in her train,
Glads ev'ry heart, and crowns the warrior's pain.
On, fancy, on! still stretch the pleasing scene,
And bring fair freedom with her golden reign;
Cheer'd by whose beams ev'n meagre want can
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But scorning these base arts, I present the following poem to you, unforsaken by either flattery or interest; since your modesty would defend you against the poison of the one, and your known economy prevent an author's expectations of the other. I shall therefore only tell you what you really are, and leave those (whose patrons are of the higher class) to tell them what they really are not. But such is the depravity of human nature, that every compliment we bestow on another, is too apt to be deemed a satire on ourselves; yet, surely, while I am praising the strength of your arm, no politician can think it meant as a reflection on the weakness of his head; or, while I am justifying your title to the character of a man, will any modern *petit maître* think it an impeachment of his affinity to that of its mimic counterfeit, a monkey?

Were I to attempt a description of your qualifications, I might justly have recourse to the majesty of Agamemnon, the courage of Achilles, the strength of Ajax, and the wisdom of Ulysses; but, as your own heroic actions afford us the best mirror of your merits, I shall leave the reader to view in that the amazing lustre of a character, a few traits of which only the following poem was intended to display; and in which, had the ability of the poet equalled the magnanimity of his hero, I doubt not but the Gymnasiad had, like the immortal Iliad, been handed down to the admiration of all posterity.

As your superior merits contributed towards raising you to the dignities you now enjoy, and placed you even as the safeguard of royalty itself, so I cannot help thinking it happy for the prince, that he is now able to boast one real champion in his service: and what Frenchman would not tremble

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ble more at the puissant arm of a Broughton, than at the ceremonious gauntlet of a Dimmock?

I am, with the most profound respect to your heroic virtues, your most devoted, and most humble servant.

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS OF THE POEM.

It is an old saying, that necessity is the mother of invention: it should seem then that poetry, which is a species of invention, must naturally derive its being from the same origin; hence it will be easy to account for the many flimsy ghost-like apparitions that every day make their appearance among us; for if it be true, as naturalists observe, that the health and vigour of the mother is necessary to produce the like qualities in the child, what issue can be expected from the womb of so meagre a parent?

But there is another species of poetry, which, instead of owing its birth to the belly, like Minerva, springs at once from the head: of this kind are those productions of wit, sense, and spirit; which once born, like the goddess herself, immediately become immortal. It is true, these are a sort of miraculous births, and therefore it is no wonder they should be found so rare among us.—As glory is the noble inspirer of the latter, so hunger is the natural incentive of the former: thus fame and food are the spurs with which every poet mounts his Pegasus; but, as the impetus of the belly is apt to be more cogent than that of the head, so you will ever see the one pricking and goading a tired jade to a hobbling trot, while the other only incites the foaming steed to a majestic capriol.

The gentle reader, it is apprehended, will not long be at a loss to determine, which species the following production ought to be ranked under; but as the parent most unnaturally cast it out as the spurious issue of his brain, and even cruelly denies it the common privilege of his name; struck with the delectable beauty of its features, I could not avoid adopting the little poetic orphan, and by dressing it up with a few notes, &c. present it to the public as perfect as possible.

Had I, in imitation of other great authors, only consulted my interest in the publication of this inimitable piece (which doubtless will undergo numerous impressions), I might first have sent it into the world naked, then, by the addition of a commentary, notes *variorum*, *prolegomena*, and all that, levied a new tax upon the public; and, after all, by a sort of modern poetical legerdemain, changing the name of the principal hero, and inserting a few hypercriticisms of a flattering friend's, have rendered the former editions incorrect, and cozened the curious reader out of a treble consideration for the same work; but however this may suit the tricking arts of a bookseller, it is certainly much below the sublime genius of an author.—I know it will be said, that a man has an equal right to make as much as he can of his wit, as well as of his money: but then it ought to be considered, whether there may not be such a

3 H

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ble more at the puissant arm of a Broughton, than at the ceremonious gauntlet of a Dimmock?

I am, with the most profound respect to your heroic virtues, your most devoted, and most humble servant.

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS OF THE POEM.

It is an old saying, that necessity is the mother of invention: it should seem then that poetry, which is a species of invention, must naturally derive its being from the same origin; hence it will be easy to account for the many flimsy ghost-like apparitions that every day make their appearance among us; for if it be true, as naturalists observe, that the health and vigour of the mother is necessary to produce the like qualities in the child, what issue can be expected from the womb of so meagre a parent?

But there is another species of poetry, which, instead of owing its birth to the belly, like Minerva, springs at once from the head: of this kind are those productions of wit, sense, and spirit; which once born, like the goddess herself, immediately become immortal. It is true, these are a sort of miraculous births, and therefore it is no wonder they should be found so rare among us.—As glory is the noble inspirer of the latter, so hunger is the natural incentive of the former: thus fame and food are the spurs with which every poet mounts his Pegasus; but, as the impetus of the belly is apt to be more cogent than that of the head, so you will ever see the one pricking and goading a tired jade to a hobbling trot, while the other only incites the foaming steed to a majestic capriol.

The gentle reader, it is apprehended, will not long be at a loss to determine, which species the following production ought to be ranked under; but as the parent most unaturally cast it out as the spurious issue of his brain, and even cruelly denies it the common privilege of his name; struck with the delectable beauty of its features, I could not avoid adopting the little poetic orphan, and by dressing it up with a few notes, &c. present it to the public as perfect as possible.

Had I, in imitation of other great authors, only consulted my interest in the publication of this inimitable piece (which doubtless will undergo numerous impressions), I might first have sent it into the world naked, then, by the addition of a commentary, notes *variorum*, *prolegomena*, and all that, levied a new tax upon the public; and, after all, by a sort of modern poetical legerdemain, changing the name of the principal hero, and inserting a few hypercritics of a flattering friend's, have rendered the former editions incorrect, and cozened the curious reader out of a treble consideration for the same work; but however this may suit the tricking arts of a bookseller, it is certainly much below the sublime genius of an author.—I know it will be said, that a man has an equal right to make as much as he can of his wit, as well as of his money: but then it ought to be considered, whether there may not be such a

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thing as usury in both; and the law having only provided against it in one instance, is, I apprehend, no very moral plea for the practice of it in the other *.

The judicious reader will easily perceive, that the following poem, in all its properties, partakes of the epic; such as fighting, speeching, bullying, ranting, &c. (to say nothing of the moral); and, as many thousand verses are thought necessary to the construction of this kind of poem, it may be objected, that this is too short to be ranked under that class: to which I shall only answer, that as conciseness is the last fault a writer is apt to commit, so it is generally the first a reader is willing to forgive; and though it may not be altogether so long, yet I dare say, it will not be found less replete with the true *vis poetica*, than (not to mention the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, &c.) even *Leonidas* itself.

It may farther be objected, that the characters of our principal heroes are too humble for the grandeur of the epic fable; but the candid reader will be pleased to observe, that they are not here celebrated in their mechanic, but in their heroic capacities, as boxers, who, by the ancients themselves, have ever been esteemed worthy to be immortalized in the noblest works of this nature; of which the *Epæus* and *Euryalus* of Homer, and the *Entellus* and *Dares* of Virgil, are incontestable authorities. And as those authors were ever careful, that their principal personages (however mean in themselves) should derive their pedigree from some deity, or illustrious hero, so our author has, with equal propriety, made his spring from *Phaëton* and *Neptune*; under which characters he beautifully allegorizes their different occupations of waterman and coachman.—But, for my own part, I cannot conceive that the dignity of the hero's profession is anywise essential to that of the action; for, if the greatest persons are guilty of the meanest actions, why may not the greatest actions be ascribed to the meanest persons?

As the main action of this poem is entirely supported by the principal heroes themselves, it has been maliciously insinuated to be designed, as an unmannerly reflection on a late glorious victory, where, it is pretended, the whole action was achieved without the interposition of the principal heroes at all.—But as the most innocent meanings

* As this may be thought to be particularly aimed at an author who was lately reported to be dead, and whose left all lovers of the muses would have the greatest reason to lament; it may not be improper to assure the reader, that it was written, and intended to have been published, before that report, and was only meant as an attack upon the general abuse of this kind.—As to our author himself, he has frequently given public testimonies of his veneration for that great man's genius; nor may it be unentertaining to the reader, to acquaint him with one private instance: Immediately on hearing the report of Mr. Pope's death, he was heard to break forth in the following exclamation.

Pope dead!—Hush, hush, report, the stand'rous lye;

Fame says he lives—immortals never die.

may, by ill minds, be wrested to the most wicked purposes, if any such construction should be made, I will venture to affirm, that it must proceed from the factious venom of the reader, and not from any disloyal malignity in our author, who is too well acquainted with the power, ever to arraign the purity of government: besides, the poignance of the sword is too prevalent for that of the pen; and who, when there are at present so many thousand unanswerable standing arguments ready to defend, would ever be *Quixote* enough to attack, either the omnipotence of a prince, or the omniscience of his ministers?

Were I to attempt an analysis of this poem, I could demonstrate that it contains (as much as a piece of so sublime a nature will admit of) all those true standards of wit, humour, raillery, satire, and ridicule, which a late writer has so marvelously discovered, and might, on the part of our author, say with that profound critic—*Facta est Alca*: but as the obscurity of a beauty too strongly argues the want of one, so an endeavour to elucidate the merits of the following performance, might be apt to give the reader a disadvantageous impression against it, as it might tacitly imply they were too mysterious to come within the compass of his comprehension. I shall therefore leave them to his more curious observation, and bid him heartily farewell.—*Legere et delectare.*

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE invocation, the proposition, the night before the battle described; the morning opens, and discovers the multitude hastening to the place of action; their various professions, dignities, &c. illustrated; the spectators being seated, the youthful combatants are first introduced; their manner of fighting displayed; to these succeed the champions of a higher degree; their superior abilities marked, some of the most eminent particularly celebrated; meanwhile, the principal heroes are represented sitting, and ruminating on the approaching combat, when the herald summons them to the lists.

SING, sing, O muse! the dire contested fray,
And bloody honours of that dreadful day,
When Phaëton's bold son (tremendous name)!
Dar'd Neptune's offspring to the lists of fame.

Ver. 3, 4. It is usual for poets to call the sons after the names of their fathers; as *Agamemnon* the son of *Atreus*, and *Achilles* the son of *Peleus*, are frequently termed *Pelides* and *Atrides*. Our author would doubtless have followed this laudable example, but he found *Broughtonides* and *Stephensonides*, or their contractions, too unmusical for metre, and therefore, with wonderful art, adopts two poetical parents; which obviates the difficulty, and, at the same time, heightens the dignity of his heroes.

Bentleidge.

What fury fraught thee with ambition's fire,
Ambition, equal foe to son and sire?
One, hapless fell by Jove's ethereal arms,
And one, the triton's mighty pow'r disarms.

Now all lay hush'd within the folds of night,
And saw, in painted dreams, th' important fight;
While hopes and fears alternate turn the scales,
And now this hero, and now that prevails;
Blows, and imaginary blood survey,
Then waking, watch the flow approach of day;
When, lo! Aurora in her saffron vest
Darts a glad ray, and gilds the ruddy east.
Forth issuing now all ardent seek the place
Sacred to fame, and the Athletic race.
As from their hive the clust'ring squadrons pour
O'er fragrant meads, to sip the vernal flow'r;
So from each inn the legal swarms impel,
Of banded, fees, and pupils of the quill.
Senates and shambles pour forth all their store,
Mindful of mutton, and of laws no more;
E'en money-bills, uncourtly, now must wait,
And the fat lamb has one more day to bleat.
The highway-knight now draws his pistol's load,
Reels his faint steed, and this day franks the road.

Ver. 6. It has been maintained by some philosophers, that the passions of the mind are in some measure hereditary, as well as the features of the body. According to this doctrine, our author very beautifully represents the frailty of ambition descending from father to son;—and as original sin may in some sort be accounted for on this system, it is very probable our author had a theological, as well as physical and moral meaning in this verse.

[For the latter part of this note, we are obliged to an eminent divine.]

Ver. 21. An ingenious critic of my acquaintance objected to this simile, and would by no means admit the comparison between bees and lawyers to be just: one, he said, was an industrious, harmless, and useful species, none of which properties could be affirmed of the other; and therefore he thought the drone, that lives on the plunder of the hive, a more proper archetype. I must confess myself in some measure inclined to subscribe my friend's opinion; but then we must consider, that our author did not intend to describe their qualities, but their number; and in this respect no one, I think, can have any objection to the propriety of the comparison.

Ver. 24. The original MS. has it bribes; but, as this might seem to cast an invidious aspersions on a certain assembly, remarkable for their abhorrence of venality; and, at the same time, might subject our publisher to some little inconveniences; I thought it prudent to soften the expression: besides, I think this reading renders our author's thought more natural; for, though we see the most trifling avocations are able to draw off their attention from the public utility, yet nothing is sufficient to divert a steady pursuit of their private emolument.

Ver. 28. Our poet here artfully insinuates the dignity of the combat he is about to celebrate, by its being able to prevail on a highwayman to lay

Bailiffs, in crowds, neglect the dormant writ,
And give another Sunday to the wit:
He, too, would hie, but ah, his fortunes frown!
Alas, the fatal passport's—half a crown!
Shoals press on shoals, from palace and from cell;
Lords yield the court, and butchers Clerkenwell.
St. Giles's natives, never known to fail,
All who have haply 'scap'd th' obdurate jail;
There many a martial son of Fott'nham lies,
Bound in Deveillian bands, a sacrifice
To angry justice, nor must view the prize.

Assembled myriads crowd the circling seats, 40
High for the combat every bosom beats,
Each bosom partial for its hero bold,
Partial through friendship—or depending gold.

But first, the infant progeny of Mars
Join in the lists, and wage their pigmy wars;
Train'd to the manual fight, and bruiseful toil,
The stop defensive, and gymnastic foil.
With nimble fits their early prowess show,
And mark the future hero in each blow.

To these the hardy iron-race succeed, 50
All sons of Hockley and fierce Brick-street breed:
Mature in valour, and inur'd to blood,
Dauntless each foe in form terrific stood!
Their callous bodies, frequent in the fray,
Mock'd the fell stroke, nor to its force gave way.
'Mongst these Gloverius, not the last in fame,
And he whose clog delights the beauteous dame;

aside his business, to become a spectator of it—and as, on this occasion, he makes him forsake his daily bread, while the senator only neglects the business of the nation, it may be observed, how satirically he gives the preference, in point of disinterestedness, to the highwayman.

Ver. 37. The unwary reader may, from this passage, be apt to conclude, that an amphitheatre is little better than a nursery for the galleys, and that there is a sort of physical connection between boxing and thieving; but although boxing may be a useful ingredient in a thief, yet it does not necessarily make him one. Boxing is the effect, not the cause; and men are not thieves because they are boxers, but boxers because they are thieves. Thus tricking, lying, evasion, with several other such like cardinal virtues, are a sort of properties pertaining to the practice of the law, as well as to the mercurial profession. But would any one therefore infer, that every lawyer must be a thief?

Scholium.

Ver. 44. Our author, in this description, alludes to the Lusus Trojæ of Virgil,

"Incedunt Pueri — Trojæ Juventus
— Pugnæque ciunt simulachra sub armis."

Ver. 51. Two famous athletic seminaries.

Ver. 57. Here we are presented with a laudable imitation of the ancient simplicity of manners; for, as Cincinnatus disdain'd not the homely employment of a ploughman, so we see our hero condescending to the humble occupation of a clogmaker; and this is the more to be admired, as it is one characteristic of modern heroism, to be either above or below any occupation at all.

Nor least thy praise, whose artificial light
In Dian's absence gilds the clouds of night.

While these the combat's direful arts display,
And share the bloody fortunes of the day, 61
Each hero fat, revolving in his soul
The various means that might his foe controul;
Conquest and glory each proud bosom warms,
When, lo! the herald summons them to arms.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

STEPHENSON enters the lists; a description of his figure; an encomium on his abilities, with respect to the character of coachman. Broughton advances; his reverend form described; his superior skill in the management of the lighter and wherry displayed; his triumph of the badge celebrated; his speech; his former victories recounted; the preparation for the combat, and the horror of the spectators.

FIRST to the fight advanc'd the charioteer:
High hopes of glory on his brow appear,
Terror vindictive flashes from his eye
(To one the fates the visual ray deny);
Fierce glow'd his looks, which spoke his inward
rage;

He leaps the bar, and bounds upon the stage.
The roofs re-echo with exulting cries,
And all behold him with admiring eyes.
Ill-fated youth! what rash desires could warm
Thy manly heart, to dare the Triton's arm? 10
Ah! too unequal to these martial deeds,
Though none more skill'd to rule the foaming
needs.

The couriers, still obedient to thy rein,
Now urge their flight, or now their flight restrain.
Had mighty Diomed provok'd the race,
Thou far hadst left the Grecian in disgrace.

Ver. 38. Various and violent have been the controversies, whether our author here intended to celebrate a lamp-lighter or a link-boy; but as there are heroes of both capacities at present in the school of honour, it is difficult to determine whether the poet alludes to a Wells or a Buck-horse.

* It was doubtless in obedience to custom, and the example of other great poets, that our author has thought proper to prefix an argument to each book, being minded that nothing should be wanting in the usual paraphernalia of works of this kind.—For my own part, I am at a loss to account for the use of them, unless it be to swell a volume, or, like bills of fare, to advertise the reader what he is to expect; that, if it contains nothing likely to suit his taste, he may preserve his appetite for the next course.

Ver. 6, 7. See the descriptions of Dares in Virgil.

"Nec mora, continuo vastis cum viribus effert
"Ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit."

Where'er you drove, each inn confess'd your sway,
Maids brought the dram, and ostlers flew with
hay.

But know, though skill'd to guide the rapid car,
None wages like thy foe the manual war. 20

Now Neptune's offspring dreadfully serene,
Of size gigantic, and tremendous mien,
Steps forth, and 'midst the fated lists appears;
Rev'rend his form, but yet not worn with years.
To him none equal, in his youthful day,
With feather'd oar to skim the liquid way; [ear,
Or through those streights whose waters stun the
The loaded lighter's bulky weight to steer.
Soon as the ring their ancient warrior view'd,
Joy fill'd their hearts, and thund'ring shouts en-
su'd; 30

Loud as when o'er Thamesis' gentle flood,
Superior with the Triton youths he row'd;
While far a-head his winged wherry flew, [due.
Touch'd the glad shore, and claim'd the badge its

Then thus indignant he accosts the foe,
(While high disdain sat prideful on his brow):
Long has the laurel-wreath victorious spread
Its sacred honours round this hoary head;
The prize of conquest in each doubtful fray,
And dear reward of many a dire-fought day. 40
Now youth's cold wane the vig'rous pulse has
chas'd,

Froze all my blood, and ev'ry nerve unbrac'd;
Now, from these temples shall the spoils be torn,
In scornful triumph by my foe be worn?
What then avail my various deeds in arms,
If this proud crest thy feeble force disarms?
Lost be my glories to recording fame,
When, foil'd by thee, the coward blasts my name!
I who, e'er manhood my young joints had knit,
First taught the fierce Grettionius to submit; 50

Ver. 19. Here our author inculcates a fine moral, by showing how apt men are to mistake their talents; but were men only to act in their proper spheres, how often should we see the parson in the pew of the peasant, the author in the character of his hawker, or a beau in the livery of his footman! &c.

Ver. 34. A prize given by Mr. Dogget, to be annually contested on the first of August.—As, among the ancients, games and sports were celebrated on mournful as well as joyful events, there has been some controversy, whether our loyal comedian meant the compliment to the setting or rising monarch of that day; but, as the plate has a horse for its device, I am induced to impute it to the latter; and, doubtless, he prudently considered, that, as a living dog is better than a dead lion, the living horse had at least an equal title to the same preference.

Ver. 42. See Virgil.

"—Sed enim gelidus tardante senecta
"Sanguis hebet, frigentque effusa in corpore vires."

Ver. 50. Grettion, the most famous Athleta in his days, over whom our hero obtained his maiden prize.

While, drench'd in blood, he prostrate press'd the floor,
And inly groan'd the fatal words—no more.
Allenius too, who ev'ry heart dismay'd, [head;
Whose blows, like hail, flew rattling round the
Him oft the ring beheld with weeping eyes,
Stretch'd on the ground, reluctant yield the prize.
Then fell the swain, with whom none e'er could
vie.

Where Harrow's steeple darts into the sky.
Next the bold youth a bleeding victim lay,
Whose waving curls the barber's art display. 60
You too this arm's tremendous prowess know;
Rash man, to make this arm again thy foe!

This said—the heroes for the fight prepare,
Brace their big limbs, and brawny bodies bare.
The sturdy sinews all aghast behold,
And ample shoulders of Atlean mould;
Like Titan's offspring, who 'gainst heaven strove,
So each, though mortal, seem'd a match for Jove.
Now round the ring a silent horror reigns,
Speechless each tongue, and bloodless all their
veins; 70

When, lo! the champions give the dreadful sign,
And hand in hand in friendly token join;
Those iron hands, which soon upon the foe
With giant force must deal the deathful blow.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

A DESCRIPTION of the battle; Stephenson is vanquished; the manner of his body being carried off by his friends; Broughton claims the prize, and takes his final leave of the stage.

FULL in the centre now they fix in form,
Eye meeting eye, and arm oppos'd to arm;

Ver. 53. Vulgarly known by the Plebeian name of Pipes, which a learned critic will have to be derived from the art and mystery of pipe-making, in which it is affirmed this hero was an adept.—As he was the *delicium pugnae generis*, our author, with marvellous judgment, represents the ring weeping at his defeat.

Ver. 54. Virgil.

“—quam multa grandine nimbi
“Culminibus crepitant.”

Ver. 57. Geoffrey Birch, who in several encounters served only to augment the number of our hero's triumphs.

Ver. 59. As this champion is still living, and even disputes the palm of manhood with our hero himself, I shall leave him to be the subject of immortality in some future Gymnasiad, should the superiority of his prowess ever justify his title to the *corona pugnae*.

Ver. 63. Virgil.

“Hæc satus, duplicem ex humeris rejecit amictum;
“Et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacer-
tosque

“Exiit.”

With wily feints each other now provoke,
And cautious meditate th' impending stroke.
Th' impatient youth, inspir'd by hopes of fame,
First sped his arm, unfaithful to its aim;
The wary warrior, watchful of his foe,
Bends back, and 'scapes the death-designing blow;
With erring glance it founded by his ear,
And whizzing, spent its idle force in air. 10
Then quick advancing on th' unguarded head,
A dreadful show'r of thunderbolts he shed;

As when a whirlwind, from some cavern broke,
With furious blasts assaults the monarch oak,
This way and that its lofty top it bends,
And the fierce storm the crackling branches rends;
So wav'd the head, and now to left and right
Rebounding flies, and crash'd beneath the weight.

Like the young lion wounded by a dart,
Whose fury kindles at the galling smart; 20
The hero rouses with redoubled rage,
Flies on the foe, and foams upon the stage.
Now grappling, both in close contention join,
Legs lock in legs, and arms in arms entwine;
They sweat, they heave, each tugging nerve they
strain;

Both, fix'd as oaks, their sturdy trunks sustain,
At length the chief his wily art display'd,
Poiz'd on his hip the hapless youth he laid;
Aloft in air his quiv'ring limbs he throw'd,
Then on the ground down dash'd the pond'rous
load. 30

So some vast ruin on a mountain's brow,
Which tott'ring hangs, and dreadful nods below,
When the fierce tempest the foundation rends,
Whirl'd through the air with horrid crush descends.

Bold and undaunted up the hero rose,
Fiercer his bosom for the combat glows;
Shame stung his manly heart, and fiery rage
New steel'd each nerve, redoubled war to wage.

Ver. 7, 8. Virgil.

“—ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
“Prævidit, celerique clapsus corpore cessit.”

Ver. 10. Idem.

“—vires in ventum effudit.”

Ver. 19. It may be observed, that our author has treated the reader but with one simile throughout the two foregoing books; but, in order to make him ample amends, has given him no less than six in this. Doubtless this was in imitation of Homer, and artfully intended to heighten the dignity of the main action, as well as our admiration, towards the conclusion of his work.—*Finis coronat opus*.

Ver. 24. Virgil.

“Immiserentque manus manibus, pugnamque la-
cessunt.”

Ver. 35. Virgil.

“At non tardatus casu, neque territus heros,
“Acrior ad pugnam redit, et vim suscitât ira.
“Tum pudor incendit vires.”

Swift to revenge the dire disgrace he flies,
Again suspended on the hip he lies;
Dash'd on the ground, again had fatal fell,
Haply the barrier caught his flying heel;
There fast it hung, th' imprison'd head gave way,
And the strong arm defrauded of its prey.
Vain strove the chief to whirl the mountain o'er;
It slipt—he headlong rattles on the floor.
Around the ring loud peals of thunder rise,
And shouts exultant echo to the skies.

Uplifted now inanimate he seems,
Forth from his nostrils gush the purple streams;
Gasping for breath, and impotent of hand,
The youth beheld his rival flagg'ring stand:
But he, alas! had felt th' unnerving blow,
And gaz'd, unable to assuage the foe.

As when two monarchs of the brindled breed
Dispute the proud dominion of the mead,
They fight, they foam, then weary'd in the fray,
Aloof retreat, and low'ring stand at bay;
So flood the heroes, and indignant glar'd,
While grim with blood their rufel fronts were
smear'd;

Till with returning strength new rage returns,
Again their arms are steel'd, again each bosom
burns.

Instant now their hollow sides they pound,
Loud on each breast the bounding bangs rebound;
Their flying fists around the temples glow,
And the jaws crackle with the maffy blow.

Ver. 42. Our author, like Homer himself, is no less to be admired in the character of an historian than in that of a poet: we see him here faithfully reciting the most minute incidents of the battle, and informing us, that the youthful hero, being on the lock, must again inevitably have come to the ground, had not his heel caught the bar; and that his antagonist, by the violence of his straining, slipt his arm over his head, and by that means received the fall he intended the enemy.—I thought it incumbent on me as a commentator to say thus much, to illustrate the meaning of our author, which might seem a little obscure to those who are unacquainted with conflicts of this kind.

Ver. 48. Virgil.
"It clamor celo——"

The learned reader will perceive our author's frequent allusions to Virgil; and whether he intended them as translations or imitations of the Roman poet, must give us pause: but as, in our modern productions, we find imitations are generally nothing more than bad translations, and translations nothing more than bad imitations; it would equally, I suppose, satisfy the gall of the critic, should these unluckily fall within either description.

Ver. 63. Virgil.

"Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant:
"Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos
"Dant sonitus, erratque aures et tempora circum
"Crebra manus: duro capitant sub vulnere
"malæ.

The raging combat ev'ry eye appals,
Strokes following strokes, and falls succeeding falls,
Now droop'd the youth, yet, urging all his might,
With feeble arm still vindicates the fight,
Till on the part where heav'd the panting breath,
A fatal blow impress'd the seal of death.
Down dropt the hero, welt'ring in his gore,
And his stretch'd limbs lay quiv'ring on the floor.
So, when a falcon skims the airy way,
Stoops from the clouds, and pounces on his prey,
Dash'd on the earth the feather'd victim lies,
Expands its feeble wings, and, flutt'ring, dies.
His faithful friends their dying hero rear'd,
O'er his broad shoulders dangling hung his head;
Dragging its limbs, they bear the body forth,
Mash'd teeth and clotted blood came issuing from
his mouth.

Thus then the victor—O celestial pow'r!
Who gave this arm to boast one triumph more;
Now grey in glory, let my labours cease,
My blood-stain'd laurel wed the branch of peace;
Lur'd by the lustre of the golden prize,
No more in combat this proud crest shall rise;
To future heroes future deeds belong,
Be mine the theme of some immortal song. [ring,
This said—he seiz'd the prize, while round the
High soar'd applause on acclamation's wing.

HONOUR.

A SATIRE, 1747.

"Primores populi arripuit populumque tributum;
"Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis."
HOR.

"LOAD, load the pallet, boy!" hark! Hogarth
cries,

"Fast as I paint, fresh swarms of fools arise!

"Groups rise on groups, and mock the pencil's
pow'r,

"To catch each new-blown folly of the hour."

While hum'rous Hogarth paints each folly
dead,

Shall vice triumphant rear its hydra head?

At satire's sov'reign nod disdain to shrink?

New reams of paper, and fresh floods of ink!

On then, my muse! Herculean labours dare,

And wage with virtue's foes eternal war;

Range through the town in search of ev'ry ill,

And cleanse th' Augean stable with thy quill.

"But what avails the poignance of the song,

"Since all, you cry, still persevere in wrong?

"Would courtly crimes to Mulgrave's muse

"submit?

"Or blush'd the monarch though a Wilmot† writ?

Ver. 79. Virgil.

"Ast illum sidi æquales, genua ægra trahentem,

"Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem

"Ore rejectantem, mistoque in sanguine dentes,

"Ducunt ad naves."

Ver. 88. Idem.

"—hic victor cæstus, artemque repono."

* Translator of Horace's Art of Poetry, and afterwards Duke of Buckingham.
† Earl of Roebefter.

" Still pandar peers disgrace'd the rooms of state,
 " Still Cæsar's bed sustain'd a foreign weight;
 " Slaves worshipping still the golden calf of pow'r,
 " And bishops, bowing, blest the scarlet whore.
 " Shall then thy verse the guilty great reclaim,
 " Though fraught with Dryden's heav'n-descend-
 " ed flame?
 " Will happy Heathcote, from his mould'ring
 " Drag forth one cheering drachma to the poor?
 " Or Harrington, unfaithful to the seal,
 " Throw in one suffrage for the public weal?
 " Pointless all satire, and misplac'd its aim,
 " To wound the bosom, that's obdurate to shame:
 " The callous heart ne'er feels the goad within;
 " Few dread the censure, who can dare the sin.
 " Though on the culprit's cheek no blush should

glow,
 Still let me mark him to mankind a foe:
 Strike but the deer, however slight the wound,
 It serves at least to drive him from the fold.
 Shall reptile sinners frowning justice fear,
 And pageant titles privilege the peer?
 So falls the humbler game in common fields,
 While the branch'd beast the royal forest shields.
 On, satire, then! pursue thy gen'rous plan,
 And wind the vice, regardless of the man.
 Rouse, rouse! th' ennobled herd for public sport,
 And hunt them through the covert of a court.

Just as the play'r the mimic portrait draws,
 All claim a right of censure or applause:
 What guards the place-man from an equal fate,
 Who, mounts but actor on the stage of state?
 Subject alike to each man's praise and blame,
 Each critic voice the fiat of his fame;
 Though to the private some respect we pay,
 All public characters are public prey:
 Pelham and Garrick, let the verse forbear
 What sanctifies the treasurer or play'r.

Great in her laurel'd sages Athens see,
 Free flow'd her satire while her sons were free:
 Then purpled guilt was dragg'd to public shame,
 And each offence stood flagrant with a name;
 Polluted ermine no respect could win,
 No hallow'd lawn could sanctify a sin;
 'Till tyrant pow'r usurp'd a lawless rule:
 Then sacred grew the titled knave and fool;
 Then penal statutes aw'd the poignant song,
 And slaves were taught, that kings could do no
 wrong.

Guilt still is guilt, to me, in slave or king,
 Fetter'd in cells, or garter'd in the ring:
 And yet behold how various the reward,
 Wild falls a felon, Walpole mounts a lord!
 The little knave the law's last tribute pays,
 While crowns around the great one's chariot blaze.
 Blame, meteors, blaze! to me is still the same
 The cart of justice, or the coach of shame.

Say, what's nobility, ye gilded train!
 Does nature give it, or can guilt sustain?
 Blooms the form fairer, if the birth be high?
 Or takes the vital stream a richer dye?

* Though the person here meant has indeed paid the
 debt of nature, yet, as he left that of justice unsatisfied,
 the author apprehends that the public are indisputably
 entitled to the assents of his reputation.

What! though a long patrician line ye claim,
 Are noble souls entail'd upon a name?
 Anstis may ermine out the lordly earth,
 Virtue's the herald that proclaims its worth.

Hence mark the radiance of a Stanhope's star,
 And glow-worm glitter of thine, D***r:
 Ignoble splendour! that but shines to all,
 The humble badge of a court hospital.
 Let lofty L***r wave his nodding plume,
 Boast all the blushing honours of the loom,
 Resplendant bondage no regard can bring,
 'Tis Methuen's heart must dignify the string.

Vice levels all, however high or low;
 And all the difference but consists in show.
 Who asks an alms, or supplicates a place,
 Alike is beggar, though in rags or lace;
 Alike his country's scandal and its curse,
 Who vends a vote, or who purloins a purse:
 Thy gamblers, Bridewell, and St. James's bites,
 The rooks of Mordington's, and sharks at White's.

" Why will you urge, Eugenio cries, your fate?
 " Affords the town no sins but sins of state?
 " Perches vice only on the court's high hill?
 " Or yields life's vale no quarry for the quill?"
 Manners, like fashions, still from courts descend,
 And what the great begin, the vulgar end.
 If vicious, then the mode, correct it here;
 He saves the peasant, who reforms the peer.
 What Hounslow knight would stray from ho-
 nour's path,

If guided by a brother of the Bath?
 Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue;
 Yet most mistake the false one for the true:
 Lur'd by the trappings, dazzled by the paint,
 We worship oft the idol for the saint.
 Courted by all, by few the fair is won;
 Those lose who seek her, and those gain who shun.
 Naked she flies to merit in distress,
 And leaves to courts the garnish of her dress.

The million'd merchant seeks her in his gold;
 In schools the pedant, and in camps the bold:
 The courtier views her, with admiring eyes,
 Flutter in ribbons, or in titles rise:
 Sir Epicure enjoys her in his plume;
 Mead, in the learned waistcoat of a room:
 By various ways all woo the modest maid;
 Yet lose the substance, grasping at the shade.

Who, smiling, sees not with what various
 strife
 Man blindly runs the giddy maze of life?
 To the same end still different means employs;
 This builds a church, a temple that destroys;
 Both, anxious to obtain a deathless name,
 Yet, erring, both mistake report for fame.

Report, though vulture-like the name it bears,
 Drags but the carrion carcass through the air;
 While fame, Jove's nobler bird, superior flies,
 And, soaring, mounts the mortal to the skies.
 So Richard's* name to distant ages borne,
 Unhappy Richard still is Britain's scorn:
 Be Edward's wasted on some eagle wing,
 Each patriot mourns the long-departed king:
 Yet thine, O Edward! shall to George's† yield,
 And Dettingen eclipse a Cressy's field.

* Richard the Second. † George the Second.

Through life's wild ocean, who would safely
 roam,
 And bring the golden fleece of glory home,
 Must, heedful, shun the barking Scylla's roar,
 And fell Charybdis' all-devouring shore;
 With steady helm an equal course support,
 'Twixt faction's rocks, and quicksands of a court;
 By virtue's beacon still direct his aim,
 Through honour's channel, to the port of fame.

Yet, on this sea, how all mankind are tost!
 For one that's sav'd, what multitudes are lost!
 Misguided by ambition's treach'rous light,
 Through want of skill, few make the harbour
 right.

Hence mark what wrecks of virtue, friendship,
 For four dead letters added to a name!
 Whence dwells such syren music in a word,
 Or sounds not Brutus noble as my lord.
 Though crowns, Pukney, blazon on thy plate,
 Adds the base mark one scruple to its weight?
 Though sounds patrician swell thy name, O Sandys!
 Stretches one acre thy Plebeian lands?
 Say, the proud title meant to plume the son,
 Why gain by guilt, what virtue might have won?
 Vain shall the son his herald honours trace,
 Whose parent peers but patriot in disgrace.

Vain, on the solemn head of hoary age,
 Totters the mitre, if ambition's rage
 To mammon pow'r the hallow'd heart incline,
 And titles only mark the priest divine.
 Blest race! to whom the golden age remains,
 Ease without care, and plenty without pains:
 For you the earth unlabour'd treasure yields,
 And the rich sheaves spontaneous crown the fields;
 No toilsome dews pollute the rey'rend brow,
 Each holy hand unhard'n'd by the plough;
 Still burst the sacred garner with their store,
 And sails, unceasing, thunder on the floor.

O bounteous heav'n! yet heav'n how seldom
 shares
 The titheful tribute of the prelate's pray'rs!
 Lost to the stall, in senates still they nod,
 And all the monarch steals them from the god:
 Thy praises, Brunswick, every breast inspire,
 The throne their altar, and the court their choir;
 Here earliest incense they devoutly bring,
 Here everlasting hallelujahs sing:
 Thou! only thou! almighty to—translate,
 Thou their great golden deity of state.

Who seeks on merit's stock to graft success,
 In vain invokes the ray of pow'r to bless:
 The stem, too stubborn for the courtly soil,
 With barren branches mocks the virtuous toil.
 More pliant plants the royal regions suit,
 Where knowledge still is held forbidden fruit;
 'Tis these alone the kindly nurture share,
 And all Hesperia's golden treasures bear.

Let folly still be fortune's fondling heir,
 And science meet a step-dame in the fair.
 Let courts, like fortune, disinherit sense,
 And take the idiot charge from Providence.
 The idiot head the cap and bells may fit,
 But how disguise a Lyttleton and Pitt! [hope,
 O! once lov'd youths! Britannia's blooming
 Fair freedom's twins, and once the theme of Pope;

What wond'ring senates on your accents hung,
 Ere flatt'ry's poison chill'd the patriot tongue!
 Rome's sacred thunder awes no more the ear;
 But Pelham smiles, who trembled once to hear.

Say, whence this change? less galling is the
 chain,
 Though Walpole, Carteret, or a Pelham reign?
 If senates still the poisonous bane imbibe,
 And every palm grows callous with the bribe;
 If sev'n long years mature the venal voice,
 While freedom mourns her long-defrauded choice;
 If justice waves o'er fraud a lenient hand,
 And the red locust rages through the land.

Sunk in these bonds, to Britain what avails,
 Who wields her sword, or balances her scales?
 Veer round the compass, change to change succeed,
 By every son the mother now must bleed:
 Vain all her hosts, on foreign shores array'd,
 Though lost by Wentworth, or preserv'd by Wade.
 Fleets, once which spread through distant worlds
 her name!
 Now ride inglorious trophies of her shame;
 While fading laurels shade her drooping head,
 And mark her Burleighs, Blakes, and Marlbro's
 dead!

Such were thy sons, O happy isle! of old,
 In counsel prudent, and in action bold:
 Now view a Pelham puzzling o'er thy fate,
 Lost in the maze of a perplex'd debate;
 And sage Newcastle, with fraternal skill,
 Guard the nice conduct of a nation's quill:
 See truncheons trembling in the coward hand,
 Though bold rebellion half subdue the land;
 While ocean's God, indignant, wrests again
 The long-deputed trident of the main †.

Sleep our last heroes in the silent tomb?
 Why spring no future worthies from the womb?
 Not nature sure, since nature's still the same,
 But education bars the road to fame.
 Who hopes for wisdom's crop, must till the soul,
 And virtue's early lesson should controul:
 To the young breast who valour would impart,
 Must plant it by example in the heart.

Ere Britain fell to mimic modes a prey,
 And took the foreign polish of our day,
 Train'd to the martial labours of the field,
 Our youth were taught the massy spear to
 wield;

In halcyon peace, beneath whose downy wings
 The merchant smiles, and lab'ring peasant sings,
 With civil arts to guard their country's cause,
 Direct her counsels, and defend her laws:
 Hence a long race of ancient worthies rose,
 Adorn'd the land, and triumph'd o'er our foes.

* Alluding to the ever memorable No-fight in the Mediterranean: As the nation was unluckily the only victim on that occasion, the lenity of our Aquarian Jurisdiction has, I think, evidently proved, that a court-martial and a martial-court are by no means synonymous terms.

† The reader will readily conclude these lines were written before our worthy Admirals Anson and Warren had so eminently distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

Ye sacred shades! who through th' Elysian grove,

With Rome's fam'd chiefs, and Grecian sages rove,
Blush to behold what arts your offspring grace!
Each sipping heir now marks his sire's disgrace;
An embryo breed! of such a doubtful frame,
You scarce could know the sex but by the name:
Fraught with the native follies of his home,
Torn from the nurse, the babe of mirth must roam;

Through foreign climes exotic vice explore,
And cull each weed, regardless of the flow'r,
Proud of thy spoils, O Italy and France!
The soft enervate strain, and cap'ring dance:
From Sequan's streams, and winding banks of Po,
He comes, ye gods! an all-accomplish'd beau!
Unhumaniz'd in dress, with cheek so wan!
He mocks God's image in the mimic man;
Great judge of arts! o'er toilettes now presides,
Corrects our fashions, or an opera guides;
From tyrant Handel rends th' imperial bay,
And guards the Magna Charta of—*Sol-fa*.

Sick of a land where virtue dwells no more,
See liberty prepar'd to quit our shore!
Pruning her pinions, on yon beacon'd height
The goddess stands, and meditates her flight;
Now spreads her wings, unwilling yet to fly,
Again o'er Britain casts a pitying eye:
Lothe to depart, methinks I hear her say,
"Why urge me thus, ungrateful isle, away!
"For you, I left Achaia's happy plains,
"For you, resign'd my Romans to their chains;
"Here fondly fix'd my last lov'd favourite seat,
"And 'midst the mighty nations made thee great:
"Why urge me then, ungrateful isle, away!"

Again she, sighing, says, or seems to say,
O Stanhope*! skill'd in ev'ry moving art,
That charms the ear, or captivates the heart!
Be your's the task, the goddess to retain,
And call her parent virtue back again;
Improve your pow'r a sinking land to save,
And vindicate the servant from the slave:
O! teach the vassal courtier how to share
The royal favour with the public pray'r:
Like Latium's genius † stem thy country's doom,
And, though a Cæsar smile, remember Rome;
With all the patriot dignify the place,
And prove at least one statesman may have grace.

AN EPISTLE

TO DOCTOR THOMPSON, 1755.

"Sed quia mente minus validus, quam corpore
"toto,
"Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum,
"Fidis offender medicis." HOR.

PREFACE.

THE reader will perceive, from two or three passages in the following epistle, that it was written some time since; nor indeed would the whole of it have now been thought interesting enough to the public, to have passed the press, had not

* Earl of Chesterfield.

† Brutus.

the physical persecution, carried on against the gentleman* to whom it is addressed, provoked the publication. When a body of men, too proud to own their errors, and too prudent to part with their fees, shall (with their legions of under-tappers) enter into a conspiracy against a brother-practitioner, only for honestly endeavouring to moderate the one, and rectify the other; such a body, our author apprehends, becomes a justifiable object of satire: and only wishes his pen had, on this occasion, a like killing efficacy with theirs.

WHY do you ask, "that in this courtly dance,
"Of in and out, it ne'er was yet my chance,
"To bask beneath a statesman's soft'ring smile,
"And share the plunder of the public spoil?"
E'er wants my table the health-cheering meal,
With Banstead mutton crown'd, or Essex veal?
Smokes not from Lincoln meads the stately loin,
Or rosy gammon of Hantonian swine?
From Darkin's roosts the feather'd victims bleed,
And Thames still wafts me ocean's scaly breed.
Though Gallia's vines their costly juice deny,
Still Tajo's † banks the jocund glass supply;
Still distant worlds nestleous treasures roll,
And either India sparkles in my bowl;
Or Devon's boughs, or Dorset's bearded fields,
To Britain's arms a British beverage yields.

Rich in these gifts, why should I wish for more?
Why barter conscience for superfluous store?
Or haunt the levee of a pride-proud peer,
To rob poor Fielding of the curule chair †?
Let the lean bard, whose belly, void of bread,
Puffs up pierian vapours to his head,

* The celebrated Dr. Thompson was one of the physicians to Frederick Prince of Wales, in that disorder which ended his life. Upon that occasion, the doctor differed from all the physicians that attended his Highness, which brought upon him their most virulent rage and indignation; for the Prince dying, the world was inclined to favour Doctor Thompson's recommendations. He was an intimate friend of P. Whitehead, and a favourite with him at the Prince's court. He was a man of a peculiar character; but learned, singular, and ingenuous.

† The Tagus—a principal river of Portugal, famous for golden sands.

"Qua Tagus auriferis pallet turbatus arenis."
SIL. XVI. 559.

† It is reported, that during the time Mr. Addison was secretary of state, when his old friend and ally Ambrose Phillips applied to him for some preferment, the great man very coolly answered, that "He thought he had already provided for him, by making him justice for Westminster." To which the bard, with some indignation, replied, "Though poetry was a trade he could not live by, yet he scorned to owe his subsistence to another, which he ought not to live by."—However great men, in our days, may practise the secretary's prudence, certain it is, the person here pointed at was very far from making a precedent of his brother poet's principles.

In birth-day odes his flimsy fustian vent,
And torture truth into a compliment;
Wear out the knocker of a great-man's door,
Be pimp and poet, furnish rhyme or whore;
Or fetch and carry for some foolish lord,
To sneak—a sitting footman at his board.
If such the arts that captivate the great,
Be yours, ye bards! the sun-shine of a state;
For place or pension prostitute each line;
Make gods of kings, and ministers divine;
Swear St. John's self could neither read nor write,
And Cumberland * out braves Mars in fight;
Call Dorset patriot, Willes † a legal tool,
Horace ‡ a wit, and Dodington a fool.
Such be your venal task; whilst, blest with ease,
'Tis mine, to scribble when, and what I please.

“ Hold! what you please? (Sir Dudley cries)

“ my friend,
“ Say, must my labours never, never end?
“ Still doom'd 'gainst wicked wit my pen to draw,
“ Correct each bard by critic rules of law;
“ 'Twixt guilt and shame the legal buckler place,
“ And guard each courtly culprit from disgrace?
“ Hard task! should future jurymen inherit
“ The city-twelve's self-judging British spirit §.”
While you, my Thompson! spite of med'cine
save,

Mark how the college peoples every grave!

See Mead transfer estates from fire to son,

And ** bar succession to a throne || :

* It is apprehended, our modern campaigns cannot fail of furnishing the reader with a proper supply for this passage.

† Lord High Admiral Willes—a title, by which this excellent chief magistrate is often distinguished among our marine, for his spirited vindication of the supremacy of the civil flag, and rectifying the martial mistakes of some late naval tribunals.

‡ A certain modern of that name, whose sole pretension to this character (except a little arch buffoonery) consists in a truly poetical negligence of his person.

§ Alluding to the constitutional verdict given on the trial of William Owen, for publishing “The case of the Honourable Alexander Murray, Esq.”—a pamphlet written by P. Whitehead.

|| This line furnishes a melancholy memento of the most fatal catastrophe that perhaps ever befel this nation. Among the various tributary verses which flowed on that occasion, our author wrote the following; and which he here takes the liberty to insert, being willing to seize every opportunity, to perpetuate his sense of our public loss, in the death of that truly patriotic prince, Frederick.

When Jove, late revolving the state of mankind,
‘Mong Britons no traces of virtue could find,
O'er the island, indignant, he stretch'd forth his rod;

Earth trembled, and ocean acknowledg'd the
Still provok'd by our crimes, Heav'n's vengeance
to show, [blow;
Ammon, grasping his bolts, aim'd at Britain the
But pausing—more dreadful, his wrath to evince,
Threw the thunder aside, and sent fate for the
prince

¶ Alluding to the preceding earthquakes, in 1750.

See Shaw scarce leave the passing-bell a fee,
And N**'s set the captive husband free!
Though widow'd Julia giggles in her weed,
Yet who arraigns the doctor for the deed?
O'er life and death all absolute his will,
Right the prescription, whether cure or kill.

Not so,—whose practice is the mind's disease;
His potion must not only cure, but please;
Apply the caustic to the callous heart,
Undone's the doctor, if the patient smart;
Superior pow'rs his mental bill controul,
And law corrects the physic of the soul *.
Shall Galen's sons with privilege destroy,
And I not one sound alt'rative employ,
To drive the rank distemper from within?
Or is man's life less precious than his sin?

With palsied hand should justice hold the scale,
And o'er a judge court-complaisance prevail,
Satire's strong dose the malady requires:
I write—when, lo! the bench indignant fires;
Each hoary head erects its load of hair;
Their furs all bristle, and their eye-balls glare;
In rage they roar, “With rev'rend ermine sport!
“ Seize! seize him, Tipstaff!—’Tis contempt of
“ court.”

Led by the meteor of a mitre's ray,
If Sion's sons through paths unhallow'd stray,
For courtly rites neglect each rubric rule,
Quit all the faint, and truckle all the tool;
Their Maker only in the monarch see,
Nor e'er omit, at Brunswick's name, the knee;
To cure this loyal lethargy of grace,
And rouse to heav'n again its recreant race,
Say! should the muse, with one irreverend line,
Probe but the mortal part of the divine;
'Tis blasphemy, by ev'ry priest decreed!
No benefit of clergy may I plead;
With every cannon † pointed at my head,
Alive I'm censur'd, and I'm damn'd when dead.

Lawyer and priest, like doctors, still agree;
'Tis theirs to give advice; 'tis ours, the fee:
To them alone all earthly rule is giv'n,
Diploma'd from St. James's, and from heav'n.
Yet ill's there are, nor bench, nor pulpit reach;
In vain may Ryder charge, or Sherlock preach;
For law too mighty, and too proud for grace,
Lurk in the star, or lord it in a place;
Brood in the sacred circle of a crown, [town:
While fashion wafts their poison through the

* A like correction, with regard to the physic of the body, might prove no bad security for the life and property of the patient, as the faculty are at present accountable to no other power but that of Heaven, for the rectitude of their conduct.—And perhaps no civilized nation can afford such an instance of physical anarchy as ours, where the surgeon is permitted to usurp the province of the physician, and the apothecary plumes himself in the parading and plunder of both professions.—In a public-spirited endeavour to cure this anarchy, and restore a proper discipline in practice, consists a Thompson's empiricism.—Hinc illæ lacrymæ.—

† A certain piece of spiritual ordnance, which was formerly played off with great execution by our church-militant; but at present no otherwise terrible, than in its fulminating explosions.

Hence o'er each village the contagion wings,
And peasants catch the maladies of kings.
When purpled vice shall humble justice awe,
And fashion make it current, spite of law;
What sovereign medicine can its course reclaim?
What, but the poet's panacea—shame!
Thus wit's great Esculapius * once prevail'd,
And satire triumph'd, where the fables fail'd:
No consul's wreath could lurking folly hide,
No vestal looks secure the guilty bride: [guise,
The poignant verse pierc'd through each fair dif-
And made Rome's matrons modest, statesmen wife.
Search all your statutes, serjeant! where's the

balms
Can cure the itching of a courtier's palm?
Where the chaste canon, say, thou hallow'd sage,
The virgin's glowing wishes can assuage?
Let but the star his longing lordship see,
What pow'r can set the captive conscience free?
Hang but the sparkling pendant at her ears,
What trembling maid the gen'rous lover fears?

When lawless passion seiz'd th' imperial dame †,
Brothels ‡ were only found, to quench the flame;
No routs, or balls, the kind convenience gave,
To lose her virtue, yet her honour save,
In Cupid's rites, now, so improv'd our skill,
Mode finds the means, when nature finds the will.
Each rev'rend relic keeps a private pack,
And sturdy stallion with Atlean back;
Where British dames to mystic rites repair.
Nor fail to meet a lurking Clodio there;
In amorous stealths defraud the public stew,
And rob the Drury vestal of her dues;
Who hapless mourns her last, long-mortgag'd
gown, [Brown.

While Douglas's § damns the drums of Lady
By names celestial, mortal females call;
Angels they are, but angels in their fall.
One royal Phoenix || yet redeems the race,
And proves, in Britain, beauty may have grace.
Vain shall the muse the various symptoms find,
When every doctor's of a diff'rent mind.
In **s palm, be foul corruption found;
Each court-empiric holds, his grace is found;
In Sackville's ¶ breast let public spirit reign,
Blisters (they cry) ! the cause is in his brain;
So, Talbot's want of place is want of sense,
And Dashwood's ** stubborn virtue, downright in-
solence.

When ill is thus just what the doctors please,
And the foul's health is held the mind's disease;

* Horatius Flaccus.

† Pompeia, consort to Julius Caesar, whom the young
Claudius took an opportunity of seducing at a solemn sa-
crifice of the Bona Dea.

‡ "Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar."
Juv.

§ An infamous, famous baron.

|| Princess of Wales, mother of his present majesty
George III.

¶ See a proposal for a militia, published by Lord
Middlesex.

** Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le
Essex, the patron and protector of our author.

Not all thy art, O Horace! had prevail'd;
Here, all thy Roman recipes * had fail'd.

Had fate to Flaccus but our days decreed,
What Pollio would admire? what Caesar read?
Great Maro's † self had dy'd an humble swain,
And Terence fought a Lælius now in vain.
Science no more employs the courtier's care,
No muse's voice can charm Northumberland's ear.
The solid vote ærial verse outweighs,
And wins all courtly favour from the bays;
Hence flow alone the sacred gifts of kings,
Staves, truncheons, feathers, mitres, stars, and
strings.

Hence cradles, see! with lisping statesmen spawn,
And infant limbs beswaddled in the lawn;
While honest Boyle ‡, too impotent for place,
Sets, in meridian glory of disgrace:
Nor all the patriot music of Malone
Can charm a court, like Sackville, or like Stone;
Blest twins of state! whom love and pow'r con-
join,

Like Leda's offspring, made by Jove divine;
Fix'd in Hibernia's hemisphere to rule,
And shed your influence o'er each knave and fool §.

Whilst the sad summons of the mortar's knell.
The rival deeds of each diploma tell;
And death's increasing muster-rolls declare,
That health and Thompson are no longer here;
How shall the muse this salutation send?

What place enjoys thee? or what happier friend?
Say, if in Eastbury's § majestic towers,
Or wrapt in Ashley's ¶ amarantine bowers,
By friendship favour'd, and unaw'd by state,
You barter science with the wise and great;
O'er Pelham's politics in judgment sit,
Reform the laws of nations, or of wit;
With Attic zest enrich the social bowl,
Crack joke on joke, and mingle soul with soul;
On laughter's wanton wing now frolic sport,
Nor envy Fox ** the closet of a court.

Lost in this darling luxury of ease,
Alike regardless both of fame and fees,
"Let Shaw (you cry) o'er physic sov'reign reign,
"Or W** boast his hecatombs of slain:
"Be mine, to stay some friend's departing breath,
"And Child's †† may take the drudgery of
"death."

* Satires.

† Virgil.

‡ Lord Orrery.

|| As our author lamented the occasion of these lines, so
no one more sincerely rejoices to find, that the beam of
public spirit is likely to dispel the clouds which had inter-
posed between loyalty and patriotism—A new political
star in our days, and which some more Eastern Magi
would do well to follow.

§ A seat belonging to the Right Honourable George
Dodington.

¶ Another belonging to Lord Middlesex.

** Lord Holland.

†† A coffee-house noted for the resort of our modern
Esculapics, where they ply for those patients the apothec-
ary is pleased to consign over to them; and where ano-
ther appendage to physic (called the undertakers) never
fails to attend the physical levee, in order to receive the
lucrative news of their joint-endavour.

Yet, Thompson! say (whose gift it is to save,
Make sickness smile, and rescue from the grave)
Say, to what end this healing pow'r was meant?
Nor hide the talent, which by Heav'n is lent.
Though envy all her hissing serpents raise,
And join with harpy fraud to blast thy bays;
Shall win disease in vain demand thy skill,
While health but waits the summons of your quill?
Shall Egypt's plague* the virgin cheek invade,
And beauty's wreck not win thee to its aid?
O! stretch a saving hand, and let the fair
Owe all her future triumphs to thy care;
Resume the pen! and be thyself, once more,
What Ratchiff, Friend, and Syd'nham were before.

Yet, when reviving patients set you free,
Let Vaughan† yield one social hour to me.
Come then, my friend! if friendship's name can woo,
Come! bring me all I want, that all in you.
If rural scenes have still the pow'r to please,
Flocks, vallies, hills, streams, villas, cots, and trees;
Here all in one harmonious prospect blend,
And landscapes rise, scarce Lambert's‡ art can mend.

Thames, made immortal by her Denham's strains,
Meand'ring glides through Twick'nham's flow'ry plains;

While royal Richmond's cloud-aspiring wood
Pours all its pendent pomp upon the flood.
By Rome's proud dames let storied Tiber flow,
And all Palladio grace the banks of Po;
Here nature's charms in purer lustre rise,
Nor seek from wanton art her vain supplies.

Lo! Windsor rev'rend in a length of years,
Like Cybele, her tow'r-crown'd summit rears;
And Hampton's turrets, with majestic pride,
Reflect their glories in the passing tide:
There British Henreys gave to Gallia law;
Here bloom'd the laurels of a great Nassau §.
O! could these scenes one monarch more but please.

No frozen climates, no tempestuous seas,
For Brunswick's weal alarming fears should bring,
Nor Britain envy meaner courts her king.

Here Campbell's|| varied shades with wonder see,
Like Heav'n's own Eden, stor'd with every tree;
Each plant with plant in verdant glory vies;
High-tow'ring pines, like Titans, scale the skies;
And Lebanon's rich groves on Hounslow's de-
ferts rise.

But chief—with awful step, O! let us stray,
Where Britain's Orpheus tun'd his sacred lay,
Whose grove enchanted from his numbers grew,
And proves, what once was fabled, now is true.

* The small-pox, said to have first appeared at Alexandria. See the Doctor's treatise on this distemper.

† Owen Evan Vaughan, Esq. of Bodidris castle; a gentleman, in whose friendship the doctor and our author more particularly pride themselves, as he has never polluted his ancient British pedigree with any modern Anti-British principles.

‡ A landscape-painter, much celebrated.

§ William the Third.

|| Duke of Argyll, celebrated as a warrior and a statesman.

Here oft the bard with Arbutnot retir'd;
Here flow'd the verse his healing art inspir'd*;
Alike thy merit like thy fame should rise,
Could friendship give, what feeble art denies:
Though Pope's immortal verse the gods refuse,
Accept this off'ring from an humbler muse.
Weak though her flight, yet honest still her strain,
And what no minister could ever gain;
Pleas'd if the grateful tribute of her song,
Thy merit, Thompson! shall one day prolong.

In marshall'd slaves let hungry princes trade,
And Britain's bullion bribe their venal aid†;
Let brave Boscawen trophied honours gain,
And Anson wield the trident of the main.
Safe, in the harbour of my Twick'nham‡ bower;
From all the wrecks of state, or storms of power;
No wreaths I court, no subsidies I claim,
Too rich for want, too indolent for fame.
Whilst here with vice a bloodless war I wage,
Or lash the follies of a trifling age,
Each gay-plum'd hour, upon its downy wings,
The Hybla freight of rich contentment brings;
Health, rosy handmaid, at my table waits,
And halcyon peace broods watchful o'er my gates.

Here oft, on contemplation's pinion bore,
To heav'n I mount, and nature's works explore;
Or, led by reason's intellectual clue,
Through error's maze, truth's secret steps pursue;
View ages past in story's mirror shown,
And make time's mould'ring treasures all my own;
Or here the muse now steals me from the throng,
And wraps me in th' enchantment of her song.

Thus flow, and thus for ever flow! my days,
Unaw'd by censure, or unbrib'd by praise;
No friend to faction, and no dupe to zeal;
Foe to all party, but the public weal.
Why then, from every venal bondage free,
Courts have no glitt'ring shackles left for me:
My reasons, Thompson! prithee ask no more;
Take them, as Oxford's Flaccus sung before §.

"My ease and freedom if for aught I vend,
"Would not you cry, to Bedlam, Bedlam, friend!
"But to speak out—shall what could ne'er en-
"gage

"My frailer youth, now captivate in age?
"What cares can vex, what terrors frightful be,
"To him whose shield is hoary sixty-three ||?

* Pope's epistle to Arbutnot.

† Alluding to a modern kind of military traffic, which consists in the exchange of British gold for German valour, and by which means, it is presumed, our politicians intend the native wants of either party shall be reciprocally supplied.

‡ He had a neat villa, in the style of a chateau, on the north side of Twickenham Common, sacred to the muses. It was afterwards inhabited by the Lady Bridget Tellingham, daughter of the late Lord Northampton.

§ See conclusion of Dr. King's Apology.

|| Though the translator's virtue is not yet secured by this palladium of his grand climacteric, yet he flatters himself he shall at least be able to rival our truly Roman author, in the practice of his heroic indifference, however soon he may fall of him in his elegant description of it.

"When life itself so little worth appears,
 "That ministers can give no hopes, or fears;
 "Although grown gray within my humbler gate,
 "I ne'er kiss'd hands, or trod the rooms of state;
 "Yet not unhonour'd have I liv'd, and blest
 "With rich convenience, careless of the rest;
 "What boon more grateful can the gods bestow;
 "On those avow'd their favourite sons below?"

AN OCCASIONAL SONG,

*As performed by Mr. Beard, in the Character of a
 Recruiting Serjeant, at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-
 Garden, in the Entertainment of "The Fair."*

In story we're told
 How our monarchs of old
 O'er France spread their royal domain;
 But no annals shall show
 Her pride laid so low,
 As when brave George the Second did reign,
 Brave boys!
 As when brave, &c.

Of Roman and Greek
 Let fame no more speak;
 Though their arms did the old world subdue,
 Through the nations around
 Let her trumpet now sound,
 How Britons have conquer'd the new,
 Brave boys!
 How Britons have, &c.

East, west, north, and south,
 Our cannons loud mouth
 Shall the rights of our monarch maintain;
 On America's strand
 Amherst limits the land,
 Boscawen gives law on the main,
 Brave boys!
 Boscawen gives, &c.

Each fort and each town,
 We still make our own,
 Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar;
 Guardelupe, Senegal,
 And Quebec's mighty fall,
 Shall prove we've no equal in war,
 Brave boys!
 Shall prove we've, &c.

* "Libera si pretio quantôvis otia vendam,
 "Cui non insanus videar? Sed apertius audi:
 "Quæ juvenem, infirmumque animi captare ne-
 "quibant,
 "Illa senem capiant? aut quæ terrere pericla
 "Possè putes hominem, cui climaëticus annus
 "Præsidio est omni majus? cui vita videtur
 "Haud equidem tanti esse, ut quid caveatve
 "petatve
 "A regni satrapis, ullaque sit anxius horâ.
 "Si mihi non dextram tetigisse, aut limina regum
 "Contigit, & lare sub tenui mea canuit ætas:
 "Attamen æquo animo, non ullis rebus egenus,
 "Non in honoratus vixi: Neque prætius usquam
 "Dii munus dederunt, cui si favisse fateatur."

Though Confians did boast
 He would conquer our coast,
 Our thunder soon made Monsieur mute;
 Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
 Then pounc'd on his prey,
 And gave him an English salute,
 Brave boys!
 And gave him, &c.

At Minden you know
 How we frighten'd the foe,
 While homeward their army now steals,
 "Though," they cry, "British hands
 "Are too hard for our hands,
 "Begar! we can beat them in heels,
 Parbleu!
 Begar! we, &c.

Whilst our heroes from home
 For laurels thus roam,
 Should the flat-bottom'd boats but appear,
 Our militia shall show
 No wooden-shod foe
 Can with freemen in battle compare,
 Brave boys!
 Can with freemen, &c.

Your fortunes and lives,
 Your children and wives,
 To defend, 'tis the time now or never:
 Then let each volunteer
 To the drum-head repair—
 King George and old England for ever!
 Brave boys!
 King George, &c.

SONG.

*Sung by Mr. Beard in the Entertainment of Apollo and
 Daphne.*

The sun from the east tips the mountains with
 gold; [hold!
 The meadows all splangled with dew-drops be-
 Hear! the lark's early matin proclaims the new
 day; [lay.
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our de-

CHORUS.

With the sports of the field there's no plea-
 sure can vie, [cry.
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full
 Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport;
 The slave of the state hunt the smiles of a court;
 No care and ambition our pastime annoy,
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.
 With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
 The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee,
 The doctor a patient—the courtier a placé,
 Though often, like us, he's slung out in the chase.
 With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb—while the soldier hunts
 fame,
 The poet a dinner—the patriot a name;

And the practis'd coquette, though she seems to refuse,
In spite of her airs, still her lover pursues.
With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health,
With hound and with horn through the wood-lands to roam,
And, when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we fellow our hounds in full cry.

SONG.

Sung By Mr. Beard at the Annual Meeting of the President, Vice-Presidents, Governors, &c. of the London Hospital.

Of trophies and laurels I mean not to sing,
Of Prussia's brave prince, or of Britain's good king;
Here the poor claim my song; then the art I'll display,
How you all shall be gainers—by giving away.
Derry down.

The cruise of the widow, you very well know,
The more it was emptied, the fuller did flow:
So here with your purse the like wonder you'll find;
The more you draw out, still—the more left be—
Derry down.

The prodigal here without danger may spend;
That ne'er can be lavish'd, to Heaven we lend;
And the miser his purse-strings may draw without pain,
For what miser won't give—when giving is gain?
Derry down.

The gamester, who sits up whole days and whole nights,
To hazard his health and his fortune at White's;
Much more to advantage his betts he may make,
Here, set what he will, he will double his stake.
Derry down.

The fair one, whose heart the four aces controul,
Who sighs for *sans-prendre*, and dreams of a vole,
Let her here send a tithe of her gains at quadrille,
And she'll ne'er want a friend—in victorious spadille.
Derry down.

Let the merchant, who trades on the perilous sea,
Come here, and insure, if from loss he'd be free;
A policy here from all danger secures,
For safe is the venture—which Heaven insures.
Derry down.

The stock-jobber too may subscribe without fear,
In a fund which for ever a premium must bear;
Where the stock still must rise, and where scrip will prevail,
Though South-Sea, and India, and Omnium should fail.
Derry down.

* The churchman likewise his advantage may draw,
And here buy a living, in spite of the law—
In Heaven I mean: then, without any fear,
Let him purchase away—there's no simony here.
Derry down.

† Ye rakes, who the joys of Hymen disclaim,
And seek, in the ruin of virtue, a fame;
You may here boast a triumph consistent with duty,
And keep, without guilt, a seraglio of beauty.
Derry down.

If from charity then such advantages flow,
That you still gain the more—the more you bestow;
Here's the place will afford you rich profit with
When the bason comes round—be as rich as you please.
Derry down.

Then a health to that ‡ Patron, whose grandeur and store
Yield aid and defence to the sick and the poor;
Who no courtier can flatter, no patriot can blame;
But, our president's here—or I'd tell you his name.
Derry down.

BALLAD.

LONG, Roger in vain
Strove Cic'ley to gain,
And that something he wanted she knew;
Yet still she reply'd,
First make me your bride,
Or—I wish I may die if I do.
Quoth Roger, next fair
I'll deck out your hair
With a top-knot, green, yellow, or blue.
No top-knot, pray, bring
Without the gold ring,
Or—I wish I may die if I do.

Together one day,
When making of hay,
Pretty Cis on a haycock he threw;
His hand did intrude;
She cry'd, don't be rude,
For—I wish I may die if I do.

But Roger still prest
Her lips and her breast,
Until kinder and kinder she grew:
A glance from her eye
He saw gave the lie
To—"I wish I may die if I do."

He knew what it meant,
Took looks for consent;
Then—a fairing presented to view,
Which Cis so amaz'd,
She sigh'd while she gaz'd—
Oh! I surely shall die—if I do.

* Additional stanza for the annual feast of the fest of the clergy.

† Ditto for the Magdalen Hospital.

‡ The late Duke of Devonshire.

What lovers conceal
No muse should reveal;
You must fancy then what did ensue:
But she no more cry'd,
First make me your bride,
Or—I wish I may die if I do

Ah! Roger! says Cin,
A fairing like this
Cannot fail a young maid to subdue:
No knot you need bring;
Ne'er mind the gold ring,
For—I wish I may die if I do.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites
To revel in his ev'ning rites,
In vain his altars I surround,
Though with Burgundian incense crown'd:
No charm has wine without the lads;
'Tis love gives relish to the glafs.
Whilst all around, with jocund glee,
In brimmers toast their fav'rite she;
Though ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
My heart still whispers Chloe's name;
And thus with me, by am'rous stealth,
Still ev'ry glafs is Chloe's health.

VERSES

Occasioned by Lady Pomfret's Present of some Antique Statues to Oxford; the streets whereof were foolishly said to be paved with Jacobites.

Ir Oxford's stones, as Blaco writes,
And Pitt affirms, are Jacobites,
That bid the court defiance;
How must the danger now increase,
When stones are come from Rome and Greece,
To form a grand alliance!
Yet, sprung from lands of liberty,
These stones can sure no Tories be,
Or friends to the Pretender;
And Pitt himself can ne'er devise,
That Whiggish stones should ever rise
Against our faith's Defender.

TO DR. KING.

OFF have I heard, with clam'rous note,
A yelping cur exalt his throat
At Cynthia's silver rays;
So, with the blaze of learning's light,
When you, O King, offend his sight,
The spaniel Blaco bays.

THE BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

TO FLAVIA.

SEE! Flavia, see! that flutt'ring thing,
Skim round yon' flower with sportive wing,
Yet ne'er its sweet explore;
While, wiser, the industrious bee
Extracts the honey from the tree,
And hives the precious store.

So you, with coy, coquettish art,
Play wanton round your lover's heart,
Insensible and free:
Love's balmy blessing would you try,
No longer sport a butterfly,
But imitate the bee.

VERSES,

Dropt in Mr. Garrick's Temple of Shakspeare.

WHILE here to Shakspeare * Garrick pays
His tributary thanks and praise;
Invokes the animated stone,
To make the poet's mind his own;
That he each character may trace
With humour, dignity, and grace;
And mark, unerring mark, to men,
The rich creation of his pen;
Preferr'd the pray'r—the marble god
Methinks I see, assenting, nod,
And, pointing to his laurel'd brow,
Cry—"Half this wreath to you I owe:
"Lost to the stage, and lost to fame;
"Murder'd my scenes, scarce known my name;
"Sunk in oblivion and disgrace
"Among the common, scribbling race,
"Unnotic'd long thy Shakspeare lay,
"To dullness, and to time, a prey:
"But now I rise, I breathe, I live
"In you—my representative!
"Again the hero's breast I fire,
"Again the tender sigh inspire;
"Each side, again, with laughter shake,
"And teach the villain-heart to quake;
"All this, my son! again I do—
"I?—No, my son!—'Tis I, and you."
While thus the grateful statue speaks,
A blush o'er spreads the suppliant's cheeks—
"What!—Half this wreath, wit's mighty chief?—
"O grant," he cries, "one single leaf;
"That far o'er pays his humble merit,
"Who's but the organ of thy spirit."
Phœbus the gen'rous contest heard—
When thus the god address'd the bard:
"Here, take this laurel from my brow,
"On him your mortal wreath bestow;—
"Each matchless, each the palm shall bear,
"In heav'n the bard, on earth the play'r.

CUPID BAFLED.

DIANA, hunting on a day,
Beheld where Cupid sleeping lay,
His quiver by his head:
One of his darts she stole away,
And one of her's did close convey
Into the other's stead.

When next the archer through the grove,
In search of prey, did wanton rove,

* The statue of Shakspeare, in the temple dedicated to the bard by Mr. Garrick, in his delightful garden at Hampton, was the work of that able and ingenious master, Roubiliac.

Aurelia fair he spy'd ;
 Aurelia, who to Damon's pray'r
 Disdain'd to lend a tender ear,
 And Cupid's pow'r defy'd.
 Soon as he ey'd the rebel maid ;
 " Now 'know my pow'r !" enrag'd, he said ;
 Then levell'd at her heart :
 Full to the head the shaft he drew ;
 But harmless to her breast it flew,
 For, lo !—'twas Dian's dart.
 Exulting, then the fair-one cry'd,
 " Fond urchin lay your bow aside ;
 " Your quiver be unbound :
 " Would you Aurelia's heart subdue,
 " Thy plaything arrows ne'er will do ;
 " Bid Damon give the wound."

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

"Twixt death and Schomberg, t' other day,
 A contest did arise ;
 Death swore his prize he'd bear away
 The doctor, death defies.
 Enrag'd to hear his pow'r defy'd,
 Death drew his keenest dart ;
 But wond'ring saw it glance aside,
 And miss the vital part.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Powell, at the opening of the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, on Monday, September 14. 1767.

As when the merchant, to increase his store,
 For dubious seas, advent'rous quits the shore ;
 Still anxious for its freight, he trembling sees
 Rocks in each buoy, and tempests in each breeze ;
 The curling wave to mountain billows swells,
 And ev'ry cloud a fancied storm foretells :
 Thus rashly launch'd on this theatric main,
 Our all on board, each phantom gives us pain ;
 The catcall's note seems thunder in our ears,
 And ev'ry hiss a hurricane appears ;
 In journal squibs we lightning's blast espy,
 And meteors blaze in every critic's eye.

Spite of these terrors, still some hopes we view,
 Hopes, ne'er can fail us—since they're plac'd—in
 in you.

Your breath the gale, our voyage is secure,
 And safe the venture which your smiles ensure ;
 Though weak his skill, th' advent'rer must succeed,
 Where candour takes th' endeavour for the deed.
 For Brentford's state, two kings could once suffice ;
 In ours, behold ! four kings of Brentford rise ;
 All smelling to one nosegay's od'rous flavour,
 The balmy nosegay of—the public favour.
 From hence alone, our royal funds we draw,
 Your pleasure our support, your will our law.
 While such our government, we hope you'll own
 us ;

But should we ever tyrant prove—dethrone us.

Like brother monarchs, who, to coax the na-
 tion,

Began their reign, with some fair proclamation,
 We too should talk at least—of reformation ;

Declare, that during our imperial sway,
 No bard shall mourn his long-neglected play ;
 But then the play must have some wit, some spirit,
 And we allow'd sole umpires of its merit.

For those deep sages of the judging pit,
 Whose taste is too refin'd for modern wit,
 From Rome's great theatre we'll cull the piece,
 And plant, on Britain's stage, the flow'rs of
 Greece.

If some there are, our British bards can please,
 Who taste the ancient wit of ancient days,
 Be ours to save, from time's devouring womb,
 Their works, and snatch their laurels from the
 tomb. [choofe,

For you, ye fair, who sprightlier scenes may
 Where music decks in all her airs the muse,
 Gay opera shall all its charm dispenfe,
 Yet boast no tuneful triumph over sense ;
 The nobler bard shall still assert his right,
 Nor Handel rob a Shakspeare of his night.

To greet their mortal brethren of our skies,
 Here all the gods of pantomime shall rise :
 Yet 'midst the pomp and magic of machines,
 Some plot may mark the meaning of our scenes ;
 Scenes which were held, in good King Rich's days,
 By sages, no bad epilogues to plays.

If terms, like these your suffrage can engage,
 To fix our mimic empire of the stage ;
 Confirm our title in your fair opinions,
 And crowd each night to people our dominions.

VERSES

On converting the Chapel to a Kitchen, at the Seat of the Lord Donnerayle, called "The Grove, in Hertfordshire."

By Ovid, among other wonders, we're told
 What chanc'd to Philemon and Baucis of old ;
 How their cot to a temple was conjur'd by Jove,
 So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at Grove.

The lord of the mansion most rightly conceiting,
 His guests lov'd good pray'rs much less than good
 eating ;

And possess'd by the devil, as some folks will tell
 ye,
 What was meant for the soul, he assign'd to the
 belly.

The word was scarce given—when down dropp'd
 the clock,
 And straight was seen fix'd in the form of a jack ;
 And, shameful to tell ! pulpit, benches, and pews,
 Form'd, cupboards and shelves, for plates, saucepans,
 and stews.

Pray'r-books turn'd into platters ; nor think it a
 fable,

A dresser sprung out of the communion-table ;
 Which, instead of the usual repast, bread and wine,
 Is stor'd with rich soups, and good English sirloin.

No fire, but what pure devotion could raise,
 Till now had been known in this temple to blaze :
 But, good lord ! how the neighbours around did
 admire,

When a chimney rose up in the room of a spire !

For a Jew many people the master mistook,
Whose Lewites were scullions, his high-priest a
cook;

And though he design'd our religion to alter,
When they saw the burnt-offering smoke at the
altar.

The bell's solemn sound, that was heard far and
near,
And oft rous'd the chaplain unwilling to pray'r,
No more to good sermons now summons the sin-
ner,
But blasphemous rings in—the country to dinner.

When my good lord the bishop had heard the
strange story,
How the place was profan'd, that was built to
G—'s glory;
Full of zeal he cried out, "Oh, how impious the
"To cram Christians with pudding, instead of
"the creed!"

Then away to the grove hied the church's pro-
tector,
Resolving to give his lay-brother a lecture;
But he scarce had begun, when he saw, plac'd be-
fore 'em,
A haunch piping hot from the *sanctum sanctorum*.

"Troth!" quoth he, "I find no great sin in the
"plan;
"What was useless to God—to make useful to man:
"Besides, 'tis a true Christian duty, we read,
"The poor and the hungry with good things to
"feed."

Then again on the walls he bestow'd consecration,
But reserv'd the full rights of a free visitation:
Thus, 'tis still the Lord's house—only varied the
treat.
Now, there's meat without grace—where was
grace without meat.

VERSES

*On the Duke of Cumberland's Victory at Culloden, in
the Year 1746.*

As his worm-eaten volumes old time tumbled o'er
To review the great actions that happen'd of yore;
When the names of young Ammon and Cæsar he
saw,
He to one oppos'd Churchill—to th' other Nassau;
Then said, with a sigh, "What! has Britain no
"friend?" [end?]
"With these must her long race of heroes have
When straight a loud blast on her trumpet fame
blew,
Which so long had been silent, the sound he
scarce knew;
But soon in his sight the swift goddess appear'd,
And, half out of breath, cry'd—"News, news!
"have you heard?"—
"I have yet one hero to add to your store,
"Brave William has conquer'd—Rebellion's no
"more."

Well pleas'd, in his annals time set down the name,
Made the record authentic—and gave it to fame.

VERSES

*Inscribed on a Monument, called The Tomb of Care
in the Garden of the late John Rich, Esq. at Cowley,
in Middlesex; whereon three beautiful Boys are co-
vering a Funeral Urn with a Veil of Flowers.*

WAV, busy boys, why thus entwine
The flowery veil around this shrine?
As if, for halcyon days like these,
The sight too solemn were to please;
Mistaken boys, what sight's so fair—
To mortals, as the Tomb of Care?
Here let the gloomy tyrant lie;
His urn an altar shall supply,
Sacred to ease, and social mirth;
For Care's decease—is Pleasure's birth.

THE EPITAPH

*(In Letters of Brass, inserted by a Female Figure re-
presenting History), on a Marble Pyramid of the Mo-
nument of John Duke of Argyll.*

BARRON, behold, if patriot worth be dear,
A shrine that claims thy tributary tear!
Silent that tongue admiring senates heard,
Nerveless that arm opposing legions fear'd!
Nor less, O Campbell! thine the pow'r to please,
And give to grandeur all the grace of ease.
Long, from thy life, let kindred heroes trace
Arts which ennoble still the noblest race.—
Others may owe their future fame to me;
I borrow immortality from thee.

Westminster Abbey.

P. WHITEHEAD.

VERSES

*On the Name, P. Whitehead, subscribed to the above
Inscription, being removed thence some time after the
Monument was erected.*

O'er the tombs as pale envy was hov'ring around,
The manes of each hallow'd hero to wound;
On Argyll's, when she saw only truth was re-
lated

Of him, whom alive she most mortally hated,
And finding the record adopted by fame,
In revenge to the poet—the gnaw'd out his name.

VERSES

*To Mr. Brooke, on the Refusal of a Licence to his
Play of Gustavus Vasa.*

WHILE Athens glory'd in her free-born race,
And science flourish'd round her fav'rite place,
The muse unfetter'd trod the Grecian stage;
Free were her pinions, unrestrain'd her rage;
Bold and secure she aim'd the pointed dart,
And pour'd the precept poignant to the heart,
Till dire dominion stretch'd her lawless sway,
And Athens' sons were destin'd to obey;
Then, first, the stage a licens'd bondage knew,
And tyrants quash'd the scene they fear'd to view;
Fair freedom's voice no more was heard to charm,
Or liberty the Attic audience warm.

Then fled the muse, indignant, from the shore,
Nor deign'd to dwell where freedom was no more:

Vain then; alas! she fought Britannia's isle,
Charm'd with her voice; and cheer'd us with her
smile.

If Gallic laws her gen'rous flight restrain,
And bind her captive with th' ignoble chain;
Bold and unlicens'd, in Eliza's days,
Free flow'd her numbers, flourish'd fair her bays;
O'er Britain's stage majestic, unconfin'd,
She tun'd her patriot lessons to mankind;
For mighty heroes ranfack'd ev'ry age, [page.
Then beam'd them glorious in her Shakspeare's
Shakspeare's no more!—lost was the poet's
name,

Till thou, my friend, my genius, sprung to fame;
Lur'd by his laurel's never-fading bloom;
You boldly snatch'd the trophy from his tomb,
Taught the declining muse again to soar,
And to Britannia gave one poet more.

Pleas'd, in thy lays we see Gustavus live;
But, O Gustavus! if thou canst, forgive.
Britons, more savage than the tyrant Dane,
Beneath whose yoke you drew the galling chain,
Degen'rate Britons, by thy worth dismay'd,
Profane thy glories, and proscribe thy shade.

SONG.

As Granville's soft numbers tune Myra's just
praise,
And Chloe shines lovely in Prior's sweet lays;
So, would Daphne but smile, their example I'd
follow.

And, as she looks like Venus, I'd sing like Apollo;
But, alas! while no smiles from the fair one in-
spire, [lyre!

How languid my strains, and how tuneless my

Go, zephyrs, salute in soft accents her ear,
And tell how I languish, sigh, pine, and despair;
In gentlest murmurs my passion commend,
But whisper it folly, for fear you offend:

For sure, O ye winds, you may tell her my pain;
Tis Strephon's to suffer, but not to complain.

Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
Still something presents the fair nymph to my view,
If I traverse the garden, the garden still shows
Me her neck in the lily, her lip in the rose;
But with her neither lily nor rose can compare;
Far sweeter's her lip, and her bosom more fair.

If, to vent my fond anguish, I steal to the grove,
The spring there presents the fresh bloom of my
love;

The nightingale too, with impertinent noise,
Pours forth her sweet strains in my syren's sweet
voice: [brings;

Thus the grove and its music her image still
For like the spring she looks fair, like the night-
ingale sings.

If, forsaking the groves, I fly to the court,
Where beauty and splendour united reort,
Some glimpse of my fair in each charmer I spy,
In Richmond's fair form, or in Brudenel's bright
eye; [appear?

But, alas! what would Brudenel or Richmond
Unheeded they'd pass, were my Daphne but
there.

If to books I retire, to drown my fond pain,
And dwell over Horace, or Ovid's sweet strain;
In Lydia, or Chloe, my Daphne I find;
But Chloe was courteous, and Lydia was kind:
Like Lydia, or Chloe, would Daphne but prove,
Like Horace, or Ovid, I'd sing and I'd love.

TO DR. SCHOMBERG, OF BATH.

To Schomberg quoth Death, "I your patient will
"have:" [save."

To Death replied Schomberg, "My patient I'll
Then Death seiz'd his arrow, the Doctor his pen,
And each wound the one gave, t' other heal'd it
again;

Till Death swore he never had met such defiance,
Since he and the college had been in alliance.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
JOHN BROWN, D. D.

Containing

ESSAY ON SATIRE,
GURE OF SAUL,

||

HONOUR,
INSCRIPTION,

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Do thou fair TRUTH descend,
And watchful guard him in an honest end;
Kindly severe, instruct his equal line,
To court no friend, nor own a foe but thine.
But if his giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the muse of wit;
If his apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine,
Urge, urge thy power; the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking censor to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear instructed bards may see,
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

ESSAY ON SATIRE, PART III.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

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JOHN BROWN, D.D.

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THE LIFE OF BROWN.

JOHN BROWN was born at Rothbury, in the county of Northumberland, November 5. 1715. He was descended from the family of Brown of Coalston in Haddingtonshire. His father, the Rev. John Brown, was a native of Dunse in Berwickshire; and, at the time of his son's birth, was curate to Dr. Thomlinson rector of Rothbury. He was collated by Dr. Nicolson Bishop of Carlisle, to the vicarage of Wigton in Cumberland, in the latter end of 1715. His mother's maiden name was Potts.

He received the first part of his education at the grammar school of Wigton. From thence he was removed to the University of Cambridge, where he was entered of St. John's College, December 18. 1732, under the tuition of Dr. Tonstall.

He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1735, with great reputation, being at the head of the wranglers, and returned to Wigton, where he was ordained by Dr. Fleming bishop of Carlisle. His first preferment was to a minor canonry and lectureship of the cathedral church of Carlisle. He remained in obscurity in that city till 1739, when he went to Cambridge, to take his degree of Master of Arts.

In 1745, he distinguished himself by his zeal for government; and acted as a volunteer at the siege of Carlisle, during which he behaved with great intrepidity.

After the defeat of the rebels, when several of them were to be tried at the assizes held at Carlisle in 1746, he preached *Two Sermons* on the mutual connection between religious truth and civil freedom, and between superstition, tyranny, irreligion, and atheism.

His attachment to Whig principles procured him the friendship of Dr. Osbaldeston, who contributed to his obtaining from the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle the living of Morland, in the county of Westmoreland; and, on the death of Dr. Fleming, being advanced to that see, appointed him one of his chaplains. He resigned his preferment in the cathedral of Carlisle in disgust.

In the early part of his life, and probably during his residence at Carlisle, he wrote his poem intitled *Honour*, inscribed to Lord Viscount Lonsdale.

His next poetical performance, though not immediately published, was his *Essay on Satire*, in three parts, addressed to Warburton, who immediately introduced him to his friend Ralph Allen, Esq. of Prior Parks, near Bath, to whose generosity he was indebted, at a time when his circumstances had not raised him above pecuniary obligations.

On the 22d of April 1750, he preached a sermon at the Abbey-Church at Bath, for the benefit of the General Hospital, *On the Pursuit of False Pleasure, and the Mischief of Immoderate Gaming*, which was attended by the suppression of the public gaming-tables in that city; an effect which did honour to the preacher's eloquence.

In 1751, his *Essay on Satire* was given to the world in the second volume of Warburton's edition of Pope's Works, with which it still continues to be printed, as well as in the third volume of "Doddsley's Collection."

The same year, he published, what may be still regarded as his capital production, his *Essays on the Characteristics of the Earl of Shaftesbury*. I. *On Ridicule, considered as the Test of Truth*. II. *On the Motives to Virtue, and the Necessity of Religious Principles*. III. *On Revealed Religion and Christianity*. The work was dedicated to Mr. Allen, and received by the public with a high degree of applause. In the last *Essay*, he is said to have received considerable assistance from his father. The fifth edition was printed in 1764. Mr. Charles Bulkeley, a Dissenting Minister, published two pamphlets in vindication of Shaftesbury, in 1751 and 1752, written with ability and spirit.

He had a principal hand in the composition of an "Essay on Musical Expression," by Mr. Charles Avison, which came out in that year, and was well received. To the second edition, which appeared in 1753, was added an ingenious and learned letter to the author concerning the music of the ancients, by the late Dr. Jortin, though published without his name.

In 1754, he printed a sermon *On the Use and Abuse of Externals in Religion*; in which, while he allows and contends for the great expediency of ceremonials in worship, he does not seem attached to any particular mode as designed to distinguish particular sects, but vindicates the outward forms of devotion only so far as they are calculated to promote the purposes of religion, and the general union of all the professions of Christianity.

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In 1755, his *Barbarossa*, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane. The design seems borrowed from "Merope." Zaphira's distress and her resolutions greatly resemble Merope's; and the character of *Barbarossa* seems to be drawn after *Polipbones*, with some few strokes of *Bajazet*, and the blustering monarch in the "Mourning Bride." It met with great success in the representation; and, being a play of bustle and business, still keeps possession of the stage. Garrick furnished the prologue and epilogue.

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In the summer after the *Effimate* was published, as he was one night sitting alone in Vauxhall Gardens, the following *Impromptu*, with which he was much pleased, was sent him by an unknown hand:

O say, thou gracious censor of the age,
What can thy solitary thoughts engage;
What lures thee thus to pleasure's golden reign;
Canst thou like Cato, to go out again?
No! sent like Raphael from the heavenly powers,
To meet the inhabitants of Eden's bowers,
Welcome, O peer! pursue the glorious plan,
To mark the manners, and reform the man.

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The testimony given by Voltaire, to the effect which the *Estimate* had on the conduct of the nation, is very honourable to Brown. "At this time (1756) there appeared a book intitled "An Estimate of the Manners of the Times," of which there was no less than five editions printed off in London in the space of three months. In this treatise the author proves that the English nation was entirely degenerated; that it was near its ruin; that its inhabitants were no longer so robust and hardy as in former times; and that its soldiers had lost their courage. This work roused the sensibility of the English nation, and produced the following consequences: They attacked almost at one and the same time, all the sea coasts of France, and her possessions in Asia, Africa, and America."

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severably refuted some of the positions of Rousseau and other speculatists, and has proved, beyond reasonable contradiction, the importance, and indeed the necessity, of forming the minds of children to early habits of piety and virtue.

In the beginning of 1765, he again reverted to politics, and published *Thoughts on Civil Liberty, Licentiousness, and Fashion*, 8vo, a work which, though drawn up with great parade, and assuming a scientific form, was in fact little more than a party pamphlet, intended to censure the persons who at that time opposed the measures of administration.

His next publication was a *Sermon on the Female Character and Education*, preached May 16. 1765, before the Guardians of the Asylum for Deserted Female Orphans. It was intended as a sequel to the three before published on the general subject of education. His sentiments on the religious opinions proper to be instilled into the minds of children, appear to be liberal. With regard to moral and political principles, he is for having such only inculcated as are clearly built on the precepts of Christianity and the laws of freedom. To the question, "Whether there be any opinions or principles which ought *not* to be tolerated (or suffered to be taught) in a well ordered free community?" he replies, that in his judgment there are many opinions or principles tending evidently to the destruction of society or freedom, and which therefore ought *not* to be tolerated in a well ordered free community. He gives an instance in each of the three capital species, religious, moral, and political. The instances are taken from Locke, and supported by that great man's authority; but it may now be observed, that a deeper investigation of the subject, and a more enlarged experience, have convinced the enlightened part of mankind that toleration may safely be extended farther than even Locke imagined.

His last publication was *A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Lowth, occasioned by his Letter to the Right Rev. Author of the Divine Legation of Moses*, 8vo, 1766, intended to vindicate himself against the insinuations of his being one of the extravagant adulators and defenders of Warburton.

At the end of several of his later writings, he announced a work, intituled, *Principles of Christian Legislation*; but he was prevented from publishing it by his death.

In 1765, Dr. Dumarsque, who had been invited, in the preceding year, to Russia, by the present Empress, to give his assistance in regulating the public schools, desired his advice with regard to the prosecution of the object for which he had been invited to that country. His answer, from the sketch inserted in the "Biographia," strongly displays the greatness and extent of his ideas; though, instead of confining himself to the establishment of schools, which was all that was required of him, he seemed to consider himself as called out to compile a code of laws, and to be the civilizer, and indeed the legislator, of the whole Russian empire.

The Empress, however, was so much pleased with it, that she invited him to her court, and ordered him 1000 l. for his expences. He accepted the offer, and actually prepared for his journey; but finding his health in too precarious a state to admit of his fulfilling his intention, he was obliged to relinquish it. He therefore returned 200 l. that had been advanced, deducting only 97l. 6s. for some extraordinary expences, and wrote a long letter to the Empress, which does great honour to his abilities, and in which he confines himself chiefly to the subject of education.

This disappointment, concurring with his state of health in general, and accompanied perhaps with the recollection of the other failures that had happened to him in his expectations and wishes, was followed by a dejection of spirits, which he had been often subject to. In an interval of deprivation of reason, he was prompted to do violence to himself; and, on the 23d of September, cut his throat with a razor, so effectually, that death speedily ensued, in the 51st year of his age.

His unhappy end, when some previous circumstances of his life are considered, will cast no stain on his character. He had a tendency to insanity in his constitution, and from his early life had been subject at times to some disorder in his brain, at least to melancholy in its excess. Mrs. Gilpin of Carlisle, soon after his death, wrote in the following terms, in a letter to a friend: "His distemper was a frenzy, to which he had by fits been long subject, to my own knowledge above thirty years. Had it not been for Mr. Farish (a worthy clergyman of Carlisle), frequently, and once myself, the same event would have happened to him long ago. It was no premeditated purpose in him; for he abhorred the thought of self-murder, and in bitterness of soul expressed his

fears to me, that one time or other some ready mischief might present itself to him at a time when he was wholly deprived of his reason."

Besides the works which have been mentioned, Brown published a poem on *Liberty*, in folio, 1758, which the diligence of the present writer has not been able to procure; two or three anonymous pamphlets; *A Description of Kestwick*, in a letter to Lyttleton, and a short paper, intituled, *The Jesuits*, preserved in the "Biographia."

In his will, he requests that the Rev. Nathaniel Clayton of St. John's Church, Newcastle, the Rev. Mr. Darrel, Percival Clennel, Esq. and Joseph Airey, Esq. would revise and correct the manuscript intituled *Principles of Legislation*; and, as the copy of it was in some places interlined and obscure, he desires that they will make it out according to the best of their judgment, and the tenor of the argument. He ordered likewise, in his will, that all his writings already published should be republished, together with the addition of such manuscripts and copies as were mentioned in a particular paper, and that they should be published in seven volumes, in the order and manner described in that paper. The revision and superintendence of the publication he recommended to the four gentlemen above mentioned. The property of his works, thus published, he bequeathed to the Rev. William Hall, son to the Rev. Mark Hall, upon condition that he assisted the aforesaid gentlemen, by taking the principal part of the trouble upon himself, and by acting according to their opinion and directions, and upon condition that he employed Mr. Lockyer Davis in Holburn, London, as the bookseller for the sale of the first edition, and allowed him one half of the clear profits of that edition. The reasons why the orders of his will have not been carried into execution, are not assigned. The *Principles of Christian Legislation*, at least, might have appeared, without any danger of loss to the proprietor.

His *Poems*, dispersed up and down in the "Miscellanies," are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

With regard to the general character of Brown, it will be easily discerned that he was a man of uncommon ingenuity, and that it was unfortunately tinged with an undue degree of self-opinion. Perhaps the bias of his mind to insanity will assign the best cause, as well as form the best excuse for the errors he has been charged with in this respect. His genius was extensive; for, besides his being so elegant a prose writer in various kinds of composition, he was a poet, a musician, and a painter. He bequeathed, by his will, the pictures of his father and mother, painted in crayons by himself. He played well on several instruments. His learning does not appear to have been equal to his genius. His invention was indeed inexhaustible; which led him to form magnificent plans, which required a greater extent of erudition than he was possessed of, fully to execute. In divinity, properly so called, as including an extensive knowledge of the controverted points of theology, and a critical acquaintance with the scriptures, he was not deeply conversant. However, it appears from his *Sermons*, that his ideas of this kind were liberal, and that he did not lay much stress on the disputed doctrines of Christianity. His temper, it is said, was suspicious, and sometimes threw him into disagreeable altercations with his friends. But this arose in a great measure, if not entirely, from his constitutional disorder; for it has been observed, that a very suspicious turn of mind is one of the surest prognostics of lunacy. He has been charged with shifting about too speedily with a view to preferment; and it must be acknowledged, that his *Thoughts on Civil Liberty, Licentiousness, and Fashion*, seemed to have something of that appearance. He has, however, in that performance, endeavoured to remove any charge of that nature, by observing, that if he had indirectly censured those whom he had formerly applauded, he never was attached to men but measures. At the conclusion, likewise, of his *Letter to Dr. Lowth*, he says, "I am, and ever have been, conscious of the independence of my mind, and I hope I may without vanity add, the integrity of my heart." Such, too, is the testimony given of him by his surviving friends. Upon the whole, his defects, which chiefly arose from too sanguine a temperament of constitution, were compensated by many excellencies and virtues.

With respect to his prose writings, they are all of them elegant. Even those which are of a more temporary nature, may most of them continue to be read with pleasure, as containing a variety of curious observation; and others of his works, being calculated for a more lasting duration, will transmit his name with considerable reputation to future times.

As a poet, his compositions are chiefly characterised by elegance of diction; manliness of sentiment, facility of expression, and harmony of numbers. The design of his poem intituled *Honour* is to show that true honour can only be found in virtue; and, in support of so just a doctrine, he advances many excellent sentiments, delivered in elegant and accurate versification. His *Essay on Satire* is very properly printed with Pope's works, as it is written, in many parts, with an elegance, correctness, spirit, and harmony, which rival the best productions of that celebrated poet. In the third part of the *Essay*, in which he celebrates the most eminent satirists, he has drawn Pope's poetical character to great advantage.

But see, at length, the British genius smile,
And shower her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold for Pope she twines the laurel crown,
And centres every poet's power in one:
Each Roman's force adorns his various page;
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing guilt and dullness loathe the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine, and boldly true:
Here vice, dragg'd forth by truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity;
While self-seen virtue in the faithful line
With modest joys surveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the poet's mind!
Who yonder stars effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a god, unless the god inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
So, mighty Pope, to make thy genius known.
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the graces left th' Italian grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next to her bard majestic wisdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame:
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
At fancy's call, who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimar views thy daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with virtue's sacred store
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
And like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But genius, fir'd by truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
Like this its beam, prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wintery passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise, immortal Pope, to thee be given.
Thy genius was indeed a gift from Heaven.
Hail, bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
Reason and wit with strength collected shine;
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in truth's superior blaze.
Did friendship e'er mislead thy wandering muse?
That friendship sure may plead the great excuse:

That sacred friendship which inspir'd thy song,
 Fair in defect and amiably wrong.
 Error like this ev'n truth can scarce reprove;
 'Tis almost virtue, when it flows from love.

In his *Cure of Saul*, he has attempted to express the various powers of that music whereby the Israelitish shepherd charmed his unhappy prince. If this sacred ode does not arise to the poetry and harmony of Dryden's "St. Cecilia," it has, nevertheless, allowance being made for a few exceptions, no small degree of beauty and merit, and ranks with the most distinguished lyric compositions. In the stanza beginning, *By sleepless terror Saul possess'd*, the dreadful images of terror and distraction are well sustained, and the measure of the verse happily corresponds with the imagery. The last line is incorrect and inflated. In the stanza beginning *Sunk on his couch, and lothing day*, we are pleased to find the divine musician so affected with the miseries of the monarch, as to drop a generous tear; and his ready address to the Almighty is well conceived. The stanza beginning *Hark, loud discord breaks her chain*, is adequately expressed, except the last line, which is too feeble. The harmony and imagery of the following passages are equally beautiful, and appear, to the present writer, to be faultless throughout.

Lead the soothing verse along :
 He feels, he feels the power of song.
 Ocean hastens to his bed :
 The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head :
 Down his steep and shaggy side
 The torrent rolls his thundering tide ;
 Then smooth and clear, along the fertile plain
 Winds his majestic waters to the distant main.
 Flocks and herds the hills adorn ;
 The lark high-soaring, hails the morn.
 And while along yon crimson-clouded steep
 The flow sun steals into the golden deep,
 Hark ! the solemn nightingale
 Warbles to the woodland dale.
 See descending angels shower
 Heaven's own bliss on Eden's bower :
 Peace on nature's lap reposes ;
 Pleasure strews her guiltless roses ;
 Joys divine in circles move,
 Link'd with innocence and love.
 Hail, happy love, with innocence combin'd !
 All hail ye sinless parents of mankind !

The passage that follows this, and, for the instruction of the monarch, represents the miseries of our first parents as the consequence of their guilt, has likewise many beauties. The unhappy king could not but apply this part of the song to himself.

—With pride, and shame, and anguish torn,
 Shot fury from his eyes, and scorn.
 The glowing youth,
 Bold in truth,
 (So still should virtue guilty power engage)
 With brow undaunted met his rage.
 See, his cheek kindles into generous fire :
 Stern he bends him o'er his lyre ;
 And, while the doom of guilt he sings,
 Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings.

Nothing can be more happily expressive than the last line : we almost tremble while we read it. Some exceptionable passages might be pointed out ; but they are excusable, *ubi plura nitent*.

"The music to the *Cure of Saul*," Sir John Hawkins observes, "when it was performed as an oratorio, was partly selected by Brown, from such favourite movements in the works of the most celebrated composers as would best express the sense of the words. He took, in particular, for a solo air, the faraband in the eighth sonata of Purcell's second opera; and, for the chorus, that most admirable movement in Purcell's "O give thanks," "Remember me, O Lord;" and any stranger would have thought that the music had been originally composed for the ode."

THE WORKS OF BROWN.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO MR. WARBURTON.

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PART I.

FATE gave the word : the cruel arrow sped ;
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty dead :
Refign'd he fell ; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in yours and Britain's heart :

You mourn : but Britain, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious Britain) ! slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting dulness ey'd the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night :
Rous'd at the signal, guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign :
With unextinguishable rage they burn ;
And snake-hung envy hisses o'er his urn :
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam.
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.

But you, O Warburton ! whose eye refin'd
Can see the greatness of an honest mind ;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a pure delight ;
You visit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there ;
You trace the chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues :
Intent from this great archetype to draw
Satire's bright form, and fix her equal law ;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,

And reverence his apd satire's generous end.
In every breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame :
The passion one, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire :
The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo,
And only fly, that glory may pursue :

She, power resistless, rules the wife and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade.
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade. 40

Thus Heaven in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame;
But man, vain man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies:
With raptures hears corrupted passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd substance quits the true;
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory plunges deep in vice; 50
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious nature plies her part;
And still her dictates work in every heart.
Each power that sovereign nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore, 59
And drown those virtues which they fed before.

And sure, the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,
Our worst of evils, is perverted shame.
Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd,
We seek our virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, interest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
Tir'd in the treacherous chase, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like Sylla, quit the field:
The demon-shame paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "The world will call you
fool."

Behold yon wretch, by impious fashion driven,
Believes and trembles, while he scoffs at Heaven.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod;
To man a coward, and a brave to God. 80

Faith, justice, Heaven itself now quit their hold,
When to false fame the captive heart is sold;
Hence, blind to truth, relentless Cato dy'd;
Nought could subdue his virtue, but his pride.
Hence chaste Lucretia's innocence betray'd
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence satire's power: 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad ambition to be wise:

In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire:
Strips black oppression of her gay disguise,
And bids the hag in native horror rise.
Strikes towering pride and lawless rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the muse a vain imagin'd power,
Though oft she mourns those ills she cannot cure.

The worthy court her, and the worthless fear;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere. 105
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And every foe to wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, pedants, as the smiles, no more are vain;
Desponding fops resign the clouded cane:
Hush'd at her voice, pert folly's self is still,
And dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art most subtly true,
From poisonous vice she draws a healing dew: 110
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, securely wrapp'd in wiles,
And force strong sinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for policy, for power too strong.

Ev'n fair religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seek refuge with the wife;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And mercy courts, and justice frowns in vain. 120
But satire's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
She plays a ruling passion on the rest:

Undaunted storms the battery of his pride,
And awes the brave that earth and Heaven defy'd.
When fell corruption, by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold satire shakes the tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain. 130

But with the friends of vice, the foes of satire,
All truth is spleen; all just reproof, ill-nature.
Well may they dread the muse's fatal skill:
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's spear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids vice and folly take their natural shapes,
Turns ducheesses to strumpets, beaux to apes;
Drags the vile whisperer from his dark abode,
Till all the demon starts up from the toad. 140

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of virtue wakes her scorn of vice:
Where justice calls, 'tis cruelty to save;
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend;
Then judge of satire's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all mankind. 150
Scarce more the friend of man, the wise must own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand, than satire's frown:
This to chastise, as that to bliss was giv'n;
Alike the faithful ministers of heaven.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent:
Though strong th' example, weak the punish-
ment.

They least are pain'd, who merit satire most;
Folly the Laureat's, vice was Charres' boast:
Thou where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to shame? 160
Oft satire acts the faithful surgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful is her art:
With caution bold, the only strikes to heal;
Though folly raves to break the friendly steel.

Then sure no fault impartial satire knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs;
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then : but conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold be ever just : 170
Nor court applause in these degenerate days :
The villan's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And show mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
As foplings grin to show their teeth are white :
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile :
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart. 180
O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame !
Fell ravisher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear !
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn ?
And know, immortal truth shall mock thy toil :
Immortal truth shall bid the shaft recoil ;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart,
And empty all its poison in thy heart. 190

With caution next, the dangerous power apply ;
An eagle's talon ask—an eagle's eye :
Let satire then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confess,
Because blind ridicule conceives a jest :
Before whose altar virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd victim shall be led :
Lo Shaftesbury rears her high on reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honours not her own :
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke, 201
Profaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke !
Come, let us join awhile this tittering crew,
And own the idiot guide for once is true ;
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
Who therefore smil'd, because they saw a fool ;
Sublimed logic now adorns our isle,
We therefore see a fool, because we smile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek ?
Lo, gay she sits in laughter's dimpled cheek : 210
Contentous each furly academic foe,
And courts the spruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty ridicule's all-conquering hand
Shall work Herculean wonders through the land :
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton, shall rage in vain,
In vain the trackless maze of truth you scan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man : 220
No more shall reason boast her power divine,
Her base eternal shook by folly's mine !
Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win ;
And coxcombs vanquish Berkely by a grin.
But you more sage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is ne'er explor'd by ridicule ;

On truth, on falsehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all ;
As the gay prissim but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye. 230
Beware the mad adventurer : bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with every wind ;
Deaf as the storm to sinking virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd reason at the helm preside,
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide ;
Then mirth may urge, when reason can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to shore.

Though distant times may rise in satire's
page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the present age : 240
With wisdom's lustre, folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past :
Bid Britain's heroes (awful shades) ! arise,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice :
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were :
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust ;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just ;
When low-born sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falsify'd the card, or egg'd the dye ; 250
Ere lewdness the stain'd garb of honour wore,
Or chastity was carted for the whore ;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom dress'd ;
Or public spirit was the public jest.

Be ever, in a just expression, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair satire to a scold :
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace :
In mirth be temperate, temperate in her spleen ;
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a fore,
Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a — :
The muse's charms resistless then assail,
When wrapp'd in irony's transparent veil :
Her beauties half-conceal'd, the more surpris'd,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd :
Style Clodius honourable, Buss chaste.

Dart not on folly an indignant eye :
Who e'er discharg'd artillery on a fly ? 270
Deride not vice : absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay more ; when flagrant crimes your laughter
move,

The knave exults : to smile is to approve.
The muse's labour then success shall crown,
When folly feels her smile, and vice her frown.

Know next what measures to each theme be-
long,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song :
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer,
That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer :
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil
Of camps and senates disciplin'd by Hoyle ;
Patriots and chiefs, whose deep design invades,
And carries off the captive king—of spades !

Let satire here in milder vigour shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line; 290
Bid courtly passion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.

Not so when virtue by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the muse's aid;
When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;
Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd chastity with tears retires;
When rank adultery on the genial bed
Hot from Cocytus rears her baleful head; 300
When private faith and public trust are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold;
When fell corruption, dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking state;
When giant vice and irreligion rise
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies;
Then warmer numbers glow through satire's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle wing she gains Parnassus' height,
Not lofty epic fears a nobler flight: 310
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.

Yet satire oft assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on virtue's friends a smile serene!
She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when virtue, learning, arts decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine; 320
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True genius gilds the close of Britain's day:
With joys she sees the stream of Roman art
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart;
Sees Yorke to fame, ere yet to manhood known,
And just to every virtue but his own;
Hears unstain'd Cam with generous pride proclaim
A sage's, critic's, and a poet's name:
Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend; 330
To Hagley's honour'd shade directs her view,
And culls each flower, to form a wreath for you.
But tread with cautious step this dangerous
ground,

Beset with faithless precipices round;
Truth be your guide, disdain ambition's call,
And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis virtue's native lustre that must shine;
The poet can but set it in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold? 340
Let real merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the muse by satire's law confin'd:
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates passion, pictures man. 350
And great the toil the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;

By turns bid vice or virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolsey or a Cromwell rise;
Now, with a touch more sacred and refin'd,
Call forth a Chesterfield's or Lonsdale's mind.
Here sweet or strong may every colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life. 360

PART III.

THROUGH ages thus has satire keenly shin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
This muse in silence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight,
First on the sons of Greece she prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce iambic dart. 370
To Latium next avenging satire flew:
The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew;
With dauntless warmth in virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then sportive Horace caught the generous fire;
For satire's bow resign'd the sounding lyre:
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
Politely fly, cajol'd the foes of sense; 380
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But, while he sported, drove it to the heart.

In graver strains majestic Persius wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly sedate, condemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Enflame bold Juvenal's exalted page.
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious greatness to its doom; 390
The headlong torrent, thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But, lo! the fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln luxury!—pale ruin stalks behind!
As countless insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the spring, and ravage every flower,
So barbarous millions spread contagious death:
The sickening laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung.
No longer genius woo'd the nine to love, 400
But dullness nodded in the muse's grove:
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.

At length again fair science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See great Erasmus breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant folly in her cell! 410
(In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her four grimace)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reason urg'd by wit.

'Twas then plain Donne in honest vengeance
rose,

His wit harmonious, though his rhyme was profane:
He 'midst an age of puns and pedants wrote:
With genuine sense, and Roman strength of thought.

Yet scarce had satire well relum'd her flame,
(With Heff's muse records her country's shame)

Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence,
And treacherous wit begin her war with sense.

Then rose a nameless mercenary train,
Whom latest time shall view with just disdain:

A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line
Untutor'd thought and tinsel beauty shine:

Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects no picture, but confounds the sight.

Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing;
'Twas all his praise to say "the oddest thing,"

Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
To martyr virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated Dryden: who animos'd can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee!

Flames that could moun, and gain their kindred
Low creeping in the purrid sink of vice:

A muse whom wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pump of power, the prostitute to gain:

Wreaths, that should deck fair virtue's form alone,
To trumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown;

Unrival'd parts, the corn of honest fame,
And genius rise, a monument of shame!

More happy France! immortal Boileau there
Supported genius with a sage's care:

Him with her love propitious satire bless'd,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast:

Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless judgment guides the purest fire.

But see at length the British genius smile,
And shower her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:

Behold for Pope the twines the laurel crown,
And center every poet's power in one:

Each Roman's force adorns his various page,
Gay rules, collected strength, and manly rage.

Despairing guilt and dullness loathe the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light.

In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fair, and boldly true:

Here vice, dragg'd forth by truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:

While self-seen virtue in the faithful line
With modest joys surveys her form divine.

But oh, what thoughts, what numbers, shall I find,
But faintly to express the poet's mind!

Who yonder stars effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?

Who paint a god, unless the god inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?

So, mighty Pope, to make thy genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers but thy own.

Each muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the graves left th' Italian grove:

With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.

Next to her bard majestic wisdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame:

With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty passions bribe:

Vol. X.

At fancy's call who rear the wanton fall,
Sport with the stream, and tiffle in the gale:

Sublimar views thy daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round:

Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with virtue's sacred store;

A nobler joy than wit can give impart,
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.

Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:

Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:

But genius, fir'd by truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:

Like this its beam, prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspires, and exalts the mind;

Mildly dispels each wintry passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.

This praise, immortal Pope, to thee be given,
Thy genius was indeed a gift from Heaven.

Hail, bard unequal'd; in whose deathless line
Reason and wit with strength collected shine!

Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in truth's superior blaze.

Did friendship e'er mislead thy wandering muse,
That friendship sure may plead the great excuse:

That sacred friendship which inspir'd thy song,
Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.

Error like this ev'n truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.

Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise,
By virtue crown'd with never-fading rays!

Say, shall an artless muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?

Or if, O Warburton, inspir'd by you,
The daring muse a nobler path pursue,

By you inspir'd, on trembling unions soar,
The sacred founts of social bliss explore.

In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid her country's glory fire her page.

If such her fate, do thou, fair truth, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end:

Kindly severe, instruct her equal line,
To court no friend, nor own a foe but thine.

But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;

If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at corruption's shrine;

Urge, urge thy power, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking censor to the ground.

Thus aw'd to fear, instructed bards may see
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

THE CURSE OF SAUL

VENGEANCE, arise from thy infernal bed,
And pour thy tempest on his guilty head!

Thus Heaven's decree, in thunder's sound,
Shook the dark abyss profound.

The unchain'd sories come,
Pale, melancholy stalks from hell;

Th' abortive offspring of her womb,
Defiant and anguish round her yell.

By sleepless terror Saul possess'd,
Deep feels the fiend within his torrid breast!

—360 to 365—

Midnight spears round him howl :
Before his eyes
In troops they rise
And seas of horror overwhelm his soul.

Haste ! to Jefe's son repair ;
He best can sweep the lyre,
Wake the solemn sounding air,
And lead the vocal choir :

On every string soft-breathing raptures dwell,
To soothe the throbbings of the troubled breast :
Whose magic voice can bid the tides of passion
Rise or lull the raging storm to rest.

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
The heaven-forlorn monarch lay :
To the sad couch the shepherd now drew near,
And, while the obedient choir stood round,
Prepared to catch the soul-commanding sound,
He dropp'd a generous tear—
Thy pining aid, O God, impart,
For lo, thy poison darts drink his heart.

The mighty song from chaos rose,
Around his throne the formless atoms sleep,
And drowsy darkness broods upon the deep—
Confusion, wake !

Bid the realms of chaos shake !
Rouse him from his dread repose,
Hark ! loud discord breaks her chain :
The hostile atoms clash with deaf'ning roar :
Her hoarse voice thunders through the drear do-
main ;

And kindles every element to war—
" Tumult cease !
" Sink to peace !

" Let there be light "—th' Almighty said—
And lo, the radiant sun,
Flaming from his orient bed,
His endless course begun,
See, the twinkling planets rise :
Thy star, Orion, reddens in the skies ;
While flow around the northern plain
Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.

Thy glories, too, resurgent moon, he sung
Thy mystic mazes, and thy changeful ray,
O fairest of the starry throng !
Thy solemn orb of light

Guides the triumphant car of night
O'er silver clouds, and sheds a softer day !
Ye planets, and each circling constellation,
In songs harmonious tell your generation !
Oh, while you radiant seraph touch the spheres,
And on the steadfast pole stand sublime ;
Wheel your rounds
To heavenly sounds,
And sooth his song enchanted ears,
With your celestial chime.

In dumb surprise the listening monarch lay
(His woe suspended by sweet music's sway) !
And awe struck, with uplifted eye
Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the sky.

Lead the soothing verse along :
He feels, he feels the power of song—

Ocean helters to his bed :
The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd
Down his steep and shaggy side
The torrent rolls his thundering tide :

Then soothe and clear, along the fertile plain
Winds his majestic waters to the distant main,
Flocks and herds the hills adorn,
The lark, high-soaring, hails the morn,
And while along yon crimson-clouded steep
The flow'rs steal into the golden deep,
Hark ! the solemn nightingale

Warbles to the woodland dale,
See, descending angels show
Heaven's own bliss on Eden's bower :
Peace on nature's lap reposes,
Pleasure strews her guileless roses,
Joys divine in circles move,
Link'd with innocence and love,
Hail, happy love, with innocence combin'd !
All hail, ye sinless parents of mankind !

They pause—The monarch, prostrate on his bed,
Submissive, bow'd his head :
Ador'd the works of boundless power divine :
Then, anguish-struck, he cry'd (and mote his
breath)
Why is peace the welcome guest
Of every heart but mine !

Now let the solemn numbers flow,
Till he feel that guilt is woe,
Heavenly harp, in mournful strain
O'er yon weeping bower complain,
What floods of bitter pang !
What lamentations wound mine ear !
In vain, devoted pair, these tears ye shed
Peace with innocence is fled

The messengers of grace depart :
Death glares, and thickens the dreadful dart !
Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhor'd !
To shun that frowning cherub's horrid sword !
Lo ! yon sad angel's hand
Hapless, hapless pair,
Goaded by despair,
Forlorn, through desert climes they go !
Wake, my life ! can pity sleep
When heaven is mov'd, and angels weep
Flow, ye melting numbers, flow,
Till he feel that guilt is woe—

The king, with pride, and shame, and anguish
Shot fury from his eyes and scathed
The glowing youth, alas ! boy aching
Bald in truth, and wretched
(So still should virtue guilty power engage),
Which brow undaunted met his rage,
See, his cheek kindles into generous fire,
Stern he bends him o'er his lyre,
And, while the doom of guilt he sings,
Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings.

What sounds of terror and distress
Rend yon howling wilderness
The dreadful thunders sound :
The forked lightnings flash along the ground.

Why yawns that deep'ning gulf below?
 'Tis for heaven's rebellious foe!
 Fly, ye sons of Israel, fly,
 Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents must die!
 They sink!—Have mercy, Lord!—Their
 cries

In dreadful tumult rise!
 Hark, from the deep their loud laments I hear!
 They lessen now, and lessen on the ear!
 Now destruction's strife is o'er!

The countless host
 For ever lost!—
 The gulf is clos'd!—Their cries are heard no
 more!

But oh, my lyre, what accents can relate
 Sinful man's appointed fate!

He comes, he comes! th' avenging God!
 Clouds and darkness round him roll:
 Tremble, earth! ye mountains, nod!

He bows the skies, and shakes the pole!
 The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl'd,
 He calls the floods, to draw a guilty world:
 St. Ruin, lift thy baleful head;

“Rouse the guilty world from sleep;
 “Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd
 bed, swell, and dash them deep.”

“And burst the rocks that chain thee in the
 Now, th' impetuous torrents rise;
 The hoarse-ascending deluge roars:
 Down rush the cataracts from the skies!

The swelling waves o'erwhelm the shores.
 Just, O God, is thy decree!
 Shall guilty man contend with thee?

Lo, hate and envy, sea-entomb'd,
 And rage with lust in ruin sleep;
 And scoffing luxury is doom'd,
 To glut the vast and ravenous deep!

Know vain from fate th' astonish'd remnant flies:
 Shrink, ye rocks! ye oceans, rise!
 The tottering cliffs no more the floods controul;

Sea following sea ingulfs the ball:
 O'er the sunk hills the wat'ry mountains roll,
 And wide destruction swallows all!

Now fiercer let th' impassion'd numbers glow:
 Swell the song, ye mighty choir!
 Wing your dreadful darts with fire!

Hear me, monarch!—Guilt is woe!
 Thus while the frowning shepherd pour'd along
 The deep impetuous torrent of his song;

Saul, stung by dire despair,
 Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair;
 From his blood, by horror chill'd,

A cold and agonizing sweat distill'd:
 Then, foaming with unutterable smart,
 He aim'd a dagger at his heart.

His watchful train prevent the blow;
 And call each lenient balm to sooth his frantic woe:
 But pleas'd, the shepherd now behold

His pride by Heaven's own terrors quell'd,
 Then bade his potent lyre controul
 The mighty storm that rent his soul!

Cease your cares! the body's pain
 A sweet relief may find
 But gums and lenient balms are vain
 To heal the wounded mind.

Come, fair repentance from the skies,
 O fainted maid, with upcast eyes!
 Descend, in thy celestial shroud
 Vested in a weeping cloud!
 Holy guide, descend, and bring
 Mercy from th' Eternal King!
 To his soul your beams impart,
 And whisper comfort to his heart!

They come: O king, thine ear incline!
 Listen to their voice divine:
 Their voice shall every pang compose,
 To gentle sorrow sooth thy woes,
 Till each pure wish to heaven shall soar
 And peace return, to part no more!

Behold, obedient to their great command,
 The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand:
 Smooth'd is his brow, where furies carol'd
 And furrow'd horror couch'd with fell despair!

No more his eyes with fury glow;
 But heavenly grief succeeds to hell-born woe.
 See, the signs of grace appear:
 See the soft relenting tear;

Trickling at sweet mercy's call,
 Catch it, angels, ere it falls:
 And let the heart lent offering rise,
 Heaven's best-accepted sacrifice!

Yet, yet again!—Ah, see, the pang returns!
 Again with inward fire his heaving bosom
 burns!

Now, shepherd, wake a mightier strain;
 Search the deep, heart-rending pain;
 Till the large floods of sorrow roll
 And quench the tortures of his soul!

Almighty Lord, accept his pang sincere!
 Let heavenly hope dispel each dark temptation;
 And, while he pours the penitential tear,
 O visit him with thy salvation!

Stoop from heaven, ye raptur'd throng!
 Sink, ye swelling tides of song!
 For lo! diffus'd by music's melting power,
 Celestial sorrow rolls her piteous shower.

O'er his wan cheek the colours rise,
 And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.
 Happy king, thy woes are o'er!
 Thy God shall wound thy soul no more!

The pitying Father of mankind
 Meets the pure returning mind
 No more shall black despair afflict his soul!

Each gentler sound, ye shepherds, now combine,
 Sweetly let the numbers roll:
 Sooth him into hope divine.

Now lowly let the rustic swains glide
 To quell the dark remains of self-consuming pride;
 Till nature's home-sprung blessings he confels,
 And owe that calm content to her gifts!

Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains!
 Haunted grots, and living fountains!
 Listen to your shepherd's lay,

Whole artless carols, close the day,
 Bounding kids around him throng:
 The steep rock echoes back his song!

While, untroubled to mortal eye,
 Sliding down the evening sky,

Holy peace, though born above,
Daughter of innocence and love,
Quits her throne and mansion bright,
Her crown of stars and robe of light,
Serene, in gentle smiles array'd,
To dwell beneath his palm-tree shade.
Hail, meek angel! awful guest!
Still pour thy radiance o'er my breast!
Pride and hate in courts may shine;
The shepherd's calm and blameless tent is
Sole shrine.

Softly, softly breathe your numbers;
And wrap his weary'd soul in slumbers;
Gentle sleep, becalm his breast,
And close his eyes in healing rest!
Descend, celestial visions; ye who wait,
Gods administering powers, at Heaven's eternal gate!
Ye who nightly vigils keep,
And rule the silent realms of sleep,
Ere the soft to joys resign'd,
And plunge in woe the guilty mind;
Descend!—Oh, wait him to the skies,
And open all heaven's glories to his eyes!
Beyond yon starry roof, by seraphs trod,
Where light's unclouded fountains blaze;
Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
Entranc'd in ecstacy of ceaseless praise.
Angels, heal his anguish!
Your harps and voices join!
His grief to bliss shall languish;
When footh'd by sounds divine,
Behold, with dawning joy, each feature glows!
See the blissful tear o'erflows!
The fiend is fled!—Let music's rapture rise:
Now harmony, thy every nerve employ;
Shake the dome, and pierce the skies:
Wake him, wake him up joy!

What power can every passion's throne controul?
What power can boast the charm divine,
To still the tempest of the soul?
Celestial harmony, that mighty charm is thine!
She, heavenly-born, came down to visit earth,
When from God's eternal throne
The beam of all creative wisdom shone,
And spake fair order into birth.
At wisdom's call the rob'd, yon glittering spheres,
Attun'd the spheres, and taught consenting orbs
to rife.

Angels wrapt in wonder flood,
And saw that all was fair, and all was good.
'Twas then ye sons of God, in bright array
Ye shouted o'er creation's day;
Then glowing into joy
The shining stars together sung,
And through the vast ethereal sky
Seraphic hymns and loud hosannas rung.

ON HONOUR.

TO THE LORD VISCOUNT LONDONDERRY.

Hic manus ab Ratiarum pugnando vulnera pass;
Quique sacerdotum casti dum vita manebat;
Quique pii Vates, et Phœbo digna locuti.

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
Quique sui memores alios facere merendo;
Omnibus his nivea circumstant tempora vita.
Who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit?

SHAKSP.

Yes: all, my lord, usurp fair honour's fame,
Though false as various be the boasted claim:
Th' ambitious miser swells his boundless store,
And dreads that highest scandal, to be poor;
His wiser heir derides the dotard's aim,
And bids profusion bribe him into fame.
Oft honour, perching on the ribbon'd breast,
Sneers at weak justice; and defies th' arrest;
She dwells exulting on the tongues of kings;
She wakes the muse to flight, and plumes her
wings.

The soldier views it on the shining blade;
The pedant 'midst the lumber in his head;
She to sell treason the disguise can lend;
And sheath her sword in remorseless friend:
Her throne's fantastic pride, we often see
Reard on the tombs of truth and honesty;
Fops, templars, courtiers, slaves, cheats, patriots, all
Pretend to hear; and to obey her call.

Where fix we then? Each boasting thus his
Say, does true honour dwell with all or none?

The truth, my lord, is clear: though impious
pride glories to cover guilt;
Be ever self-ador'd; self-deify'd;
Though fools by passion or self-love betray'd,
Fall down, and worship what themselves have
made;
Still does the goddess, in her form divine,
O'er each grim idol eminently shine;
Array'd in lasting majesty, is known to none.
Through every clime and age, unchang'd, and
But how explor'd? Take reason for your
guide.

Discard self-love; set passion's glass aside;
Nor view her with the jaundic'd eye of pride.

Ver. 1. In this and the succeeding verses, the
various pretences of mankind to honour and fame
are enumerated.—The lines themselves are imita-
ted from the following in the 11th Satire of
Boileau:

Oui, l'honneur, l'honneur, est cher dans le
monde—
L'Ambitieux le met souvent à votre brûler;
L'Avare, à voir chez le pasteur rouler
Un faux brave, à vanter sa prouesse frivole.

Ver. 2. Though they be thus inconsistent and
contradictory, yet true honour is a thing fixed
and determinate.

Un vrai fourbe, à jamais ne garder la parole;
Ce poète, à noircir d'insipides papiers;
Ce Marquis, à savoir frauder ses créanciers;
Interrogez marchands, financiers, gens de guerre,
Courtisans, magistrats: chez eux, si je les croix
L'intérêt ne peut rien, l'honneur seul fait la loi.

Yet judge not rashly from a partial view
Of what is wrong or right, or false or true;
Objects too near deceive th' observer's eye;
Examining those which at a distance lie.
Scarce is the structure's harmony descri'd
Midst the tall column's, and gay order's pride;
But tow'rd the destin'd point your sight remove,
And this shall lessen still, and that improve,
New beauties gain upon your wond'ring eyes,
And the fair whole, in just proportion rise.
Thus honour's true proportions best are seen,
Where the due length of ages lies between:
This separates pride from greatness, show from

worth,
Detects false beauty, real grace, calls forth;
Points out what merits praise, what merits blame,
Sinks in disgrace, or rises into fame.

Come then, from past examples, let us prove,
What raises hate, contempt, esteem, or love.
Can greatness give true honour? can expence?
Can luxury? or can magnificence?

Wild is the purpose, and the fruitless aim,
Like a vile prostitute to bribe fair fame;
Persuasive splendour vainly tempts her ear,
And e'en all-potent gold is baffled here.

Ye pyramids, that once could threaten the skies,
Aspiring tow'rs, and cloud-wrapt wonders rise
To latest age your founder's pride proclaim;
Record the tyrant's greatness; tell his name;
No more!—The treacherous brick and moul-
d'ring stone

Are sunk in dust: the boasting title gone;
Pride's trophies swept by time's devouring flood;
Th' inscription want, to tell where once they stood.
But could they rival nature, time defy,
Yet what record but vice or vanity?

His true glory, though his name unknown,
Who taught the arch to swell: to rise, the stone;
Not his, whose wild command fair art obey'd,
Whilst folly dictated, or passion sway'd.

No: spite of greatness, pride and vice are seen,
Shameful in pomp, conspicuously mean.

In vain, O Studley, thy proud forests spread;
In vain each gilded turret rears its head;

Ver. 29. If we would form an impartial judg-
ment of what is truly honourable, we must ab-
stract all considerations which regard ourselves.

Ver. 32. Not only so, but we must remove our-
selves to a proper distance from the object we ex-
amine, lest some part should predominate in our
eye, and occasion a false judgment of the whole.

Ver. 48. Therefore the surest method is, to
prove by past examples what commands our love
and esteem.

Ver. 50. Expence and grandeur cannot give
true honour: Their most splendid monument va-
nish; and even should they last for ever, could
not bestow real glory, if only the records of pride,
tyranny, and vice.

Ver. 72, 73. Much less if purchased by oppres-
sion and guilt, [Studley in Yorkshire, the seat of
the Aislabies, one of whom was deeply concerned
in the dark transaction of the year 1720].

In vain thy lord commands the stream to stop;
Extends the view, or spreads the smooth canal;
While guilt's black train each conscious walk in-
vade,

And cries of orphans haunt him in the shade.
Mistaken man! by crimes to hope for fame!
Thy imag'd glory leads to real shame;
Is villany self-hated? thus to raise a noiseful strife
Upbraiding monuments of foul disgrace, mayst
Succeeding times, and ages yet unborn, bash and
Shall view the guilty scenes with honest scorn;
Disdain each beauty thy proud folly plann'd,
And curse the labour of oppression's hand.

Next view the hero in the embattled field;
True honour's fruit can conquest's laurel yield?

Him only honour'd, only lov'd we find;
Who fights not to destroy, but save mankind.

Pelides' fury may our wonder move,
But godlike Hector is the man we love.
See William's sword a tyrant's pride disarm;
See Lewis trembling under Marb'ro's arm;
Say, which to human kind are friends or foes;
And who detects not thieft, and loves not those?

Conquest unjust can ne'er command applause.

'Tis not the vict'ry charms you, but the cause:
Not Caesar's self can feign the patriot's part.

Nor his false virtues hide his poison'd heart.
But round thy brows the willing laurels twine;
Whose voice wak'd freedom in the savage's mind.

Yes: truly glorious, only great is he;
Who conquers, or who bleeds for liberty.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed;
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede's

Like baleful comets flaming in the skies,
At destin'd times th' appointed scourges rise.

Awhile in streaming lustre sweep along;
And fix in wonder's gaze th' admiring throng;

But reason's eye detects the spurious rays;
And the false blaze of glory dies away.

Now all th' aerial cells of wit explore;
The mazy rounds of science travel o'er;

Search all the deep recesses of the mind;
And see, if there true honour sit enshrined.

Alas, nor wit nor science this can boast;
Oft dash'd with error, oft in caprice lost!

Transient as bright the short-liv'd bubbles fly;
And modes of wit, and modes of science die.

See Rab'lais once the idol of the age;
Yet now neglected lies the smutty page.

Ver. 86. True honour is not to be reaped from
unjust conquest: It is not victory, but a just cause,
that can engage our esteem.

Ver. 98. Du premier Césars on vante les exploits;
Mais dans quel tribunal, jugé suivant les loix,
Eût-il pu disputer son injuste manie?

Ver. 101. Gustavus Vasa
Ver. 116. Neither is true glory to be obtained
by wit or science: They are chimerical. Some-
times attended with folly, or weakness; often
stained with vice, and so render their possessor
mischievous and infamous.

Of odd renown'd *Dés Cartes* how low the fall,—
 His glory with his whirlpools vanish all!
 See folly, wit—and weakness, wisdom stain—
 And Villars witty—Bacon wife in vain!
 Oft vice corrupts what sense and parts refine,
 And clouds the splendour of the brighter line,
 Sullies what *Congreve*, and what *Dryden* write,—
 This, fashion's slave: as that, the slave of wit.
 In vain fair genius bids the laurel shoot, 130
 The deadly worm thus eating at the root;
 Corroded thus, the greenest wreaths decay,
 And all the poet's honours fall away;
 Quick is autumnal leaves, the laurels fade,
 And drop on *Rochester's* and *Otway's* head.

Where then is found true honour, heavenly fair,
 Ask *London*, ask your heart—she dictates there.

Yes! 'tis in virtue—That alone can give
 The lasting honour, and bid glory live:
 On virtue's basis only fame can rise, 140
 To stand the storms of age, and reach the skies:
 Arts, conquests, greatness, feel the stroke of fate,
 Shrink sudden, and betray th' incumbent weight;
 Time with contempt the faithless props surveys,
 "And buries madmen in the heaps they raise."

'Tis virtue only can the bard inspire,
 And fill his raptur'd breast with lasting fire:
 Touch'd by th' ethereal ray, each kindled line
 Beams strong: still virtue feeds the flame divine,
 Where'er she treads she leaves her footsteps bright
 In radiant tracks of never-dying light; 150
 These shed the lustre o'er each sacred name,
 Give *Spenser's* clear, and *Shakespeare's* noble flame;
 Blaze to the skies in *Milton's* ardent song,
 And kindle the brisk-sallying fire of *Young*;
 These gild each humble verse in modest *Gay*;
 These give to *Swift* the keen soul-piercing ray;
 Mildly through *Addison's* chaste page they shine,
 And glow and warm in *Pope's* immortal line.

Nor less the sage must live by virtue's aid; 160
 Truth must support him, or his glories fade;
 And truth and virtue differ but in name:
 Like light and heat—distinguish'd, yet the same.
 To truth and virtue the ascent is sure;
 The wholesome stream implies the fountain pure;

Ver. 126.

Je ne puis estimer ces dangereux auteurs
 Qui de l'honneur, en vers, inséables défecteurs,
 Trahissant la vertu sur un papier coupable,
 Aux yeux de leur lecteurs rendent le vice aimable.

En vain l'esprit est plein d'une noble vigueur;
 Le vers se sent toujours des bassesses de coeur.

BOILEAU, l'Art Poét. Ch. 4.

Ver. 138. The foundation of true honour is virtue only.

Ver. 153. It is virtue only that gives the poet lasting glory: this proved by instances.

Ver. 164. The philosopher can only hope for true glory from the same source; because truth is his object, and nothing can be truth that tends to destroy virtue and happiness. Hence appears the madness, infamy, and falsehood of those de-

To taste the spring we oft essay in vain:
 Deep lies the source, too short in reason's chain;
 But those the issues of pure truth we know,
 Which in clear strength through virtue's channel flow:

Error in vain attempts the soul disguise, 170
 Still tasted in the bitter wave of vice;
 Drawn from the springs of falsehood all confests
 Each baneful drop that poisons happiness;
 Gordon's thin shallows, Tindal's muddy page,
 And Morgan's gall, and Woolston's furious rage;
 Th' avenerom'd stream that flows from Toland's
 quill,
 And the rank dregs of Hobbes and Mandeville.
 Detested names! yet sentenc'd ne'er to die:
 Snatch'd from oblivion's grave by infamy!

Infect opinions, hatch'd by folly's ray, 180
 Bask in the beam that wing'd them for a day:
 Truth, phoenix-like immortal, though she dies,
 With strength renew'd shall from her ashes rise.
 See how the lustre of th' Athenian sage [age]
 Shines through the lengthen'd gloom of many an

structive schemes set on foot by the sect called Free-thinkers.

Ver. 174. Gordon's thin shallows. The work here characterized is intitled, "The Independent Whig, or a Defence of our Ecclesiastical Establishment;" yet it may be truly affirmed, that there is not one institution of the Church of England, but what is here misrepresented, and ridiculed with the lowest and most despicable scurrility.

Ver. 174. Alluding to the confusion of ideas, which that dull writer labours under.

Ver. 175. His character is thus drawn by an excellent writer—"Who by the peculiar felicity of a good choice, having learned his morality of our Tindal, and his philosophy of your [the Jews] Spinoza, calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher." WARD. Div. Leg. of Moses, dem. Vol. II. Ded. p. 20.

Ver. 176. A noted advocate for that species of atheism, commonly called Pantheism.

Ver. 177. It is confessed he was a man of genius and learning: Yet, through a ridiculous affectation of being regarded as the founder of new systems, he has advanced many things even below confusion.

Ver. 177. The author of that monstrous heap of contradiction and absurdity, "The Fable of the Bees, or private Vices public Benefits." The reader who is acquainted with the writings of these gentlemen, will probably observe a kind of climax in this place; ascending from those who have attempted to destroy the several fences of virtue, to the wild boars of the wood that root it up.

Ver. 180. Falsehood short-lived; truth eternal.

Ver. 184. Socrates and Newton.

Examples of the two most eminent philosophers that ever adorned the world; the one excellent in moral, the other in natural knowledge.

Virtue alone so wide the beam could spread,
And throw the lasting glory round his head.
See Newton chaste conjecture's twilight ray,
And light up nature into certain day!
He wide creation's trackless mazes trod; 190
And in each atom found the ruling God.
Unrival'd pair! with truth and virtue fraught!
Whose lives confirm'd what'er their reason taught;
Whose far-stretch'd views, and bright examples
join'd

At once t' enlighten and persuade mankind!
Hail names rever'd! which time and truth pro-
claim

The first and fairest in the list of fame.

Kings, statesmen, patriots, thus to glory rise;
On virtue grows the fame, or soon it dies;
But grafted on the vigorous stock, 'tis seen 200
Brighten'd by age, and springs in endless green:
Pride, folly, vice, may blossom for an hour,
Fed by court sunshine, and poetic show'r;
But the pale tendrils, nurs'd by flattery's hand,
Unwearied tendance fresh supplies demand;
By heats unnatural push'd to sudden growth,
They sicken at th' inclement blasts of truth;
Shook by the weakest breath that passes by,
Their colours fade, they wither, droop, and die.

'Tis virtue only that shall grow with time, 210
Live through each age, and spread through every
clime.

See godlike patriots, gen'rous, wise, and good,
Stand in the breach, and stem corruption's flood!
See martyr-bishops at the stake expire,
Smile on the faggot, and defy its fire!
How great in exile Hyde and Tully shone!
How Alfred's virtues brighten'd all his throne;
From worth like this unbidden glories stream;
Nor borrow'd blaze it asks, nor fortune's beam;
Affliction's gloom but makes it still more bright,
As the clear lamp shines clearest in the night. 221

Thus various honours various states adorn,
As different stars with different glories burn;
Their orbs too wider, as their sphere is higher;
Yet all partake the same celestial fire.

See then Heav'n's endless bounty, and confess,
Which gives in virtue, fame, and happiness;
See mankind's folly, who the boon despise,
And grasp at pain and infamy in vice! 229

Ver. 198. Must build their fame on virtue.

Ver. 201. Flattery cannot raise folly or vice into true glory

Ver. 214. The catalogue of these heroes, through the several ages of Christianity, is too large to be inserted in a work of this nature: Those of our country were Ridley, Latimer, and the good (though less fortunate) Cranmer.

Ver. 216. Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

Ver. 222. Thus it appears that every one has the power of obtaining true honour, promoting the happiness of mankind in his proper station.

Ver. 226. And thus the love of fame, though often perverted to bad ends, is naturally conducive of virtue and happiness.

Not so the man who mov'd by virtue's laws,
Reveres himself—and gains, not seeks applause;
Whose views concentr'd all to virtue tend;
Who makes true glory but his second end:
Still sway'd by what is fit, and just, and true,
Who gives to all what'er to all is due;
When parties mad sedition's garb put on,
Snatches the highest praise—and is of none:
Whilst round and round the veering patriots roll,
Unshaken points to truth, as to his pole.
Contemns alike what factions praise or blame;
O'er rumour's narrow orbit soars to fame 240
Unmov'd whilst malice barks, or envy howls,
Walks firm to virtue through the scoffs of fools;
No minion flatters; gains no selfish end;
His own—his king's—his country's—mankind's
friend;—

Him virtue crowns with wreaths that ne'er decay;
And glory circles him with endless day.

Such he who deep in virtue roots his fame;
And such through ages shall be Lonsdale's name.

FRAGMENT OF A RHAPSODY,

WRITTEN AT THE LAKES IN WESTMORELAND.

Now sunk the sun, now twilight sunk, and night
Rode in her zenith; nor a passing breeze
Sigh'd to the groves, which in the midnight air
Stood motionless; and in the peaceful floods
Inverted hung; for now the billow slept
Along the shore, nor heav'd the deep, but spread
A shining mirror to the moon's pale orb,
Which, dim and waning o'er the shadowy cliffs,
The solemn woods and spiry mountain-tops
Her glimmering faintness threw. Now every eye
Oppress'd with toil, was drown'd in deep re-
pose,

Save that the unseen shepherd in his watch,
Propt on his crook, stood listening by the fold,
And gaz'd the starry vault and pendant moon;
Nor voice nor sound broke on the deep serene,
But the soft murmur of swift gushing rills,
Forth issuing from the mountain's distant steep
(Unheard till now, and now scarce heard) pro-
claim'd

All things at rest, and imag'd the still voice
Of quiet whispering to the ear of night.

INSCRIPTION.

—Finemque tueri,
—Naturamque sequi.

WHAT though no glittering turret rise,
Nor splendour gild these mild retreats,
Yet NATURE here in modest guise
Displays her unambitious sweets.

Along each gently-swelling lawn
She strays, with rustic garlands crown'd;
And wakes the flowers at early dawn,
To sing their bosom'd fragrance round.

Ver. 230, 231. True honour characterized and exemplified.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES GRAINGER, M. D.

Containing

THE SUGAR CANE, || ODE ON SOLITUDE,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

What soil the cane affects; what care demands;
Beneath what signs to plant; what ills await;
How the hot nectar best to cristallize,
And Afric's fable progeny to treat:
A muse, that long hath wander'd in the groves
Of myrtle-indolence, attempts to sing.

SUGAR CANE, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Ann 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

JAMES GRAINGER, M.D.

THE SUGAR CASE, & ODE ON SOLITUDE.

ON THE WAY

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

* He continued in the Army till the beginning of 1753 when he quitted it and settled in London as a Physician.

See Essays Physical and Literary. Edit. 1770. vol. ii. 282-9.

Boswell's Life of Johnson ii, 578. 840

EDINBURGH.

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

THE LIFE OF GRAINGER.

JAMES GRAINGER was born at Dunfermline in Berwickshire, in 1724. He was the son of John Grainger, Esq. of Houghton-Hall, in the county of Cumberland; who, in consequence of some unsuccessful speculations in mining, was obliged to sell his estate; and having obtained an appointment in the Excise, settled at Dunfermline.

His father dying while he was young, the care of his education was kindly undertaken by his elder brother, by a former marriage, Mr. William Grainger of Wariston, a writing-master in Edinburgh, and afterwards a clerk in the office of the Comptroller of Excise, who placed him at the school of North Berwick, under the tuition of Mr. James Rae, formerly one of the masters of the High-School in Edinburgh, a teacher of eminent learning and abilities.

In a copy of his translation of *Tibullus*, now lying before the present writer, by the favour of Mrs. Grainger, his brother's relict, is the following acknowledgment of his gratitude, in his own handwriting: "To Mr. Grainger of Wariston (to whom the public is chiefly indebted for aught that can be found praise-worthy in the following translation of Tibullus), from his affectionate brother, and humble servant, &c."

After the ordinary course of education, he was put apprentice to Mr. George Lauder, surgeon in Edinburgh, and afterwards attended the medical classes in the University.

He then went into the army, and was surgeon in Pulteney's Regiment, at the battle of Falkirk, in 1743, and afterwards served on the continent.

A military man, even in the most active campaign, has many hours of leisure; and as these cannot be spent more rationally than in some literary pursuit, he employed that part of his time, which was not devoted to his profession, in perusing the classics.

Upon his quitting the army, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic, and settled as a Physician in London; where his taste for polite literature procured him the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Percy, Shenstone, Dodsley, Armstrong, and other men of wit and learning.

His first publication was his fine *Ode on Solitude*, printed in the 4th volume of Dodsley's "Collection," 1755, which completely established his poetical reputation. *It was extolled by Dr. Johnson as*

Some time afterwards, he became tutor to John Bourryau, Esq. with a salary of 200 l. a year.

In 1758, he published his *Poetical translation of the Elegies of Tibullus, and of the Poems of Sulpicia, with the original text, and notes critical and explanatory*, in 2 vols. 12mo., which was begun and completed, several years before, when he was in the army.

In the *Dedication* to his pupil, he observes, "that it served to make many of his hours pass agreeably, which otherwise would have been extremely irksome, amid the din of arms and hurry of a camp life."

"A pleasing employment," he observes in the *Advertisement*, "is seldom neglected. Those elegies which particularly touched him, were first rendered into English; and as these make the greater part of Tibullus's Poems, he was contented afterwards to complete the work, by finishing as a task what was begun as an amusement."

"A favourite author," he adds, "on whom some labour has been bestowed, is not easily forgotten; the version therefore was retouched as often as opportunity served. All this while, indeed, the translator had no intention of making the public acquainted with his poetical amusements; he knew his poet too well, and admired him too much, to think he had done him justice; yet when Mr. Dart's translation of Tibullus was sent him, he was resolved to publish his own, that those who did not understand the original, might not form an idea of the most exact, elegant, and harmonious of the Roman elegiac poets, from the most inaccurate, harsh, and inelegant version of the present century."

Feb. 1759 In the beginning of the year following, he published *A Letter to Tobias Smollet, M. D. occasioned by his criticism upon a late translation of Tibullus, by Dr. Grainger, 8vo.*

The criticism imputed by his letter to Smollet, is in the "Critical Review" for December 1758. He observes, that the Editors of the "Critical Review," in the plan of their work, solemnly promised the public, "that they would revive the true spirit of criticism; that they would never condemn or extol without having first carefully perused the performance; that they would never act under the influence of connection or prejudice; that they would not venture to criticise a translation without understanding the original; that they would never invidiously wrest the sense, or misinterpret the meaning of any author; that they would never, without reluctance, disapprove even of a bad writer, who had the least title to indulgence; and they would not exhibit a partial and unfair assemblage of the blemishes of any production." These promises he proves to have been broken in every particular, by several examples, principally taken from the criticism on his version of *Tibullus*.

1759 The same year, according to the information of Mrs. Grainger, he accompanied his pupil to the West-Indies, and settled at Basseterre in the island of St. Christopher, where he married Miss Burt, sister of William Matthew Burt, Esq. governor of that island, and practised physic with great reputation and success.

Here he began and finished his poem on the culture of the *Sugar Cane*, which he published in four books, with notes, 4to. 1764.

Sometime before the publication of his Poem, he revisited England, and submitted the manuscript to the correction of his literary friends Dr. Johnson, Dr. Percy, &c. whose names are affectionately commemorated in the work.

Mr. Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, relates, that the *Sugar Cane*, when read in manuscript at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, made all the assembled wits burst into a laugh, when, after much blank verse pomp, the poet began a new paragraph thus:

Now, muse, let's sing of rats.

And what increased the ridicule was, that one of the company, who slyly overlooked the reader, perceived that the word had been originally *mice*, and had been altered to rats as more dignified.

Of this little laughable incident, which has been often related, and for which there is no foundation in the printed poem, Dr. Percy, the present bishop of Dromore, who was his intimate friend, and has a particular regard to his memory, communicated to Mr. Boswell the following explanation.

"The passage in question was originally not liable to such a perversion; for the author having occasion in that part of his work to mention the havoc made by rats and mice, had introduced the subject in a kind of mock heroic, and a parody of Homer's battle of the Frogs and Mice, invoking the muse of the old Grecian bard, in an elegant and well turned manner. In that state, I had seen it; but afterwards, unknown to me and other friends, he had been persuaded, contrary to his own better judgment, to alter it, so as to produce the unlucky effect abovementioned."

To the friendship of Grainger, Dr. Percy acknowledges that he owed the beautiful ballad of *Bryan and Percebe*, founded on a real fact that happened in the island of St. Christopher, printed in the first volume of his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," 1764.

He did not long survive the publication of *The Sugar Cane*; but died at Basseterre in the island of St. Christopher, much honoured and lamented, December 16. 1767, in the 43d year of his age.

By his wife, who, it is believed, is yet living, he left two daughters, Agnes and Helen, one of whom is since dead.

His *Translation of Tibullus* and *The Sugar Cane*, have not been reprinted, though highly deserving of republication.

The Sugar Cane, Ode on Solitude, and Bryan and Perene, are now, for the first time, received into a Collection of Classical English Poetry.

Dr. Percy gives this character of Grainger: "He was not only a man of genius and learning, but had many excellent virtues, being one of the most generous, friendly, and benevolent men I ever knew."

According to Mr. Boswell, "Dr. Johnson said, that Grainger was an agreeable man; a man who would do any good that was in his power. His *Translation of Tibullus* he thought was very well done; but the *Sugar Cane* did not please him; for he said, what could he make of a sugar cane? one might as well write the "Parley Bed," a poem, or the Cabbage-Garden," a poem.

As a poet, his *Sugar Cane*, notwithstanding the ridicule thrown upon the subject of it by Dr. Johnson, entitles him to rank with Philips, Dyer, and other distinguished writers of didactic poetry in our language. In this useful and entertaining poem, the most languid reader will find his passions excited, and the imagination indulged to the highest pitch of luxury. A new creation is offered, of which an European has scarce any conception; the hurricane, the burning winds, a ripe cane-piece on fire at midnight, an Indian prospect after a finished crop, and nature in all the extremes of tropic exuberance.

The first book of this original performance treats of the cultivation of the sugar cane, and of the genus and qualities of the different soils in which the plant will generally grow. In proposing the subject, and throughout the whole poem, he keeps Virgil in his eye; nor should this be objected to him as a fault, since it was not an easy task to reconcile the wild imagery of an Indian picture to the strict rules of critical exactness. This, notwithstanding the difficulty of the undertaking, he has happily effected; and though he treads upon unelastic ground, yet maintains a classical regularity. After describing the soils proper for the cultivation of the canes, he finds an early opportunity of introducing a description of St. Christopher, the place of his residence; which, in Shakspeare's words, may be justly styled

"A precious stone set in the silver sea."

On mentioning Jamaica, he naturally falls into a panegyric on "Columbus, lord of Science, lord of Man!" The description of a Caribbean shower is extremely poetical; excepting an image at the beginning, which is rather low. The character of a good planter is beautifully described; and reminds us of Virgil's description of the pleasures of an husbandman.

The second book treats of those external evils to which the cane is subject, such as the depredations of monkeys, rats, and other vermin, of weeds, of the different species of flies that infest it; of blasts and hurricanes. The last are dreadful even in imagination. The description of an earthquake is no less dreadfully just. The book concludes with a very tender story of two lovers, which may be more acceptable to the generality of readers, than any precepts of cultivation contained in the poem.

The cane harvest, and the process of sugar boiling, make the subject of the third book. A very poetical circumstance that attends these is artfully introduced; and much philosophical, chemical, and medical knowledge is displayed. The lovers of good liquor will not be displeased with the digression in praise of heart-recruiting Rum, which is formed of theummings of sugar. The West-Indian prospect, after the crop is finished, is perfectly poetical and picturesque. The whole passage is delightfully melodious, and not a little recommended by the novelty of the scenery.

The subject of the fourth book is the management of negroes; in treating of which, he gives no less agreeable proofs of his humanity than his poetry. In the passage beginning *Yet, planter, let humanity prevail*, he pathetically pleads in favour of these poor wretches, and the LIBERTIES OF MANKIND.

Oh, did the tender muse possess the power
Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft abuse,
I would be the kind ambition of her soul
To quell tyrannic sway; knock off the chains
Of heart-debasing slavery; give to man,

Of every colour and of every clime,
Freedom, which stamps him image of his God.
Then laws, oppression's scourge, fair virtue's prop,
Offspring of wisdom! should impartial reign;
To knit the whole in well-accorded strife
Servants, not slaves; of choice, and not compell'd;
The blacks should cultivate the cane-land isles.

The description of a negro dance is well wrought; and there is much local propriety in the concluding lines of the address to the *Thames*, towards the end of the book.

The Sugar Cane is one of those performances in which the exertion of a poet's genius may be very great, and yet his success but moderate. Indeed, the novelty of the subject, a manufacture unknown to the European world, loaded it with many difficulties. Terms of art, to which the ear has never been accustomed, have a peculiar uncouthness in poetry; and the Indian names of trees, herbs, and fruits, are displeasing, even to the eye. The botanical names of vegetables would at least have appeared more classical, and are certainly more harmonious; but probably there might be some local reason against this. Yet the merit of this performance is not to be estimated from its reception, or its aptitude to catch the attention of a common European reader. The preceptive part has not merely the merit of serious utility. Grainger knew that he was writing to an age not less luxurious or refined than that of Rome in the days of Virgil. Like the elegant imitator of Hesiod, he has embellished his precepts with all the flowers of imagery. The attention is not long exercised by the gravity of didactic precepts, before it is relieved by some beautiful description, or some well-connected episode. In one particular, namely, that of extending the bounds of natural history, while he seems only to address the imagination, it may be safely asserted that Grainger has the advantage of many poets; and it is very probable, that the same turn of thinking which adds to a scholar to one, may incline him to the other. Much praise is due to him for the liberal and diffusive pains he has taken in his *Notes* to enlarge the knowledge of the West-Indian botany. They may indeed be considered, both in their medical and botanical capacity, as a very valuable part of the work; and possibly there are few parts of it more entertaining.

The *Ode on Solitude*, if he had written nothing else, is sufficient to entitle him to the distinction of a poet. In this exquisite performance are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. In the present edition the two last lines of the first stanza are altered from the copy in "Doddley's Collection," upon the authority of Dr. Percy.

Or Tadmor's marble wastes survey,

Or in yon roofless cloyster stray;

Or, at the purple dawn of day,

Tadmor's marble wastes survey,

alluding to the account of Palmyra, published by Messrs. Dawkins and Wood, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of these magnificent ruins by break of day.

"Dr. Johnson," says Mr. Bolwell, "praised Grainger's *Ode on Solitude*, and repeated with great energy his exordium,

O solitude, romantic maid,

Whether by nodding towers you tread,

Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom;

Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,

Or climb the Andes' cliffed side,

Or by the Nile's coy source abide,

Or, starting from your half-year's sleep,

From Hecla view the thawing deep,

Or, at the purple dawn of day,

Tadmor's marble wastes survey,

observing, "This, Sir, is very fine."

The ballad of *Bryan and Perene* is one of the most beautiful productions of the kind in our language.

THE WORKS OF GRAINGER.

BOOKS IN FOUR

PREFACE TO THE SUGAR CANE.

Soon after my arrival in the West-Indies, I conceived the design of writing a poem on the cultivation of the Sugar Cane. My inducements to this arduous undertaking, were, not only the importance and novelty of the subject, but more especially this consideration; that, as the face of this country was wholly different from that of Europe, so whatever hand copied its appearances, however rude, could not fail to enrich poetry with many new and picturesque images.

I cannot, indeed, say I have satisfied my own ideas in this particular; yet it must be permitted to recommend the precepts contained in this poem. They are the children of truth, not of genius; the result of experience, not the productions of fancy. Thus, though I may not be able to please, I shall stand some chance of instructing the reader; which, as it is the noble end of all poetry, so should it be the principal aim of every writer who wishes to be thought a good man.

It must, however, be observed, that though the general precepts are suited to every climate where the Cane will grow, yet the more minute rules are chiefly drawn from the practice of St. Christopher. Some selection was necessary; and I could adopt no modes of planting, with such propriety as those, I had seen practised in that island, where it has been my good fortune chiefly to reside since I came to the West-Indies.

I have often been astonished, that so little has been published on the cultivation of the Sugar-Cane, while the people have ground under foot on every other branch of rural economy. It were unjust to suppose planters were not solicitous for the improvement of their art, and injurious to assert they were incapable of obliging mankind with their improvements.

And yet, except some scattered hints in Pere Labat, and other French travellers in America, an essay by Colonel Martyn of Antigua, is the

only piece on plantership I have seen deserving a perusal. That gentleman's pamphlet, is, indeed, an excellent performance; and to it I own myself indebted.

It must be confessed, that terms of art look awkward in poetry; yet didactic compositions cannot wholly dispense with them. Accordingly we find that Hesiod and Virgil, among the ancients, with Phillips and Dyer (not to mention some other poets now living in our own country), have been obliged to insert them in their poems. Their example is a sufficient apology for me; for in their steps I shall always be proud to tread.

Von Segnor, ô Graiz, gentis decus, lingue yellis
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quod, vos imitari aveau.

Yet, like them too, I have generally preferred the way of description, wherever that could be done without hurting the subject. Such words as are not common in Europe, I have briefly explained: because, an obscure poem affords both less pleasure and profit to the reader. For the same reason some notes have been added, which, it is presumed, will not be disagreeable to those who have never been in the West-Indies.

In a West-India georgic, the mention of many indigenous remedies, as well as diseases, was unavoidable. The truth is, I have rather courted opportunities of this nature, than avoided them. Medicines of such amazing efficacy, as I have had occasion to make trials of in these islands, deserve to be universally known. And wherever, in the following poem, I recommend any such, I beg leave to be understood as a physician, and not as a poet.

BASSETERRE, Jan. 1763.

THE SUGAR CANE

IN FOUR BOOKS.

PREFACE TO THE SUGAR CANE

Agredior primique novis Heliconia verbera
Canibus, et viridi nutantes vertice Sylvas
Hospita sacra ferens, nulli memorata priorum.

ARGUMENT. IV has boasted that the cane grows best in the gray light near the sea. Praise of St. Christopher, The red brick mould, Praise of Jamaica, and of Christopher Columbus. The black soil mixed with clay and gravel. Praise of Barbadoes, Nevis, and Mountserrat. Composts may improve other soils. Advantages and disadvantages of a level plantation. Of a mountain estate. Of a midland one. Advantages of proper cultivation. Of talking. Of compost. Of leaving the Wourra, and pyraming cattle on the distant cane pieces. Whether yams improve the soil. Whether dung should be buried in each hole, or scattered over the piece. Cane lands may be holed at any time. The ridges should be open to the trade wind. The beauty of holing regularly by a line. Alternate holing, and the wheel-plough, recommended to trial. When to plant. Wet weather the best. Rain often falls in the West Indies, almost without any previous signs. The signs of rainy weather. Of fogs round the high mountains. Planting described. Begin to plant mountain land in July: the low ground in November, and the subsequent months, till May. The advantage of changing tops in planting. Whether the moon has any influence over the cane plant. What quantity of mountain and of low cane land may be annually planted. The last cane-piece should be cut off before the end of July. Of hedges. Of stone enclosures. Myrtle hedges recommended. Whether trees breed the blatt. The character of a good planter. Of weeding. Of moulding. Of stripping.

WHAT soil the cane affects; what care demands; Beneath what signs to plant; what ills await; How the hot nectar best to crystallize; And Africa's fable progeny to treat:

A muse, that long hath wander'd in the groves
Of myrtle indolence, attempts to sing, but reviews
Spirit of inspiration, that didst lead me when young
Th' Ascrean poet to the sacred mount, to quote I
And taught him all the precepts of the swain;
Descend from Heaven, and guide my trembling
To fame's eternal dome; where Maio reigns; where
Where pastoral Dyer, where Pomona's bard, and
And Smart and Sornistville in varying strains
Their Sylvan dore convey'd: O may I jointly at the
This choral band, and from their precepts learn
To deck my theme, which though long, and
Is most momentous to my country's wealth
So shall my numbers win the public ear;
And not displease Aurclian; him co-worship, side
Imperial George, the monarch of the main;
Hath given to wield the sceptre of these isles;
Where first the muse babbled the spicy cant,
Supreme in plants, in subjects of my song.

Ver. 12. The botanical name of the cane is *Saccharum*. The Greeks and Romans seem to have known very little of this most useful and beautiful plant. Lucan and Pliny are the only authors among the former who mention it; and so far as I can find, Arrian is the only Greek. The first of these writers, in enumerating Poinpey's eastern auxiliaries, describes a nation who made use of the cane juice as a drink.
Dulces bibebant ex arundine succos.

The industrious naturalist says, "*Saccharum* et Arabia fert, fed laudatius India;" and the Greek historian, in his περιplus of the Red-sea, tells us of a neighbouring nation who drank it also; his words are, *μυλι το καλαμιν το λικυμιν σακχαρι*. The cane, however, as it was a native of the east, so has it been probably cultivated there time im-

Where'er the clouds relent in frequent rains,
And the sun fiercely darts his tropic beam,

memorial. The raw juice was, doubtless, first made use of; they afterwards boiled it into a syrup; and, in process of time, an inebriating spirit was prepared therefrom by fermentation. This conjecture is confirmed by the etymology, for the Arabic word *سكر* is evidently derived from the Hebrew *שכר*, which signifies an intoxicating liquor. When the Indians began to make the cane-juice into sugar, I cannot discover; probably, it soon found its way into Europe in that form, first by the Red-sea, and afterwards through Persia by the Black-sea and Caspian; but the plant itself was not known to Europe, till the Arabians introduced it into the southern parts of Spain, Sicily, and those provinces of France which border on the Pyrenean mountains. It was also successfully cultivated in Egypt, and in many places on the Barbary coast. From the Mediterranean, the Spaniards and Portuguese transported the cane to the Azores, the Madeiras, the Canary and the Cape-Verd islands, soon after they had been discovered in the fifteenth century: and, in the most of these, particularly Madeira, it thrived exceedingly. Whether the cane is a native of either the Great or Lesser Antilles cannot now be determined; for, their discoverers were so wholly employed in searching after imaginary gold mines, that they took little or no notice of the natural productions. Indeed the wars, wherein they wantonly engaged themselves with the natives, was another hindrance to physical investigation. But whether the cane was a production of the West-Indies or not, it is probable the Spaniards and Portuguese did not begin to cultivate it either there or in South America (where it certainly was found), till some years after their discovery. It is also equally uncertain whether sugar was first made in the island, or on the continent; and whether the Spaniards or Portuguese were the first planters in the new world. It is indeed most likely, that the latter erected the first sugar works in Brazil, as they are more lively and enterprising than the Spaniards. However, they had not long the start of the latter; for, in 1506, Ferdinand the Catholic, ordered the cane to be carried from the Canaries to St. Domingo, in which island one Pedro de Atenea soon after built an *Ingenio de azucar*, for so the Spaniards call a sugar work. But, though they began thus early to turn their thoughts to sugar, the Portuguese far outstripped them in that trade: for Lisbon soon supplied most of Europe with that commodity; and, notwithstanding the English then paid the Portuguese at the rate of 4l. per cwt. for muscovado, yet that price, great as it may now appear, was probably much less than what the sugar from the East-Indies had commonly been sold for. Indeed, so intent was the Crown of Portugal on extending their Brazil trade, that that of the East-Indies began to be neglected, and soon after suffered a manifest decay. However, their sugar made them ample amends, in which

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The cane will joint, ungenial though the soil.
But would'st thou see huge casks in order due,
Roll'd numerous on the bay, all fully fraught
With strong-grain'd muscovado, silvery gray,
Joy of the planter; and if happy fate
Permit a choice: avoid the rocky slope,
The clay cold bottom, and the sandy beach.
But let thy biting ax with ceaseless stroke
The wild red cedar, the tough locust fell:

trade they continued almost without a rival for upwards of a century. At last the Dutch, in 1623, drove the Portuguese out of all the northern part of Brazil; and, during the one and twenty years they kept that conquest, those industrious republicans learned the art of making sugar. This, probably, inspired the English with a desire of coming in for a share of the sugar-trade: accordingly, they, renouncing their chimerical search after gold mines in Florida and Guiana, settled themselves soon after at the mouth of the river Surinam, where they cultivated the cane with such success, that when the colony was ceded to the Dutch by the treaty of Breda, it maintained not less than 40,000 whites, half that number of slaves, and employed one year with another 15,000 ton of shipping. This cession was a severe blow to the English trade, which it did not recover for several years, though many of the Surinam planters carried their art and negroes to the Leeward Islands and Jamaica, which then began to be the object of political consideration in England.

Sugar is twice mentioned by Chaucer, who flourished in the fourteenth century; and succeeding poets, down to the middle of the last, use the epithet *Sugar'd*, whenever they would express any thing uncommonly pleasing: since that time, the more elegant writers seldom admit of that adjective in a metaphorical sense; but herein, perhaps, they are affectedly squeamish.

Ver. 29 The cane-juice being brought to the consistence of syrup, and, by subsequent coction, granulated, is then called *muscovado* (a Spanish word probably, though not to be found in Pineda) vulgarly brown sugar; the French term it *sucra brut*.

Ver. 34. There are two species of cedar commonly to be met with in the West-Indies, the white and red, which differ from the cedars cultivated in the Bermudas: both are lofty, shady, and of quick growth. The white succeeds in any soil, and produces a flower which, infused like tea, is useful against fish poison. The red requires a better mould, and always emits a disagreeable smell before rain. The wood of both are highly useful for many mechanical purposes, and but too little planted.

Ibid. This is also a lofty tree. It is of quick growth and handsome, and produces a not disagreeable fruit, in a flat pod or legumen, about three inches long. It is a serviceable wood. In botanical books, I find three different names for the locust tree; that meant here is the *Siliqua edu. 11.*

3 L

Nor let his nectar, nor his silken pods,
 The sweet-smell'd cassia, or vast ceiba save.
 Yet spare the guava, yet the guaiac spare;
 A wholesome food the ripened guava yields,
 Boast of the housewife; while the guaiac grows
 A sovereign antidote, in wood, bark, gum, 40
 To cause the lame his useless crutch forego,
 And dry the sources of corrupted love.
 Nor let thy bright impatient flames destroy
 The golden shaddock, the forbidden fruit,

Ver. 36. Canoes have been scooped out of this tree, capable of holding upwards of a hundred people; and many hundreds, as authors relate, have been at once sheltered by its shade. Its pods contain a very soft short cotton, like silk: hence the English call the tree the silk-cotton-tree; and the Spaniards name its cotton *Lana de ceiba*. It has been wrought into stockings; but its commonest use is to stuff pillows and matresses. It might be made an article of commerce, as the tree grows without trouble, and is yearly covered with pods. An infusion of the leaves is a gentle diaphoretic, and much recommended in the small-pox. The botanical name of the ceiba is *Bombax*; and the French call it *Fromager*. There are two species; the stem of the one being prickly, and that of the other smooth.

Ver. 37. The Spaniards call this tree *guayava*. It bears a fruit as large, and of much the same shape as a golden pippen. This is of three species, the yellow, the amazon, and the white; the last is the most delicate, but the second fort the largest. All are equally wholesome when stewed or made into jelly or marmalade. When raw, they are supposed to generate worms. Strangers do not always at first like their flavour, which is peculiarly strong. This, however, goes off by use, and they become exceedingly agreeable. Acosta says the Peruvian guavas surpass those of any other part of America. The bark of the tree is an astringent, and tans leather as well as that of oak. The French call the tree *Goyavier*.

Ver. 37. The lignumvitæ, or pockwood-tree. The virtues of every part of this truly medical tree are too well known to be enumerated here. The hardness and incorruptibility of its timber make abundant amends for the great slowness of its growth, for of it are formed the best posts for houses against hurricanes; and it is no less usefully employed in building wind-mills and cattle-mills.

Ver. 44. This is the largest and finest kind of orange. It is not a native of America, but was brought to the islands from the East-Indies, by an Englishman, whose name it bears. It is of three kinds; the sweet, the sour, and the bitter; the juice of all of them is wholesome, and the rind medical. In flavour and wholesomeness, the sweet shaddock excels the other two, and, indeed every other kind of orange, except the forbidden fruit, which scarce yields to any known fruit in the four quarters of the world.

4

The white acajou, and rich sabbaca:
 For, where these trees their leafy banners raise
 Aloft in air, a gray deep earth abounds,
 Fat, light; yet, when it feels the wounding hoe,
 Rising in clods, which ripening suns and rain
 Resolve to crumbles, yet not pulverize: 50
 In this the soul of vegetation wakes,
 Pleas'd at the planter's call, to burst on day.

Thrice happy he, to whom such fields are given!

For him the cane with little labour grows;
 'Spite of the dog-star, shoots long yellow joins;
 Concocts rich juice, though deluges descend.

What if an after-offspring it reject?
 This land, for many a crop, will feed his mills;
 Disdain supplies, nor ask from compost aid.

Such, green St. Christopher, thy happy foil!

Ver. 45. This is the Indian name of the avocado, avocado, avigato, or, as the English corruptly call it, alligator-pear. The Spaniards in South-America, name it *aguacate*; and, under that name it is described by Ulloa. However, in Peru and Mexico, it is better known by the appellation of *palta* or *palto*. It is a slightly tree, of two species; the one bearing a green fruit, which is the most delicate, and the other a red, which is less esteemed, and grows chiefly in Mexico. When ripe, the skin peels easily off, and discovers a butyraceous, or rather a marrowy like substance, with greenish veins interspersed. Being eat with salt and pepper, or sugar and lime-juice, it is not only agreeable, but highly nourishing; hence Sir Hans Sloane used to style it vegetable marrow. The fruit is of the size and shape of the pear named Lady's-thighs, and contains a large stone, from whence the tree is propagated. These trees bear fruit but once a year. Few strangers care for it; but, by use, soon become fond of it. The juice of the kernel marks linen with a violet-colour. Its wood is soft, and consequently of little use. The French call it *Bois d'anise*, and the tree *Avocat*: the botanical name is *Persea*.

Ver. 60. This beautiful and fertile island, and which, in Shakspeare's words, may justly be styled

A precious stone set in the silver sea,

lies in seventh degree N. L. It was discovered by the great Christopher Columbus, in his second voyage, 1493, who was so pleased with its appearance, that he honoured it with his Christian name. Though others pretend, that appellation was given it from an imaginary resemblance between a high mountain in its centre, now called Mount Misery, to the fabulous legend of the Devil's carrying St. Christopher on his shoulders. But, be this as it will, the Spaniards soon after settled in it, and lived in tolerable harmony with the natives for many years; and, as their fleets commonly called in there to and from America for provision and water, the settlers, no doubt, reaped some advantage from their situation. By Templeman's Survey, it contains eighty square miles, and is about seventy miles in circumference. It is

Not Grecian Tempé, where Arcadian Pan, 61
 Knit with the Graces, tun'd his silvan pipe,
 While mute attention hush'd each charmed rill;
 Not purple Enna, whose irriguous lap,

of an irregular oblong figure, and has a chain of mountains, that run south and north almost from the one end of it to the other, formerly covered with wood; but now the cane-plantations reach almost to their summits, and extend all the way, down their easy declining sides, to the sea. From these mountains, some rivers take their rise, which never dry up; and there are many others which, after rain, run into the sea, but which, at other times, are lost before they reach it. Hence, as this island consists of mountain-land and valley, it must always make a middling crop; for when the low grounds fail, the uplands supply that deficiency; and, when the mountain canes are lodged (or become watery from too much rain), those in the plains yield surprisingly. Nor are the plantations here only seasonable; their sugar sells for more than the sugar of any other of his Majesty's islands; as their produce cannot be refined to the best advantage, without a mixture of St. Kitts muscovado. In the barren part of the island, which runs out towards Nevis, are several ponds, which, in dry weather, crystallize into good salt; and below Mount Misery is a small solfaterre and collection of fresh water, where fugitive negroes often take shelter, and escape their pursuers. Not far below, is a large plain which affords good pasture, water, and wood; and, if the approaches thereto were fortified, which might be done at a moderate expence, it would be rendered inaccessible. The English, repulsing the few natives and Spaniards, who opposed them, began to plant tobacco here, A. D. 1623. Two years after, the French landed in St. Christopher on the same day that the English settlers received a considerable reinforcement from their mother-country; and, the chiefs of both nations, being men of sound policy, entered into an agreement to divide the island between them: the French retaining both extremities, and the English possessing themselves of the middle parts of the island. Some time after, both nations erected sugar works, but there were more tobacco, indigo, coffee, and cotton-plantations, than sugar ones, as these require a much greater fund to carry them on than those other. All the planters, however, lived easy in their circumstances; for, though the Spaniards, who could not bear to be spectators of their thriving condition, did repossess themselves of the island, yet they were soon obliged to retire, and the colony succeeded better than ever. One reason for this was, that it had been agreed between the two nations, that they should here remain neutral whatever wars their mother-countries might wage against each other in Europe. This was a wise regulation for an infant settlement; but, when King James abdicated the British throne, the French suddenly rose, and drove out the unprepared English by force of arms. The French

Strow'd with each fruit of taste, each flower of
 Sicilian Proserpine, delighted, sought; [smell,
 Can vie, blest idle, with thee.—Though no soft sound
 Of pastoral stop thine echoes e'er awak'd;
 Nor ruptured poet, lost in holy trance,
 Thy streams arrested with enchanting song: 70
 Yet virgins, far more beautiful than she
 Whom Pluto ravish'd, and more chaste, are thine;
 Yet probity, from principle, not fear,
 Actuates thy sons, bold, hospitable, free:
 Yet a fertility, unknown of old,
 To other climes denied, adorns thy hills;
 Thy vales, thy dells adorns.—O might my strain
 As far transcend the immortal songs of Greece,
 As thou the partial subject of their praise! 79
 Thy fame should float familiar through the world;
 Each plant should own thy cane her lawful lord;
 Nor should old time, song stops the flight of time,
 Obscure thy lustre with his shadowy wing.

Scarce less impregnated, with every power
 Of vegetation, is the red brick-mould,
 That lies on marly beds.—The renter, this
 Can scarce exhaust; how happy for the heir!

Such the glad soil, from whence Jamaica's sons
 Derive their opulence: thrice fertile land,
 "The pride, the glory of the sea-girt isles, 90
 "Which, like to rich and various gems inlay
 "The unadorned bosom of the deep,"

Which first Columbus' daring keel explor'd.

Daughters of Heaven, with reverential awe,
 Pause at that godlike name; for not your sights
 Of happiest fancy can out-soar his fame.

Columbus, boast of science, boast of man;
 Yet, by the great, the learned, and the wise,
 Long held a visionary; who, like thee,
 Could brook their scorn; wait seven long years at
 court, 100

A selfish, fullen, dilatory court;
 Yet never from thy purpos'd plan decline?
 No god, no hero of poetic times,
 In truth's fair annals may compare with thee!

colonists of Saint Christopher had soon reason, however, to repent their impolitic breach of faith; for, the expelled planters, being assisted by their countrymen from the neighbouring isles, and supported by a formidable fleet, soon recovered, not only their lost plantations, but obliged the French totally to abandon the island. After the treaty of Ryswick, indeed, some few of those among them, who had not obtained settlements in Martinico and Hispaniola, returned to Saint Christopher; but the war of the partition soon after breaking out, they were finally expelled, and the whole island was ceded in sovereignty to the crown of Great Britain, by the treaty of Utrecht. Since that time, St. Christopher has gradually improved, and it is now at the height of perfection. The Indian name of St. Christopher is *Liamuiga*, or the Fertile Island.

Ver. 71. The inhabitants of St. Christopher look whiter, are less fallow, and enjoy finer complexions, than any of the dwellers on the other islands. *Sloane*.

Each passion, weakness of mankind, thou knew'st,
Thine own concealing; firmest base of power;
Rich in expedients; what most adverse seem'd
And least expected, most advanc'd thine aim.
What forms, what monsters, what new forms of
death,

In a vast ocean, never cut by keel, 110
And where the magnet first its aid declin'd;
Alone, unterrified, didst thou not view:
Wife legislator, had the Iberian king
Thy plan adopted, murder had not drench'd
In blood vast kingdoms; nor had hell-born zeal,
And hell-born avarice, his arms disgrac'd,
Yet, for a world, discover'd and subdu'd, [out,
What need had'st thou? With toil, disease, worn
Thine age was spent soliciting the prince, 119
To whom thou gav'st the sceptre of that world,
Yet, blessed spirit, where enthron'd thou sitt'st,
Chief 'mid the friends of man, repine not thou:
Dear to the nine, thy glory shall remain
While winged commerce either ocean ploughs;
While its lov'd pole the magnet coyly shuns;

Ver. 111. The declension of the needle was discovered, A. D. 1492, by Columbus, in his first voyage to America; and would have been highly alarming to any, but one of his undaunted and philosophical turn of mind.

This century will always make a distinguished figure in the history of the human mind; for, during that period, printing was invented, Greek learning took refuge in Italy, the Reformation began, and America was discovered.

The island of Jamaica was bestowed on Columbus, for his discovery of the new world. Accordingly, his son James settled and planted it, early [A. D. 1509] the following century. What improvements the Spaniards made therein is no where mentioned; but, had their industry been equal to their opportunities, their improvements should have been considerable; for they continued in the undisturbed possession of it till the year 1596, when Sir Anthony Shirley, with a single man of war, took and plundered St. Jago de la Vega, which then consisted of 2000 houses. In the year 1635, St. Jago de la Vega was a second time plundered by 500 English from the Leeward islands, though that capital, and the fort (which they also took) were defended by four times their number of Spaniards. One and twenty years afterwards, the whole island was reduced by the forces sent thither by Oliver Cromwell, and has ever since belonged to England. It is by far the largest island possessed by the English in the West Indies. Sir Thomas Modyford, a rich and eminent planter of Barbadoes, removed to Jamaica, A. D. 1660, to the great advantage of that island; for he instructed the young English settlers to cultivate the sugar-cane; for which, and other great improvements which he then made them acquainted with, King Charles, three years afterwards, appointed him governor thereof, in which honourable employment he continued till the year 1669.

While weeps the guaiac, and while joints the cane.

Shall the muse celebrate the dark deep mould,
With clay or gravel mix'd?—This soil the cane
With partial fondness loves; and oft surveys
Its progeny with wonder.—Such rich veins 130
Are plenteous scatter'd o'er the sugar-isles:
But chief that land, to which the bearded fig,
Prince of the forest, gave Barbadoes name:

Ver. 132. This wonderful tree, by the Indians called the Banian-tree; and by the botanists *Ficus Indica*, or *Bengalensis*, is exactly described by Q. Curtius, and beautifully by Milton in the following lines:

"The fig-tree, not that kind renown'd for fruit,
"But such as at this day to Indians known,
"In Malabar and Decan spreads her arms;
"Branching so broad and long, that in the ground,
"The bended twigs take root, and daughters
"grow
"About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade,
"High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.
"There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
"Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
"At loop-holes cut through thickest shade."

What year the Spaniards first discovered Barbadoes is not certainly known; this, however, is certain, that they never settled there, but only made use of it as a stock-land in their voyages to and from South America, and the islands; accordingly, we are told, when the English first landed there, which was about the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, they found in it an excellent breed of wild hogs, but no inhabitants. In the year 1627, Barbadoes, with most of the other Caribbee-islands, were granted by Charles I. to the Earl of Carlisle, that nobleman agreeing to pay to the Earl of Marlborough, and his heirs, a perpetual annuity of 300*l.* per ann. for his waving his claim to Barbadoes, which he had obtained by patent, in the preceding reign. The adventurers to whom that nobleman parcelled out this island, at first cultivated tobacco; but that not turning out to their advantage, they applied with better success, to cotton, indigo, and ginger. At last, some cavaliers of good fortune, transporting themselves thither, and introducing the sugar-cane [A. D. 1647], probably from Brazil, in ten years time the island was peopled with upwards of 30,000 whites, and twice that number of negroes, and sent yearly very considerable quantities of sugar to the mother-country. At the Restoration, King Charles II. bought off the claim of the Carlisle family; and, in consideration of its then becoming a royal instead of a proprietary government, the planters gave the crown four and a half per cent. on their sugars; which duty still continues, although the island is said to be less able to pay it now than it was a hundred years ago. It is upwards of 20 miles long, and in some places almost 14 broad.

Chief Nevis, justly for its hot baths fam'd:
And breezy Mounterrat, whose wonderous springs
Change, like Medusa's head, whate'er they touch,
To stony hardness; boast this fertile glebe.

Though such the soils the Antillean cane
Supremely loves; yet other soils abound,
Which art may tutor to obtain its smile. 140
Say, shall the experienc'd muse that art recite?
How sand will fertilize stiff barren clay?
How clay unites the light, the porous mould,
Sport of each breeze? And how the torpid
nymph

Of the rank pool, so noisome to the smell,
May be solicited, by wily ways,
To draw her humid train, and, prattling, run
Down the reviving slopes? Or shall the say
What glebes ungrateful to each other art,
Their genial treasures ope to fire alone? 150
Reccord the different composts; which the cold
To plastic gladness warm? The torrid which
By soothing coolness win? The sharp saline,

Ver. 134. This island, which does not contain many fewer square miles than St. Christopher, is more rocky, and almost of a circular figure. It is separated from that island by a channel not above one mile and a half over, and lies to windward. Its warm bath possesses all the medical properties of the hot well at Bristol, and its water, being properly bottled, keeps as well at sea, and is no less agreeable to the palate. It was for many years the capital of the Leeward island government: and, at that period, contained more whites and blacks than it does at present, often mustering 3000 men. The English first settled there, A. D. 1628, Sixty-two years afterwards, the chief town was almost wholly destroyed by an earthquake; and, in 1706, the planters were well-nigh ruined by the French, who carried off their slaves contrary to capitulation. It must have been discovered in Columbus's second voyage, A. D. 1493.

Ver. 135. This island, which lies about 20 miles to the south-west of Antigua, is not less famous for its solfaterre (or volcano), and hot petrifying spring, than for the goodness of its sugars. Being almost circular in its shape, it cannot contain much less land than either Nevis or St. Christopher. It is naturally strong, so that when the French made descents thereon, in King William and Queen Anne's time, they were always repulsed with considerable loss. It was settled by that great adventurer Sir Thomas Warner, A. D. 1632, who sent thither some of his people from St. Christopher, for that purpose. In the beginning of the reign of Charles II. the French took it, but it was restored, A. D. 1667, by the treaty of Breda. In this island, the Roman catholics, who behaved well when our enemies attempted to conquer it, have many privileges, and of course are more numerous there, than in any other of the English Caribbee-islands. Its capital is called Plymouth. Columbus discovered it in his second voyage.

Which best subdue? Which mollify the four?
To thee, if fate low level land assign,
Slightly cohering, and of sable hue,
Far from the hill; be parsimony thine. [scend,
For though this year, when constant showers de-
The speeding gale, thy sturdy numerous stock,
Scarcely suffice to grind thy mighty canes; 160
Yet thou, with rueful eye, for many a year,
Shalt view thy plants burnt by the torch of day;
Hear their parch'd wan blades rustle in the air;
While their black sugars, doughy to the feel,
Will not ev'n pay the labour of thy swains.

Or, if the mountain be thy happier lot,
Let prudent foresight still thy coffers guard.
For though the clouds relent in nightly rain,
Though thy rank canes wave lofty in the gale;
Yet will the arrow, ornament of woe, 170
(Such monarchs oft times give) their jointing
stint;

Yet will winds lodge them, ravening rats destroy,
Or troops of monkeys thy rich harvest steal.
The earth must also wheel around the sun,
And half perform that circuit; ere the bill
Mow down thy sugars: and though all thy mills,
Crackling, o'erflow with a redundant juice,
Poor tastes the liquor; coddion long demands,
And highest temper, ere it saccharize;
A meagre produce. Such is virtue's meed, 180
Alas! too oft in these degenerate days.
Thy cattle likewise, as they drag the wain,
Charg'd from the beach, in spite of whips and
shouts,

Will stop, will pant, will sink beneath the load;
A better fate deserving.—
Besides, thy land itself is insecure:
For oft the glebe, and all its waving load,
Will journey, forc'd off by the mining rain;
And, with its faithless burden, disarrange
Thy neighbour's vale. So Markley-hill of old, 190
As sung thy bard Pomona (in these isles
Yet unador'd), with all its spreading trees,
Full fraught with apples, chang'd its lofty site.

But, as in life, the golden mean is best;
So happiest he whose green plantation lies
Nor from the hill too far, nor from the shore.

Planter, if thou with wonder wouldst survey
Redundant harvests load thy willing soil;
Let sun and rain mature thy deep-hoed land,
And old fat dung co-operate with these. 200

Ver. 170. That part of the cane which shoots up into the fructification, is called by planters its arrow, having been probably used for that purpose by the Indians. Till the arrow drops, all additional jointing in the cane is supposed to be stopped.

Ver. 179. Shell, or rather marble quick-lime, is so called by the planters: without this, the juice of the cane cannot be concreted into sugar, at least to advantage. See Book III. With quick-lime the French join ashes as a temper, and this mixture they call *Enyovrage*. It is hoped the reader will pardon the introduction of the verb *saccharine*, as no other so emphatically expressed the author's.

Be this great truth still present to thy mind ;
The half well cultur'd far exceeds the whole,
Which lust of gain, unconscious of its end,
Ungrateful vexes with unceasing toil.

As, not indulg'd, the richest lands grow poor ;
And Lianuiga may, in future times,
If too much urg'd, her barrenness bewail :
So cultivation, on the shallowest soil,
O'erspread with rocky cliffs, will bid the cane,
With spiry pomp, all bountifully rise. 210
Thus Britain's flag, should discipline relent,
Spite of the native courage of her sons,
Would to the lily strike : ah ! very far,
Far be that woful day : the lily then
Will rule wide ocean with resistless sway ;
And to old Gallia's haughty shore transport
The lessening crops of these delicious isles.

Of composts shall the muse descend to sing,
Nor soil her heavenly plumes ? The sacred muse
Nought fordid deems, but what is base ; nought
fair 220

Unless true virtue stamp it with her seal.
Then, planter, wouldst thou double thine estate,
Never, ah ! never be ashamed to tread
Thy dung-heaps, where the refuse of thy mills,
With all the ashes all thy coppers yield, [form,
With weeds, mould, dung, and stale, a compost
Of force to fertilize the poorest soil.

But, planter, if thy lands lie far remote,
And of access are difficult ; on these
Leave the cane's sapless foliage ; and with pens 230
Wattled (like those the muse hath oft times seen,
When frolic fancy led her youthful steps
In green Dorchester's plains), the whole enclose :
There well thy stock with provender supply ;
The well-fed stock will soon that food repay.

Some of the skilful teach, and some deny,
That yams improve the soil. In meagre lands,
*Tis known the yam will ne'er to bigness swell ;
And from each mould the vegetable tribes,
However frugal, nutriment derive : 240
Yet may their sheltering vines, their drooping
leaves,

Their roots dividing the tenacious glebe,
More than refund the sustenance they draw.

Whether the fattening compost in each hole
*Tis best to throw, or on the surface spread,
Is undetermin'd : trials must decide.

meaning ; for some chemists define sugar to be a native salt, and others a soap.

Ver. 206. The Caribbean name of St. Christopher.

Ver. 237. The botanical name of this plant is *Dioscoria*. Its leaves, like those of the water-melon, or gourd, soon mantle over the ground where it is planted. It takes about eight months to come to perfection, and then is a wholesome root, either boiled or roasted. They will sometimes weigh one and an half, or two pounds ; but their commonest size is from six ounces to nine. They cannot be kept good above half a year. They are a native of South-America, the West-Indies, and of most parts of Guiana.

Unless kind rains and fostering dews descend,
To melt the compost's fertilizing salts,
A stunted plant, deceitful of thy hopes,
Will from those beds flow spring where hot dung
lies : 250

But, if 'tis scatter'd generously o'er all,
The cane will better bear the solar blaze ;
Less rain demand ; and, by repeated crops
Thy land improv'd, its gratitude will show.

Enough of composts, muse : of soils enough ;
When best to dig, and when inhume the cane ;
A task how arduous ! next demands thy song.
It not imports beneath what sign thy hoes
The deep trough sink, and ridge alternate raise :
If this from washes guard thy gemmy tops, 260
And that arrest the moisture these require.

Yet should the site of thine estate permit,
Let the trade-wind thy ridges ventilate ;
So shall a greener, lofter cane arise,
And richest nectar in thy coppers foam.

As art transforms the savage face of things,
And order captivates the harmonious mind,
Let not thy blacks irregularly hoe
But, aided by the line, consult the site
Of thy demesnes, and beautify the whole. 270

So when a monarch rushes to the war,
To drive invasion from his frighted realm ;
Some delegated chief the frontier views,
And to each squadron and brigade assigns
Their order'd station : Soon the tented field
Brigade and squadron whiten on the sight,
And fill spectators with an awful joy.

Planter, improvement is the child of time ;
What your fires knew not, ye their offspring know :
But hath your art receiv'd perfection's stamp ? 280
Thou canst not say. — Unprejudic'd, then learn
Of ancient modes to doubt, and new to try :
And if philosophy, with wisdom, deign
Thee to enlighten with their useful lore,
Fair fame and riches will reward thy toil.

Then say, ye swains, whom wealth and fame
inspire,

Might not the plough, that rolls on rapid wheels,
Save no small labour to the hoe-arm'd gang ?
Might not the culture taught the British hinds,
By Ceres' son, unfailing crops secure, 290
Though neither dung nor fallowing lent their aid ?

The cultur'd land recalls the devious muse ;
Propitious to the planter be the call :

Ver. 260. The summit of the cane being smaller jointed, as well as softer, and consequently having more gems, from whence the young sprouts shoot, is properer for planting than any other part of it. From one to four joints, each about a foot long, are put in every hole. Where too many joints are planted in one hole, the canes may be numerous, but can neither become vigorous, nor yield such a quantity of rich liquor as they otherwise would. In case the young shoots do not appear above ground in four or five weeks, the deficiencies must be supplied with new tops.

Ver. 290. Jethro Tull, Esq. the greatest improver in modern husbandry.

For much, my friend, it thee imports to know
The meetest season to commit thy tops,
With best advantage, to the well-dug mould.
The task how difficult, to cull the best
From thwarting sentiments, and best adorn
What wisdom chooses in poetic garb!
Yet, inspiration, come: the theme unsung, 300
Whence never poet cropt one bloomy wreath;
Its vast importance to my native land,
Whose sweet idea rushes on my mind,
And makes me 'mid this paradise repine,
Urge me to pluck, from fancy's soaring wing,
A plume to deck experience' hoary brow.

Attend! The son of time and truth declares,
Unless the low-hung clouds drop fatness down,
No bunching plants of vivid green will spring,
In goodly ranks, to fill the planter's eye. 310
Let then sagacity, with curious ken,
Remark the various signs of future rain.
The signs of rain, the Mantuan bard hath sung
In loftiest numbers; friendly to thy swains,
Once fertile Italy: but other marks
Portend the approaching shower, in these hot
climes.

Short sudden rains, from ocean's ruffled bed,
Driven by some momentary squalls, will oft
With frequent heavy bubbling drops, downfal;
While yet the sun, in cloudless lustre, shines: 320
And draw their humid train o'er half the isle.
Unhappy he! who journeys then from home,
No shade to screen him. His untimely fate
His wife, his babes, his friends, will soon deplore;
Unless hot wines, dry clothes, and friction's aid,
His fleeting spirits stay. Yet not even these,
Nor all Apollo's arts, will always bribe
The insidious tyrant death, thrice tyrant here!
Else good Amyntor, him the Graces lov'd,
Wisdom caref'd, and Themis call'd her own, 330
Had liv'd by all admir'd, had now perus'd
"These lines, with all the malice of a friend."

Yet future rains the careful may foretel:
Mosquitos, sand-flies, seek the shelter'd roof,
And with fell rage the stranger guest assail,

Ver. 334. *Mosquitos*. This is a Spanish word, signifying a gnat, or fly. They are very troublesome, especially to strangers, whom they bite unmercifully, causing a yellow coloured tumour, attended with excessive itching. Ugly ulcers have often been occasioned by scratching these swellings, in persons of a bad habit of body. Though natives of the West-Indies, they are not less common in the coldest regions; for Mr. Maupertius takes notice how troublesome they were to him and his attendants on the snowy summit of certain mountains within the arctic circle. They, however, chiefly love shady, moist, and warm places. Accordingly they are commonest to be met with in the corners of rooms, towards evening, and before rain. They are so light as not to be felt when they pitch on the skin; and, as soon as they have darted in their proboscis, fly off, so that the first intimation one has of being bit by them, is the itching tumour. Warm lime juice is its remedy. The mosquito

Not spare the sportive child; from their retreats
Cockroaches crawl displeasingly abroad:
These, without pity, let thy slaves destroy;
(Like harpies, they defile whate'er they touch):
While those, the smother of combustion quells. 340
The speckled lizard to its hole retreats,
And black crabs travel from the mountain down;

makes a humming noise, especially in the night-time.

Ver. 334. *Sand-flies*. This insect the Spaniards call *Mosquitilla*, being much smaller than the mosquito. Its bite is like a spark of fire falling on the skin, which it raises into a small tumour, accompanied with itching. But if the sand-fly causes a sharper and more sudden pain than the mosquito, yet it is a more honourable enemy, for remaining upon the skin after the puncture, it may easily be killed. Its colour is gray and black, striped. Lemon juice or first runnings cures its bite.

Ver. 337. This is a large species of the chafer, or scarabeus, and is a most disagreeable as well as destructive insect. There is scarce any thing which it will not devour; and wherever it has remained for any time, it leaves a nauseous smell behind it. Though better than an inch long, their thickness is no ways correspondent, so that they can insinuate themselves almost through any crevice, &c. into cabinets, drawers, &c. The smell of cedar is said to frighten them away: but this is a popular mistake; for, I have often killed them in presses of that wood. There is a species of cockroach, which, on account of a beating noise which it makes, especially in the night, is called the Drummer. Though larger, it is neither so burnished a colour, nor so quick in its motions as the common sort, than which it is also less frequent, and not so pernicious; yet both will nibble peoples toe-ends, especially if not well washed, and have sometimes occasioned uneasy sores there. They are natives of a warm climate. The French call them *Ravats*.

Ver. 341. This is meant of the ground lizard, and not of the tree lizard, which is of a fine green colour. There are many kinds of ground lizards, which, as they are common in the hot parts of Europe, I shall not describe. All of them are perfectly innocent. The Caribbeans used to eat them; they are not inferior to snakes as a medicated food. Snuff forced into their mouth soon convulses them. They change colour, and become torpid; but, in a few hours recover. The guana, or rather Iguana, is the largest sort of lizard. This, when irritated, will fly at one. It lives mostly upon fruit. It has a saw-like appearance, which ranges from its head all along its back, to its tail. The flesh of it is esteemed a great delicacy. The first writers on the *Lues Venerea*, forbid its use to those who labour under that disease. It is a very ugly animal. In some parts of South-America, the alligator is called *Iguana*.

Ver. 342. Black land-crabs are excellent eating; but as they sometimes will occasion a most violent *cholera morbus* (owing, say planters, to their feeding on the mahoe-berry), they should never be

Thy ducks their feathers prune; thy doves return,
In faithful flocks, and, on the neighbouring roof,
Perch frequent; where, with pleas'd attention,
they

Behold the deepening congregated clouds,
With sadness, 'till the azure vault of Heaven.

Now, while the shower depends, and rattle loud
Your doors and windows, haste ye housewives,
place

Your spouts and pails; ye negroes, seek the shade,
Save these who open with the ready hoe 351

The enriching water course: for see, the drops,
Which fell with slight asperision, now descend

In streams continuous on the laughing land.

The coyest Naiads quit their rocky caves,
And, with delight, run brawling to the main;

While those, who love still visible to glad

The thirsty plains from never-ceasing urns,

Assume more awful majesty, and pour,

With force resistless, down the channel'd rocks.

The rocks, or split, or hurried from their base, 361

With trees, are whirl'd impetuous to the sea:

Fluctuates the forest; the torn mountains roar:

The main itself recoils for many a league,

While its green face is chang'd to fordid brown.

A grateful freshness every sense pervades;

The rocks, or split, or hurried from their base, 361

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Whose brow the fern-tree shades; the power of
rain

To glad the thirsty soil, on which arrang'd,

The gemmy summits of the cane await

Thy negroe-train (in linen lightly wrapt),

Who now that painted iris girds the sky,

(Aërial arch, which fancy loves to stride)!

Disperse, all-jocund, o'er the long-hoed land.

The bundles some untie; the withered leaves,

Others strip artful off, and careful lay, 401

Twice one junk, distant in the amplest bed:

O'er these, with hasty hoe, some lightly spread

The mounded interval; and smooth the trench:

Well pleas'd, the master swain reviews their toil;

And rolls, in fancy, many a full freight cask.

So, when the shield was forg'd for Pelus' son,

The swarthy Cyclops shar'd the important talk:

With bellows, some reviv'd the seeds of fire;

Some gold and brads, and steel, together fus'd 410

In the vast furnace; while a chosen few,

In equal measures lifting their bare arms,

Inform the mass; and, hissing in the wave,

Temper the glowing orb: their fire beholds,

Amaz'd, the wonders of his fusile art.

While Procyon reigns yet fervid in the sky;

While yet the fiery sun in Leo rides;

And the sun's child, the mail'd anana, yields

His regal apple to the ravish'd taste;

And thou green avocado, charm of sense, 420

Thy ripened marrow liberally bestow'st;

Begin the distant mountain-land to plant:

So shall thy canes defy November's cold,

Ungeial to the upland young; so best,

Unfinted by the arrow's deadening power,

Long yellow joints shall flow with generous juice.

But, till the lemon, orange, and the lime,

Amid their verdant umbrage, countless glow

With fragrant fruit of vegetable gold;

Till yellow plantanes bend the unstain'd bough

With crooked clusters, prodigally full;

Till Capricorn command the cloudy sky;

And moist Aquarius melt in daily showers,

Friend to the cane isles; trust not thou thy tops,

Thy future riches, to the lowland plain:

Ver 393. This only grows in mountainous situations. Its stem shoots up to a considerable height, but it does not divide into branches till near the summit, where it shoots out horizontally, like an umbrella, into leaves, which resemble those of the common fern. I know of no medical uses whereto this singularly beautiful tree has been applied; and, indeed, its wood being spongy, is seldom used to economical purposes. It however, serves well enough for building mountain-huts, and temporary fences for cattle.

Ver. 4 8. This is the pine-apple, and needs no description. the cherimoya, a South-American fruit, is by all who have tasted both, allowed to surpass the pine, and is even said to be more wholesome. The botanical name of the pine-apple is *bromelia*. Of the wild pine-apple, or ananas bravo, hedges are made in South-America. It produces an inferior sort of fruit.

dressed till they have fed for some weeks in a crab-house, after being caught by the negroes. When they moult, they are most delicate; and then it is believed, never poison. This, however, is certain, that at that time they have no gall, but, in its stead, the petrification called a Crab's eye is found. As I have frequently observed their great claws (with which they severely bite the unwary) of very unequal sizes, it is probable, these regenerate when broke off by accident, or otherwise.

And if kind Heaven, in pity to thy prayers,
Shed genial influence; as the earth absolves
Her annual circuit, thy rich ripened canes
Shall load thy waggons, mules, and negroe-train.

But chief thee, planter, it imports to mark 440
(Whether thou breathe the mountain's humid air,
Or pant with heat continual on the plain);
What months relent, and which from rain are free.

In different islands of the ocean stream,
Even in the different parts of the same isle,
The seasons vary; yet attention soon
Will give thee each variety to know.
This once observ'd; at such a time inhume
Thy plants, that, when they joint (important age,
Like youth just stepping into life), the clouds 450
May constantly bedew them: so shall they
Avoid those ails, which else their manhood kill.

Six times the changeful moon must blunt her
horns,

And fill with borrowed light her silvery urn;
Ere thy tops, trusted to the mountain-land,
Commence their jointing: but four moons suffice
To bring to puberty the lowland cane.

In plants, in beasts, in man's imperial race,
An alien mixture meliorates the breed;
Hence canes, that sickened dwarfish on the plain,
Will shoot with giant-vigour on the hill. 461
Thus all depends on all: so God ordains.
Then let not man for little selfish ends,
(Britain, remember this important truth);
Presume the principle to counteract
Of universal love; for God is love,
And wide creation shares alike his care.

'Tis said by some, and not unletter'd they,
That chief the planter, if he wealth desire,
Should note the phases of the fickle moon. 470
On thee, sweet empress of the night, depend
The tides; stern Neptune pays his court to thee;
The winds, obedient at thy bidding shift,
And tempests rise or fall; even lordly man,
Thine energy controuls.—Not so the cane;
The cane its independency may boast,
Though some less noble plants thine influence
own.

Of mountain-lands economy permits
A third, in canes of mighty growth to rise:
But, in the lowland plain, the half will yield 480
Though not so lofty, yet a richer cane,
For many a crop; if seasons glad the soil.

While rolls the sun from Aries to the Bull,
And till the virgin his hot beams enflame;
The cane, with richest, most redundant juice,
Thy spacious coppers fills. Then manage so,
By planting in succession; that thy crops
The wondering daughters of the main may waft
To Britain's shore, ere Libra weigh the year:
So shall thy merchant cheerful credit grant, 490
And well-earn'd opulence thy cares repay.

Thy fields thus planted; to secure the canes
From the goat's baneful tooth: the churning boar;
From thieves; from fire or casual or design'd;

Unfailing herbage to thy toiling herds
Would't thou afford; and the spectators charm
With beauteous prospects: let the frequent hedge
Thy green plantation, regular, divide.

With limes, with lemons, let thy fences glow,
Grateful to sense; now children of this clime: 500
And here and there let oranges erect
Their shapely beauties, and perfume the sky.
Nor less delightful blooms the logwood hedge,
Whose wood to coction yields a precious balm,
Specific in the flux: Endemial ail,
Much cause have I to weep thy fatal sway.
But God is just, and man must not repine,
Nor shall the ricinus unnoted pass;
Yet, if the cholic's deathful pangs thou dread'st,
Taste not its luscious nut. The acassee, 510
With which the sons of Jewry, stiff-neck'd race,
Conjecture says, our God-Messiah crown'd;
Soon shoots a thick impenetrable fence,

Ver. 500. It is supposed that oranges, lemons, and limes were introduced into America by the Spaniards; but I am more inclined to believe they are natural to the climate. The Spaniards themselves probably had the two first from the Saracens; for the Spanish noun *Naranja*, whence the English word Orange, is plainly Arabic.

Ver. 503. *Lianæus's* name for this useful tree is *Hæmotoxicylon*; but it is better known to physicians by that of *Lignum campechense*. Its virtues, as a medicine, and properties as an ingredient in dying, need not to be enumerated in this place. It makes a no less strong than beautiful hedge in the West-Indies, where it rises to a considerable height.

Ver. 508. This shrub is commonly called the physic-nut. It is generally divided into three kinds; the common, the French, and the Spanish, which differ from each other in their leaves and flowers, if not in their fruit or seeds. The plant from which the castor-oil is extracted, is also called *Ricinus*, though it has no resemblance to any of the former, in leaves, flowers, or seeds. In one particular they all agree, viz. in their yielding to coction or expression, a purgative or emetic oil. The Spaniards name these nuts *Avellanas purgativas*; hence Ray terms them *Avellane purgatives novi orbis*. By roasting they are supposed to lose part of their virulency, which is wholly destroyed, say some people, by taking out a leaf-like substance that is to be found between the lobes. The nut exceeds a walnut, or even an almond, in sweetness, and yet three or four of them will operate briskly both up and down. The French call this useful shrub *Medecinier*. That species of it which bears red coral, like flowers, is named *Bellyach* by the Barbadians; and its ripe seeds are supposed to be specific against melancholy.

Ver. 510. *Acacia*. This is a species of thorn; the juice of the root is supposed to be poisonous. Its seeds are contained in a pod or ligumen. It is of the class of the syngenesia. No astringent juice is extracted from it. Its trivial name is *Cashaw*. Tournefort describes it in his voyage to the Le-

Ver. 482 Long continued and violent rains, are called seasons, in the West-Indies.

Whose scent perfumes the night and morning sky,
Though baneful be its root. The privet too,
Whose white flowers rival the first drifts of snow
On Grampian's piny hills; (O might the muse
Tread, flush'd with health, the Grampian hills
again)!

Emblem of innocence shall grace my song.
Boast of the shrubby tribe, carnation fair, 520
Nor thou repine, though late the muse record
Thy bloomy honours. Tipt with burnish'd gold,
And with imperial purple crested high,
More gorgeous than the train of Juno's bird,
Thy bloomy honours oft the curious muse
Hath seen transported: seeu the humming bird,
Whose burnish'd neck bright glows with verdant
gold;

Least of the winged vagrants of the sky,
Yet dauntless as the strong-pounc'd bird of Jove;
With fluttering vehemence attack thy cups, 530
To rob them of their nectar's luscious store.

But if with stones thy meagre lands are spread;
Be these collected, they will pay thy toil:
And let Vitruvius, aided by the line,
Fence thy plantations with a thick-built wall.

On this lay cuttings of the prickly pear;
They soon a formidable fence will shoot:
Wild liquorice here its red beads loves to hang,
Whilst scendent blossoms, yellow, purple, blue,
Unhurt, wind round its shield-like leaf and spears,
Nor is its fruit inelegant of taste, 541
Though more its colour charms the ravish'd eye;
Vermeil, as youthful beauty's roseate hue;
As thine, fair Christobelle: ah, when will fate,
That long hath scowl'd relentless on the bard,
Give him some small plantation to enclose,
Which he may call his own? Not wealth he
craves,

But independence: yet, if thou, sweet maid,
In health and virtue bloom; though worse betide,
Thy smile will smooth adversity's rough brow.

In Italy's green bounds the myrtle shoots 551
A fragrant fence, and blossoms in the sun.
Here, on the rockiest verge of these blest isles,
With little care, the plant of love would grow.
Then to the citron join the plant of love,
And with their scent and shade enrich your isles.

Yet some pretend, and not unsuspicious they,
The wood-nymphs foster the contagious blail.
Foes to the dryads, they remorseless fell 560

want. Some call it the Holy Thorn, and others
Sweet Briar. The half ripe pod affords a strong
cement; and the main stem, being wounded, pro-
duces a transparent gum, like the Arabic, to which
tree this bears a strong resemblance.

Ver. 515. *Ligustrum*. This shrub is sufficiently
known. Its leaves and flowers make a good gar-
gle in the aphthæ and ulcerated throat.

Ver. 520. This is indeed a most beautiful flow-
ering shrub. It is a native of the West-Indies, and
called, from a French governor, named Depoinci,
Poinciana. If permitted, it will grow twenty feet
high; but, in order to make it a good fence, it
should be kept low. It is always in blossom.
Though not purgative, it is of the fenna kind.
Its leaves and flowers are stomachic, carminative,
and emmenagogue. Some authors name it *Couda
pavonis*, on account of its inimitable beauty; the
flowers have a physicky smell. How it came to
be called *Doodle-doo* I know not; the Barbadians
more properly term it *Flower Fence*. This plant
grows also in Guinea.

Ver. 526. The humming bird is called *Pica-
flore* by the Spaniards, on account of its hovering
over flowers, and sucking their juices, without lac-
erating, or even so much as discomposing their
petals. Its Indian name, says Ulloa, is *Guinde*,
though it is also known by the appellation of *Ra-
bilargo* and *Lisongerero*. By the Caribbeans it was
called *Collobree*. It is common in all the warm
parts of America. There are various species of
them, all exceeding small, beautiful and bold.
The crested one, though not so frequent, is yet
more beautiful than the others. It is chiefly to be
found in the woody parts of the mountains. Ed-
wards has described a very beautiful humming
bird, with a long tail, which is a native of Suri-
nam, but which I never saw in these islands.
They are easily caught in rainy weather.

Ver. 536. The botanical name of this plant is
Opuntia; it will grow in the barrenest soils, and
on the tops of walls, if a small portion of earth be
added. There are two sorts of it, one whose
fruit is roundish and sweet, the other, which has
more the shape of a fig, is sour. The former is
sometimes eaten, but the other seldom. The
French call them *Pomme de Roquette*. Both fruit
and leaves are guarded with sharp prickles; and,
even in the interior part of the fruit, there is one
which must be removed before it is eaten. The
leaves, which are half an inch thick, having a sort
of pulp interposed between their surfaces, being
deprived of their spines, and softened by the fire,
make no bad poultice for inflammations. The
juice of the fruit is an innocent fucus, and is often
used to tinge guava jellies. The opuntia, upon
which the cochineal insect breeds, has no spines,
and is cultivated with care in South-America,
where it also grows wild. The prickly pear
makes a strong fence, and is easily trimmed with
a scymitar. It grows naturally in some parts of
Spain.

Ver. 538. This is a scendant plant, from which
the negroes gather what they call *Jumbee Beeds*.
These are about the size of pigeon-peas, almost
round, of a red colour, with a black speck on one
extremity. They act as an emetic; but, being
violent in their operation, great caution should be
observed in using them. The leaves make a good
pectoral drink in disorders of the breast. By the
French it is named *Petit Panacoe*, to distinguish
it from a large tree, which bears seeds of the same
colours, only much bigger. This tree is a species
of black ebony.

Ver. 559. So a particular species of blight is
called in the West-Indies. See its description in
the second book.

Each shrub of shade, each tree of spreading root,
That woo the first glad fannings of the breeze.
Far from the muse be such inhuman thoughts;
Far better reck's she of the woodland tribes,
Earth's eldest birth, and earth's best ornament.
Ask him, whom rude necessity compels
To dare the noontide fervour, in this clime,
Ah, most intensely hot; how much he longs
For cooling vast impenetrable shade? 569

The muse, alas, th' inexperienced muse can tell:
Oft hath she travell'd, while folstitial beams,
Shot yellow dearks on the devoted land;
Oft, oft hath she their ill-judg'd avarice blam'd,
Who, to the stranger, to their slaves and herds,
Denied this best of joys, the breezy shade.
And are there none, whom generous pity warms,
Friends to the woodland reign; whom shades de-
light? [trees;]

Who, round their green domains, plant hedge-row
And with cool cedars screen the public way?
Yes, good Montano; friend of man was he: 580
Him persecution, virtue's deadliest foe,
Drove a lorn exile from his native shore;
From his green hills, where many a fleecy flock,
Where many a heifer crop'd their wholesome food;
And many a swain, obedient to his rule,
Him their lov'd master, their protector own'd.
Yet, from that paradise, to Indian wilds,
To tropic suns, to fell barbaric hands,
A poor outcast, an alien, did he roam;
His wife, the partner of his better hours, 590
And one sweet infant cheer'd his dismal way.
Unus'd to labour; yet the orient fun,
Yet western Phœbus, saw him wield the hoe.
At first a garden all his wants supplied,
(For temperance fat cheerful at his board),
With yams, cassada, and the food of strength,

Ver. 572. The yellow fever, to which Europeans of a sanguine habit of body, and who exceed in drinking or exercise, are liable on their arrival in the West-Indies. The French call it *Maladie de Siame*, or more properly, *La Fievre des Matelots*. Those who have lived any time in the islands are no more subject to this disease than the Creoles, whence, however, some physicians have too hastily concluded that it was of foreign extraction.

Ver. 596. Cassavi, cassava, is called *Jatropha* by botanists. Its meal makes a wholesome and well-tasted bread, although its juice be poisonous. There is a species of cassada which may be eat with safety, without expressing the juice; this the French call *camagnoc*. The colour of its root is white, like a parsnip; that of the common kind is of a brownish red, before it is scraped. By coction the cassada-juce becomes an excellent sauce for fish; and the Indians prepare many wholesome dishes from it. I have given it internally mixed with flour, without any bad consequences; it did not, however, produce any of the salutary effects I expected. A good starch is made from it. The stem is knotty, and, being cut into small junks and planted, young sprouts shoot up from each knob. Horses have been poisoned by eating its leaves. The French name it *Manihot*, *Magnoc*,

Thrice-wholesome tannies: while a neighbouring dell,

(Which nature to the fourfold had resign'd),
With ginger, and with Raleigh's pungent plant,
Gave wealth; and gold bought better land and
slaves, 600

Heaven blest'd his labour: now the cotton-shrub,

and *Manioc*, and the Spaniards *Mandiocha*. It is pretended that all creatures but man eat the raw root of the cassada with impunity; and, when dried, that it is a sovereign antidote against venomous bites. A wholesome drink is prepared from this root by the Indians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, according to Pineda. There is one species of this plant which the Indians only use, and is by them called *Baccoua*.

Ver. 597. This wholesome root, in some of the islands, is called *Edda*: Its botanical name is *Arum maximum Egyptianum*. There are three species of tannies, the blue, the scratching, and that which is commonly roasted. The blossoms of all three are very fragrant, in a morning or evening. The young leaves, as well as the spiral stalks which support the flower, are eaten by negroes as a salad. The root makes a good broth in dysenteric complaints. They are seldom so large as the yam, but most people think them preferable in point of taste.

Ver. 598. The true Indian name of this tree is *Suirsaak*. It grows in the barrenest places to a considerable height. Its fruit will often weigh two pounds. Its skin is green, and somewhat prickly. The pulp is not disagreeable to the palate, being cool, and having its sweetness tempered with some degree of an acid. It is one of the *Anonas*, as are also the custard, star, and sugar-apples. The leaves of the fourfold are very shining and green. The fruit is wholesome, but seldom admitted to the tables of the elegant. The seeds are dispersed through the pulp like the guava. It has a peculiar flavour. It grows in the East as well as the West Indies. The botanical name is *Guanabanus*. The French call it *Petit Corosol*, or *Caur de Bauf*, to which the fruit bears a resemblance. The root, being reduced to a powder, and snuffed up the nose, produces the same effect as tobacco. Taken by the mouth, the Indians pretend it is a specific in the epilepsy.

Ver. 601. The fine down, which this shrub produces to envelope its seeds, is sufficiently known. The English, Italian, and French names, evidently are derived from the Arabic *Algodon*, as the Spaniards at this day call it. It was first brought by the Arabians into the Levant, where it is now cultivated with great success. Authors mention four species of cotton; but they confound the silk-cotton tree, or *Ceiba*, among them. The flower of the West-India cotton shrub is yellow, and campanulated. It produces twice every year. That of Cayenne is the best of any that comes from America. This plant is very apt to be destroyed by a grub within a short time; bating that, it is a profitable production. Pliny mentions *Gossypium*,

Grac'd with broad yellow flowers, unhurt by
worms,
O'er many an acre shed its whitest down :
The power of rain, in genial moisture bath'd
His cacao-walk, which teem'd with marrowy pods ;
His coffee bath'd, that glow'd with berries, red
As Danæ's lip, or, Theodosia, thine,
Yet countless as the pebbles on the shore ;
Oft, while drougt kill'd his impious neighbour's
grove.
In time, a numerous gang of sturdy slaves, 610
Well-fed, well-cloth'd, all emulous to gain

which is the common botanical name of cotton. It is likewise called *Zylon*. Martinus, in his Philological Lexicon, derives cotton from the Hebrew word *Koton*, (or, as pronounced by the German Jews, *Kotoun*).

Ver. 605. It is also called *Cocoa* and *Cocif*. It is a native of some of the provinces of South America, and a drink made from it was the common food of the Indians before the Spaniards came among them, who were some time in those countries ere they could be prevailed upon to taste it ; and it must be confessed, that the Indian chocolate had not a tempting aspect ; yet I much doubt whether the Europeans have greatly improved its wholesomeness, by the addition of vanillas and other hot ingredients. The tree often grows fifteen or twenty feet high, and is straight and handsome. The pods, which seldom contain less than thirty nuts of the size of a flatted olive, grow upon the stem and principal branches. The tree loves a moist, rich, and shaded soil : Hence those who plant cacao-walks, sometimes screen them by a hardier tree, which the Spaniards aptly term *Madre de Cacao*. They may be planted fifteen or twenty feet distant, though some advise to plant them much nearer, and perhaps wisely ; for it is an easy matter to thin them, when they are past the danger of being destroyed by dry weather, &c. Some recommend planting cassada, or bananas, in the intervals, when the cacao-trees are young, to destroy weeds, from which the walks cannot be kept too free. It is generally three years before they produce good pods ; but, in six years, they are in highest perfection. The pods are commonly of the size and shape of a large cucumber. There are three or four sorts of cacao, which differ from one another in the colour and goodness of their nuts. That from the Caracas is certainly the best. None of the species grow in Peru. Its alimentary, as well as physical properties, are sufficiently known. This word is Indian.

Ver. 606. This is certainly of Arabic derivation ; and has been used in the East, as a drink, time immemorial. The inhabitants about the mouth of the Red-sea were taught the use of it by the Persians, say authors, in the fifteenth century ; and the coffee-shrub was gradually introduced into Arabia Felix, whence it passed into Egypt, Syria, and lastly Constantinople. The Turks, though so excessively fond of coffee, have not known it much above one hundred and fifty

Their master's smile, who treated them like men ;
Blacken'd his cane lands : which with vast increase,

Beyond the wish of avarice paid his toil.
No cramps, with sudden death, surpris'd his mules ;
No glander-pest his airy stables thinn'd :
And, if disorder seiz'd his negro train,
Celsus was call'd, and pining illness flew.
His gate stood wide to all ; but chief the poor,
The unfriended stranger, and the sickly, shar'd
His prompt munificence : No surly dog, 621
Nor surlier Ethiop, their approach debarr'd.
The musc, that pays this tribute to his fame,
Oft hath escap'd the sun's meridian blaze,
Beneath yon tamarind-vista, which his hands
Planted ; and which, impervious to the sun,
His latter days beheld.—One noon he sat
Beneath its breezy shade, what time the sun
His sultry vengeance from the Lion pour'd ?
And calmly thus his eldest hope address'd. 630

" Be pious, be industrious, be humane ;
" From proud oppression guard the labouring hind.
" Whate'er their creed, God is the fire of man,
" His image they ; then dare not thou, my son,
" To bar the gates of mercy on mankind.
" Your foes forgive, for merit must make foes ;

years ; whereas the English have been acquainted therewith for upwards of an hundred, one Pasqua, a Greek, having opened a coffee-house in London about the middle of the last century. The famous traveller, Thevenot, introduced coffee into France. This plant is cultivated in the West Indies, particularly by the French, with great success ; but the berry from thence is not equal to that from Mocha. It is a species of Arabian jasmine ; the flower is particularly redolent, and from it a pleasant cordial water is distilled. It produces fruit twice every year ; but the shrub must be three years old before any can be gathered. It should not be allowed to grow above six foot high. It is very apt to be destroyed by a large fly, which the French call *Mouche à café* ; as well as by the white grub, which they name *Puceron*. Its medical and alimentary qualities are as generally known as those of tea.

Ver. 625. This large, shady, and beautiful tree grows fast even in the driest soils, and lasts long ; and yet its wood is hard, and very fit for mechanical uses. The leaves are smaller than those of fenna, and pennate : they taste fourish, as does the pulp, which is contained in pods four or five inches long. They bear once a year. An excellent vinegar may be made from the fruit ; but the Creoles chiefly preserve it with sugar, as the Spaniards with salt. A pleasant syrup may be made from it. The name is, in Arabic, *Tamara*. The ancients were not acquainted therewith ; for the Arabians first introduced tamarinds into physic ; it is a native of the East as well as of the West Indies and South America, where different provinces call it by different names. Its cathartic qualities are well known. It is good in sea-sickness. The botanical name is *Tamarindus*.

" And in each virtue far surpasss your fire.
 " Your means are ample. Heaven a heart bestow!
 " So health and peace shall be your portion here;
 " And you bright sky, to which my soul aspires,
 " Shall bless you with eternity of joy." 641

He spoke, and ere the swift-wing'd zumbadore
 The mountain desert start'd with his hum;
 Ere fire-flies trimm'd their vital lamps; and ere
 Dun evening trod on rapid twilight's heel:
 His knell was rung;—

And all the cane lands wept their father lost.
 Muse, yet a while indulge my rapid course;
 And I'll unharnessed soon the foaming steeds.

If Jove descend, propitious to thy vows, 650
 In frequent floods of rain; successive crops
 Of weeds will spring. Nor venture to repine,
 Though oft their toil thy little gale renew;
 Their toil tenfold the melting heavens repay:
 For soon thy plants will magnitude acquire,
 To crush all undergrowth; before the sun,
 The planets thus withdraw their puny fires.
 And though untutor'd, then, thy canes will shoot:
 Care meliorates their growth. The trenches
 fill

With their collateral mould; as in a town 660
 Which foes have long beleaguerr'd, unawares
 A strong detachment falls from each gate,
 And levels all the labours of the plain.

And now thy cane's first blades their verdure
 lose,

And hang their idle heads. Be these stript off;
 So shall fresh sportive airs their joints embrace,
 And by their alliance give the sap to rise.
 But, O beware, let no unskilful hand
 The vivid foliage tear: Their channell'd spouts,
 Well pleas'd, the watery nutriment convey, 670
 With filial duty, to the thirsty stem;
 And, spreading wide their reverential arms,
 Defend their parent from foistful skies.

BOOK II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following book having been originally addressed to William Shenstone, Esq. and by him approved of; the author should deem it a kind of poetical sacrilege now to address it to any other.

Ver. 642. This bird, which is one of the largest and swiftest known, is only seen at night, or rather heard; for it makes a hideous humming noise (whence its name) on the desert tops of the Andes. See Ulloa's Voyage to South America. It is also called *Condor*. Its wings, when expanded, have been known to exceed sixteen feet from tip to tip. See *Phil. Trans.* No. 208.

Ver. 644. This surprising insect is frequent in Gaudaloupe, &c. and all the warmer parts of America. There are none of them in the English Caribbee, or Virgin-islands.

Ver. 645. There is little or no twilight in the West Indies. All the year round it is dark before eight at night. The dawn is equally short.

To his memory, therefore, be it sacred; as a small but sincere testimony of the high opinion the author entertained of that gentleman's genius and manners; and as the only return now, alas! in his power to make, for friendship wherewith Mr. Shenstone had condescended to honour him.

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. Addressed to William Shenstone, Esq. Of monkies. Of rats and other vermin. Of weeds. Of the yellow fly. Of the greasy fly. Of the blast. A hurricane described. Of calms and earthquakes. A tale.

ENOUGH of culture.—A less pleasing theme,
 What ills await the ripening cane, demands
 My serious numbers: these, the thoughtful muse
 Hath oft beheld, deep-pierc'd with generous woe.
 For she, poor exile! boasts no waving crops;
 For her no circling mules prefs dulcet streams;
 No negro-band huge foaming coppers skim;
 Nor fermentation (wine's dread fire) for her,
 With Vulcan's aid, from cane a spirit draws,
 Potent to quell the madness of despair. 10

Yet oft the range she walks, at shut of eve;
 Oft sees red lightning at the midnight hour,
 When nod the watches, stream along the sky;
 Not innocent, as what the learned call
 The Boreal morn, which, through the azure air,
 Flashes its tremulous rays, in painted streaks,
 While o'er night's veil her lucid tresses flow:
 Nor quits the muse her walk, immers'd in thought,
 How she the planter haply may advise;
 Till tardy morn unbar the gates of light, 20
 And, opening on the main with sultry beam,
 To burnish'd silver turns the blue-green wave.

Say, will my Shenstone lend a patient ear,
 And weep at woes unknown to Britain's isle?
 Yes, thou wilt weep! for pity chafe thy breast,
 With taste and science, for their soft abode;
 Yes, thou wilt weep: thine own distress thou
 bear'st

Undaunted; but another's melts thy soul.

" O were my pipe as soft, my dittied song"
 As smooth as thine, my too too distant friend, 30
 Shenstone; my soft pipe, and my dittied song
 Should hush the hurricanes tremendous roar,
 And from each evil guard the ripening cane!

Destructive on the upland sugar-groves
 The monkey nation preys: from rocky heights,
 In silent parties, they descend by night,
 And posting watchful sentinels, to warn
 When hostile steps approach; with gambols they
 Pour o'er the cane grove. Luckless he to whom
 That land pertains! in evil hour, perhaps, 40
 And thoughtless of to-morrow, on a die
 He hazards millions; or, perhaps, reclines
 On luxury's soft lap, the pest of wealth;
 And, inconsiderate, deems his Indian crops
 Will amply her insatiate wants supply.

From these insidious drolls (peculiar pest
 Of Liambuiga's hills) wouldst thou defend

Ver. 46. The monkies which are now so numerous in the mountainous parts of St. Christo-

Thy waving wealth; in traps put not thy trust,
 However baited: Treble every watch,
 And well with arms provide them; faithful dogs,
 Of nose sagacious, on their footsteps wait. 31
 With these attack the predatory bands;
 Quickly the unequal conflict they decline,
 And chattering fling their ill-got spoils away.
 So when, of late, innumerable Gallic hosts
 Fierce, wanton, cruel, did by stealth invade
 The peaceable American's domains,
 While desolation mark'd their faithless rout;
 No sooner Albion's martial sons advanc'd,
 Than the gay dastards to their forests fled 60
 And left their spoils and tomahawks behind.

Nor with less waste the whistler'd vermin-race,
 A countless clan, despoil the low-land cane.

These to destroy, while commerce hoists the
 sail,

Loose rocks abound, or tangling bushes bloom,
 What planter knows?—Yet prudence may reduce.
 Encourage then the breed of savage cats,
 Nor kill the winding snake, thy foes they eat.
 Thus, on the mangrove-banks of Guayaquil,
 Child of the rocky desert, sea-like stream, 70
 With studious care the American preserves
 The gallinazo, else that sea-like stream
 (Whence traffic pours her bounties on mankind)
 Dread alligators would alone possess.

pher, were brought thither by the French when they possessed half that island. This circumstance we learn from *Pere Labat*, who farther tells us, that they are a most delicate food. The English negroes are very fond of them, but the white inhabitants do not eat them. They do a great deal of mischief in St. Kitts, destroying many thousand pounds Sterling's worth of canes every year.

Ver. 64. Rats, &c. are not natives of America, but came by shipping from Europe. They breed in the ground, under loose rocks and bushes. Durante, a Roman, who was physician to Pope Sixtus Quintus, and who wrote a Latin poem on the preservation of health, enumerates domestic rats among animals that may be eaten with safety. But if these are wholesome, cane-rats must be much more delicate, as well as more nourishing. Accordingly we find most field negroes fond of them, and I have heard that straps of cane-rats are publicly sold in the markets of Jamaica.

Ver. 69. This tree, which botanists call *Rizophora*, grows in marshy soils, and on the sides of rivers; and, as the branches take root, they frequently render narrow streams impassable to boats. Oysters often adhere to their roots, &c. The French name of this strange water-shrub is *Pal-twier*. The species meant here is the red mangrove.

Ver. 74. This dreadful animal is amphibious, and seldom lays fewer than 100 eggs. These she carefully covers with sand. But, notwithstanding this precaution, the gallinazo (a large species of carrion-crow) conceals itself among the thick boughs of the neighbouring trees, and thus often discovers the hoard of the alligator; which she no

Thy foes the teeth-fil'd Ibbos also love;

Nor thou their wayward appetite refrain.

Some place decoys, nor will they not avail,
 Replete with roasted crabs, in every grove
 These fell marauders gnaw; and pay their slaves
 Some small reward for every captive foe. 80
 So practice Gallia's sons; but Britons trust
 In other wiles, and surer their success.

With Missian arsenic, deleterious bane,
 Pound up the ripe cassada's well-rasp'd root,
 And form in pellets; these profusely spread
 Round the cane-groves, where skulk the vermin-
 breed:

They greedy, and unweeting of the bait,
 Crowd to the inviting cages, and swift devour
 Their palatable death; for soon they seek
 The neighbouring spring, and drink, and swell,
 and die. 90

But dare not thou, if life deserve thy care,
 The infected rivulet taste; nor let thy herds
 Graze its polluted brinks, till rolling time
 Have fin'd the water, and destroyed the bane.
 'Tis safer then to mingle nightshade's juice
 With flour, and throw it lib'ral 'mong thy canes:
 They touch not this; its deadly scent they fly,

sooner leaves, than the gallinazo souses down upon it, and, greedily scraping off the sand, regales on its contents. Nor is the male alligator less an enemy to the increase of his own horrid brood than these useful birds; for, when instinct prompts the female to let her young fry out by breaking the eggs, he never fails to accompany her, and to devour as many of them as he can; so that the mother scarce ever escapes into the river with more than five out of all her hundred. Thus Providence doubly prevents the otherwise immense propagation of that voracious animal on the banks of the river Guayaquil; for the gallinazo is not always found where alligators are. *Ulloa*.

Ver. 75. *Ibbos*, or *Ebbos*, as they are more commonly called, are a numerous nation. Many of them have their teeth filed, and blackened in an extraordinary manner. They make good slaves when bought young; but are, in general, foul feeders, many of them greedily devouring the raw guts of fowls: They also feed on dead mules and horses; whose carcases, therefore, should be buried deep, that the negroes may not come at them. But the surest way is to burn them; otherwise they will be apt, privily, to kill those useful animals, in order to feast on them.

Ver. 76. *Pere Labat* says that cane-rats give those negroes who eat them pulmonary disorders; but the good Jesuit was no physician. I have been told by those who have eat them, that they are very delicate food.

Ver. 95. See the article *Solanum* in Newman's Chemistry, published by Dr. Lewis. There is a species of East-India animal, called a *Mongoose*, which bears a natural antipathy to rats. Its introduction into the sugar-islands would probably effectuate the extirpation of this destructive vermin

And sudden colonize some distant vale.

Shall the muse deign to sing of humble weeds,
That check the progress of the imperial cane? 100

In every soil unnumber'd weeds will spring;
Nor fewest in the best: (thus oft we find
Enormous vices taint the noblest souls!)
These let thy little gang, with skilful hand,
Oft as they spread abroad, and oft they spread,
Careful pluck up, to swell thy growing heap
Of rich manure. And yet some weeds arise,
Of aspect mean, with wondrous virtues fraught;
(And doth not oft uncommon merit dwell
In men of vulgar looks, and trivial air)? 110

Such, planter, be not thou ashamed to save
From foul pollution, and unseemly rot;
Much will they benefit thy house and thee.
But chief the yellow thistle thou select,
Whose seed the stomach frees from nauseous loads;
And if the music of the mountain-dove
Delight thy pensive ear, sweet friend to thought!
This prompts their cooing, and enflames their love.
Nor let rude hands the knotted grass profane,
Whose juice worms fly: Ah, dire endemial ill!
How many fathers, fathers now no more, 121
How many orphans, now lament thy rage?
The cow-itch also save; but let thick gloves
Thine hands defend, or thou wilt sadly rue
Thy rash imprudence, when ten thousand darts,
Sharp as the bee-sting, fasten in thy flesh,
And give thee up to torture. But unhurt,
Planter, thou may'st the humble chickweed cull,

Ver. 114. The seeds of this plant are an excellent emetic; and almost as useful in dysenteric complaints as ipecacuan. It grows every where.

Ver. 119. This is truly a powerful vermifuge; but, uncautiously administered, has often proved mortal. The juice of it clarified is sometimes given; but a decoction of it is greatly preferable. Its botanical name is *Spigelia*.

Ver. 123. This extraordinary vine should not be permitted to grow in a cane-piece; for negroes have been known to fire the canes, to save themselves from the torture which attends working in grounds where it has abounded. Mixed with molasses, it is a safe and excellent vermifuge. Its seeds, which resemble blackish small beans, are purgative. Its flower is purple; and its pods, on which the stinging brown *Setæ* are found, are as large as a full-grown English field-pea.

Ver. 128. There are two kinds of chickweed, which grow spontaneously in the Caribbees, and both possess very considerable virtues, particularly that which botanists call *Cajacia*, and which the Spaniards emphatically name *Erudos Cobres*, or snakeweed, on account of its remarkable qualities against poisonous bites. It is really of use against fish-poison; as is also the sensitive plant, which the Spaniards prettily call the *Vergonzosa*, the Bashful, and *La Donzella*, or the Maiden. There are many kinds of this extraordinary plant, which grow every where in the islands and South America. The botanical name of the former is *Alfine*, and that of the latter *Mimosa*.

And that which coily flies the astonish'd grasp.
Not the confection nam'd from Pontus' king, 130
Not the blest'd apple Median climes produce,
Though lofty Maro (whose immortal muse
Distant I follow, and submit adore)
Hath sung its properties, to counteract
Dire spells, slow-mutter'd o'er the baneful bowl,
Where cruel stepdames poisonous drugs have
brew'd;

Can vie with these low tenants of the vale,
In driving poisons from the infected frame:
For here, alas! (ye sons of luxury mark!)
The sea, though on its bosom Halcyons sleep, 140
Abounds with poison'd fish; whose crimson fins,
Whose eyes, whose scales, bedropt with azure, gold,
Purple, and green, in all gay summer's pride,
Amuse the sight; whose taste the palate charms;
Yet death in ambush on the banquet waits,
Unless these antidotes be timely given.

But, say what strains, what numbers can recite,
Thy praises, vervain; or wild liquorice, thine?
For not the costly root, the gift of God,
Gather'd by those who drink the Volga's wave,
(Prince of Europa's streams, itself a sea) 151
Equals your potency! Did planters know
But half your virtues, not the cane itself
Would they with greater, sonder pains preserve!

Still other maladies infest the cane,
And worse to be subdu'd. The insect-tribe,
That, flutt'ring, spread their pinions to the sun,
Recal the muse: nor shall their many eyes,
Though edg'd with gold, their many-colour'd
down, 159
From death preserve them. In what distant clime,

Ver. 130. This medicine is called *Mithridatium*, in honour of Mithridates king of Pontus; who, by using it constantly, had secured himself from the effects of poison, in such a manner, that when he actually attempted to put an end to his life, by that means he failed in his purpose: So at least Pliny informs us. But we happily are not obliged to believe implicitly whatever that elaborate compiler has told us. When poisons immediately operate on the nervous system, and their effects are to be expelled by the skin, this electuary is no contemptible antidote. But how many poisons do we know at present which produce their effects in a different manner? and, from the accounts of authors, we have reason to be persuaded that the ancients were not much behind us in their variety of poisons. If, therefore, the king of Pontus had really intended to have destroyed himself, he could have been at no loss for the means, notwithstanding the daily use of this antidote.

Ver. 131. Authors are not agreed what the apple is, to which Virgil attributes such remarkable virtues, nor is it indeed possible they ever should. However, we have this comfort on our side, that our not knowing it is of no detriment to us; for, as spells cannot affect us, we are at no loss for antidotes to guard against them.

Ver. 149. Some medical writers have bestowed the high appellation of *Donum Dei* on rhubarb.

In what recesses are the plunderers hatch'd?
 Say, are they wafted in the living gale
 From distant islands? Thus the locust-breed,
 In winged caravans, that blot the sky,
 Descend from far, and ere bright morning dawn,
 Astonish'd Afric sees her crop devour'd.
 Or, doth the cane a proper nest afford,
 And food adapted to the yellow fly?—
 The skill'd in nature's mystic lore observe 169
 Each tree, each plant, that drinks the golden day,
 Some reptile life sustains: Thus cochinnille
 Feeds on the Indian fig; and, should it harm
 The foster plant, its worth that harm repays:
 But ye, base insects! no bright scarlet yield,
 To deck the British Wolfe; who now, perhaps,
 (So Heaven and George ordain) in triumph mounts
 Some strong-built fortrefs, won from haughty Gaul!
 And though no plant such luscious nectar yields
 As yields the cane-plant, yet, vile paricides!
 Ungrateful ye! the parent-cane destroy. 180

Muse, say what remedy hath skill devis'd
 To quell this noxious foe? Thy blacks send forth,
 A strong detachment, ere the increasing pest
 Have made too firm a lodgment; and with care
 Wipe every tainted blade, and liberal lave
 With sacred Neptune's purifying stream.
 But this Augæan toil long time demands,
 Which thou to more advantage may'st employ:
 If vows for rain thou ever didst prefer, 189
 Planter, prefer them now: the rattling shower,
 Pour'd down in constant streams for days and
 nights,

Not only swells, with nectar sweet, thy canes,
 But in the deluge drowns thy plundering foe.

When may the planter idly fold his arms,
 And say, "My soul take rest?" Superior ills,
 Ills which no care nor wisdom can avert,
 In black succession rise. Ye men of Kent,
 When nipping Eurus, with the brutal force
 Of Boreas, join'd in ruffian league, assail 199
 Your ripen'd hop-grounds; tell me what you feel,
 And pity the poor planter, when the blast,
 Fell plague of Heaven! perdition of the isles!
 Attacks his waving gold. Though well manur'd,
 A richness though thy fields from nature boast,
 Though seasons pour, this pestilence invades:

Ver. 171. This is a Spanish word. For the manner of propagating this useful insect, see Sir Hans Sloane's Natural History of Jamaica. It was long believed in Europe to be a seed or vegetable production. The botanical name of the plant on which the cochinnille feeds is *Opuntia maxima*, folio oblongo, majore, spinulis obtusis, mollibus et innocentibus obfiso, flore, fructu rubris variegato.

Sloane.

Ver. 205. Without a rainy season the sugar cane could not be cultivated to any advantage: For what Pliny the Elder writes of another plant may be applied to this, *Gaudet irriguis, et toto anno bibere amat*.

Ver. 205. It must, however, be confessed, that the blast is less frequent in lands naturally rich, or such as are made so by well-rotted manure.

Too oft it seizes the glad infant-throng,
 Nor pities their green nonage: Their broad blades,
 Of which the graceful wood-nymphs erst compos'd
 The greenest garlands to adorn their brows,
 First pallid, sickly, dry, and withered show; 210
 Unseemly stains succeed: which, nearer view'd
 By microscopic arts, small eggs appear,
 Dire fraught with reptile life; alas, too soon
 They burst their filmy jail, and crawl abroad,
 Bugs of uncommon shape; thrice hideous show!
 Innumerable as the painted shells that load
 The wave-worn margin of the Virgin-isles!
 Innumerable as the leaves the plumb-tree sheds,
 When, proud of her fecundity, she shows
 Naked her gold fruit to the god of noon. 220
 Remorseless to its youth, what pity, say,
 Can the cane's age expect? In vain its pith
 With juice nectareous flows; to pungent sour,
 Foe to the bowels, soon its nectar turns:
 Vain every joint a gemmy embryo bears,
 Alternate rang'd; from these no filial young
 Shall grateful spring, to bless the planter's eye.—
 With bugs confederate, in destructive league,
 The ants' republic joins; a villain crew,
 As the waves, countless, that plough up the deep,
 (Where Eurus reigns vicegerent of the sky, 231
 Whom Rhea bore to the bright god of day)
 When furious Auster dire commotions stirs:
 These wind, by subtle sap, their secret way,
 Pernicious pioneers while those invest,
 More firmly daring in the face of heaven,
 And win, by regular approach, the cane.

'Gainst such ferocious, such unnumber'd bands,
 What arts, what arms shall sage experience use?

Some bid the planter load the favouring gale, 240
 With pitch, and sulphur's suffocating steam:—
 Useless the vapour o'er the cane-grove flies,
 In curling volumes lost; such feeble arms,
 To man though fatal, not the blast subdue.
 Others again, and better their success,
 Command their slaves each tainted blade to pick
 With care, and burn them in vindictive flames.
 Labour immense! and yet, if small the pest,
 If numerous, if industrious be thy gang,
 At length, thou may'st the victory obtain. 250
 But, if the living taint be far diffus'd,
 Bootless this toil; nor will it then avail
 (Though ashes lend their suffocating aid)
 To bare the broad roots, and the mining swarms
 Expose, remorseless, to the burning noon.
 Ah! must then ruin desolate the plain!
 Must the lost planter other climes explore?

Ver. 218. This is the Jamaica plumb-tree. When covered with fruit, it has no leaves upon it. The fruit is wholesome. In like manner, the panspan is destitute of foliage when covered with flowers. The latter is a species of jessamine, and grows as large as an apple-tree.

Ver. 231. The east is the centre of the trade-wind in the West-Indies, which veers a few points to the north or south. What Homer says of the west wind, in his islands of the blessed, may more aptly be applied to the trade winds.

How'er reluctant, let the hog uproot
The infected cane-piece; and, with eager flames,
The hostile myriads thou to embers turn : 260
Far better, thus, a mighty loss sustain,
Which happier years and prudence may retrieve;
Than risk thine all. As when an adverse storm,
Impetuous, thunders on some luckless ship,
From green St. Christopher, or Cathay bound :
Each nautic art the reeling seamen try :
The storm redoubles : death rides every wave :
Down by the board the cracking masts they hew ;
And heave their precious cargo in the main.

Say, can the muse, the pencil in her hand, 270
The all-wasting hurricane observant ride ?
Can she, undazzled, view the lightning's glare,
That fires the welkin ? Can she, unappall'd,
When all the flood-gates of the sky are ope,
The shoreless deluge stem ? The muse hath seen
The pillar'd flame, whose top hath reach'd the
stars ;

Seen rocky, molten fragments, slung in air
From Ætna's vext abyss ; seen burning streams
Pour down its channell'd sides ; tremendous
scenes !—

Yet not vext Ætna's pillar'd flames, that strike 280
The stars ; nor molten mountains hurl'd on high ;
Nor ponderous rapid deluges, that burn
Its deeply-channell'd sides ; cause such dismay,
Such desolation. Hurricane ! as thou ;
When the Almighty gives thy rage to blow,
And all the battles of thy winds engage.

Soon as the Virgin's charms ingross the sun ;
And till his weaker flame the scorpion feels ;
But, chief, while Libra weighs the unsteady year :
Planter, with mighty props thy dome support ; 290
Each flaw repair ; and well, with massy bars,
Thy doors and windows guard ; securely lodge
Thy stocks and mill-points.—Then, or calms
obtain ;

Breathless the royal palm-tree's airiest van ;
While, o'er the panting isle, the demon heat
High hurls his flaming brand ; vast, distant waves
The main drives furious in, and heaps the shore
With strange productions : Or, the blue serene
Assumes a lowering aspect, as the clouds
Fly, wild-careering, through the vault of hea-
ven ; 300

Then transient birds, of various kinds, frequent
Each stagnant pool ; some hover o'er thy roof ;
Then Eurus reigns no more ; but each bold wind,
By turns, usurps the empire of the air
With quick inconsistency ;

Thy herds, as sapient of the coming storm,
(For beasts partake some portion of the sky),
In troops associate ; and, in cold sweats bath'd,
Wild-bellowing, eye the pole. Ye seamen, now,
Ply to the southward, if the changeful moon, 310
Or, in her interlunar palace hid, [glows :
Shuns night ; or, full-orb'd, in night's forehead

For, see ! the mists, that late involv'd the hill,
Disperse ; the mid-day sun looks red ; strange burs
Surround the stars, which vaster fill the eye.
A horrid stench the pools, the main emits ;
Fearful the genius of the forest sighs ; [cliff.
The mountains moan ; deep groans the cavern'd
A night of vapour, closing fast around,
Snatches the golden noon.—Each wind ap-
peas'd, 320

The north flies forth, and hurls the frighted air :
Not all the brazen engineer's of man,
At once exploded, the wild burst surpasses.
Yet thunder, yok'd with lightning and with rain,
Water with fire, increase the infernal din :
Canes, shrubs, trees, huts, are whirl'd aloft in
air.—

The wind is spent ; and " all the isle below
" Is hush as death."
Soon issues forth the west, with sudden burst ;
And blasts more rapid, more resistless drives : 330
Rushes the headlong sky ; the city rocks ;
The good man throws him on the trembling
ground ;

And dies the murderer in his inmost soul—
Sullen the west withdraws his eager storms.—
Will not the tempest now his furies claim ?
Ah, no ! as when in Indian forests, wild,
Barbaric armies suddenly retire
After some furious onset, and, behind
Vast rocks and trees, their horrid forms conceal,
Brooding on slaughter, not repuls'd ; for soon 340
Their growing yell the affrighted welkin rends,
And bloodier carnage mows th' ensanguin'd plain :
So the south, falling from his iron caves
With mightier force, renews the aerial war ;
Sleep, frighted, flies ; and, see ! yon lofty palm,
Fair nature's triumph, pride of Indian groves,
Cleft by the sulphurous bolt ! See yonder dome,
Where grandeur with propriety combin'd,
And Theodorus with devotion dwelt ;
Involv'd in smouldering flames.—From every
rock, 350

Dashes the turbid torrent ; through each street
A river foams, which sweeps, with untam'd might,
Men, oxen, cane-lands to the billowy main.—
Pauses the wind.—Anon the savage east
Bids his wing'd tempests more relentless rave ;
Now brighter, vaster convulsions flash ;
Deepens the deluge ; nearer thunders roll ;
Earth trembles ; ocean reels ; and, in her fang,
Grim desolation tears the shrieking isle,
Ere rosy morn possesses the ethereal plain, 360
To pour on darkness the full flood of day —

Nor does the hurricane's all-wasting wrath
Alone bring ruin on its sounding wing :
Even calms are dreadful, and the fiery south
Oft reigns a tyrant in these fervid isles :

Ver. 314. These are astral halos. Columbus
soon made himself master of the signs that precede
a hurricane in the West-Indies, by which means
he saved his own squadron ; while another large
fleet, whose commander despised his prognostics,
put to sea, and was wrecked.

Ver. 265. An old name for China.

Ver. 293. The sails are fastened to the mill-
points, as those are to the stocks. They should
always be taken down before the hurricane season.

VOL. X.

3 M

For, from its burning furnace, when it breathes,
Europe and Asia's vegetable sons,
Touch'd by its tainting vapour, shrivel'd, die.
The hardiest children of the rocks repine :
And all the upland Tropic-plants hang down 370
Their drooping heads; show arid, coil'd, adust.—
The main itself seems parted into streams,
Clear as a mirror; and, with deadly scents,
Annoys the rower; who, heart-fainting, eyes
The falls hang idly, noiseless, from the mast.
Thrice hapless he, whom thus the hand of fate
Compels to risk the unsufferable beam!
A fiend, the worst the angry skies ordain
To punish sinful man, shall fatal seize
His wretched life, and to the tomb consign. 380

When such the ravage of the burning calm,
On the stout, sunny children of the hill;
What must thy cane-lands feel? Thy late green
sprouts
Nor bunch, nor joint; but, sapless, arid, pine :
Those, who have manhood reach'd, of yellow hue,
(Symptom of health and strength) soon ruddy
show;

While the rich juice that circled in their veins,
Acescent, watery, poor, unwholesome tastes.

Nor only, planter, are thy cane-groves burnt;
Thy life is threatened. Muse, the manner sing. 390

Then earthquakes, nature's agonizing pangs,
Oft shake the astonished isles: The solfaterre
Or sends forth-thick, blue, suffocating steams;
Or shoots to temporary flame. A din, [caves,
Wild through the mountain's quivering rocky
Like the dread crash of tumbling planets, roars.
When tremble thus the pillars of the globe,
Like the tall coco by the fierce north blown;
Can the poor, brittle, tenements of man
Withstand the dread convulsion? Their dear
homes, 400

(Which shaking, tottering, crashing, bursting, fall),
The boldest fly; and, on the open plain
Appal'd, in agony the moment wait,
When, with disrapture vast, the waving earth
Shall whelm them in her sea-disgorging womb.

Nor less affrighted are the bestial kind.
The bold steed quivers in each panting vein,
And staggers, bath'd in deluges of sweat :
Thy lowing herds forsake their grassy food,
And send forth frighted, woeful, hollow sounds :
The dog, thy trusty sentinel of night, 410
Deserts his post assign'd; and, piteous, howls.—
Wide ocean feels :— [bounds,
The mountain-waves, passing their custom'd
Make direful, loud incursions on the land,
All-overwhelming: Shadden they retreat,
With their whole troubled waters; but, anon,

Sudden return, with louder, mightier force ;
(The black rocks whiten, the vex'd shores re-
found) ;

And yet, more rapid, distant they retire. 420
Vast conflagrations lighten all the sky,
With volum'd flames; while thunder's awful voice,
From forth his shrine, by night and horror girt,
Astonnds the guilty, and appals the good :
For oft the best, smote by the bolt of heaven,
Wrapt in ethereal flame, forget to live ;
Else, fair Theana.—Muse her fate deplore.

Soon as young reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,
His father sent him from these genial isles,
To where old Thames with conscious pride sur-
veys 430

Green Eton, soft abode of every muse.
Each classic beauty soon he made his own ;
And soon fam'd Isis saw him woo the nine,
On her inspiring banks: Love tun'd his song ;
For fair Theana was his only theme,
Acasto's daughter, whom, in early youth,
He oft distinguish'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending coco's airy height,

Ver. 438. The coco-nut tree is of the palm genus; there are several species of them which grow naturally in the Torrid Zone. The coco-nut tree is by no means so useful as travellers have represented it. The wood is of little or no service, being spongy; and the brown covering of the nuts is of too rough a texture to serve as apparel. The shell of the nut receives a good polish; and, having a handle put to it, is commonly used to drink water out of. The milk, or water of the nut, is cooling and pleasant; but, if drunk too freely, will frequently occasion a pain in the stomach. A salutary oil may be extracted from the kernel; which, if old, and eaten too plentifully, is apt to produce a shortness of breathing. A species of arrack is made from this tree in the East-Indies. The largest coco-nut trees grow on the banks of the river Oronoko. They thrive best near the sea, and look beautiful at a distance. They afford no great shade. Ripe nuts have been produced from them in three years after planting. The nuts should be macerated in water before they are put in the ground. Coco is an Indian name; the Spaniards call it also *palma de las Indias*; as the smallest kind, whose nuts are less than walnuts, is termed by them *Coguilla*. This grows in Chili, and the nuts are esteemed more delicate than those of a larger size. In the Maldivy islands, it is pretended, they not only build houses of the coco-nut tree, but also vessels, with all their rigging; nay, and load them too with wine, oil, vinegar, black sugar, fruit, and strong water, from the same tree. If this be true, the Maldivian coco-nut trees must differ widely from those that grow in the West-Indies. The coco must not be confounded with the coco-nut tree. That shrub grows in the hottest and moistest vales of the Andes. Its leaf, which is gathered two or three times a year, is much coveted by the natives of South-America, who will travel great journeys upon a

Ver. 392. Volcanos are called *sulphurs*, or *solfaterres*, in the West-Indies. There are few mountainous islands in that part of the globe without them, and those probably will destroy them in time. I saw much sulphur and alum in the solfaterre at Mountferrat. The stream that runs through it, is almost as hot as boiling water, and its steams soon blacken silver, &c.

To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he presented, more nectareous deem'd. 440
The sweetest sappadillas oft he brought;
From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd.
Nor had long absence yet effac'd her form;
Her charms still triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taste mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expression, and in grace,
She shone all-perfect; while each pleasing art,
And each soft virtue that the sex adorns, 450
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain,
Which Percy's happier pencil would demand,
Can ill describe the transports Juno felt
At this discovery: He declar'd his love;
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.

And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch,
For this delighted pair? Ah, Juno knew,
His fire detested his Theana's house!—
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conspir'd
To check their happy union. He resolv'd 460
(And many a sigh that resolution cost)
To pass the time, till death his fire remov'd,
In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
While she (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native isle.

Though learned, curious, and though nobly bent,
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to serve; no joys he found.—
Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the seat of every muse, 470
Of freedom, courage; yet Ausonia's clime,
His steps explor'd; where painting, music's strains,
Where arts, where laws, (philosophy's best child),
With rival beauties his attention claim'd.
To his just-judging, his instructed eye,
The all-perfect Medicæan Venus seem'd
A perfect semblance of his Indian fair:
But, when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd
The harmonious warblings of Italian song.

Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came

single handful of the leaves, which they do not swallow, but only chew. It is of an unpleasant taste; but, by use, soon grows agreeable. Some authors have also confounded the coco-nut palm with the coco, or chocolate tree. The French call the coco-nut tree, *Cocotier*. Its stem, which is very lofty, is always bent; for which reason it looks better in an orchard than in a regular garden. As one limb fades, another shoots up in the centre like a pike. The botanical name is *Palma indica, coccifera, angulosa*.

Ver. 441 This is a pleasant tasted fruit, somewhat resembling a bergamot pear in shape and colour. The tree which produces it is large and shady. Its leaves are of a shining green; but the flowers which are monopetalous, are of a palish white. The fruit is coronated when ripe, and contains in its pulp several longish black seeds. It is wholesome. Antigua produces the best sappadillas I ever tasted. The trivial name is Spanish. Botanists call it *Cainita*.

Which briefly told him of his father's death. 481
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven resign'd,
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd,
Eager to clasp the object of his love.

Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po:

Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.

In Biscay's stormy seas, an armed ship,
Of force superior, from loud Charente's wave
Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew
Their colours strike; when dauntless Juno, fir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief, 491
Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,
So plied their cannon, plied their missile fires,
That soon in air the hapless thunder blew.

Blow prosperous breezes, swiftly sail thou Po,
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!

Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they spy,
Like clouds dim rising in the distant air. 500
Glad Eurus whistles; laugh the sportive crew;
Each sail is set to catch the favouring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,
Strikes the boneta, or the shark entinares.
The fring'd urchin spreads her purple form
To catch the gale, and dances o'er the waves;
Small winged fishes on the shrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently played around.

Ver. 499. This is one of the Madeira islands, and of course subject to the King of Portugal. It lies in 32, 33 degrees of N. latitude. It is neither so fruitful nor so large as Madeira Proper, and is chiefly peopled by convicts, &c.

Ver. 504. This fish, which is equal in size to the largest salmon, is only to be found in the warm latitudes. It is not a delicate food; but those who have lived for any length of time on fish meats at sea, do not dislike it. Sir Hans Sloane, in his voyage to Jamaica, describes the method of striking them.

Ver. 504. This voracious fish needs no description; I have seen them from 15 to 20 feet long. Some naturalists call it *Canis Carbarias*. They have been known to follow a slave-ship from Guinea to the West Indies. They swim with incredible celerity, and are found in some of the warmer seas of Europe, as well as between the tropics.

Ver. 505. This fish the seamen call a Portuguese man of war. It makes a most beautiful appearance on the water.

Ver. 507. This extraordinary species of fish is only found in the warm latitudes. Being pursued in the water by a fish of prey called Albacores, they betake themselves in shoals to flight, and in the air are often snapt up by the Garayio, a sea-fowl. They sometimes fall on the shrouds or decks of ships. They are well tasted, and commonly sold at Barbadoes.

Ver. 508. This is a most beautiful fish when first taken out of the sea; but its beauty vanishes almost as soon as it is dead.

Though faster than the Tropic bird they flew,
Oft Junio cried, ah! when shall we see land? 510
Soon land they made: and now in thought he claspt

His Indian bride, and deem'd his toil o'erpaid.

She, no less amorous, every evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's vessel to descry.

One eve (faint calms for many a day had rag'd),
The winged demons of the tempest rose;
Thunder and rain, and lightning's awful power.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave; the ethereal bolt, 520
That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd.

Meanwhile, impatient Junio leapt ashore,
Regardless of the demons of the storm.
Ah youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burst on thee? Urge not so
Thy flying courser. Soon Theana's porch
Receiv'd him: at his sight, the ancient slaves
Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He entered hasty— 531

Ah! what a sight for one who lov'd so well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpse of joy [voice,
Played on her face, while with taint, faultering
She thus address'd the youth, whom yet she knew.

"Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore!
"Thy sight repays this summons of my fate:
"Live, and live happy; sometimes think of me:
"By night, by day, you still engag'd my care; 540
"And next to God, you now my thoughts em-
"ploy:

"Accept of this—My little all I give;
"Would it were larger."—Nature could no more;
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.

But say, what strains, what language can express
The thousand pangs, which tore the lover's breast?
Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,
Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak;
Nor words he found: he claspt her in his arms;
He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died away.

One grave contains this hapless, faithful pair;
And still the cane isles tell their matchless love:

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Hymn to the month of January, when crop begins. Address. Planters have employment all the year round. Planters should be pious. A ripe cane-piece on fire at midnight. Crop begun. Cane-cutting described. Effects of music. Great care requisite in feeding the mill. Humanity towards the maimed recommended. The tainted canes should not be ground. Their use. How to preserve the laths and mill-points

Ver. 509. The French call this bird Fregate, on account of its swift flying. It is only to be met within the warm latitudes.

from sudden squalls. Address to the sun, and praise of Antigua. A cattle-mill described. Care of mules, &c. Diseases to which they are subject. A water-mill the least liable to interruption. Common in Guadaloupe and Martinico. Praise of Lord Romney. The necessity of a strong, clear fire, in boiling. Planters should always have a spare set of vessels, because the iron furnaces are apt to crack, and copper vessels to melt. The danger of throwing cold water into a thorough heated furnace. Cleanliness and skimming well recommended. A boiling-house should be lofty, and open at top, to the leeward. Constituent parts of vegetables. Sugar an essential salt. What retards its granulation. How to forward it. Dumb cane. Effects of it. Bristol lime the best temper. Various uses of Bristol lime. Good muscovado described. Bermudas lime recommended. The negroes should not be hindered from drinking the hot liquor. The cheerfulness and healthiness of the negroes in crop time. Boilers to be encouraged. They should neither boil the sugar too little, nor too much. When the sugar is of too loose a grain, and about to boil over the teache, or last copper, a little grease settles it, and makes it boil closer. The French often mix sand with their sugars. This practice not followed by the English. A character. Of the skimmings their various uses. Of rum. Its praise. A West-India prospect, when crop is finished. An address to the Creoles, to live more upon their estates than they do. The reasons.

From scenes of deep distress, the heavenly muse,
Emerging joyous, claps her dewy wings.
As when a pilgrim, in the howling waste,
Hath long time wandered, fearful at each step,
Of tumbling cliffs, fell serpents, whelming bogs;
At last, from some lone eminence, descries
Fair haunts of social life; wide-cultur'd plains,
O'er which glad reapers pour; he cheerly sings:
So she to sprightlier notes her pipe attunes,
Than e'er these mountains heard; to gratulate, to
With duteous carols, the beginning year.
Hail, eldest birth of time! in other climes,
In the old world, with tempests usher'd in;
While riled nature thine appearance wails,
And savage winter wields his iron mace:
But not the rockiest verge of these green isles,
Though mountains heapt on mountains brave the
sky,
Dares winter, by his residence, profane.

Ver. 17. This more particularly alludes to St. Kitts, where one of the highest ridges of that chain of mountains, which runs through its centre from one end of it to the other, bears upon it another mountain, which, somewhat resembling the legendary prints of the devil's carrying on his shoulders St. Christopher; or, as others write, of a giant of that appellation, carrying our Saviour in the form of a child in the same manner through a deep sea, gave name to this island.

At times the ruffian, wrapt in murky state,
Inroads will fly attempt; but soon the sun, 20
Benign protector of the cane-land isles,
Repells the invader, and his rude mace breaks.
Here, every mountain, every winding dell,
(Haunt of the dryads; where, beneath the shade
Of broad-leaf'd china, idly they repose,
Charm'd with the murmur of the tinkling rill;
Charm'd with the hummings of the neighbouring
hive);

Welcome thy glad approach: but chief the cane,
Whose juice now longs to murmur down the spout,
Hails thy lov'd coming; January, hail! 30

O M ***! thou, whose polish'd mind contains
Each science useful to thy native ill!
Philosopher, without the hermit's spleen!
Polite, yet learned; and, though solid, gay!
Critic, whose head each beauty, fond, admires;
Whose heart each error flings in friendly shade!
Planter, whose youth sage cultivation taught
Each secret lesson of her sylvan school:
To thee the muse a grateful tribute pays;
She owes to thee the precepts of her song: 40
Nor wilt thou, four, refuse; though other cares,
The public claim thy busy hour;
With her to roam (thrice pleasing devious walk)
The ripened cane-piece; and with her, to taste
(Delicious draught!) the nectar of the mill!

The planter's labour in a round revolves;
Ends with the year, and with the year begins.

Ye swains, to Heaven bend low in grateful
prayer,

Worship the Almighty; whose kind fostering hand
Hath blest your labour, and hath given the cane
To rise superior to each menac'd ill. 51

Nor less, ye planters, in devotion sue,
That nor the heavenly bolt, nor casual spark,
Nor hand of malice may the crop destroy.

Ah me! what numerous, deaf'ning bells re-
sound?

What cries of horror startle the dull sleep? [day?
What gleaming brightness makes, at midnight,
By its portentous glare, too well I see
Palemon's fate; the virtuous, and the wife!
Where were ye, watches, when the flame burst
forth? 60

Ver. 25. The leaves of this medicinal tree are so large, that the negroes commonly use them to cover the water, which they bring in pails from the mountain, where it chiefly grows. The roots of this tree were introduced into European practice soon after the venereal disease; but, unless they are fresh, it must be confessed they possess fewer virtues than either *sarsaparilla* or *lignum vitæ*. It also grows in China, and many parts of the East-Indies, where it is greatly recommended in the gout, palsy, sciatica, obstructions, and obstinate headaches: but it can surely not effect the removal of these terrible disorders; since, in China the people eat the fresh root boiled with their meat as we do turnips; and the better sort there use a water distilled from it. The Spaniards call it *Palo de China*. The botanical name is *Smilax*.

A little care had then the hydra quell'd: [sky
But, now, what clouds of white smoke load the
How strong, how rapid the combustion pours!
Aid not, ye winds! with your destroying breath,
The spreading vengeance.—They condemn my
prayer. [blaze;

Rous'd by the deaf'ning bells, the cries, the
From every quarter in tumultuous bands,
The negroes rush; and, 'mid the crackling flames,
Plunge, demon-like! All, all, urge every nerve:
This way, tear up those canes; dash the fire out, 70
Which sweeps, with serpent error o'er the ground.
There, hew these down; their topmost branches
burn:

And here bid all thy watery engines play;
For here the wind the burning deluge drives.
In vain.—More wide the blazing torrent rolls!
More loud it roars, more bright it fires the pole;
And toward thy mansion, see, it bends its way.
Haste! far, O far your infant-throng remove:
Quick from your stables drag your steeds and
mules:

With well wet blankets guard your cypress roofs;
And where thy dried canes in large stacks are
pil'd.— 81

Efforts but serve to irritate the flames:
Naught but thy ruin can their wrath appease.
Ah, my Palemon! what avail'd thy care,
Oft to prevent the earliest dawn of day,
And walk thy ranges at the noon of night?
What though no ill assail'd thy bunching sprouts,
And seasons pour'd obedient to thy will:
All, all must perish; nor shalt thou preserve
Wherewith to feed thy little orphan throng. 90
Oh may the cane isles know few nights like
this!

For now the sail-clad points, impatient wait
The hour of sweet release, to court the gale.
The late hung coppers wish to feel the warmth
Which well dried fuel from the cane imparts:
The negro train, with placid looks, survey
Thy fields which full perfection have attain'd,
And pant to wield the bill: (no surly watch
Dare now deprive them of the luscious cane):
Nor thou, my friend, their willing ardour check;
Encourage rather; cheerful toil is light. 101

So from no field shall flow-pac'd oxen draw
More frequent loaded wanes; which many a day,
And many a night shall feed thy crackling mills
With richest offerings: while thy far seen flames,
Bursting through many a chimney, bright emblaze
The Æthiop brow of night. And see, they pour
(Ere Phosphor his pale circlet yet withdraws,
What time gray dawn stands tip-toe on the hill),
O'er the rich cane grove: Muse, their labour sing.

Some bending, of their sapless burden ease 111
The yellow jointed canes, (whose height exceeds
A mounted trooper, and whose clammy round
Measures two inches full); and near the root

Ver. 81. The cane stalks which have been
ground are called *Mogesi*; probably a corruption
of the French word *Bogesse*, which signifies the
same thing. They make an excellent fuel.

Lop the stem off, which quivers in their hand
With fond impatience: soon its branchy spires,
(Food to thy cattle) it resigns: and soon
Its tender prickly tops with eyes thick set,
To load with future crops thy long-hoed land.
These with their green their pliant branches bound,
(For not a part of this amazing plant 121
But serves some useful purpose: charge the young:
Not laziness declines this easy toil:
Even lameness from its leafy pallet crawls,
To join the favoured gang: What of the cane
Remains, and much the largest part remains,
Cut into junks a yard in length, and tied
In small light bundles; load the broad-wheel'd
wain,

The mules crook-harrest, and the sturdier crew,
With sweet abundance: As on Lincoln plains, 130
(Ye plains of Lincoln sound your Dyer's praise;
When the lav'd snow-white flocks are numerous
penn'd;

The fen or swains with sharpen'd shears cut off
The fleecy vestment; others stir the tar;
And some impreis, upon their captives sides,
Their master's cypher: while the infant throng
Strive by the horns to hold the struggling ram,
Proud of their prowess. Nor meanwhile the jest
Light-banded round, but innocent of ill;
Nor choral song are wanting: echo rings. 140
Nor need the driver, Æthiop authoris'd,

Thence more inhuman crack his horrid whip;
From such dire sounds the indignant muse averts
Her virgin ear, where music loves to dwell:
'Tis malice now, 'tis wantonness of power
To lash the laughing, labouring, singing throng.

What cannot song? all nature feels its power:
The hind's blithe whistle, as through stubborn soils
He drives the shining share; more than the goad,
His tardy steers impells:—The muse hath seen, 150
When health danc'd frolic in her youthful veins,
And vacant gambols wigg'd the laughing hours;
The muse hath seen on Annan's pastoral hills,
Of theft and slaughter erst the fell retreat,
But now the shepherd's best beloved walk:
Hath seen the shepherd with his sylvan pipe,
Lead on his flock o'er crags, through bogs and
streams,

A tedious journey; yet not weary they,
Drawn by the enchantment of his artless song.
What cannot music?—When brown Ceres asks
The reaper's sickle, what like magic sound, 161
Puff'd from sonorous bellows by the squeeze
Of tuneful artist, can the rage disarm
Of the swart Dog star, and make harvest light?
And now thy mills dance eager in the gale;
Feed well their eagerness: but, O beware;
Nor trust between the steel-cas'd cylinders,
The hand incautious: off the member snap

Ver. 168. This accident will sometimes happen especially in the night, and the unfortunate wretch must fall a victim to his imprudence or sleepiness, if a hatchet do not immediately strike off the entangled member; or the mill be not instantly put out of the wind.

Thou'lt ever rue; sad spectacle of woe!

Are there, the muse can scarce believe the tale;
Are there, who lost to every feeling sense, 171
To reason interest lost; their slaves desert,
And manumit them, generous boon! to starve
Maim'd by imprudence, or the hand of Heaven?
The good man feeds his blind, his aged steed;
That in his service spent his vigorous prime:
And dares a mortal to his fellow man,
(For spite of vanity thy slaves are men)
Deny protection? Muse suppress the tale.

Ye! who in bundles bind the lopt-off canes; 180
But chiefly ye who feed the tight-brac'd mill;
In separate parcels far the infected fling:
Of bad cane juice the least admixture spoils
The richest, foudest; thus in pastoral walks
One tainted sheep contaminates the fold.

Nor yet to dung-heaps thou resign the canes,
Which or the sun hath burnt, or rats have gnaw'd.
These to small junks reduc'd, and in huge casks
Steep'd, where no cool winds blow; do thou ferment—

Then, when from his entanglements enlarg'd 190
Th' evasive spirit mounts; by Vulcan's aid,
(Nor Amphiritye will her help deny),
Do thou through all his winding ways pursue
The runaway; till in thy sparkling bowl
Confin'd he dances; more a friend to life
And joy, than that Nepenthe fam'd of yore,
Which Polydamna, Thone's imperial queen,
Taught Jove-born Helen on the banks of Nile.

As on old ocean when the wind blows high,
The cautious mariner contracts his sail; 200
So here, when equally bursts the speeding gale,
If thou from ruin would'st thy points preserve,
Lest-bellying canvas to the storm oppose.

Yet the faint breeze oft flags on lifeless wings,
Nor tremulates the coco's airiest arch,
While the red sun darts deluges of fire;
And soon (if on the gale thy crop depend),

Pere Labet says, he was informed the English were wont, as a punishment, thus to grind their negroes to death. But one may venture to affirm this punishment never had the sanction of law; and, if any Englishman ever did grind his negroes to death, I will take upon me to aver, he was universally detested by his countrymen.

Indeed the bare suspicion of such a piece of barbarity leaves a stain; and, therefore, authors cannot be too cautious of admitting into their writings any insinuation that bears hard on the humanity of a people.

Daily observation affords but too many proofs, where domestic slavery does not obtain of the fatal consequences of indulged passion and revenge; but where one man is the absolute property of another, those passions may perhaps receive additional activity: planters, therefore, cannot be too much on their guard against the first fallies of passion; as by indulgence, passion, like a favourite, will, at last, grow independently powerful.

Ver. 192. A mixture of sea water is a real improvement in the distillation of rum.

Will all thy hopes of opulence defeat.

"Informer of the planetary train!"

Source undiminished of all-cheering light, 210

Of roseate beauty, and heart-gladd'ning joy!

Fountain of being, on whose water broods

The organic spirit, principle of life!

Lord of the seasons! who in courtly pomp

Lacquey thy presence, and with glad dispatch,

Pour at thy bidding o'er the land and sea!

Parent of vegetation, whose fond grasp

The sugar cane displays; and whose green car

Soft stealing dew, with liquid pearls adorn'd,

Fat fostering rains, and buxom genial airs 220

Attend triumphant! Why, ah, why lo' off,

Why hath Antigua, sweetly social isle,

Nurse of each art, where science yet finds friends

Amid this waste of waters, wept thy rage?

Then trust not, to the unsteady gale;

But in Tobago's endless forests sell

The tall tough hiccory or calaba.

Of this be forc'd two pillars in the ground,

Four paces distant, and two cubits high:

Other two pillars raise; the wood the same, 230

Of equal size and height. The calaba

Than steel more durable contemns the rain,

And sun's intensest beam; the worm, that pest

Of mariners, which winds its fatal way

Through heart of British oak, reluctant leaves

The closer calaba. By transverse beams

Secure the whole; and in the pillar'd frame,

Sink, artist, the vast bridge-tree's mortis'd form

Of ponderous hiccory; hiccory time defies:

To this be nail'd three polish'd iron plates 240

Whereon three steel capouces turn with ease;

Of three long rollers, twice nine inches round,

With iron cas'd, and jagg'd with many a cogg-

The central cylinder exceeds the rest

In portly size, thence aptly captain nam'd.

To this be rivett'd th' extended sweeps;

And harness to each sweep two seasoned mules:

They pacing round give motion to the whole.

The close brac'd cylinders with ease revolve

Ver. 222. This beautiful island lies in 16 degrees, and 14 min. N. lat. It was long uninhabited on account of its wanting fresh water rivers; but is now more fully peopled, and as well cultivated as any of the leeward islands. In a seasonable year, it has made 30,000 hogheads of sugar. It has no very high mountains. The soil is in general clayey. The water of the body-ponds may be used for every purpose of life. Antigua is well fortified, and has a good militia.

Ver. 227. *Hiccory* is a lofty spreading tree, of very hard wood, excellently adapted to the purposes of the mill-wright. The nut, whose shell is thick, hard, and roughish, contains an agreeable and wholesome kernel. It grows in great abundance in St. Croix, Crab island, and Tobago.

Ver. 227. *Calaba*. This lofty tree is commonly called Mastic. It is a hard wood, and is found in the places where the hiccory grows. The flowers are yellow, and are succeeded by a fruit which bears a distant resemblance to a rub.

On their greas'd axle; and with ease reduce 250
To trash the canes thy negroes throw between.

Fast flows the liquor through the lead-lin'd spouts;

And depurated by opposing wires,

In the receiver floats a limpid stream.

So twice five casks with mufcovado fill'd, (god

Shall from thy staunchions drip, ere day's bright

Hath in the Atlantic six times cool'd his wheels.

Would'st thou against calamity provide?

Let a well shingled roof from Raleigh's land,

Defend thy stock from noon's inclement blaze, 260

And from night-dews; for night no respite knows.

Nor, when their destin'd labour is perform'd,

Be thou ashamed to lead the parting mules

(The mule, soft parent of each social grace,

With eyes of love God's whole creation views)

To the warm pen; where copious forage strowed,

And strenuous rubbing, renovate their strength.

So, fewer ails, (alas, how prone to ails!)

Their days shall shorten; ah, too short at best!

For not, even then, my friend, art thou secure

From fortune; spite of all thy steady care, 271

What ills, that laugh to scorn Machaon's art,

Await thy cattle! farcy's tabid form,

Joint-racking spasms, and cholick's pungent pang,

Need the mule tell? which, in one luckless moon,

Thy sheds dispeople; when perhaps thy groves,

To full perfection shot, by day, by night,

Indefinient demand their vigorous toil.

Then happiest he, for whom the Naiads pour,

From rocky urns, the never-ceasing stream, 280

To turn his rollers with unbought dispatch.

In Karukera's rich well-water'd isle!

In Matanina! boast of Albion's arms,

Ver. 259. Sir Walter Raleigh gave the name of Virginia, in honour of Queen Elizabeth, to the whole of the north-east of North America, which Sebastian Cabot, a native of Bristol, (though others call him a Venetian), first discovered, A. D. 1497, in the time of King Henry VII by whom he was employed; but no advantages could be reaped from this discovery, on account of the various disturbances that ensued in England during the succeeding reigns, till about the year 1584, Queen Elizabeth gave Sir Walter Raleigh a patent for all such land, from 33 to 40 N. lat. as he should choose to settle with English, reserving only to the Crown a fifth part of all the gold and silver which should therein be discovered, in lieu of all services. Accordingly several embarkations were fitted out from England, but all to no purpose. Some farther attempts, however, were made to settle this part of the country in the succeeding reign; but it was not till the year 1620, that a regular form of government took place. Then was tobacco planted, and negroes imported into Virginia. Since that time it has gradually improved, and does not now contain fewer than 100,000 white people of better condition, besides twice as many servants and slaves. The best shingles come from Egg Harbour.

Ver. 282. The Indian name of Guadaloupe.

Ver. 283. The Caribbean name of Martinico. The Havannah had not then been taken.

The brawling Naiads for the planters toil,
Howe'er unworthy; and, through solemn scenes
Romantic, cool, with rocks and woods between,
Enchant the senses! but, among thy swains,
Sweet Lianuiga! who such bliss can boast?
Yes, Romney, thou may'st boast; of British heart,
Of courtly manners, join'd to ancient worth: 290
Friend to thy Britain's every blood-earn'd right,
From tyrants wrung, the many or the few.
By wealth, by titles, by ambition's lure,
Not to be tempted from fair honour's path:
While others, falsely flattering their prince,
Bold disapprov'd, or by oblique surmise
Their terror hinted, of the people arm'd;
Indignant, in the senate, he uprose,
And, with the well-urg'd energy of zeal,
Their specious, subtle sophistry disprov'd; 300
The importance, the necessity display'd,
Of civil armies, freedom's surest guard:
Nor in the senate didst thou only win
The palm of eloquence, securely bold;
But rear'd'st thy banners, fluttering in the wind:
Kent, from each hamlet, pour'd her marshall'd
swains,

To hurl defiance on the threatening Gaul.

Thy foaming coppers well with fuel feed;
For a clear, strong, continued fire improves
Thy muscovado's colour, and its grain.— 310
Yet vehement heat, protracted, will consume
Thy vessels, whether from the martial mine,
Or from thine ore, bright Venus, they are drawn;
Or hammer, or hot fusion, give them form:
If prudence guides thee then, thy stores shall hold
Of well-siz'd vessels a complete supply:
For every hour, thy boilers cease to skim,
(Now Cancer reddens with the solar ray),
Defeats thy honest purposes of gain.

Nor small the risk (when piety, or chance, 320
Force thee from boiling to desist) to lave
Thy heated furnace, with the gelid stream.
The chemist knows, when all-dissolving fire
Bids the metalline ore abruptly flow;
What dread explosions, and what dire effects,
A few cold drops of water will produce,
Uncautious, on the novel fluid thirgwn.

For grain and colour, wouldst thou win, my
friend,

At every curious mart, the constant palm?
O'er all thy works let cleanliness preside, 330
Child of frugality; and, as the scum
Thick mantles o'er the boiling wave, do thou
The scum that mantles carefully remove.

From bloating dropfy, from pulmonic ails,
Wouldst thou defend thy boilers (prime of slaves),

Ver. 312. The vessels, wherein the cane-juice
is reduced to sugar by coction, are either made of
iron or of copper. Each sort hath its advantages
and disadvantages. The teache, or smallest vessel
from whence the sugar is layed into the cooler,
is generally copper. When it melts, it can be
patched; but, when the large sort of vessels, called
iron-furnaces, crack, which they are too apt to
do, no further use can be made of them,

For days, for nights, for weeks, for months, in-
volv'd

In the warm vapour's all-relaxing steam;
Thy boiling-house be lofty: all atop
Open, and perious to the tropic breeze;
Whose cool persiflation, wooed through many a
grate, 340

Dispers the steam, and gives the lungs to play.

The skill'd in chemia, boast of modern arts,
Know from experiment, the fire of truth,
In many a plant that oil, and acid juice,
And ropy mucilage, by nature live:
These, envious, stop the much-desir'd embrace
Of the essential salts, though coction bid
The aqueous particles to mount in air.

'Mong salts essential, sugar wins the palm,
For taste, for colour, and for various use: 350
And, in the nectar of the yellowest cane,
Much acor, oil, and mucilage abound:
But in the less mature, from mountain-land,
These harsh intruders so redundant float,
Must so strong, as scarce to be subdued. [cane,
Musc, sing the ways to quell them. Some use
That cane, whose juices to the tongue apply'd,

Ver. 339. This also assists the cristallization of
the sugar.

Ver. 350. It were impossible, in the short li-
mits of a note, to enumerate the various uses of
sugar; and, indeed, as these are in general so well
known, it is needless. A few properties of it,
however, wherewith the learned are not com-
monly acquainted, I shall mention. In some
places of the East Indies, an excellent arrack is
made from the sugar cane; and, in South Ame-
rica, sugar is used as an antidote against one of
the most sudden, as well as fatal poisons in the
world. Taken by mouth, *pecula morte carent*, this
poison is quite innocent; but the slightest wound
made by an arrow, whose point is tinged there-
with, proves immediate death; for, by driving
all the blood of the body immediately to the
heart, it forthwith bursts it. The fish and birds
killed by these poisoned arrows (in the use of
which the Indians are astonishingly expert) are
perfectly wholesome to feed on. See Ulloa and
de la Condamine's account of the great river of
Amazon. It is a vegetable preparation.

Ver. 357. This, by the natives, is emphatically
called the *Dumb Cane*; for a small quantity of its
juice being rubbed on the brim of a drinking ves-
sel, whoever drinks out of it, soon after will have
his lips and tongue enormously swelled. A phy-
sician, however, who wrote a short account of
the diseases of Jamaica, in Charles II's time, re-
commends it both by the mouth and externally,
in dropical and other cases: But I cannot say, I
have had any experience of its efficacy in these
disorders. It grows wild in the mountains; and,
by its use in sugar making, should seem to be
somewhat of an alcalescent nature. It grows to
four feet high, having, at the top, two green
shining leaves, about nine inches long; and, be-
tween these, a small spire emerges.

In silence lock it, sudden, and constrain'd
(Death to Xantippe), with distorting pain.

Nor is it not effectual: But wouldst thou 360
Have rival brokers for thy cades contend;
Superior arts remain.—Small casks provide,
Replete with lime-stone thoroughly calcin'd,
And from the air secur'd: This Bristol sends,
Bristol, Britannia's second mart and eye!

Nor "to thy waters only trust for fame,"
Bristol; nor to thy beamy diamonds trust:
Though these oft deck Britannia's lovely fair;
And those oft save the guardians of her realm,
Thy marble quarries claim the voice of praise, 370
Which rich incrusts thy Avon's banks, sweet
banks! [child,

Though not to you young Shakspeare, fancy's
All-rudely warbled his first woodland notes;
Though not your caves, while terror stalk'd
around,

Saw him essay to clutch the ideal sword,
With drops of blood distain'd: yet, lovely banks,
On you reclin'd, another tun'd his pipe;
Whom all the muses emulously love,
And in whose strains your praises shall endure,
While to Sabrina speeds your healing stream. 380
Bristol, without thy marble, by the flame
Calcin'd to whiteness, vain the stately reed
Would swell with juice mellifluent; heat would
soon

The strongest, best hung furnaces, consume.
Without its aid the cool-imprison'd stream,
Seldom allow'd to view the face of day,
Though late it roam'd a denizen of air;
Would steal from its involuntary bounds,
And, by fly windings, set itself at large.
But chief thy lime the experienc'd boiler loves, 390
Nor loves ill-founded; when no other art
Can bribe to union the coy floating salts,
A proper portion of this precious dust,
Cast in the wave (so showers alone of gold
Could win fair Danae to the god's embrace);
With nectar'd muscovado soon will charge
Thy shelving coolers, which, severely press'd
Between the fingers, not resolves; and which
Rings in the cask; and or a light-brown hue,
Or thine, more precious silvery grey, assumes. 400

The fam'd Bermuda's ever-healthy isles,
More fam'd by gentle Waller's deathless strains,
Than for their cedars, which, insalting, fly
O'er the wide ocean; 'mid their rocks contain
A stone, which, when calcin'd (experience says),
Is only second to Sabrina's lime.

While flows the juice mellifluent from the cane,
Grudge not, my friend, to let thy slaves, each
morn,

But chief the sick and young, at setting day,
Themselves regale with oft repeated draughts 410
Of tepid nectar; so shall health and strength
Confirm thy negroes, and make labour light.

While flame thy chimneys, while thy coppers
foam,

How blithe, how jocund, the plantation smiles!
By day, by night, resounds the choral song
Of glad barbarity; serene, the sun
Shines not intensely hot; the trade-wind blows:

How sweet, how silken, is its noontide breath?
While to far climes the fell destroyer, death,
Wings his dark flight. Then seldom pray for
rain: 420

Rather for cloudless days thy prayers prefer;
For, if the skies too frequently relent,
Crude flows the cane-juice, and will long elude
The boiler's wariest skill: thy canes will spring
To an unthrifty loathsomeness; or, weigh'd
Down by their load (ambition's curse), decay.

Encourage thou thy boilers; much depends
On their skill'd efforts. If too soon they strike,
E'er all the watery particles have fled;
Or lime sufficient granulate the juice: 430
In vain the thick'ning liquor is effus'd;
An heterogeneous, an uncertain mass,
And never in thy coolers to condense.

Or, planter, if the coction they prolong
Beyond its stated time; the viscous wave
Will in huge stinty masses crystallize,
Which forceful fingers scarce can crumble down;
And which with its melasses ne'er will part:
Yet this, fast-dripping in nectareous drops,
Not only betters what remains, but when 440
With art fermented, yields a noble wine,
Than which nor Gallia, nor the Indian clime,
Where rolls the Ganges, can a nobler show.
So misers in their coffers lock that gold;
Which, if allowed at liberty to roam,
Would better them, and benefit mankind.

In the last coppers, when the embrowning wave
With sudden fury swells; some grease immix'd,
The foaming tumult sudden will compose,
And force to union the divided grain. 450
So when two swarms in airy battle join,
The winged heroes heap the bloody field;
Until some dust, thrown upward in the sky,
Quell the wild conflict, and sweet peace restore.

Falſe Gallia's sons, that hoe the ocean-isles,
Mix with their sugar, loads of worthless sand,
Fraudful, their weight of sugar to increase.
Far be such guile from Britain's honest swains.
Such arts, awhile, the unwary may surprise,
And benefit the impostor; but, ere long, 460
The skilful buyer will the fraud detect,
And, with abhorrence, reprobate the name.

Ver. 422. When the cane juice is granulated sufficiently, which is known by the sugar's sticking to the ladle, and roping like a syrup, but breaking off from its edges, it is poured into a cooler, where, its surface being smoothed, the crystallization is soon completed. This is called *striking*. The general precept is to temper high, and strike low. When the muscovado is of a proper consistence, it is dug out of the cooler, and put into hogheads; this is called *potting*. The casks being placed upon stanchions, the melasses drips from them into a cistern, made on purpose, below them, to receive it. The sugar is sufficiently cured, when the hoghead rings upon being struck with a stick; and when the two canes, which are put into every cask, show no melasses upon them when drawn out of it.

Fortune had crown'd Avaro's younger years,
 With a vast tract of land, on which the cane
 Delighted grew, nor ask'd the toil of art.
 The sugar-bakers deem'd themselves secure,
 Of mighty profit, could they buy his cades;
 For, whiteness, hardness, to the leeward-crop,
 His muscovado gave. But, not content
 With this pre-eminence of honest gain, 470
 He baser sugars started in his casks;
 His own, by mixing fordid things, debas'd.
 One year the fraud succeeded: wealth immense
 Flow'd in upon him, and he blest his wiles:
 The next, the brokers spurn'd the adulterate mafs,
 Both on the Avon and the banks of Thame.

Be thrifty, planter, even thy skimmings save:
 For, planter, know, the refuse of the cane
 Serves needful purposes. Are barbecues
 The cates thou lov'st? What like rich skimmings
 feed 480

The grunting, bristly kind? Your labouring mules
 They soon invigorate: Give old Baynard these,
 Untir'd he trudges in his defin'd round;
 Nor need the driver crack his horrid lash.

Yet, with small quantities indulge the steed,
 Whom skimmings ne'er have fatten'd: else, too
 fond,

So gluttons use, he'll eat intemperate meals;
 And, staggering, fall the prey of ravening sharks.

But say, ye boon companions, in what strains,
 What grateful strains, shall I record the praise 490
 Of their best produce, heart-recruiting rum?
 Thrice wholesome spirit! well-matur'd with age,
 Thrice grateful to the palate! when, with thirst,
 With heat, with labour, and wan care oppress'd,
 I quaff thy bowl, where fruit my hands have cull'd,
 Round, golden fruit; where water from the
 spring, [round;

Which dripping coolness spreads her umbrage
 With hardest, whitest sugar, thrice refin'd;
 Dilates my soul with genuine joy; low care
 I spurn indignant; toil a pleasure seems. 500
 For not Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's green
 bounds,

Where Ceres with the God of vintage reigns,
 In happiest union; not Vigornian hills,
 Pomona's lov'd abode, afford to man
 Goblets more priz'd, or laudable of taste,
 To slake parch'd thirst, and mitigate the clime.

Yet, 'mid this blest ebriety, some tears,
 For friends I left in Albion's distant isle,
 For Johnson, Percy, White, escape mine eyes:
 For her, fair auth'ress! whom first Calpe's rocks
 A sportive infant saw: and whose green years 511
 True genius blest with her benignant gifts
 Of happiest fancy. O, were ye all here,
 O, were ye here; with him, my Pæon's son!
 Long-known, of worth approv'd, thrice candid
 soul!

How would your converse charm the lonely hour?

Ver. 501. Two rivers in France, along whose
 banks the best Burgundy and Champagne grapes
 grow.

Ver. 510. Mrs. Lennox.

Your converse, where mild wisdom tempers mirth;
 And charity, the petulance of wit;
 How would your converse polish my rude lays,
 With what new, noble images adorn? 520
 Then should I scarce regret the banks of Thames,
 All as we sat beneath that sand-box shade;
 Whence the delighted eye expatiates wide
 O'er the fair landscape; where in loveliest forms,
 Green cultivation hath array'd the land.

See! there, what mills, like giants raise their
 arms,

To quell the speeding gale! what smoke ascends
 From every boiling house! What structures rise,
 Neat though not lofty, pervious to the breeze;
 With galleries, porches, or piazzas grac'd! 530
 Nor not delightful are those reed-built huts,
 On yonder hill, that front the rising sun;
 With plantanes, with banana's bosom'd-deep,
 That flutter in the wind: where frolic goats,
 But the young negroes, while their swarthy fires,
 With ardent gladness wield the bill; and hark,
 The crop is finish'd, how they rend the sky!—

Nor, beauteous only flows the cultured soil,
 From this cool station. No less charms the eye
 That wild interminable waste of waves: 540
 While on the horizon's farthest verge are seen
 Islands of different shape, and different size;
 While sail-clad ships, with their sweet produce
 fraught,

Swell on the straining sight; while near yon rock,
 On which ten thousand wings with ceaseless clang
 Their airies build, a water spout descends,
 And shakes mid ocean; and while there below,
 That town, embowered in the different shade
 Of tamarinds, panspans, and papaws, o'er which

Ver. 522. So called, from the pericarpium's be-
 ing often made use of for containing sand; when
 the seeds, which are a violent emetic, are taken
 out. This is a fine shady tree, especially when
 young; and its leaves are efficaciously applied in
 headaches to the temples, which they sweat. It
 grows fast; but loses much of its beauty by age.
 Its wood is brittle, and when cut, emits a milky
 juice, which is not caustic. The sand-box thrives
 best in warm shady places. The sun often splits
 the pericarpium, which then cracks like a pistol.
 It is round, flattened both above and below, and
 divided into a great number of regular compart-
 ments, each of which contains one seed flattened
 ovalarly. The botanical name is *Hura*.

Ver. 549. *panspans*.] See the notes on Book II.
Ibid. *papaws*.] This singular tree, whose fruits
 surround its summit under the branches and leaves,
 like a necklace; grows quicker than almost any
 other in the West-Indies. The wood is of no
 use, being spongy, hollow, and herbaceous; how-
 ever, the blossoms and fruit make excellent sweet-
 meats; but above all, the juice of the fruit being
 rubbed upon a spit, will intenerate new killed
 fowls, &c. a circumstance of great consequence in
 a climate, where the warmth soon renders what-
 ever meats are attempted to be made tender by
 keeping, unfit for culinary purposes. Nor, will it

A double friz throws her painted arch, 550
Shows commerce toiling in each crowded street,
And each throng'd street with limpid currents
laid.

What though no bird of song, here charms the
sense

With her wild minstrelsy; far, far beyond,
The unnatural quavers of Hesperian throats!
Though the chaste poet of the vernal woods,
That shuns rude folly's din, delight not here
The listening eve; and though no herald-lark
Here leave his couch, high-towering to descry
The approach of dawn, and hail her with his
song: 560

Yet not unmusical the tinkling lapse
Of yon cool argent rill, which Phœbus gilds
With his first orient rays; yet musical,
Those buxom airs that through the plananæ play,
That tear with wantonness their leafy scrolls;
Yet not unmusical the waves hoarse sound,
That dashes, fullen, on the distant shore;
Yet musical those little insects hum,
That hover round us, and to reason's ear,
Deep, moral truths convey; while every beam 570
Flings on them transient tints, which vary when
They wave their purple plumes; yet musical
The love-lorn cooing of the mountain-dove,
That woos to pleasing thoughtfulness the soul;
But chief the breeze, that murmurs through yon
canes, 580

Enchants the ear with tunable delight.

While such fair scenes adorn these blissful isles;
Why will their sons, ungrateful, roam abroad?
Why spend their opulence in other climes?

Say, is pre-eminence your partial aim?— 580
Distinction courts you here; the senate calls.
Here, crouching slaves, attendant wait your nod:
While there, unnoted, but for folly's garb,
For folly's jargon; your dull hours ye pass,
Eclips'd by titles, and superior wealth.

Does martial ardour fire your generous veins?
Fly to your native isles: Bellona, there,
Hath long time rear'd her bloody flag; these isles
Your strenuous arms demand; for ye are brave!
Nor longer to the lute and taber's sound 590
Weave antic measures. O, could my weak song,
O could my song, like his, heaven-favoured
bard,

Who led desponding Sparta's oft-beat hosts,
To victory, to glory; fire your souls
With English ardour! for now England's swains,
(The Man of Norfolk, swains of England, thank;)
All emulous, to freedom's standard fly,
And drive invasion from their native shore:

only intenerate fresh meat; but, being boiled with
salted beef, will render it easily digestible. Its
milky juice is sometimes used to cure ringworms.
It is said, that the guts of hogs would in time be
lacerated, were they to feed on the ripe, unpeeled
fruit. Its seed is said to be anthelmintic. The
botanical name is *Papaya*.

Ver. 596. The Honourable General George
Townshend

How would my soul exult with conscious pride;
Nor grudge those wreaths Tyrtæus gain'd of
yore. 600

Or are ye fond of rich luxurious cates?—

Can aught in Europe emulate the pine,
Or fruit forbidden, native of your isles?
Sons of Apicius, say, can Europe's seas,
Can aught the edible creation yields,
Compare with turtle, boast of land and wave?
Can Europe's seas, in all their finny realms,
Aught so delicious as the Jew-fish show?
Tell me what viands, land or streams produce,
The large, black, female, moulting crab excel? 610
A richer flavour not wild Cambria's hills,
Nor Scotia's rocks with heath and thyme o'er-
spread,

Give to their flocks; than, long Barbuda, you,
Than you, Anguilla, to your sheep impart.
Even Britain's vintage, here, improv'd, we quaff
Even Lusitanian, even Hesperian wines.

Those from the Rhine's imperial banks (poor
Rhine! [blood?]

How have thy banks been dyed with brother-
Unnatural warfare!) strength and flavour gain
In this delicious clime. Besides, the cane 620
Wasted to every quarter of the globe,
Makes the vast produce of the world your own.

Or rather, doth the love of nature charm;
Its mighty love your chief attention claim?
Leave Europe; there, through all her coyest ways,
Her secret mazes, nature is pursued:
But here, with savage loneliness, she reigns
On yonder peak, whence giddy fancy looks,
Affrighted, on the labouring main below.
Heavens! what stupendous, what unnumbered
trees, 630

"Stage above stage, in various verdure dress,"
Unprofitable flag its airy cliffs! [less bloom,
Heavens! what new shrubs, what herbs with use-
Adorn its channell'd sides; and, in its caves

Ver. 608. This, though a very large, is one of
the most delicate fishes that swim; being prefer-
able to caramaw, king-fish, or camaree: some even
choose it before turtle. The Jew-fish is often met
with at Antigua, which enjoys the happiness of
having on its coast few, if any, poisoned fishes.

Ver. 613. This is a low, and not large stock-
island, belonging to the Codrington family. Part
of this island, as also two plantations in Barba-
does, were left by Colonel Christopher Codrington,
for building a college in Barbadoes, and con-
verting negroes to the Christian religion.

Ver. 614. This island is about thirty miles long
and ten broad. Though not mountainous, it is
rocky, and abounds with strong passes; so that a
few of its inhabitants, who are indeed expert in
the use of fire-arms, repulsed, with great slaugh-
ter, a considerable detachment of French, who
made a descent thereon in the war preceding the
last. Cotton and cattle are its chief commodities.
Many of the inhabitants are rich; the captain-
general of the Leeward-Islands nominates the
governor and council. They have no assembly.

What sulphurs, ores, what earths and stones a-bound!

There let philosophy conduct thy steps, [search,
"For naught is useless made:" With candid
Examine all the properties of things;
Immense discoveries soon will crown your toil,
Your time will soon repay. Ah, when will
carts, 640

The cares of fortune, lest my minutes claim?
Then, with what joy, what energy of soul,
Will I not climb yon mountain's airy brow!
The dawn, the burning noon, the setting sun,
The midnight-hour, shall hear my constant vows
To nature; see me prostrate at her shrine!
And, O, haply I may aught invent
Of use to mortal man, life to prolong,
To soften, or adorn; what genuine joy,
What exultation of supreme delight, 650
Will swell my raptur'd bosom. Then, when
death

Shall call me hence, I'll unrepining go;
Nor envy conquerors their storied tombs,
Though not a stone point out my humble grave.

BOOK. IV.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Genius of Africa. Address.
Negroes when bought should be young, and
strong. The Congo-negroes are fitter for the
house and trades, than for the field: The Gold-
Coast, but especially the Papaw-negroes, make
the best field-negroes: but even these, if ad-
vanced in years, should not be purchased. The
marks of a sound negroe at a negroe sale. Where
the men do nothing but hunt, fish or fight, and
all field drudgery is left to the women; these
are to be preferred to their husbands. The
Minnahs make good tradesmen, but addicted to
suicide. The Mandingos, in particular, sub-
ject to worms; and the Congas, to dropical
disorders. How salt-water, or new negroes
should be seasoned. Some negroes eat dirt.
Negroes should be habituated by gentle de-
grees to field labour. This labour, when com-
pared to that in lead-mines, or of those who
work in the gold and silver mines of South
America, is not only less toilsome, but far more
healthy. Negroes should always be treated with
humanity. Praise of freedom. Of the dracun-
culus, or dragon-worm. Of chigres. Of the
yaws. Might not this disease be imparted by
inoculation? Of worms, and their multiform
appearance. Praise of commerce. Of the ima-
ginary disorders of negroes, especially those
caused by their conjurers or Obiamen. The
composition and supposed virtues of a magic-
phiol. Field-negroes should not begin to work
before six in the morning, and should leave off
between eleven and twelve; and beginning a-
gain at two, should finish before sunset. Of
the weekly allowance of negroes. The
young, the old, the sickly, and even the lazy,
must have their viands prepared for them.

Of negro ground, and its various productions.
To be fenced in, and watched. Of an Ameri-
can garden. Of the situation of the negro-
huts. How best defended from fire. The great
negro-dance described. Drumming, and in-
toxicating spirits not to be allowed. Negroes
should be made to marry in their masters plan-
tation. Inconveniences arising from the con-
trary practice. Negroes to be clothed once a
year, and before Christmas. Praise of Lewis
XIV. for the Code Noir. A body of laws of
this kind recommended to the English sugar
colonies. Praise of the river Thames. A moon-
light landscape and vision.

GENIUS of Africa! whether thou bestrid'st
The castled elephant; or at the fource,
(While howls the desert fearfully around),
Of thine own Niger, sadly thou reclin'st
Thy temples, shaded by the tremulous palm,
Or quick papaw, whose top is necklac'd round
With numerous rows of party-colour'd fruit:
Or hear'st thou rather from the rocky banks
Of Rio Grandé, or black Sanaga?

Where dauntless thou the headlong torrent brav'st
In search of gold, to braid thy woolly locks, 11
Or with bright ringlets ornament thine ears,
Thine arms, and ankles: O attend my song.

A muse that pities thy distressful state;
Who sees, with grief, thy sons in fetters bound;

Who wishes freedom to the race of man;

Thy nod assenting craves: dread genius, come!

Yet vain thy presence, vain thy favouring nod:

Unless once more the muses, that erewhile

Upheld me fainting in my past career, 20

Through Caribbee's cane-isles, kind condescend

To guide my footsteps through parch'd Libya's

wilds;

And bind my sun-burnt brow with other bays,

Than ever deck'd the Sylvan bard before.

Say, will my Melvill, from the public care,

Withdraw one moment, to the muses shrine?

Who smit with thy fair fame, industrious cull

An Indian wreath to mingle with thy bays,

And deck the hero, and the scholar's brow!

Wilt thou, whose mildness smooths the face of

war, 30

Who round the victor-blade the myrtle twin'st,

And mak'st subjection loyal and sincere;

O wilt thou gracious hear the unartful strain,

Whose mild instructions teach, no trivial theme,

What care the jetty African requires?

Yes, thou wilt deign to hear; a man thou art

Who deem'st nought foreign that belongs to man.

In mind, and aptitude for useful toil,

The negroes differ: muse that difference sing.

Whether to wield the hoe, or guide the plane;

Or for domestic uses thou intend'st 41

The sunny Libyan: from what clime they spring,

It not imports; if strength and youth be theirs.

Yet those from Congo's wide-extended plains,

Through which the long Zaire winds with crystal

stream,

Where lavish nature sends indulgent forth

Fruits of high flavour, and spontaneous seeds

Of bland nutritious quality, ill bear
The toilsome field; but boast a docile mind,
And happiness of features. These, with care, 50
Be taught each nice mechanic art: or train'd
To household offices: their dustile souls
Will all thy care, and all thy gold repay.

But, if the labours of the field demand
Thy chief attention; and the ambrosial cane
Thou long'st to see, with spiry frequency, shade
Many an acre: planter, choose the slave,
Who fails from barren climes; where want alone,
Offspring of rude necessity, compels
The sturdy native, or to plant the soil, 60
Or stem vast rivers for his daily food.

Such are the children of the Golden Coast;
Such the Papaws, of negroes far the best:
And such the numerous tribes, that skirt the
shore,
From rapid Volta to the distant Rey.

But, planter, from what coast foe'er they fail,
Buy not the old: they ever sullen prove;
With heart-felt anguish, they lament their home;
They will not, cannot work; they never learn
Thy native language; they are prone to ails; 70
And oft by suicide their being end.—

Must thou from Afric reinforce thy gang?—
Let health and youth their every sinew firm;
Clear roll their ample eye; their tongue be red;
Broad swell their chest; their shoulders wide ex-
pand;

Not prominent their belly; clean and strong
Their thighs and legs, in just proportion rise.
Such soon will brave the fervours of the clime;
And free from ails, that kill thy negroe-train,
A useful servitude will long support. 80

Yet, if thine own, thy childrens life, be dear;
Buy not a Cormantee, though healthy, young.
Of breed too generous for the servile field;
They, born to freedom in their native land,
Choose death before dishonourable bonds:
Or, fir'd with vengeance, at the midnight hour,
Sudden they seize thine unsuspecting watch,
And thine own poinard bury in thy breast.

At home, the men, in many a sylvan realm,
Their rank tobacco, charm of sauntering minds, 90
From clayey tubes inhale; or, vacant, beat
For prey the forest; or, in war's dread ranks,
Their country's foes affront: while, in the field,
Their wives plant rice, or yams, or lofty maize,
Fell hunger to repel. Be these thy choice:
They, hardy, with the labours of the cane
Soon grow familiar; while unusual toil,
And new feverities their husbands kill.

The slaves from Minnah are of stubborn breed:
But, when the bill, or hammer, they affect: 100
They soon perfection reach. But fly, with care,
The Moco-nation; they themselves destroy.

Worms lurk in all: yet, pronest they to worms,
Who from Mundinga sail. When therefore such
Thou buy'st, for sturdy and laborious they,
Straight let some learned leach strong medicines
give.

Till food and climate both familiar grow. 110
Thus, though from rise to set, in Phœbus eye,
They toil, unceasing; yet, at night, they'll sleep,

Lap'd in Elysium; and, each day, at dawn, 120
Spring from their couch, as blithsome as the sun.

One precept more, it much imports to know.—
The blacks, who drink the Quanza's lucid stream,
Fed by ten thousand springs, are prone to bloat,
Whether at home or in these ocean-isles:
And though nice art the water may subdue,
Yet many die; and few, for many a year,
Just strength attain to labour for their lord.

Would'st thou secure thine Ethiop from those
ails, [breed, 120

Which change of climate, change of waters
And food unusual? let Machaon draw
From each some blood, as age and sex require;
And well with vervain, well with sempre-vive,
Unload their bowels.—These, in every hedge,
Spontaneous grow.—Nor will it not conduce
To give what chemists, in mysterious phrase,
Term the white eagle; deadly foe to worms.
But chief do thou, my friend, with hearty food,
Yet easy of digestion, likest that
Which they at home regal'd on; renovate 130
Their sea-worn appetites. Let gentle work,
Or rather playful exercise, amuse
The novel gang: and far be angry words;
Far ponderous chains; and far disheartening
blows.—

From fruits restrain their eagerness; yet if
The acajou, hapy, in thy garden bloom,
With cherries, or of white or purple hue,
Thrice wholesome fruit in this relaxing clime!
Safely thou may'st their appetite indulge.
Their arid skins will plump, their features shine: 140
No rheums, no dysenteric ails torment:
The thirsty hydrops flies.—'Tis even averr'd,
(Ah, did experience sanctify the fact;
How many Lybians now would dig the soil,

Ver. 137. The tree which produces this whole-
some fruit is tall, shady, and of quick growth. Its
Indian name is *Acajou*; hence corruptly called
Casbero by the English. The fruit has no resem-
blance to a cherry, either in shape or size; and
bears, at its lower extremity, a nut (which the
Spaniards name *Anacardo*, and physicians *Anacor-
dium*) that resembles a large kidney-bean. Its
kernel is as grateful as an almond, and more easy
of digestion. Between its rinds is contained a
highly caustic oil; which, being held to a candle,
emits bright salient sparks, in which the Ameri-
can fortune-tellers pretended they saw spirits who
gave answers to whatever questions were put to
them by their ignorant followers. This oil is used
as a cosmetic by the ladies, to remove freckles
and sun-burning; but the pain they necessarily
suffer makes its use not very frequent. This tree
also produces a gum not inferior to Gum-Arabic;
and its bark is an approved astringent. The juice
of the cherry stains exceedingly. The long citron
or amber-coloured, is the best. The cashew-nuts,
when unripe, are of a green colour; but, ripe,
they assume that of a pale olive. This tree bears
fruit but once a year.

Who pine in hourly agonies away !)

This pleasing fruit, if turtle joins its aid,
Removes that worst of ails, disgrace of art,
The loathsome leprosy's infectious bane.

There are, the muse hath oft abhorrent seen,
Who swallow dirt; (so the chlorotic fair 150
Oft chalk prefer to the most poignant cates):
Such droply blots, and to sure death consigns,
Unless restrain'd from this unwholesome food
By soothing words, by menaces, by blows:
Not yet will threats, or blows, or soothing words,
Perfect their cure, unless thou, Pæan, deign'st
By medicine's power their cravings to subdue.

To easy labour first inure thy slaves;
Extremes are dangerous. With industrious search
Let them fit grassy provender collect 160
For thy keen stomach'd herds.—But when the
earth

Hath made her annual progress round the sun,
What time the conch or bell resounds, they may
All to the cane-ground with thy gang repair.

Nor negro at thy destiny repine,
Though doom'd to toil from dawn to setting sun.
How far more pleasant is thy rural task
Than theirs who sweat, sequester'd from the day,
In dark tartarean caves, sunk far beneath 169
The earth's dark surface, where sulphureous flames,
Oft from their vapoury prisons bursting wild,
To dire explosion give the cavern'd deep.
And in dread ruin all its inmates whelm!—
Nor fateful only is the bursting flange;
The exhalations of the deep-dug mine,
Though slow, shake from their wings as sure a
death.

With what intense severity of pain
Hath the afflicted muse, in Scotia, seen
The miners rack'd, who toil for fatal lead?
What cramps, what pallsies, shake their feeble
limbs, 180

Who, on the margin of the rocky Drave,
Trace silver's fluent ore? Yet white men these!
How far more happy ye than these poor slaves,
Who, whilom, under native, gracious chiefs,
Incas and emperors, long time enjoy'd
Mild government, with every sweet of life,
In blissful climates? See them dragg'd in chains,
By proud insulting tyrants, to the mines
Which once they call'd their own, and then de-
spis'd!

See, in the mineral bosom of their land, 190
How hard they toil! how soon their youthful
limbs

Feel the decrepitude of age! how soon
Their teeth desert their sockets! and how soon
Shaking paralysis unstrings their frame!
Yet scarce, even then, are they allow'd to view
The glorious god of day, of whom they beg,
With earnest hourly supplications, death;
Yet death slow comes, to torture them the more!

With these compar'd, ye sons of Afric, say
How far more happy is your lot? Bland health,
Of ardent eye, and limb robust, attends 201
Your custom'd labour; and, should sickness seize,
With what sollicitude are ye not nurs'd!—
Ye negroes, then, your pleasing task pursue,
And by your toil deserve your master's care.

When first your blacks are novel to the hoe,
Study their humours: Some, soft-soothing words;
Some, presents; and some, menaces subdue:
And some I've known, so stubborn is their kind,
Whom blows, alas! could win alone to toil. 210

Yet, planter, let humanity prevail.—
Perhaps thy negro, in his native land,
Possess large fertile plains, and slaves, and herds:
Perhaps, whene'er he deign'd to walk abroad,
The richest silks, from where the Indus rolls,
His limbs invested in their gorgeous pleats:
Perhaps he wails his wife, his children, left
To struggle with adversity: Perhaps
Fortune, in battle for his country fought,
Gave him a captive to his deadliest foe: 220

Perhaps, incautious, in his native fields,
(On pleasurable scenes his mind intent)
All as he wandered; from the neighbouring grove
Fell ambush dragg'd him to the hated main.—
Were they even sold for crimes, ye polish'd say!
Ye, to whom learning opens her amplest page!
Ye, whom the knowledge of a living God
Should lead to virtue! Are ye free from crimes?
Ah pity then these uninstructed swains;
And still let mercy soften the decrees 230
Of rigid justice, with her lenient hand.

Oh, did the tender muse possess the power
Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft abuse,
'Twould be the fond ambition of her soul
To quell tyrannic sway; knock off the chains
Of heart-debasing slavery; give to man,
Of every colour and of every clime,
Freedom, which stamps him image of his God.
Then laws, oppression's scourge, fair virtue's prop,
Offspring of wisdom! should impartial reign, 240
To knit the whole in well-accorded strife:
Servants, not slaves; of choice, and not compell'd;
The blacks should cultivate the cane-land isles.

Say, shall the muse the various ills recount
Which negro nations feel? Shall she describe
The worm that subtly winds into their flesh,
All as they bathe them in their native streams?
There, with fell increment, it soon attains
A direful length of harm. Yet, if due skill
And proper circumspection are employed, 250
It may be won its volumes to wind round
A leaden cylinder: But, oh, beware,
No rashness practise; else 'twill surely snap,
And, suddenly retreating, dire produce
An annual lameness to the tortured Moor.

Nor only is the dragon worm to dread:
Fell winged insects, which the visual ray

Ver. 163. Plantations that have no bells, as-
semble their negroes by sounding a conch-shell.

Ver. 181. A river in Hungary, on whose banks
are found mines of quicksilver.

Ver. 257. These, by the English, are called
Chigoes or *Chigres*. They chiefly perforate the
toes, and sometimes the fingers; occasioning an
itching, which some people think not unpleasant.

Scarcely discerns, their sable feet and hands
 Oft penetrate, and in the fleshy nest
 Myriads of young produce, which soon destroy
 The parts they breed in, if assiduous care, 261
 With art, extract not the prolific foe.

Or, shall she sing, and not debase her lay,
 The pest peculiar to the *Æthiop-kind*,
 The yaw's infectious bane?—The infected far
 In huts to leeward lodge, or near the main
 With heart'ning food, with turtle, and with conchs,
 The flowers of sulphur, and hard niccars burnt,
 The lurking evil from the blood expel,
 And throw it on the surface: There in spots 270
 Which cause no pain, and scanty ichor yield,
 It chiefly breaks about the arms and hips,
 A virulent contagion!—When no more
 Round knobby spots deform, but the disease
 Seems at a pause, then let the learned leech
 Give, in due dose, live-silver from the mine.
 Till copious spitting the whole taint exhaust.—
 Nor thou repine, though half-way round the sun
 This globe her annual progress shall absolve,
 Ere, clear'd, thy slave from all infection shine.
 Nor then be confident; successive crops 281
 Of desecrations oft will spot the skin:
 These thou, with turpentine and guaiac pods,
 Reduc'd by coction to a wholesome draught,
 Total remove, and give the blood its balm.

Say, as this malady but once infects
 The sons of Guinea, might not skill ingraft
 (Thus the small-pox are happily convey'd)
 This ailment early to thy negro-train?

Yet, of the ills which torture Libya's sons, 290
 Worms tyrannize the worst. They, Proteus-like,
 Each symptom of each malady assume,
 And under every mask the assassins kill.
 Now, in the guise of horrid spasms, they writhe
 The tortured body, and all sense o'erpower.
 Sometimes, like mania, with her head downcast,
 They cause the wretch in solitude to pine;
 Or frantic, bursting from the strongest chains,
 To frown with look terrific, not his own.
 Sometimes, like ague, with a shivering mien, 300
 The teeth gnash fearful, and the blood runs chill:

and are at pains to get, by going to the copper-holes, or mill-round, where chigres most abound. They lay their nits in a bag, about the size of a small pea, and are partly contained therein themselves. This the negroes extract without bursting, by means of a needle, and filling up the place with a little snuff; it soon heals, if the person has a good constitution. One species of them is supposed to be poisonous, but I believe unjustly. When they bury themselves near a tendon, especially if the person is in a bad habit of body, they occasion troublesome sores. The South Americans call them *Aziguas*.

Ver. 268. The botanical name of this medicinal shrub is *Gurilandina*. The fruit resembles marbles, though not so round. Their shell is hard and smooth, and contains a farinaceous nur, of admirable use in feminal weaknesses. They are also given to throw out the yaws.

Anon the ferment maddens in the veins,
 And a false yigour animates the frame.
 Again, the drop'sy's blotted mask they steal,
 Or, "melt with minings of the hœtic fire."

Say, to such various mimic forms of death,
 What remedies shall puzzled art oppose?—
 Thanks to the Almighty, in each path-way hedge
 Rank cow-itch grows, whose sharp unnumber'd
 stings,
 Sheath'd in melasses, from their dens expel, 310
 Fell dens of death, the reptile lurking foe.—
 A powerful vermifuge, in skilful hands,
 The worm-grafs proves; yet, even in hands of
 skill,

Sudden I've known it dim the visual ray
 For a whole day and night. There are who use
 (And sage experience justifies the use)
 The mineral product of the Cornish mine;
 Which in old times, ere Britain laws enjoyed,
 The polish'd Tyrians, monarchs of the main,
 In their swift ships convey'd to foreign realms:
 The sun by day, by night the northern star, 321
 Their course conducted—Mighty commerce, hail!
 By thee the sons of Attic's sterile land,
 A scanty number, laws impos'd on Greece:
 Nor aw'd they Greece alone; vast Asia's king,
 Though girt by rich arm'd myriads, at their frown
 Felt his heart wither on his farthest throne.
 Perennial source of population thou!
 While scanty peasants plough the flowery plains
 Of purple Edda; from the Belgian fens, 330
 What swarms of useful citizens spring up,
 Hatch'd by thy fostering wing. Ah, where is
 flown

That dauntless free-born spirit, which of old
 Taught them to shake off the tyrannic yoke
 Of Spain's insulting king; on whose wide realms
 The sun still shone with undiminish'd beam?
 Parent of wealth! in vain coy nature hoards
 Her gold and diamonds; toil, thy firm compeer,
 And industry of unremitting nerve,
 Scale the cleft mountain, the loud torrent brave,
 Plunge to the centre, and through nature's wiles,
 (Led on by skill of penetrative soul)
 Her following clove, her secret treasures find,

Ver. 309. See notes in Book II.

Ver. 317. Tin-filings are a better vermifuge than tin in powder. The western parts of Britain, and the neighbouring isles, have been famous for this useful metal from the remotest antiquity; for we find from Strabo, that the Phœnicians made frequent voyages to those parts (which they called *Cassiterides*, from *Kassos*, *stannum*) in quest of that commodity, which turned out so beneficial to them, that a pilot of that nation stranded his vessel, rather than show a Roman ship that watched him the way to those mines. For this public-spirited action he was amply rewarded, says that accurate writer, upon his return to his country. The Romans, however, soon made themselves masters of the secret, and shared with them in the profit of that merchandise.

To pour them plenteous on the laughing world.
On thee, Sylvanus, thee each rural god,
On thee chief Ceres, with unfailing love,
And fond distinction, emulously gaze.
In vain hath nature pour'd vast seas between
Far-distant kingdoms; endless storms in vain
With double night brood o'er them; thou dost
throw,

350

O'er far-divided nature's realms, a chain
Thou'ld in sweet society mankind.
But the white Albion, once a barbarous clime,
Grew fam'd for arms, for wisdom, and for laws;
By thee she holds the balance of the world,
Acknowledg'd now sole empress of the main.
Coy though thou art, and mutable of love,
There may'st thou ever fix thy wandering steps;
While Eurus rules the wide Atlantic foam!
By thee, thy favourite, great Columbus found
That world, where now thy praises I rehearse
To the rebounding main and palmy shore;
And Lusitania's chiefs those realms explor'd,
Whence negroes spring, the subject of my song.

Nor pine the blacks alone with real ills,
That baffle oft the wisest rules of art;
They likewise feel imaginary woes,
Woes no less deadly. Luckless he who owns
The slave, who thinks himself bewitch'd; and
whom,

[struck;

In wrath, a conjurer's snake-mark'd staff bath
They mope, love silence, every friend avoid, 371
They inly pine, all aliment reject,
Or insufficient for nutrition take:

Their features droop: a sickly yellowish hue
Their skin deforms; their strength and beauty fly.
Then comes the feverish fiend, with fiery eyes,
Whom drowth, convulsions, and whom death
surround,

Fatal attendants! if some subtle slave
(Such Obia-men are styl'd) do not engage
To save the wretch by antidote or spell. 380

In magic spells, in Obia, all the fons
Of fable Afric trust:—Ye sacred nine!
(For ye each hidden preparation know)
Transpierce the gloom, which ignorance and fraud
Have render'd awful; tell the laughing world
Of what these wonder-working charms are made.

Fern root cut small, and tied with many a knot;
Old teeth extracted from a white man's skull:
A lizard's skeleton; a serpent's head:
These mix'd with salt, and water from the spring,
Are in a phial pour'd; o'er these the leach 391
Mutters strange jargon, and wild circles forms.

Of this possess, each negro deems himself
Secure from poison; for to poison they
Are infamously prone: and arm'd with this,
Their sable country demons they defy.
Who fearful haunt them at the midnight hour,
To work them mischief. This, diseases fly;
Diseases follow: such its wondrous power!
This o'er the threshold of their cottage hung, 400
No thieves break in; or, if they dare to steal,
Their feet in blotches which admit no cure.
Burst forthsome out; but should its owner sileh,
As slaves were ever of the pissing kind,
This from detection screens;—so conjurers swear.

Till morning dawn, and Lucifer withdraw
His beamy chariot; let not the loud bell
Call forth thy negroes from their rusty couch:
And ere the sun with mid-day fervour glow, 409
When every broom-bush opens her yellow flower;
Let thy black labourers from their toil desist:
Nor till the broom her every petal lock,
Let the loud bell recal them to the hoe.
But when the jalap her bright tint displays,
When the solanum fills her cup with dew,
And crickets, snakes, and lizards 'gin their coil;
Let them find shelter in their cane-thatch'd huts:
Or, if constrain'd unusual hours to toil,
(For even the best must sometimes urge their
gang)

With double nutriment reward their pains. 420

Howe'er insensate some may deem their slaves,
Nor 'bove the bestial rank; far other thoughts
The muse, soft daughter of humanity!
Will ever entertain. The Ethiop knows,
The Ethiop feels, when treated like a man;
Nor grudges, should necessity compel,
By day, by night, to labour for his lord.

Nor less inhuman than unthrifty those,
Who, half the year's rotation round the sun,
Deny subsistence to their labouring slaves, 430
But would'st thou see thy negro-train increase,

Ver. 370. The negro-conjurors, or obia-men, as they are called, carry about them a staff, which is marked with frogs, snakes, &c. The blacks imagine that its blow, if not mortal, will at least occasion long and troublesome disorders. A belief in magic is inseparable from human nature; but those nations are most addicted thereto, among whom learning, and of course philosophy, have least obtained. As in all other countries, so in Guinea, the conjurers, as they have more understanding, so are they almost always more wicked than the common herd of their deluded countrymen; and as the negro magicians can do mischief, so they can also do good on a plantation, provided they are kept by the white people in proper subordination.

Ver. 410. This small plant which grows in every pasture, may, with propriety, be termed an American clock; for it begins every forenoon at eleven to open its yellow flowers, which, about one, are fully expanded; and at two closed. The jalap, or marvel of Peru, unfolds its petals between five and six in the evening, which shut again as soon as night comes on, to open again in the cool of the morning. This plant is called four o'clock by the natives, and bears either a yellow or purple-coloured flower.

Ver. 415. So some authors name the fire-weed, which grows every where, and is the *datura* of Linnaeus; whose virtues Dr. Stork, at Vienna, has greatly extolled in a late publication. It bears a white monopetalous flower, which opens always about sun-set.

Free from disorders; and thine acres clad
With groves of sugar: every week dispenſe
Or English beans, or Carolinian rice;
Ierne's beef, or Penſylvanian flour;
Newfoundland cod, or herrings from the main
That howls tempeſtuous round the Scotian iſles!
Yet ſome there are ſo lazily inclin'd,
And ſo neglectful of their food, that thou,
Would'ſt thou preſerve them from the jaws of
death, 440

Daily, their wholeſome viands muſt prepare:
With theſe let all the young, and childleſs old,
And all the morbid ſhare:—ſo Heaven will bleſs,
With manifold increaſe, thy coſtly care.

Suffice not this; to every ſlave aſſign
Some mountain ground: or, if waſte broken land
To thee belong, that broken land divide.
This let them cultivate one day each week;
And there raiſe yams, and there caſſada's root:
From a good demon's ſtaff caſſada ſprang, 450
Tradition ſays, and Caribbees believe;
Which into three the white-robb'd genius broke,
And bade them plant, their hunger to repel.
There let angola's bloomy buſh ſupply,
For many a year, with wholeſome pulſe their
board.

There let the bonaviſt, his fringed pods
Throw liberal o'er the prop; while ochra bears

Ver. 449. To an ancient Caribbean bemoaning
the ſavage uncomfortable life of his countrymen,
a deity clad in white apparel appeared, and told
him he would have come ſooner to have taught
him the ways of civil life, had he been addreſſed
before. He then ſhewed him ſharp cutting ſtones
to fell trees and build houſes; and bade him cover
them with the palm leaves. Then he broke his
ſtaff in three; which, being planted, ſoon after
produced caſſada. See Ogilvy's America.

Ver. 454. This is called *Pidgeon pea*, and grows
on a ſturdy ſhrub that will laſt for years. It is
juſtly reckoned among the moſt wholeſome legu-
mens. The juice of the leaves dropt into the eye
will remove incipient films. The botanic name is
Cytisus.

Ver. 456. This is the Spaniſh name of a plant,
which produces an excellent bean. It is a paraſiti-
cal plant. There are five ſorts of bonaviſt, the
green, the white, the moonſhine, the ſmall or
common; and, laſtly, the black and red. The
flowers of all are white and papilionaceous, ex-
cept the laſt, whoſe bloſſoms are purple. They
commonly bear in ſix weeks. Their pulſe is
wholeſome, though ſomewhat flatulent; eſpecial-
ly thoſe from the black and red. The pods are
flattiſh, two or three inches long; and contain
from three to five ſeeds in partitional cells.

Ver. 457. This ſhrub, which will laſt for years,
produces a not leſs agreeable than wholeſome pod.
It bears all the year round. Being of a ſlimy and
balfamic nature, it becomes a truly medicinal al-
iment in dysenteric complaints. It is of the *Malva*
ſpecies. It riſes to about four or five feet high,
bearing on and near the ſummit many yellow

Aloft his ſlimy pulp, and help diſdains.
There let potatoes mantle o'er the ground;
Sweet as the cane-juice is the root they bear. 460
There too let eddas ſpring in order meet,
With Indian cale, and foodful calaloo:
While mint, thyme, balm, and Europe's coy-
herbs,
Shoot gladſome forth, nor reprobate the clime;

This tract ſecure, with hedges or of limes,
Or buſhy citrons, or the ſhapely tree
That glows at once with aromatic blooms,
And golden fruit mature. To theſe be join'd,
In comely neighbourhood, the cotton ſhrub;
In this delicious clime the cotton buſts
On rocky ſoils. The coffee alſo plant;
White as the ſkin of Albion's lovely fair,
Are the thick ſnowy fragrant blooms it boaſts;
Nor wilt thou, coco, thy rich pods reſuſe,
Though years and heat, and moiſture they require;
Ere the ſtone grind them to the food of health.
Of thee, perhaps, and of thy various ſorts,
And that kind ſheltering tree, thy mother nam'd,
With crimſon flow'rets prodigally grac'd;
In future times the enraptur'd muſe may ſing:
If public favour crown her preſent lay. 481

But let ſome ancient faithful ſlave erect
His ſheltered manſion near; and with his dog,
His loaded gun and cutlaſs guard the whole:
Eſe negro fugitives, who ſkulk 'mid rocks
And ſhrubby wilds, in bands will ſoon deſtroy
Thy labourer's honeſt wealth; their loſs and yours,

Perhaps, of Indian gardens I could ſing,
Beyond what bloom'd on bleſt Phœacia's iſle,
Or eaſtern climes admir'd in days of yore: 490
How Europe's foodful, culinary plants;
How gay Pomona's ruby-tinctured births;
And gaudy Flora's various-veſted train;
Might be inſtructed to unlearn their clime,
And by due diſcipline adopt the fun.

flowers; ſucceeded by green, conic, fleſhy pods,
channelled into ſeveral groves. There are as
many cells filled with ſmall round ſeeds as there
are channels.

Ver. 459. I cannot poſitively ſay whether theſe
vines are of Indian original or not; but as in their
fructification they differ from potatoes at home,
they probably are not European. They are ſweet.
There are four kinds; the red, the white, the
long, and round. The juice of each may be made
into a pleaſant cool drink; and, being diſtilled,
yield an excellent ſpirit.

Ver. 461. See notes on Book I. The French
call this plant *Tayote*. It produces eatable roots
every four months for one year only.

Ver. 462. This green, which is a native of the
New World, equals any of the greens in the Old.

Ibid. Another ſpecies of Indian pot-herb, no
leſs wholeſome than the preceding. Theſe, with
mezamby, and the Jamaica prickly weed, yield
to no eſculent plants in Europe. This is an Indian
name.

Ver. 466. The orange tree.

Ver. 478. See Book I. p. 43.

The muse might tell what culture will entice
 The ripened melon to perfume each mouth;
 And with the anana load the fragrant board.
 The muse might tell what trees will best exclude
 ("Insuperable height of airy shade")
 With their vast umbrage the noon's fervent ray.
 Thee, verdant mammy, first her song should
 praise:
 Thee, the first natives of these ocean isles,
 Fell anthropophagi still sacred held;
 And from thy large high-flavour'd fruit abstain'd,
 With pious awe; for thine high-flavour'd fruit,
 The airy phantoms of their friends deceas'd
 Joy'd to regale on.—Such their simple creed.
 The tamarind likewise should adorn her theme,
 With whose tart fruit the sweltering fever loves
 To quench his thirst, whose breezy umbrage soon
 Shades the pleas'd planter, shades his children long.
 Nor lofty cassia, should she not recount
 Thy woodland honours! See, what yellow flowers
 Dance in the gale, and scent the ambient air;
 While thy long pods, full fraught with nectared
 sweets,

Relieve the bowels from their lagging load.
 Nor chirimota, though these torrid isles
 Braut not thy fruit, to which the anana yields
 In taste and flavour, wilt thou coy refuse
 Thy fragrant shade to beautify the scene.
 But, chief of palms, and pride of Indian groves,
 Thee, fair palmeto, should her song resound:

Ver. 502. This is a lofty, shady, and beautiful tree. Its fruit is as large as the largest melon, and of an exquisite smell, greatly superior to it in point of taste. Within the fruit are contained one or two large stones, which, when distilled, give to spirits a ratafia flavour; and, therefore, the French call them *Les apricots de St. Domingue*: accordingly, the *Eau des noix*, one of the West-Indian cordials, is made from them. The fruit, eaten raw, is of an aperient quality; and made into sweetmeats, &c. is truly exquisite. This tree, contrary to most others in the New World, shoots up to a pyramidal figure: the leaves are uncommonly green; and it produces fruit but once a year. The name is Indian. The English commonly call it *Mammy-sapota*. There are two species of it; the sweet and the tart. The botanical name is *Achras*.

Ver. 509. See Book I. p. 4.

Ver. 513. Both this tree and its mild purgative pulp are sufficiently known.

Ver. 523. This being the most beautiful of palms, nay, perhaps superior to any other known tree in the world, has, with propriety, obtained the name of Royal. The botanical name is *Palma Maxima*. It will shoot up perpendicularly to an hundred feet and more. The stem is perfectly circular; only towards the root, and immediately under the branches at top it bulges out. The bark is smooth, and of an ash-brown colour, except at the top where it is green. It grows very fall, and the seed from whence it springs is not bigger than an acorn. In this, as in all the palm genus, what the natives call Cab-

What swelling columns form'd by Jones or Wren;
 Or great Palladio may with thee compare;
 Not nice proportion'd, but of size immense;
 Swells the wild fig-tree, and should claim her lay:
 For, from its numerous bearded twigs proceed
 A filial train, stupendous as their sire,
 In quick succession; and o'er many a rood
 Extend their uncouth limbs, which not the bolts
 Of heaven can scathe; nor yet the all-wasting rage
 Of Typhon, or of hurricane destroy.
 Nor should, though small, the anata not be sung:
 Thy purple dye, the silk and cotton fleece
 Delighted drink; thy purple dye the tribes
 Of Northern Ind, a fierce and wily race,
 Carouse, assembled; and with it they paint
 Their manly make in many a horrid form,
 To add new terrors to the face of war.
 The muse might reach to twine the verdant arch,
 And the cool alcove's lofty roof adorn,
 With ponderous granadillas, and the fruit
 Call'd water-lemon; grateful to the taste
 Nor should he not pursue the mountain-streams,

bage is found; but it resembles in taste an almond, and is in fact the pith of the upper or greenish part of the stem. But it would be the most unpardonable luxury to cut down so lovely a tree for so mean a gratification; especially as the wild or mountain cabbage-tree sufficiently supplies the table with that esculent. I never ride past the charming vista of royal palms on the Cayon estate of Daniel Mathew, Esq. in St. Christopher, without being put in mind of the pillars of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra. This tree grows on the tops of hills as well as in vallies; its hard cortical part makes very durable laths for houses. There is a smaller species not quite so beautiful.

Ver. 524. Or *Anotta*, or *Arnotta*; thence corruptly called *Indian Otter* by the English. The tree is about the size of an ordinary apple-tree. The French call it *Rocou*; and send the farina home as a paint, &c. for which purpose the tree is cultivated by them in their islands. The flower is pentapetalous, of a bluish and spoon-like appearance. The yellow filaments are tipped with purplish apices. The style proves the rudiment of the succeeding pod, which is of a conic shape, an inch and a half long. This is divided into many cells, which contain a great number of small seeds covered with a red farina.

Ver. 543. This is the Spanish name, and is a species of the *passiflora*, or passion flower, called by Linnaeus *Musa*. The seeds and pulp through which the seeds are dispersed, are cooling and grateful to the palate. This as well as the water-lemon, bell apple, or honeysuckle as it is named, being parsitical plants, are easily formed into cooling arbours, than which nothing can be more grateful in warm climates. Both fruits are wholesome. The granadilla is commonly eat with sugar, on account of its tartness, and yet the pulp is viscid. Plumier calls it *Granadilla, latifolia, fructu maliformi*. It grows best in shady places. The unripe fruit makes an excellent pickle.

But pleas'd decoy them from their shady haunts,
In rills, to visit every tree and herb;
Or fall o'er fern-clad cliffs, with foaming rage;
Or in huge basons float, a fair expanse;
Or, bound in chains of artificial force, 550
Arise through sculptured stone, or breathing bras.
But I'm in haste to furl my wind-worn sails,
And anchor my tir'd vessel on the shore.

It much imports to build thy negro-huts,
Or on the founding margin of the main,
Or on some dry hill's gently sloping sides,
In streets, at distance due.—When near the beach,
Let frequent cæco cast its wavy shade;
'Tis Neptune's tree; and, nourish'd by the
spray,

Soon round the bending stem's aerial height, 560
Clusters of mighty nuts, with milk and fruit
Delicious fraught, hang clattering in the sky.
There let the bay-grape, too, its crooked limbs
Project enormous; of impurpled hue
Its frequent clusters glow. And there, if thou
Wouldest make the sand yield salutary food,
Let Indian millet rear its corny reed,
Like arm'd battalions in array of war.
But, round the upland huts, bananas plant;
A wholesome nutriment bananas yield, 570
And sun-burnt labour loves its breezy shade.
Their graceful screen let kindred plantanes join,
And with their broad vans shiver in the breeze;
So flames design'd, or by imprudence caught,
Shall spread no ruin to the neighbouring roof.

Yet nor the founding margin of the main,
Nor gently sloping side of breezy hill,
Nor streets, at distance due, embower'd in trees,
Will half the health, or half the pleasure yield,
Unless some pitying naiad deign to lave, 580
With an unceasing stream thy thirstily bounds.

On festal days, or when their work is done,
Permit thy slaves to lead the choral dance,

Ver. 563. Or sea-side grape, as it is more commonly called. This is a large, crooked, and shady tree, (the leaves being broad, thick, and almost circular); and succeeds best in sandy places. It bears large clusters of grapes once a year; which, when ripe, are not disagreeable. The stones, seeds, or *acini*, contained in them, are large in proportion; and, being reduced to a powder, are an excellent astringent. The bark of the tree has the same property. The grapes, steeped in water and fermented with sugar, make an agreeable wine.

Ver. 567. Or maize. This is commonly called *Guinea corn*, to distinguish it from the great or Indian-corn, that grows in the southern parts of North America. It soon shoots up to a great height, often twenty feet high, and will ratoon like the other; but its blades are not so nourishing to horses as those of the great corn, although its seeds are more so, and rather more agreeable to the taste. The Indians, negroes, and poor white people, make many (not unfavoury) dishes with them. It is also called *Turkey wheat*. The turpentine tree will also grow in the sand, and is most useful upon a plantation.

To the wild banshaw's melancholy sound.
Responsive to the sound, head, feet, and frame
More awkwardly harmonious; hand in hand
Now lock'd, the gay troop circularly wheels,
And frisks and capers with intemperate joy.
Halts the vast circle, all clap hands and sing;
While those distinguish'd for their heels and air,
Bound in the centre, and fantastic twine. 591
Meanwhile some stripling, from the choral ring,
Trips forth; and not ungallantly bestows
On her who nimblest hath the greensward beat,
And whose flush'd beauties have enthral'd his
soul,

A silver token of his fond applause.
Anon they form in ranks; not inept
A thousand tuneful intricacies weave,
Shaking their sable limbs; and oft a kiss
Steal from their partners; who, with neck reclin'd,
And semblant scorn, resent the ravis'd bliss. 600
But let not thou the drum their mirth inspire;
Nor vinous spirits: else, to madness fir'd,
(What will not Bacchanalian frenzy dare?)
Fell acts of blood, and vengeance they pursue.
Compel by threats, or win by soothing arts,
Thy slaves to wed their fellow slaves at home;
So shall they not their vigorous prime destroy,
By distant journies, at untimely hours,
When muffled midnight decks her raven hair 610
With the white plumage of the prickly vine.

Wouldst thou from countless ills preserve thy
gang;

To every negro, as the candle-weed
Expands his blossoms to the cloudy sky,
And moist Aquarius melts in daily showers; 620
A woolly vestment give, (this Wiltshire weaves)
Warm to repel chill night's unwholesome dews:
While strong coarse linen from the Scottish loom,
Wards off the fervours of the burning day. 619

The truly great, though from a hostile clime,
The sacred nine embalm; then, muses, chaunt,
In grateful numbers, Gallie Lewis' praise:
For private murder quell'd; for laurell'd arts,
Invented, cherish'd in his native realm;

Ver. 584. This is a sort of rude guitar, invented by the negroes. It produces a wild pleasing melancholy sound.

Ver. 611. This beautiful white rosaceous flower is as large as the crown of one's hat, and only blows at midnight. The plant, which is prickly, and attaches itself firmly to the sides of houses, trees, &c. produces a fruit, which some call the *Wythe Apple*, and others, with more propriety, *Mountain-strawberry*. But though it resembles the large Chili strawberry in looks and size; yet being inelegant of taste, it is seldom eaten. The botanical name is *Cercus scandens minor*. The rind of the fruit is here and there studded with tufts of small sharp prickles.

Ver. 613. This shrub, which produces a yellow flower somewhat resembling a narcissus, makes a beautiful hedge, and blows about November. It grows wild every where. It is said to be diuretic, but this I do not know from experience.

For rapine punish'd; for grim famine fed;
For fly chicane expell'd the wrangling bar:
And rightful Themis seated on her throne:
But chief for those mild laws his wisdom fram'd,
To guard the Ethiop from tyrannic sway!

Did such, in these green isles which Albion
claims, 630

Did such obtain; the muse, at midnight hour,
This last brain-racking study had not ply'd:
But, sunk in slumbers of immortal bliss,
To bards had listened on a fancy'd Thames! [far

All hail, old father Thames! though not from
Thy springing waters roll; nor countless streams,
Of name conspicuous, swell thy watery store;
Though thou, no Plata, to the sea devolve
Vast humid offerings; thou art king of streams:
Delighted commerce broods upon thy wave; 640
And every quarter of this sea-girt globe
To thee due tribute pays; but chief the world
By great Columbus found, where now the muse
Beholds, transported, flow vast fleecy clouds,
Alps pil'd on Alps, romantically high,
Which charm the sight with many a pleasing
form.

The moon, in virgin-glory, gilds the pole,
And tips yon tamarinds, tips yon cane-crown'd
vale,

With fluent silver; while unnumber'd stars
Gild the vast concave with their lively beams. 650

Ver. 638. One of the largest rivers of South A-
merica.

The main, a moving burnish'd mirror, shines;
No noise is heard, save when the distant surge
With drowsy murmurings breaks upon the shore!

Ah me, what thunders roll! the sky's on fire!
Now sudden darkness muffles up the pole! [sense,
Heavens! what wild scenes, before the affrighted
imperfect swim!—See! in that flaming scroll!
What time unfolds, the future germs bud forth,
Of mighty empires! independent realms!—

And must Britannia, Neptune's favourite queen,
Protect'refs of true science, freedom, arts; 660

Must she, ah! must she, to her off-spring crouch?
Ah, must my Thames, old ocean's favourite son,
Reign his trident to barbaric streams;

His banks neglected, and his waves unfought,
No bards to sing them, and no fleets to grace?—
Again the fleecy clouds amuse the eye,

And sparkling stars the vast horizon gild—
She shall not crouch; if wisdom guide the helm,
Wisdom that bade loud fame, with justest praise,
Record her triumphs! bade the lacquaying winds
Transport, to every quarter of the globe, 670

Her winged navies! bade the scepter'd sons
Of earth acknowledge her pre-eminence!—

She shall not crouch; if these cane ocean-isles,
Isles which on Britain for their all depend,

And must for ever; still indulgent share
Her fostering smile; and other isles be given,
From vanquish'd foes.—And, see, another race!

A golden era dazzles my fond sight!
That other race, that long'd-for era, hail!

The British George now reigns, the Patriot king!
Britain shall ever triumph o'er the main. 681

P O E M S.

SOLITUDE.

AN ODE.

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' cleft side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,

You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

Plum'd conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing insolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
no man of time and place)

Sparks of fire dissenting blowing,
Ducile, court-bred flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, solitude.

Sage reflection bent with years,
Conscious virtue void of fears,
Muffled silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon peace on moss reclin'd,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing rapture,
Blushing artless modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-ey'd truth with besom bare,
Inspiration, nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You with the tragic muse * retir'd
The wise Euripides inspir'd,

* In the *Island Salamis*.

You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That † Athens fav'd from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And ‡ unlock'd the springs of woe;
You penn'd what exil'd Nafō thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
When death snatch'd his § long-lov'd maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
Ye strew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in || Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshed eyes, and sombre mien,
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypresses wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay,
Darkness clap'd her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string,
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-fac'd melancholy smil'd,
Drowsy midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps ev'n seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet complaint, O Young.

When all nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor love nor guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men,
But when Phosphor brings the dawn
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plum'd wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
'Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighb'ring poplars height
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom
Sweeter every sweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows
Stronger every wilding grows.

Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble;
Gold? a transient, shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?

† See *Plutarch in the life of Lyfander.*

‡ *Simonides.*

§ *Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.*

|| *Monady on the death of Mrs. Lyttelton.*

Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, sickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your sibyl grot repair,
On yon hanging cliff it stands
Scoop'd by nature's salvage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypresses not with age decay'd,
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The boundless macrocosm's thine.

Save me! what's yon shrouded shade?
That wanders in the dark-brown glade.
It beckons me! — vain fears adieu,
Mysterious ghost, I follow you.
Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe!
Its breast it bares! what! stain'd with blood?
Quick let me stanch the vital flood.
Oh spirit, whither art thou flown?
Why left me comfortless alone?
O solitude, on me bestow
The heart-felt harmony of woe,
Such, such, as on th' Ausonian shore,
Sweet * Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore:
No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more, than † Bion was, thou wert.

O goddess of the tearful eye,
The never-ceasing stream supply.
Let us with retirement go
To charnels, and the house of woe,
O'er friendship's herse low-drooping mourn,
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where death and nun-clad sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the solemn knell.
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,
Light flashes through the vaulted isles,
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail!
She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave;
Her brow an ivy garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,
A lion's spoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careless thrown;
Her right hand wields a knotted mace,
Her eyes roll wild, a stride her pace;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herself beholds.
O goddess of the desert, hail!
And softer blow, thou western gale!

Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
And disappointment seems entail'd;
Since all on earth I valued most,
My guide, my slay, my friend is lost;

* See *Idyll.*

† *Alluding to the death of a friend.*

You, only you, can make me blest,
And hush the tempest in my breast,
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit-trodden feat,
Where I may live at last my own,
Where I at last may die unknown.
I spoke, she turn'd her magic ray,
And thus she said, or seem'd to say.

Youth, you're mistaken, if you think to find
In shades a medicine for a troubled mind;
Wan grief will haunt you where'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow;
There pale inaction pines his life away,
And, satiate, curses the return of day:
There naked frenzy laughing wild with pain,
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main:
There superstition broods o'er all her fears,
And yells of demons in the zephyr hurls.
But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,
And bid to social life a last farewell;

'Tis impious.—
God never made an independent man,
'Twould jar the concord of his general plan:
See every part of that stupendous whole,
"Whose body nature is, and God the soul;"
To one great end, the general good, conspire,
From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, fire.
Should man through nature solitary roam,
His will his sovereign, every where his home,
What force wou'd guard him from the lion's jaw!
What swiftfness wing him from the panther's paw?
Or should fate lead him to some safer shore,
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar;
Where liberal nature all her charms bestows,
Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water
flows,

Fool, dost thou think he'd revel on the shore,
Absolve the care of Heaven, nor ask for more?
Though waters flow'd, flowers bloom'd, and Phœ-
bus shone,

He'd sigh, he'd murmur that he was alone.
For know, the Maker on the human breast
A sense of kindred, country, man, imprest;
And social life to better, aid, adorn,
With proper faculties each mortal's born.

Though nature's works the ruling mind de-
clare,

And well deserve inquiry's serious care,
The God (what'er misanthropy may say)
Shines, beams in man with most unclouded ray.
What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole?
Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll?
What boots through space's furthest bourns to
roam?

If thou, O man, a stranger art at home.
Then know thyself, the human mind survey,
The use, the pleasure will the toil repay.
Hence inspiration plans his manner'd lays, [bays
Hence Homer's crown, and Shakspeare hence thy
Hence he, the pride of Athens and the shame,
The best and wisest of mankind became
Nor study only, practise what you know,
Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine;
Those who in study, thou'd in practice shine.

Say, does the learned Lord of Hagley's shade,
Charm man so much by mossy fountains laid,
As when arous'd, he stems corruption's couric,
And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
When freedom gasp'd beneath a Caesar's feet,
Then public virtue might to shades retreat;
But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
And freedom, Britain, still belong to thee.
Though man's ungrateful, or though fortune
frown;

Is the reward of worth a song, or crown?
Nor yet unrecompens'd are virtue's pains,
Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns.
On each condition disappointments wait,
Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate.
Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed,
From love, the world, and all its cares he's freed.
But know, adversity's the child of God;
Whom Heaven approves of most, most feel her rod.
When smooth old Ocean and each storm's asleep,
Then ignorance may plough the watery deep;
But when the demons of the tempest rave,
Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.
Sidney, what good man envies not thy blow?
Who wou'd not wish 'Anytus for a foe?
Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate,
The good can never be unfortunate.
And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
The height of virtue is to serve mankind.

But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
Then may't thou seek the stillness of retreat,
Then hear aloof the human tempest beat,
Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.

BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew flow,
And so leapt over board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart did long enthrall,
And whose his impatience blames,
I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought would ever stray,
Though ladies fought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blithesome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice when'er he sung,
He scant had twenty fen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world never saw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

* One of the accusers of Socrates.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well known ship she spied,
See cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied.
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad,
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;

For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprung from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she falls, she dies away.
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
Her hapless fate 'scape you.

[illegible]

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

Containing

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE,
THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND,
SATIRES,

ODES,
SONGS,
ELEGIES,

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed,
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——— Who dar'd with manly rage
To lash the vices of an impious age?
Who dar'd to seize the bold historic pen,
Paint living kings and ministers as men?
Who sung sad Scotia's hapless sons forlorn,
Her broken peace, her freshest laurels torn?
Or, who, in oaten reed by Leven's side,
Sung the fair stream, and hail'd the dimpling tide?
Say ye—whose lyre to manly numbers strung,
The glorious bliss of *Independence* sung?
Who felt that power, and still ador'd his shrine?
It was your SMOLLETT! ———

RICHARDSON'S PROLOGUE 1784.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1794.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

Printed by W. & A. G. Smith, Edinburgh.
1795.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

Who doth with steady pace
T'ill the view of an immortal name
Who dare to print the bold inscription
T'ill the living things and things no more
Who long had Scott's a noble name
His genius never, but his high name
Of who in every part of the world
Hear the fair name, and praise the shining
Say ye—whole lives to many a name
The glorious life of the author
Who the right power, and still the name
It was your honor, and the name
The author's name, and the name

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY WOODBURN AND SON, ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.
1795.

THE LIFE OF SMOLLETT.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT was born at Dalquhurn, on the banks of the Leven, in Dumbartonshire, in 1720. His father was the youngest son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill; his mother's name was Cunningham, the daughter of a respectable family in Renfrewshire.

After the ordinary course of education, he was put apprentice to a surgeon in Glasgow, and afterwards attended the medical classes in Edinburgh. He then went to London, and his first outlet appears to have been as a surgeon's mate in the navy, in which capacity he served at the siege of Carthage.

In his *Roderick Random*, he gives an account of the management of that ill-conducted expedition, which he censures in the warmest terms, and from circumstances which fell under his own particular observation. He is supposed to have been the editor of "A Compendium of Authentic Voyages, digested in a Chronological Series," 7 vols. 12mo. 1756; amongst which is inserted a short narrative of the expedition to Carthage, 1741, written with great spirit, but abounding with acrimony.

It was here he acquired his knowledge of sea characters, which he has drawn in a manner so excellent, and at the same time so technically true, as to excite general admiration; and they have continued the model for dramatists and novelists to copy.

He continued only short time in that line; being disgusted at the service; and having no other employment, betook himself to his pen for subsistence.

It is probable that he wrote several pieces before he became known to the public by his capital productions.

His first publication that is known with certainty, is, *The Advice and Reproof*, two satires, printed in 1746 and 1747.

In the former year, he expressed his indignation at the severities exercised upon the Highlanders, by the royal army, after the battle of Culloden, in an ode, intitled, *The Tears of Scotland*.

In 1747, he presented for performance, at Drury-Lane theatre, a tragedy, written in his eighteenth year, called, *The Regicide*, founded on the assassination of James I. of Scotland. On this occasion, he experienced the treatment which young authors generally meet with from theatrical managers and would-be patrons. After being buoyed up and flattered for a considerable time, his play was finally neglected. It was published in 1749, by subscription, very much, it is said, to his emolument, with a *Preface*, in which he exclaims bitterly against false patrons, and the duplicity of managers; and he repented the injury by severe retaliations in his future writings.

Lyttleton and Garrick were the principal objects of his resentment. The character of the former he satirised in his novel of *Peregrine Pickle*; and he added a *Burlesque Ode* on that nobleman's "Monody" on the death of his lady.

Against Garrick, he made illiberal, ill-founded criticisms; and in the novel of *Roderick Random*, gave a very unfair representation of his treatment of him respecting this tragedy.

On cool reflection, he afterwards seems to have regretted his warmth, and retracted, in handsome terms, the hasty effusions of his disappointment.

Desirous "of doing justice, in a work of truth, for wrongs done in a work of fiction," in giving a sketch of the liberal arts, in his *History of England*, he remarked, "the exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment, by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression."

"Candidates for literary fame appeared even in the higher sphere of life, embellished by the nervous sense and extensive erudition of a Cocke, by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feelings of a Lyttleton."

Not satisfied with this public declaration of his sentiments, he wrote in still stronger terms to Garrick, Jan. 27. 1762. "What I have said of Mr. Garrick in the *History of England* was, I protest, the language of my heart. I shall rejoice if he thinks I have done him barely justice. I am sure the public will think I have done him no more than justice. In giving a short sketch of the liberal arts, I could not, with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguished by a genius that has no rival. Besides, I thought it incumbent upon me to make a public atonement, in a work of truth, for wrongs done in a work of fiction."

In 1748, he published the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, a novel, modelled upon the plan of Le Sage's "Adventures of Gil Blas," which had a rapid sale, and laid the foundation of his fame.

The success attending this novel encouraged him to proceed in the same line; and, in 1751, he published the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, in 4 vols. 12mo. in which he introduced the history of the celebrated *Lady Vane*, the materials of which, it is said, she herself furnished. This episode excited much attention, and contributed greatly to its success.

About this time, having obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic, he settled as a Physician at Bath, and with that view, published *An Essay on the External Use of Water, in a Letter to Dr. ———*, with particular Remarks upon the present Method of using the Mineral Waters at Bath in Somersetshire, and a Plan for rendering them more Safe, Agreeable, and Efficacious, 4to. 1752.

Having been unsuccessful, or perhaps too soon discouraged, he relinquished the practice of physic, fixed his residence at Chelsea, and dedicated the whole of his time to literature.

It has been said, that his want of success in a profession where merit cannot always ensure good fortune, was owing to his failing to make himself agreeable to the women; but his figure and address, both of which were excellent, render this highly improbable. It is more likely, that his irritable and impatient temper, and his contempt for the low arts of finesse, servility, and cunning, were the real causes of his failure.

As an author by profession, his genius and industry were equally conspicuous. His *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, in one volume, 12mo. appeared in 1751, which was followed by a successful *Translation of Don Quixote*, in 2 vols. 4to. 1755; executed, as it was supposed, with a slight knowledge of the Spanish language; a circumstance that exposed him to much abuse, and in one instance, it is said, to a personal attack.

In 1756, he began the *Critical Review*, a work which he conducted with much ability, till 1763; but with a degree of acrimony, in some instances, that involved him in a variety of disputes. The most serious of these was with Admiral Knowles, who had published a pamphlet in defence of his conduct in the expedition to Rochfort, 1758. On this performance, he was so particularly and unguardedly severe, that the Admiral commenced a prosecution against the printer. In this affair, he behaved both with prudence and with spirit. Desirous of compromising the dispute with the Admiral, in an amicable manner, he applied to his friend Mr. Wilkes, to interpose his good offices with his opponent. The Admiral continued inflexible; and sentence was on the point of being pronounced against the printer, when he gallantly stood forth, avowed himself the author of the criticism, and offered the Admiral any satisfaction he might require. The consequence was, that a prosecution was immediately commenced against him, and he was fined 100*l.* and sentenced to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench prison.

His engagements in this publication likewise involved him in a dispute with Grainger, who thought himself injuriously treated in the review of his "Translation of Tibullus."

On the publication of the "Rosciad," Churchill imagining Smollett the author of the offensive review of that work, retaliated with great spirit in the "Apology to the Critical Reviewers." It appears, however, he was mistaken in his suspicion; for Smollett hearing that Mr. Colman had also accused him of having made an attack on his moral character in the Review, he exculpated himself from the charge, in a letter to Garrick, April 5. 1761; in which he declares, "that he did not write one word of the article upon the "Rosciad."

In 1757, his comedy of *The Reprisal, or the Tars of Old England*, an after-piece of two acts, was performed at Drury-Lane theatre, and met with success; yet not equal to what its merit might have justly claimed. His comic genius has shown itself very conspicuously in this little piece. The characters of a Frenchman, an Irishman, a Scotchman, and an English sailor, are as highly drawn, and as finely distinguished as in any dramatic piece in the English language. He acknowledged himself "highly obliged for the friendly care Mr. Garrick exerted in preparing it for the stage; and still more for his acting the part of Lulliguan in "Zara" for his benefit, on the sixth, instead of the ninth night, to which he was only entitled by the custom of the theatre."

In 1758, he published his *Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Caesar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748*, in 4 vols. 4to. The sale of this work, by the uncommon arts of publication made use of by his booksellers, was very extensive; and he is said to have cleared 2000*l.* by it and the *Continuation*, in 5 vols. 8vo. 1763 and 1765.

During his confinement in the King's Bench prison, he is said to have written the *Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves*, in which he has described some remarkable characters, then his fellow prisoners. This work was first printed in the *British Magazine*, which he conducted in 1760 and 1761, and afterwards in 2 vols. 12mo. 1762.

When Lord Bute, in 1762, assumed the management of public affairs, he engaged in defence of his measures, and published a weekly paper, called, *The Briton*, in conjunction with other literary retainers to that nobleman. He entered on the employment appointed for him with great spirit; but being offended at some behaviour in his friends, he relinquished it with disgust. The first number appeared May 29, 1762, and was soon followed, on the other side, by the famous "North Briton," written by Mr. Wilkes, which completely defeated its opponent; and the acrimony of these papers is said to have dissolved the friendship which had long subsisted between their respective authors. *The Briton* was laid down, Feb. 12. 1763. He is supposed to have written other pieces in support of the cause he espoused. The political romance, called, *The Adventures of an Atom*, in 2 vols. 12mo. 1763, is known to be his production.

When Lord Bute resigned, he is said to have experienced ingratitude from that nobleman, who had, in many instances, been found a generous patron to men of inferior importance and ability.

The neglect of his patron made a deep impression on his mind; and this, united to a sedentary life, and assiduous application to study, having impaired his health, he went abroad, with a view to re-establish it, in June 1763, and continued in France and Italy for about two years.

In 1766, he published an account of his *Travels*, in 2 vols. 8vo. written, as he himself acknowledges, "to beguile the tedious hours, which, without some such employment, would be rendered insupportable by distemper and disquiet."

To this cynical relation of his *Travels*, Sterne is supposed to allude in the following passage of his "Sentimental Journey," vol. i. p. 80: "The learned Smelfungus travelled from Bologna to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured and distorted.—He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but an account of his miserable feelings.—I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it—"It is nothing but a huge cock-pit," said he,—"I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus Medicis," replied I,—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature—I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field,

and of the cannibals which each other eat : the Anthropophagi—He had been flayed alive, and be-
 deviled, and worse used than St. Bartholomew at every stage he had come at—"I'll tell it," said
 Smelfungus, "to the world."—"You had better tell it," said I, "to your physician."

When he returned to Britain, his health being still in a declining state, he paid a visit to Scot-
 land, his native country, where he resided a short time. Soon after, he published *The Expedition of*
Humphry Clinker, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1771, a work which, in the opinion of many, is superior to all
 his other performances. It has all the spirit and vigour of his former works, and is evidently the
 production of a mind enriched and mellowed by experience, and softened, but not soured by mis-
 fortune.

With a view once more to try the effects of a warmer climate, he returned to Italy, and died
 near Leghorn, October 21. 1771, in the 51st year of his age.

After his death, his name appeared to a translation of *Telemachus*, in 2 vols. 12mo. 1776. His
 name likewise appears to a translation of *Gil Blas*, in 4 vols. 12mo.; and, in conjunction with Dr.
 Franklin, to a translation of *Voltaire's Prose Works*, in 27 vols. 8vo. 1763; but little of it was done
 by his own hand. He was employed during the last years of his life, in preparing a new edition
 of the *Ancient and Modern Universal History*, great part of which he had originally written himself,
 particularly the *History of France, Italy, and Germany*. He wrote and compiled, besides, a number
 of works for the booksellers, to which his name does not appear.

Of the domestic life of Smollett, the little that is known does not exhibit a picture of happiness.
 He married a lady from Jamaica, by whom he had a daughter whom he tenderly loved. The
 death of this daughter, which happened a short time before he went abroad in 1763, made an im-
 pression on his mind which he never perfectly recovered.

To add to the regret which every reader of sensibility must feel at the untoward circumstances
 which attended him through life, his widow was left friendless in a foreign country. To relieve
 her from some temporary distress, the tragedy of "Venice Preserved" was performed at the
 theatre royal, Edinburgh, March 3. 1784, for her benefit, and the money remitted to Italy.

On this occasion, Houston Stewart Nicholson, Esq. appeared in the part of Pierre; and the fol-
 lowing prologue was spoken by Mr. Woods, said to be written by Professor Richardson of
 Glasgow, the elegant author of "Poems chiefly Rural," and other ingenious performances.

Though letter'd Rome, and polish'd Greece could boast
 The splendid table, and the courteous host,—
 The rites to strangers due;—though poets sing
 This mighty warrior, or that powerful king,
 The wand'rer's friend—yet still, whate'er is told
 By modern poets, or by bards of old,
 Is rivall'd here;—for here, with joy, we see
 The heart-felt bliss of heav'nly charity!
 See her, with rapture, spread her willing hands,
 And throw her blessings into foreign lands;
 Dry up the tear she never saw to flow,
 And eager catch the distant sigh of woe.
 In vain seas swell, and mountains rise in vain—
 A widow's groans are heard across the main;
 —A widow now!—Alas! how chang'd the day!—
 Once the NAREISSA * of your poet's lay;
 Now, fatal change! (of ev'ry bliss bereft,
 Nor child, nor friend, nor kind protector left),
 Spreads on a distant shore her scanty board,
 And humbly takes what strangers can afford.
 Yet link'd to you by ev'ry tender tie,
 To you she lifts the long-dejected eye,
 And thus she speaks—"Who dar'd, with manly rage,
 "To lash the vices of an impious age†?
 "Who dar'd to seize the bold historic pen,
 "Paint living kings, and ministers, as men‡?"

* Her fictitious name in *Roderick Random*.

† "Advice and Reproof," a satire.

‡ *The History of England*.

THE LIFE OF SMOLLETT.

" Who sung sad Scotia's hapless sons forlorn,
 " Her broken peace, her fresh-cut laurels torn * ?
 " Or who, on oaten reed, by Leven's side,
 " Sung the fair stream, and hail'd the dimpling tide † ?
 " Or who ?—say he, for such, I'm sure, are here,
 " Whose honest bosoms never yet knew fear ;
 " Sons of the north, who stem corruption's tide ‡,
 " Your country's honour, and your nation's pride—
 " *Lords of the lion heart and eagle eye,*
 " Who heed no storm that howls along the sky—
 " Say ye—whose lyre, to manly numbers strung,
 " The glorious bliss of Independence sung § ?
 " Who felt that pow'r, and still ador'd his shrine ?—
 " It was your SMOLLETT ! Oh ! he once was mine !"
 Tears stopp'd her utterance, else she would have said,
 " Like him be bold, in virtue undimay'd ;
 " Let independence all your actions guide,
 " Your surest patron, and your noblest pride."

Soon after his death, a monument was erected to his memory, near Leghorn, with the following inscription, written by his friend Armstrong :

Hic ossa conduntur
 TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, Scoti ;
 Qui, prosapia generosa et antiqua natus,
 Præcæ virtutis exemplar emicuit ;
 Aspectu ingenuo,
 Corpore valido,
 Pectore animoso,
 Indole apprime benigna,
 Et fere supra facultates munificæ,
 Insignis.
 Ingenio feraci, faceto, versatili,
 Omnigenæ fere doctrinæ mire capaci,
 Variæ fabularum dulcedine
 Vitam moreisque hominum,
 Ubertate summa ludens, depinxit.
 Adverso, interim, nefas ! tali tantoque alumpæ,
 Nisi quo satyræ opipare supplebat,
 Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,
 Quo musæ vix nisi nothæ
 Mæcenatulis Britanniciæ
 Fovebantur.
 In memoriam
 Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
 Per multis amicis desiderati,
 Hocce marmor,
 Dilectissima simul et amantissima conjux
 L. M.
 Sacravit.

In 1774, a pillar was erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven, by his cousin James Smollett, Esq. of Bonhill, with the following inscription :

Siste viator !
 Si lepores ingenique venam benignam,
 Si morum callidissimum pictorem,
 Unquam es miratus,
 Immorare paululum memoris
 TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M. D.
 Viri virtutibus hilce
 Quas in homine et cive
 Et laudes et imiteris,

* Ode, 1746, beginning, " Mourn, happy Caledonia, mourn."

† Ode to Leven Water.

‡ Alluding to the opposition given by the northern counties to the corruption of fictitious votes.

§ Ode to Independence.

Haud mediocriter ornati:
 Qui in literis variis versatus,
 Postquam felicitate sibi propria
 Sese posteris commendaverat,
 Morte acerba raptus
 Anno ætatis 51
 Eheu! quam procul a patria!
 Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
 Jacet sepultus.
 Tali tantoque viro, patrueli suo,
 Cui in decursu Lampada
 Se potius tradidisse decuit,
 Hanc Columnam,
 Amoris, eheu! inane monumentum,
 In ipsis Levinæ ripis,
 Quas versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratas,
 Primis infans vagitibus perfonuit,
 Ponendam curavit
 JACOBUS SMOLLETT de Bonhill.
 Abi et reminiscere,
 Hoc quidem honore,
 Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
 Verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse;
 Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,
 Idem erit virtutis præmium.

His *Plays* and *Poems* were collected and published by T. Evans, in one vol. 8vo. 1784. His *History of England* has been frequently reprinted, in 11 vols. 8vo.; and the *Continuation* as a supplement to Hume, from the Revolution to the death of George II. in 5 vols. 8vo. 1790. The editions of his *Novels*, particularly *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphry Clinker*, are too numerous to be specified. His *Miscellaneous Works*, consisting of his plays, poems, and novels, except *The Adventures of an Atom*, were collected by Mr. David Ramsay, the judicious and well-informed printer of "The Edinburgh Evening Courant," in 6 vols. 8vo. with humorous frontispieces by Rowlandson, 1790. The latest editions of some of his works have undergone considerable alterations. His *Poems*, printed separately, or inserted in his novels, and *The Reprisal*, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of Smollett has been accurately delineated in the *Epitaph* on his monument near Leghorn, and the *Inscription* on the pillar erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven. In the dedication of *Count Fatbom* to Dr. —, he has drawn his own character. He has also introduced his own character in *Humphry Clinker*, as Mr. Searle, vol. i. p. 159, where he has an interview with Mr. Bramble; and his manner of living is described in vol. ii. p. 214, where young Melford is supposed to dine with him at his house in Chelsea. In his person, he was graceful and handsome; and in his air and manner, there was a certain dignity which commanded respect. He possessed a loftiness and elevation of sentiment and character, without pride or haughtiness; for to his equals and inferiors, he was ever polite, friendly, and generous. In the practice of physic, for want of suppleness, he never was eminent. As an author, he was not so successful as his happy genius and acknowledged merit certainly deserved. He never acquired a patron among the great, who by his favour or beneficence relieved him from the necessity of writing for a subsistence. Booksellers may be said to have been his only patrons, and from them he had constant employment in translating, compiling, and reviewing. No doubt, he made a great deal of money by his connections with booksellers; and had he been a rigid economist, and endued with the gift of retention (to use his own expression), he might have lived and died very independent. But his difficulties, whatever they were, proceeded not from extravagance, or want of economy. He was hospitable, but not ostentatiously so; and his table was plentiful, but not extravagant. An irritable and impatient temper was his greatest failing; but, making due allowance for a spirit wounded by ingratitude, and irritated by the malignant shafts of envy, dulness, and profligacy, it would be difficult to name a man so respectable for the qualities of his head, or amiable for the

virtues of his heart.——As an historian, his merit is well known. Considering the time and circumstances in which his *History of England* was written, it is indeed a great effort of genius and application. But it is a hasty and indigested performance; too voluminous for an abridgement, and too imperfect for an history. His partiality for the Tory party is manifest in almost every page; and in stating the arguments which passed on any subject, he generally relates those only which were urged on one side; which unavoidably creates a suspicion of his partiality. His reflections, in many instances, are highly exceptionable; and in many places he seems to be inconsistent with himself, and to argue against his own principles. At one time he appears the sanguine friend of liberty, and applauds all opposition against the stretches of prerogative; and yet, at another, he censures the resentment which the parliament expressed against such encroachments. In his account of the methods used to extinguish the rebellion, 1745, he has lavished all the powers of the pathos in laboured descriptions of horror; but he seems more solicitous to say what is brilliant and striking, than what is just and authentic. In describing characters, which is supposed to be his great excellence, he appears to have taken fancy rather than truth for his guide. His character of Queen Mary is inaccurate and injurious; and that of King William, is, in many respects, falsified by the circumstances of his life. The great excellence of his work, is the elegance and spirit of the style, which is in general nervous, clear, fluent, bold, and florid; and the reader who is content with acquiring only a general knowledge of our history, cannot be more agreeably instructed; for his manner of writing is so entertaining, that attention seldom sleeps over his pages. But he has not performed the duties of an historical writer with sufficient care, accuracy, and impartiality. His imagination overpowers his judgment; and he is tempted to employ his powers in the vain glow of colouring, and is more studious to dazzle the imagination with a gaudy display of splendid ornaments, than to engage the understanding by just reasoning and solid reflections.

In the *Continuation* from 1748 to 1765, he has avoided those prejudices and partial attachments which render the *History* liable to censure; but, in some instances, he deviates from the design, and stoops below the dignity of historical composition. In his reflections on public measures, he discovers intelligence and acuteness, without the affectation of sagacity. In his portraiture of characters, his painting is bold, glowing, and animated; yet, it is sometimes necessary to write the name over the picture. The style is clear, copious, rich, and flowing; but it is now and then too luxuriant and figurative. Though we cannot always applaud the rectitude of his judgment, or the precision of his ideas, yet we seldom fail to admire his vivacity of sentiment, and peculiar glow of expression. He is ever most excellent when he addresses himself to the passions. It does credit, upon the whole, to his abilities; but had he composed it with less rapidity, it would have approached much nearer to the perfection of historical composition.

As a writer of that species of modern romance, which has been denominated a novel, he has described the lives and manners of men with great exuberance of fancy, and infinite humour and sagacity. In most of his novels, but particularly *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*, he has drawn many of his characters from real life; and the originals of *Squire Gawky*, *Strap*, *Crab*, *Morgan*, of the *Dollar*, *Fetter*, *Pallet*, &c. were in his own time known and pointed out; but short as the time is since their publication, they, at present, derive no advantage from that source, and owe their celebrity to their intrinsic merit alone.

In his *Adventures of Roderick Random* he is peculiarly happy in representing the difficulties to which a friendless orphan is exposed, from his own want of experience, as well as from the selfishness, envy, malice, and base indifference of mankind. The mean scenes in which he is involved, are described with true humour; and every reader finds entertainment in viewing those parts of life where the manners and passions are undisguised by affectation, ceremony, or education. The whimsical peculiarities of disposition, appear as nature has implanted them. He seems to have enjoyed a peculiar felicity in describing sea characters. His *Trunnion*, *Hatchway*, and *Piper*, are highly finished originals; but *Lieutenant Bowling* exceeds them; and perhaps equals any character that has yet been painted by the happiest genius of ancient or modern times. This is, indeed, nature itself; original, *unique*; and *sui generis*. As well as the ladder of promotion, his very name has long become proverbial, for an honest blunt seaman, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world.

The *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, though they have been considered as low, scurrilous, and immoral, relate, in language by turns easy, elegant, and pathetic, a succession of events, forming a

natural and well-drawn picture of human life; which the thoughtless may peruse with advantage, and the prudent, with emotions of triumph. From the wild unlucky boy teasing his aunt and the commodore, and heading a rebellion at school against his master, we trace the headstrong youth, of pride unbroken, and unbridled appetite, plunging into folly, vice, and dissipation, wasting his substance, injuring the woman of all others he loved, and, at last pining in prison. Roused by the voice of friendship, and again restored to affluence, he returns with a stern reluctance, founded on a sense of his own unworthiness and vicious imprudence, to society and love; convinced that, after all the bustle of pleasure, and the glitter of wealth, real happiness is only to be found in moderate enjoyment, domestic tranquillity, and social virtue. It is a work of great merit and invention in the composition, and in which genuine humour and profound learning are so happily united, as to make it difficult to determine which is predominant; particularly in the description of the entertainment given by the *Republican Doctor*, after the manner of the ancients. This episode is well managed, and replete with rich strokes of humour and pointed satire; which, in the rancour of Toryism, he directed with eagerness against his Whig-opponent, Akerfield. Yet, in this and other parts of *Peregrine*, he has, with some justice, been thought indelicate. The path of humour is pleasant and invigorating; but it is a dangerous one, and too often leads us astray into the by-roads of indelicacy, as well as ill nature. It is of the nature of all humour, to be sometimes gross and sometimes inelegant. In this respect, the dialogue between *Pipes* and the hedge-nymph is culpably obscene, though the story is well told, and the character well imagined. The behaviour of *Pickle* to *Hornbeck* is also highly unjustifiable. Yet, with these and other faults, the present writer cannot but consider it, contrary to the general opinion, as equal to *Roderick Random*; and, as a first-rate novel, whose merits far exceed the modern puny productions of frivolous fashion and sickly sentiment, which load the shelves of our libraries, and teach nonsense and iniquity to our wives and daughters.

Count Fathom, and *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, are still in the list of what may be called reading novels; but there is no injustice in placing them in a rank below *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*. Invention, character, composition, and contrivance, are to be found in both; but situations are described, which are hardly possible, and characters are painted, which, if not altogether unexampled, are at least incompatible with modern manners; and which ought not to be, as the scenes are laid in modern times.

In his *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, which consists of a series of letters written by different persons to their respective correspondents, he has carefully avoided the faults which may be justly charged to *Count Fathom* and *Sir Launcelot Greaves*. It has no extravagant characters, nor unnatural situations; on the contrary, an admirable knowledge of life and manners is displayed, and most useful lessons are given, applicable and interesting, to very common situations.

Roderick Random, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphry Clinker*, are undoubtedly efforts of genius and fancy, which rival the productions of the moral, the pathetic, but tiresome Richardson, and the ingenious but diffuse Fielding, with all his knowledge of the human heart. That Fielding repeatedly displays a thorough acquaintance with nature, and that passages may be pointed out in Richardson, which do equal credit to the goodness of his heart, and the depth of his understanding, cannot be denied; yet, after perusing the wire-drawn pages of "*Grandison*" and "*Clarissa*," or the common place introductory discussions and diffuse narrative of "*Tom Jones*," "*Joseph Andrews*," and "*Amelia*," we never quit them with such reluctance as we feel on closing the pages of Smollett, who, without introducing so much of what has been called fine writing, possesses in an eminent degree the art of rousing our feelings, and fixing the attention of his readers.

As a traveller, he was petulant, illiberal, and almost on every occasion lost his temper; but some excuse is to be made for a frame convulsed by the pangs of disease, a spirit wounded by ingratitude, and a life embittered by disappointment and domestic calamity. Under such impressions, perhaps, he ought not to have written; but where is the man who having once found solace in a pursuit, will not naturally seek for comfort and consolation in the same path?

"I chiefly consulted," says Lord Gardenstone in his "*Travelling Memorandums*," "Keyser, Moore, and Smollett. I was best pleased with my old and excellent friend Smollett. Testy and discontented as he is, he writes with perspicuity. His observations are generally sensible, and even his oddities are entertaining."

As a dramatist, his genius is of a less considerable character than might be expected from his unrivalled talent for the description of life and manners. He was in possession of humour and of a peculiar kind of fancy. His wit had every character of fertile inventiveness and true pleasantry. He was capable of delineating the individual object with peculiar happiness. But he beheld his powers in a light which deceived him, when he aimed at bringing his characters into the business of the stage, and creating a dramatic series of events. Nothing can be more undramatic than his *tragedy*. Here his genius, or at least his judgment failed him. In his *comedy*, however, written professedly for the theatre, he evinces dramatic powers, which, if he had persevered in writing for the stage, might have obtained him equal distinction in this department of literature. The characters of the *Irisman* and the *Scotsman*, in particular, are natural and entertaining. Sir John Hawkins mentions an opera called *Alceste*, which he wrote for Mr. Rich in 1747; but it has never been performed nor printed.

As a poet, his compositions are so excellent in their kind, as to make us regret that they are not more numerous: Lively, humorous, witty, elegant, tender, pathetic, and sublime; happy and successful in whatever the universality of his genius prompted him to undertake; his spirit, his sentiment, his language, are full of nature, enthusiasm, and simplicity, and while a love of poetry remains among us, must always please the reader of taste and sensibility. The poems on occasional subjects are marked with the different dispositions which must have prevailed at different times of his life. His *Advice* and *Reproof* bear testimony to his political and literary prejudices, but they abound in manly sentiments, and indignant satire, expressed in forcible and elegant language. His elegantly-plaintive *Love-Elegy* is pure nature. It is tender, sentimental, and pathetic; and the happy simplicity and unaffected manner, interest and charm the reader of natural taste. His *Tears of Scotland* ought not to be mentioned without every commendation. It discovers a genius equally fitted for the pathetic and the sublime. Whatever may be thought of the subject, it unites a glow of poetical enthusiasm, with a high degree of that eloquent simplicity, which appears so easy, and which is yet so difficult to imitate. The following passage, among many others, is exquisitely tender and beautiful.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forlorn wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

His *Ode to Leven Water* discovers delicacy of sentiment, joined to simplicity of taste. The images are pastoral and pleasing, and the versification correct and harmonious. He celebrates his native stream with all the elegant simplicity of an Arcadian shepherd. His *Odes to Mirth and Sleep*, are not of the highest kind, but they have enthusiasm, and spirit, and propriety of versification. His *Songs* are spirited, ingenious, and witty; a few are elegant, tender, and pathetic.

His *Ode to Independence*, the greatest effort of his genius, ranks with the lyric compositions of Dryden, Akenfide, Collins, and Gray. It is written throughout in the true spirit of lyric poetry. It is bold, various, ardent, and impetuous. It abounds with animated sentiments, glowing images, and nervous and energetic expressions. The introduction is poetical and abrupt.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

The picture exhibited in these lines is striking, because the circumstances are happily chosen, briefly and distinctly delineated. It is sublime, because the images are few, and in themselves great and magnificent. The *lion heart and eagle eye*, suggest an idea of the high spirit and commanding aspect of *Independence*; and the poet following with *bosom bare*, denotes in a picturesque manner the eagerness and enthusiasm of the votary. In a strain of poetry exceedingly wild and romantic, he rehearses his birth, education, and qualities.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,

Immortal *Liberty*, whose look sublime

Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime !

Liberty, according to his acceptation, means the security of our lives and possessions, and freedom from external force. *Independence* denotes that internal sense and consciousness of freedom, which beget magnanimity, fortitude, and that becoming pride, which leads us to respect ourselves; and do nothing unworthy of our condition. *Liberty* therefore is, with perfect propriety, said to be the mother of *Independence*, and *Disdain* his father.—*Disdain* arising from indignation against an oppressor, and triumph on having prostrated or escaped his malice. This stern personage is strongly characterized in the following description :

Of ample front, the portly chief appear'd,

The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest,

The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,

And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.

Men may enjoy liberty without independence; they may be secure in their persons and possessions, without feeling any uncommon elevation of mind, or any sense of their freedom. But, if their liberty is attacked, they are alarmed; they feel the value of their condition; they are moved with indignation against their oppressors; they exert themselves, and, if they are successful, or escape the danger that threatened them, they triumph; they reflect on the happiness and dignity conferred by freedom; they applaud themselves for their exertions; become magnanimous and independent. There is, therefore, no less propriety in deducing the origin of *Independence* from *Disdain* and *Liberty*, than fixing the era of her birth. Our Saxon ancestors, free, simple, and inoffensive, were attacked, escaped the violence of their adversary, reflected on the felicity of their condition, and learned independence.

The education of *Independence*, and the scene of his nativity, are suited to his illustrious lineage, and to the high achievements for which he was destined.

The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,

Where, under covert of a flowering thorn,

While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,

The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—

The mountain dryads seized with joy

The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;

The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy;

The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.

The imagery in these lines is soft and agreeable, the language smooth, and the versification harmonious.

In the second antistrophe, he celebrates his heroic and beneficent actions, and returns, at the end of the third strophe, to acknowledge, with gratitude, the power of *Independence*, in preserving him untainted by the debasing influences of grandeur, and the admiration of vain magnificence. Conscious of the dignity annexed to an independent state of mind, he inveighs against these *minions of Fortune*, who would impose upon mankind by the ostentation of wealth, and the parade of pageantry.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,

With either India's glittering spoils oppress :

So moves the sumpter-mule in harness'd pride,

That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.

For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,

And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;

Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay;

And all her jingling bells fantastic folly ring;

Disquiet, doubt, and dread, shall intervene;

And nature, still to all her feelings just,

In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,

Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

These lines, embellished by fancy, and recommended to the heart by harmony, are the invective of truth and honest indignation.

The last antistrophe has an air of softness, benignity, and wildness, that leaves a very pleasing effect on the mind of the reader, animated with sentiments of public virtue, glowing with self-approbation, and fired with all the ardour and enthusiasm of the poet.

THE WORKS OF SMOLLETT.

ADVICE, AND REPROOF:

TWO SATIRES.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1746 AND 1747.

————— Sed podice levi
Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariscæ. ———
O Proceres! censure opus est an haruspice nobis?

JUVENAL.

————— nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepti
Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte ruborem?

Ibid.

ADVICE: A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

Poet.

ENOUGH, enough; all this we knew before;
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:
And who so much to sense and glory lost,
Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast!
From the pale hag, O! could I once break loose;
Divorc'd, all hell should not re-tie the noose!
Not with more care shall H—— avoid his wife,
Not Cope fly swifter, lashing for his life;
Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.

Friend.

Exert your talents; nature, ever kind, 10
Enough for happiness, bestows on all;
'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small—
Why sleeps the muse!—is there no room for
praise,
When such bright constellations blaze?
When sage Newcastle, abstinently great,
Neglects his food to cater for the state;

Ver. 8. A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

Ver. 15. Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

And Grafton, tow'ring Atlas of the throne,
So well rewards a genius like his own:
Granville and Bath illustrious, need I name
For sober dignity and spotless fame; 20
Or Pitt th' unshaken Abdiel yet unswung:
Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth O Younge!

Poet.

Th' advice is good; the question only, whether
These names and virtues ever dwelt together?
But what of that? the more the bard shall
claim,
Who can create as well as cherish fame.
But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,
To rouse th' engag'd attention of the great;

Ver. 17. This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colley Cibber, Esp. a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

Ver. 19. Two noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

Ver. 21. Abdiel according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption—

Among the innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduced, untam'd—

3 O iij

Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific bum,
 Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum; 30
 While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
 Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
 Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell;
 Nor the gaunt growling janitor of hell.
 Ev'n Atticus, so wills the voice of fate)
 Enshrines in clouded majesty, his state;
 And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe? 40
 Bribe him, to feast my mute imploring eye,
 With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie!
 A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
 Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth;
 While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day,
 And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;
 'Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
 The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot!
 Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state!
 Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat, 50
 Who while he totters on the brink of woe,
 Dares, ere he falls, attempt th' avenging blow!
 A steady blow! his languid soul to feast;
 And rid his country of one curse at least!

Friend.

What! turn assassin?

Post.

Let th' assassin bleed:
 My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
 'Tis he, who lures th' unpractis'd mind astray,
 Then leaves the wretch to misery, a prey;
 Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
 And stabs the public in her ruin'd son. 60

Friend.

Heav'n's how you rail! the man's consum'd by
 spite!

If Lockman's fate attends you, when you write;
 Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:
 The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher.
 Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd,
 And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.

- Ver. 29. This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosos affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain-intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

Ver. 30. This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unwarily styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

Ver. 62. To be little read, and less approved.

Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
 And minister to him who serves a slave:
 Be sure you fasten on promotion's scale;
 Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail: 70
 Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear;
 From the smirch'd scullion to th' embroider'd peer.
 Th' ambitious drudge prefer'd, postillion rides,
 Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
 Here doom'd, if nature string his sinewy frame,
 The slave (perhaps) of some insatiate dame;
 But if exempted from th' Herculean toil,
 A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil;
 There shall he shine, with ming'ling honours
 bright,

His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite; 80
 Then strut a captain, if his with be war,
 And grasp in hope, a truncheon and a star:
 Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
 Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure;
 His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary,
 Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary:
 Compos'd of falsehood, ignorance, and pride,
 A prostrate tycophant shall rise a L—d:
 And won from kennels to th' impure embrace,
 Accomplish'd Warran triumph o'er disgrace 90

Post.

Eternal infamy his name surround,
 Who planted first that vice on British ground!
 A vice that spite of sense and nature reigns,
 And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!
 Pollio! the pride of science and its shame,
 The muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy
 name!

Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
 Th' indecent grotto and polluted doom!
 There only may the spurious passion glow,
 Where not one laurel decks the caltiff's brow, 100
 Obscene with crimes avow'd, of every dye,
 Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury:
 Let Chardin with a chaplet round his head,
 The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead,
 "Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write,
 "And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white."
 Worthy to feel that appetite of fame
 Which rivals Horace only in his shame!
 Let his wail in murmurs, as she runs,
 Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons; 110

Ver. 88. This child of dirt (to use a great author's expression) without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

Ver. 90. Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called Brush Warren, from having been a shoe-black; it is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

103. This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rely boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

Ver. 109. In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river;

While dullness screens the failings of the church,
Nor leaves one sliding Rabbi in the lurch;
Far other raptures let the breast contain,
Where heav'n-born taste and emulation reign.

Friend.

Shall not a thousand virtues, then atone
In thy strict censure for the breach of one?
If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:
And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
A score of lacquies fatten at his board: 120
To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.

Poet.

Scorn'd be the bard, and whither'd all his fame,
Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!
But if an impious wretch with frantic pride,
Throws honour, truth, and decency aside,
If nor by reason aw'd, nor check'd by fears,
He counts his glories from the stains he bears;
Th' indignant muse to virtue's aid shall rise,
And fix the brand of infamy on vice. 130
What if arous'd at his imperious call,
An hundred footsteps echo through his hall;
And on high columns rear'd his lofty dome
Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome:
What though whole hecatombs his crew regale,
And each dependant flumbers o'er his ale; [past,
While the remains through mouths unnumber'd
Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last:
Say, friend, is it benevolence of soul,
Or pompous vanity, that prompts the whole? 140
These fons of sloth who by profusion thrive,
His pride inveigled from the public hive:
And numbers pine in solitary woe,
Who furnish'd out this phantasy of show.
When silent misery assail'd his eyes,
Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize?
Or his extensive charity pervade
To those who languish in the barren shade,
Where oft by want and modesty suppress'd,
The bootless talent warms the lonely breast? 150
No! petrify'd by dullness and disdain,
Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh!

Friend.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice,
If his hand lib'ral, owns thy merit's price.

Poet.

Sooner, in hopeless anguish would I mourn,
Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!—
What new resource?

particularly at one place, where a much greater
sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

Ver. 111. This is a decent and parental office,
in which dullness is employed; namely, to conceal
the failings of her children; and exactly conform-
able to that instance of filial piety, which we meet
with in the son of Noah, who went backward, to
cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay ex-
posed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious
world.

Friend.

A thousand yet remain 159
That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain:
These arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care?
Devote thy studies to th' auspicious fair:
Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply
The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie;
All merit mock, all qualities depress,
Save those that grace th' excellent patroness;
Trophies to her on others follies raise,
And heard with joy, by defamation praise:
To this collect each faculty of face,
And ev'ry feat perform of fly grimace; 170
Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,
The smutty joke ridiculously lewd;
And the loud laugh through all its changes rung,
Applaud th' abortive fallies of her tongue:
Enroll'd a member in the sacred list,
Soon shalt thou sharp in company at whist;
Her midnight rites and revels regulate,
Priest of her love, and demon of her hate.

Poet.

But say, what recompence for all this waste
Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste? 180
To shine confess'd, her zany and her tool,
And fall by what I rose, low ridicule?
Again shall Handell raise her laurel'd brow,
Again shall harmony with rapture glow!
The spells dissolve, the combination breaks:
And Punch no longer Fraff's rival squeaks.
Lo, Ruffel falls a sacrifice to whim,
And starts amaz'd in Newgate from his dream:
With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid;
And sees their favour like a vision fade! 190
Is this, ye faithless tyrans!—this the joy
To which your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy?
Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,
His mangled flesh devouring from the bone;

Ver. 177. These are mysteries performed, like
those of the Dea Bona, by females only; conse-
quently it cannot be expected that we should here
explain them: we have, notwithstanding, found
means to learn some anecdotes concerning them,
which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

Ver. 187. A famous mimic and singer. The
person here meant, by the qualifications above de-
scribed, had insinuated himself into the confidence
of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to
set up a puppet-show, in opposition to the orato-
rios of Handel, against whom they were unrea-
sonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding
the capricious undertaking, they deserted their
manager, whom they had promised to support, and
let him sink under the expence they had entailed
upon him: he was accordingly thrown into pris-
on, where his disappointment got the better of
his reason, and he remained in all the ecstacy
of despair; till at last, his generous patronesses, after
much solicitation, were prevailed upon to collect
five pounds, on the payment of which he was ad-
mitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of
his understanding, and died in the utmost mi-
sery.

Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye !
Behold, inhuman hags ! your minion lie !
Behold his gay career to ruin run,
By you seduc'd, abandon'd and undone !
Rather in garret pent, secure from harm,
My muse with murders shall the town alarm ; 200
Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And snarl like Guthrie for the public weal,
Than crawl an insect in a beldame's power,
And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour !

Friend.

'Tis well :—enjoy that petulance of style,
And, like the envious adder, lick the file :
What though success will not attend on all !
Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.
Behold the bounteous board of fortune spread ;
Each weakness, vice and folly yields thee bread ;
Would'st thou with prudent condescension strive
On the long-settled terms of life to thrive.

Poet.

What ! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and persecute my brother :
Turn usurer, o'er cent. per cent. to brood, 220
Or quack, to feed like fleas on human blood ?

Friend.

Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse,
Some changeling heirs'ess steal—

Poet.

Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.
Friend.

How ? dread a mumbling bear without a claw ?
Nor this, nor that, is standard right or wrong,
Till minted by the mercenary tongue ;
And what is conscience but a fiend of strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the scenes of life ?
The wayward child of vanity and fear, 230
The peevish dam of poverty and care ;
Unnumber'd woes engender in the breast
That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest.

Poet.

Hail, sacred pow'r ! my glory and my guide !
Fair source of mental peace, whate'er betide ;
Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
Eternal hurricanes around my soul ;
My soul serene amidst the storms shall reign,
And smile to see their fury burst in vain !

Friend.

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve, 240
'Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

Poet.

No ;—thanks to discord, war shall be my friend ;
And moral rage, heroic courage lend
To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
And win renown by some distinguish'd blow.

Ver. 199. These are the dreams and fictions of Grub-street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

Ver. 206. This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

Ver. 240. This, surely, occasioned Churchill's
" Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie."

Friend.

Renown ! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely
stood,

And him who fought the bosom of the wood ?
Envenom'd calumny the first shall brand, 250
The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

Poet.

If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit th' inhospitable shore.

REPROOF :

A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

Poet.

HOWE'ER I turn, or wherefo'er I tread,
This giddy world still rattles round my head !
I pant for silence ev'n in this retreat—
Good Heav'n ! what demon thunders at the gate ?

Friend.

In vain you strive in this sequester'd nook,
To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

Poet.

An injur'd friend ! who challenges the name ?
If you, what title justifies the claim ?
Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your int'rest prop me, or your praise relieve ? 10
Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,
That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you ?
But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong ;
Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong :
Among your kindred have I kindled strife,
Deftow'r'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife ;
Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game ;
Or soil'd with infamous reproach your name ?

Friend.

No ; but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
Expos'd by private council to the town.

Poet.

Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose ;
I grant I printed it for public use.

Friend.

Yes, season'd with your own remarks between,
Inflam'd with so much virulence of spleen,
That the mild town (to give the dev'l his due)
Ascrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

Poet.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallowed be the mouth
That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth !
Prove that my partial strain adopts one lie,
No penitent more mortify'd than I ; 30
Not ev'n the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groan
Beneath th' inhuman scoffs of Williamfon.

Ver. 248, 249. This last line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day : the Hanoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

Ver. 32. Governor of the Tower.

Friend.
Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial—
The vanquish'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

Poet.
What then?

Friend.
Your own sarcastic verse unsay,
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

Poet.
With all my soul!—th' imputed charge rehearse;
I'll own my error and expunge my verse.
Come, come,—howe'er the day was lost or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run. 40
But lest the truth too naked should appear,
A robe of fable shall the goddess wear;
When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,
Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,
Voracious wolves fierce rushing from the rocks,
Devour'd without controul th' unguarded flocks:
The sufferers crowding round the royal cave,
Their monarch's pity and protection crave:
Not that they wanted valour, force or arms,
To shield their lambs from danger and alarms; 50
A thousand rams the champions of the fold,
In strength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,
Engag'd in firm association, stood
Their lives devoted to the public good:
A warlike chieftain was their sole request,
To marshal, guide, instruct, and rule the rest:
Their pray'r was heard, and by-consent of all,
A courtier ape appointed general.—

He went, he led, arrang'd the battle stood,
The savage foe came pouring like a flood, 60
Then Pug aghast, fled swifter than the wind,
Nor deign'd in threefold miles to look behind;
While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
The scar'd baboon (to cut the matter short)
With all his speed could not outrun report;
And, to appease the clamours of the nation,
'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
The board was nam'd—each worthy took his
place;

All senior members of the horned race.— 70
The wedder, goat, ram, elk, and ox, were there,
And a grave hoary stag possess'd the chair.—

Ver. 34. Sir John Cope.

Ver. 70. It is not to be wondered at that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it, consequently those supplied with horns bid fairest for signalizing themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army.—But I observe, that, among the members of this court, there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began
The culprit's conduct variously to scan.
At length the sage uprear'd his awful crest,
And pausing, thus his fellow chiefs address'd.—
If age, that from this head its honours stole,
Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,
But sacred wisdom with experience bought,
While this weak frame decays, matures my
thought: 80

Th' important issue of this grand debate
May furnish precedent for your own fate;
Should ever fortune call you to repel
The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell—
'Tis plain, you say, his excellence Sir Ape
From the dire field accomplish'd an escape;
Alas! our fellow subjects ne'er had bled,
If every ram that fell like him had fled;
Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave.
Let us then ev'ry vulgar hint disdain, 90
And from our brother's laurel wash the stain.—
Th' admiring court applauds the president,
And Pug was clear'd by general consent,

Friend.
There needs no magic to divine your scope,
Mark'd as you are a flagrant misanthrope:
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:
Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
Thy verse affords not one approving line.— 100
Poet.

Hail, sacred themes! the muse's chief delight!
O bring the darling objects to my sight!
My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread,
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
Must yield to Lockman's ode, and Hanbury's song.
Nor would th' enamour'd muse neglect to pay
To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay; 110
The soul unstrain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride, and ornament!
Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.
Not ev'n the pleasing task is left, to raise
A grateful monument to Barnard's praise;
Else should the venerable patriot stand
Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.
The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue,
And bring fair virtue's triumph to the view! 120
Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,
From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot.
But, lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,
To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene!

Ver. 108. Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—*Crasum unguentum, et fardo cum melle papaver.*

Ver. 110. The Earl of Chesterfield.

Ver. 122. Daniel Mackercher, Esq. a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not

Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil,
 Rapacious Giddon fastens on our life;
 Insatiate Lucelles, and the fiend Vaneck,
 Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
 While gripping Jasper glories in his prize, 129
 Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

Friend.
 Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail!
 If ear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

Post.
 You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see
 What vices flourish still, unprun'd by me:
 Corruption, sold in a triumphant car,
 Displays his burnish'd front and glittering star;
 Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
 Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
 Behold the leering belle, caters'd by all,
 Agon each private feast and public ball; 140
 Where peers attentive listen and adore,
 And not one matron shuns the titled whore.
 At Peter's obsequies I sung no dirge;
 Nor has my satire yet supply'd a scourge
 For the vile tribes of usurers and bites,
 Who sneak at Jonathan's, and swear at White's.
 Each low pursuit, and slyer folly bred
 Within the selfish heart and hollow head,
 Thieves uncontroul'd, and blossoms o'er the land,
 Nor feels the rigour of my chast'ning hand: 150
 While Codrus shivers o'er his bags of gold,
 By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
 I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
 And feast upon the terrors of his soul;
 The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep,
 That curse with hideous dreams the capitalist's sleep;
 Insolvent debtors, thieves and civil strife,
 Which daily persecute his wretched life;
 With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
 That rack his bosom while the mail is read. 160
 Safe from the road, untainted by the school,
 A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
 While the young lordling struts in native pride,
 His party-coloured tutor by his side,
 Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care,
 Who to the brawny sire commits her heir.

only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress: Mr. Annesley, who claimed the Anglesea title and estate.

Ver. 126. A triumvirate of contractors, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

Ver. 129. A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate interest of 30l. per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamens tickets.

Ver. 139. A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

Ver. 143. Peter Waters, Esq. whose character is too well known to need description.

Ver. 164. Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I

Frught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
 Let Rich, with dullness and devotion drunk,
 Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud, 169
 While his brain spews new monsters to the crowd;
 I see with joy the vaticide deplore
 An hell-denouncing priest and sov'reign whore.
 Let ev'ry polish'd dame, and genial lord,
 Employ the social chair and venal board;
 Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run,
 The vague conundrum, and the prurient pun;
 While the vain sop, with apish grin, regards
 The giggling minx half-chok'd behind her cards:
 These, and a thousand idle pranks, I deem
 The motley spawn of ignorance and whim. 180
 Let pride conceive, and folly propagate,
 The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:
 Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;
 By this dishonour ceases to be shame:
 This weans from blushes lewd Yrawley's face,
 Gives Hawley praise, and Ingoldsby disgrace,
 From Mead to Thompson shifts the palm at once,
 A meddling, prating, blind'ring, busy dunce!
 And may (should taste a little more decline)
 Transform the nation to an herd of swine. 190

Friend.
 The fatal period hastens on apace!
 Nor will thy verse th' obscene event disgrace;
 Thy flow'rs of poetry, that smell so strong,
 The keenest appetites have loth'd the song;
 Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby, and
 Chitty,
 And all the crop ear'd critics of the city:

know not; but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

Ver. 170. Monsters of absurdity.
 "He look'd, and saw a sable force rise,
 "Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
 "All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
 "And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
 "Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,
 "Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 "A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 "Till one wide conflagration swallows all."

Dunciad.

Ver. 174. This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality to perform visits; by the help of which a decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview, to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.

Ibid. *Venal box d.*] Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

Ver. 186. *Hawley.*] A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragons, five miles from the field of battle.

Ver. 195. A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste, are much of the same dimension.

While fagely neutral fits thy silent friend,
Alike averse to censure or commend.

Peace to the gentle soul that could deny
His invocated voice to fill the cry!
And let me still the sentiment disdain
Of him who never speaks but to arraign;
The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul, adorn:
Or his, who, to maintain a critic's rank,
Though conscious of his own internal blank,
His want of taste unwilling to betray,
'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;
With brow contracted hears each passage read,
And often hums and shakes his empty head;
Until some oracle ador'd pronounce
The passive bard a poet or a dunce;
Then in loud clamour echoes back the word,
'Tis bold! insipid—soaring or absurd.
These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry,
That nibble round, I pity and defy.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND,

Written in the Year 1746.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more,
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner fees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour sell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father flood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;

The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murthering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forlaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread:
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Rementment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

VERSES ON A YOUNG LADY

PLAYING ON A HARPSICORD, AND SINGING.

WHEN Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire:
And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had the nymph, possess'd with these,
Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please;
Thy beautiful air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

The worm of grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken love-sick maid;
Nor had the mourn'd an hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

LOVE ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest;
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bower.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant
shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd
wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine:
Then with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

SONG.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze,
On thy transcendent charms I gaze,
My cautious soul essays in vain
Her peace and freedom to maintain:
Yet let that blooming form divine,
Where grace and harmony combine,
Those eyes, like genial orbs, that move,
Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
In all their pomp assail my view,
Intent my bosom to subdue;
My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But, when invok'd to beauty's aid,
I see th' enlighten'd soul display'd;
That soul so sensibly sedate
Amid the storms of froward fate!
Thy genius active, strong and clear,
Thy wit sublime, though not severe,
The social ardour void of art,
That glows within thy candid heart;
My spirits, sense, and strength decay,
My resolution dies away,
And ev'ry faculty oppress,
Almighty love invades my breast!

SONG.

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove;
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend, 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and, I confess,
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
I was destiny that forg'd the chain.

BURLESQUE ODE *.

WHERE wast thou, wittol ward, when hapless
fate
From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore:
These pious arms essay'd too late,
To drive the dismal phantom from the door.
Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack,
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days;
For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alack!
Thy sorrels dragg'd thee through the worst of
ways!

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain,
Thy steps, though tended by the Cambrian maids;
Nor the sweet environs of Drury-lane;
Nor dusty Pimlico's embow'ring shades;
Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,
Beset with rowers dank; [sons;
Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny
Nor where to mix with offal, soil, and blood,
Steep Snow-hill rolls the sable flood;
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennels runs:
Ill doth it now beseem,
That thou should'st doze and dream,
When death in mortal armour came,
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.
Her lib'ral hand and sympathizing breast
The brute creation kindly blest'd:
Where'er she trod grimalkin purr'd around,
The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd;
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose,
Did she glad sustenance refuse;
The strutting cock the daily fed,
And turkey with his snout so red;
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did she overlook the tomcat or the wren;
While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if the common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind,
What comfort can I find;
O best of grannams! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To sing thy dirge in sad and funereal ray,
Oh! woe is me! alack! and well-a-day!

ODE TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him mirth display:
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence;
So shall each hill in pure green array'd,
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow.
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.

* Smollett, imagining himself ill treated by Lord Lyttleton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's monody on the death of his lady.

Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged poverty can smile with thee,
If thou be nigh, grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.

The morning eyes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower,
Lo! darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy
fway,

Troop in her rear and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering
light, [night.
Quick, as the lightning's flash glide, to sepulchral

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?

'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With laughter at her side.

Bright-ey'd fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now affliction's power,
Fear not now wild passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of age.

Now mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's prayer,
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the trou-
bled air.

ODE TO SLEEP.

SORT sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod;
Extend thy silent soothing fway,
And charm the canker care away.
Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king;
The glittering host, the groaning plan,
The clang of arms, and victor's train;
Nor should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
Rich industry with toil embrown'd,
Content, with brow serenely gay,
And genial art's resplendent ray.

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;

I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain,
Pure stream in whose transparent wave

My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.*
Devolving from thy parent lake,

A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chaunting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

ODE TO BLUE-EY'D ANN.

WHEN the rough north forgets to howl,
And ocean's billows cease to roll;
When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova-Zembla's lost!
When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
My blue-ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn;
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring;
Nor parching heats the dog-star bring;
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-ey'd Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found;
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round;
Nor love's light god inhabit earth;
Nor beauty give the passion birth;
Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range;
When lavish May no more shall bloom;
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When nature from her sphere shall start,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

* The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal liberty, whose looks sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every vary-
ing clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,
The sons of Woden to the field desy'd :
The ruthless hag, by Weller's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow ;
And red the stream began to flow :
The vanquish'd were baptized with blood !

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore ;
And liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore. 20
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-responding main ;
When a bold savage past that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name didtain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd :
The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest ;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
He slept : He gazed ; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms : 30
He seiz'd the advantage fate allow'd :
And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
Old time exulted as he flew ;
And independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—
The mountain dryads seiz'd with joy, 41
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;
The Doric muse caress'd the favourite boy ;
The hermit wisdom stor'd his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his fire ;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole, 50
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul,
On desert isles it was he that rais'd
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,

Ver. 26. Charlmagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut. — Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick, king of Denmark.

Ver. 33. Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

Where tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave,
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms 61
To burst the Iberian's double chain ;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, fate,
On Uri's rocks in close divan ;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamantine shrine ;
And many a Tartar herd forlorn, aghast !
He snatch'd from under fell oppression's wing ;
And taught amidst the dreary waste 71
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baser mould,
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold ;
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise :
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er pay'd that homage which my heart
denies. 80

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd vice and vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and seduce, there banners spread ;
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow ;
And tittle his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow ;
Where ever-dimpling falsehood pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth ; 90
And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

Ver. 58. The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

Ver. 62. Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 65. The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

Ver. 69. From the tyranny of Jenghis Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remotest wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

Ver. 76. The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpations of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of liberty and independence.

STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress,
 So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
 Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay; 100
 And jingling bells fantastic folly ring;
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene;
 And nature, still to ail her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell.
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
 There, study shall with solitude recline; 109
 And friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
 And toil and temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
 And fearless poverty shall guard the door;
 And taste unspoiled the frugal table spread;
 And industry supply the humble store;
 And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed:
 White-mantled innocence, ethereal sprite,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night:
 And independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power! my patron and my pride. 120

SONG.

From the man whom I love though my heart I
 disguise,

I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
 In courage a hind, in conceit a Gaiquin.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks!
 As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
 His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather.
 Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

SONG.

LET the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the
 swain

Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
 For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown;
 And the blast that blows loudest is soon over-
 blown.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the
 heart,

Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
 Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt wo,
 Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will
 flow.

Though silent his tongue, he will plead with his
 eyes

And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
 But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
 His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

SONG.

COME listen, ye students of ev'ry degree,
 I sing of a wit and a tutor *perdit*,
 A statesman profound, a critic immense,
 In short, a mere jumble of learning and sense;
 And yet of his talents, though laudably vain,
 His own family arts he could never attain,

His father intending his fortune to build,
 In his youth would have taught him the trowel to
 wield,

But the mortar of discipline never would stick,
 For his skull was secur'd by a facing of brick;
 And with all his endeavours of patience and pain,
 The skill of his fire he could never attain.

His mother an housewife, neat, artful, and wise,
 Renown'd for her delicate biscuit and pies,
 Soon alter'd his studies, but flatt'ring his taste,
 From the raising of wall to the rearing of paste
 But all her instructions were fruitless and vain,
 The pye-making myst'ry he ne'er could attain.

Yet true to his race, in his labours were seen,
 A jumble of both their professions I ween;
 For when his own genius he ventur'd to trust,
 His pies seem'd of brick, and his houses of crust,
 Then, good Mr. Tutor, pray be not so vain,
 Since your family arts you could never attain.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

Containing

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH,
OF BENEVOLENCE,
TASTE,

|| DAY,
IMITATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE AND
SPENSER,

U. S. U.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Daughter of Pæon, queen of every joy—
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
“ How best the fickle fabric to support
“ Of mortal man; in healthful body how
“ A healthful mind the longest to maintain.” |
——— With thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
Through paths the muses never trod before.

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH, BOOK I.

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Anno 1794.

FOR THE WORKS

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THE LIFE OF ARMSTRONG.

JOHN ARMSTRONG was born at Castleton, on the banks of the Liddel, in Roxburghshire, about 1709. His father and brother were ministers of Castleton, and highly respected for their piety and diligence in their pastoral duty.

After the ordinary course of school education, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh; where he studied the several branches of philosophy and medicine, under the different Professors, and took his degree in Physic, February 4. 1732, with much reputation. The subject of his inaugural dissertation was *De Tabe purulenta*.

Soon after his graduation he went to London, the proper place for a man of accomplishments like his, where he commenced Physician; but never attained any great extent of practice or eminence of popularity.

He was more successful as an author than a physician. In 1735, he published, without his name, a pamphlet, intitled *An Essay for Abridging the Study of Physic; to which is added a Dialogue betwixt Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the Practice of Physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious Society; and An Epistle from Ubbek the Persian to Joshua Ward, Esq.* with a dedication. "To the Antiacademic Philosophers, to the Generous Despisers of the Schools, to the Deservedly Celebrated Joshua Ward, John Moor, and the rest of the numerous sect of Inspired Physicians" This fugitive piece contains much wit and pleasantry. In the dialogue he has caught the very spirit of Lucian.

In 1737, he published, *A Synopsis of the History and Cure of the Venereal Disease*, 8vo inscribed in an ingenious dedication to Dr. Alexander Stuart, as to "a person who had an indisputable right to judge severely of the performance presented to him."

This publication was soon followed by *The Economy of Love*, 4to, a poem, which has much merit; but, it must be confessed, is too strongly tinged with the licentiousness of Ovid. It appears by one of the "Cases on literary Property," that Mr. Millar the bookseller paid fifty guineas for the copy right of this poem, which was intended as a burlesque on some didactic writers. It has passed through many editions, more, it is to be feared to the advantage of the bookseller than the reader. It is but justice, however, to add, that his maturer judgment expunged many of the luxuriances of youthful fancy, in an edition "revised and corrected by the author" in 1768.

In 1741, he solicited the recommendation of Dr. Birch, to be appointed physician to the fleet, then going to the West-Indies.

In 1744, he published *The Art of Preserving Health, a didactic poem*, 8vo, which laid the foundation of his fame, and will be a lasting monument of his abilities.

In 1746, he was appointed one of the Physicians to the Hospital for Lame and Sick Soldiers behind Buckingham-House. *Scots Mag.* p98.

In 1751, he published his poem *on Benevolence*, in folio; and in 1753, "*Taste, an Epistle to a Young Critic*," 4to. In the same year an elegant ode was addressed to him by Dr. Theobald.

In 1758, he published *Sketches or Essays on Various Subjects, by Launcelot Temple, Esq.* 8vo. In this production, which possesses much humour and knowledge of the world, and which had a remarkably rapid sale, he is supposed to have been assisted by his friend Mr. Wilkes.

In 1760, he was appointed Physician to the army in Germany; where in 1761 he wrote a poem called *Dry, An Epistle to John Wilkes of Aylesbury, Esq.* 4to, which was published (as the prefatory advertisement confesses) "without the knowledge or the consent of the author, or of the gentleman to whom it is addressed."

In this poem he wantonly hazarded a reflection on Churchill, which drew on him the vengeance of that severe satirist.

What news to-day?—I ask you not what rogue,
What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue.
What forward blundering fool was last prefer'd,
By mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd;
With what new cheat the gaping town is fill'd,
What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit;

What stuff for winter the Two Booths have mixt,
What bouncing mimic gives a *Roscius* next.

In "The Journey," almost the last lines of poetry that Churchill lived to write, after referring those who hinted that he should "run his stock of genius out," to some contemporary writers who had obtained what he thought unmerited celebrity, he thus pointedly concludes the catalogue with Armstrong.

Let them with *Armstrong*, taking leave of sense,
Read musty lectures on *Benevolence*,
Or on the pages of his gaping *Day*,
Where all his former fame was thrown away;
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd *Sot*.
Let them with *Armstrong* pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness, when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when memory wakes,
When for our past misdoings conscience takes
A deep revenge: when, by reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
Let every muse be gone; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for sleep; an *Ætna* burns,
A more than *Ætna* in his coward breast;
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest.
Though soft as plumage from young zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring;
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.

It must be acknowledged, that Armstrong himself afforded the original cause of offence; but the retaliation was unjustifiably severe. Armstrong was incapable of the crime with which he is charged; and the imputation of ingratitude will never obscure the character of a humane, benevolent, kindly affectioned man of genius, whose great offence was his attachment to the party in opposition to Mr. Wilkes and his friends.

It may be here observed, that nothing appears so fatal to the intercourse of friends, as a disagreement in politics. The intimacy which had subsisted between Armstrong and Mr. Wilkes, was certainly interrupted, if not dissolved, by the demon of party.

After the peace of Paris, in 1763, he quitted the army, returned to London, and resumed the practice of physic, in which he appears to have been chiefly wanting to his own success, by his indolence and inactivity.

He was a man of a very liberal turn of mind, of general erudition, with a large acquaintance among the learned of different professions; but he could not enter into connections with people that were not to his liking. He could not cultivate the acquaintances to be met with at tea-tables; he could not intrigue with nurses, nor associate with the various knots of pert, insipid, well-bred, impertinent, good humoured, malicious gossips, that are often found so useful to introduce a young physician into practice. He rather chose to employ his time at home in the indolent occupations of reading and study, or to spend an *Attic* evening in a select company of men of taste and learning.

In 1770, he published a collection of *Miscellanies*, in 2 vols. 8vo, containing the pieces he had formerly published separately, except the *Economy of Love and Day*, with *Imitations of Shakspere and Spenser*, the *Universal Almanack by Nouraddin Ali*, *The Forced Marriage*, a tragedy, *Sketches*, &c.

In an advertisement to this collection, he says, he "has at last taken the trouble upon him to collect them, and to have them printed under his own inspection, a task that he had long avoided, and to which he would hardly have submitted himself at last, but for the fear of their being, sometime hereafter, exposed in a ragged, mangled condition, and loaded with more faults than they originally had, while [when] it might be impossible for him, by the change perhaps of one letter, to recover a whole period from the most contemptible nonsense. Along with such pieces as he had formerly offered to the public, he takes this opportunity of presenting it with several others;

some of which had lain by him many years. What he has lost, and especially what he has destroyed, would probably enough have been better received by the great majority of readers than any thing he has published. But he never courted the public. He wrote chiefly for his own amusement; and because he found it an agreeable and innocent way of sometimes spending an idle hour. He has always most heartily despised the opinion of the *mobility*, from the lowest to the highest; and if it is true what he has sometimes been told, that the best judges are on his side, he desires no more in the article of fame and renown as a writer. If the best judges of this age honour him with their approbation, all the worst too of the next will favour him with theirs, when, by Heaven's grace, he'll be too far beyond the reach of their unmeaning praises, to receive any disgust from them."

In most of the *Sketches or Essays*, he has discovered a sound understanding, and a good taste; but he seems very fond of making use of some vulgarities of expression that belong peculiarly to the *mobility*. The *Forced Marriage* was written in 1758. It had been offered to Garrick, but refused by him. It is a performance in which there is much passion, but little judgment.

In 1771, he published *A Short Ramble through some parts of France and Italy*, by Launcelot Temple, Esq. 8vo.; and in 1773, a pamphlet in his own name, intitled, *Medical Essays*, 4to towards the conclusion of which, he accounts for his not having such extensive practice as some of his brethren, from his not being qualified to employ the usual means, from a ticklish state of spirits, and a dis-tempered excess of sensibility. He complains much of the behaviour of some of his brethren, of the herd of critics, and particularly of the reviewers.

This work, which does not appear to have acquired much reputation, was the last which he gave to the world. He died September 7. 1779, in consequence, it is said, of a fall he received in stepping out of a coach; and, to the surprise of his friends, left behind him more than 3000*l.* saved out of a very moderate income, arising principally from his half pay.

The following *Verses on the Death of Dr. Armstrong*, appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for October 1779, dated Gray's-Inn, September 10. and signed *W. R.*

Ye swains of Liddal, as you drive your sheep
To verdant pastures, or the russet sleep,
If yet a muse on Liddal's banks remain,
For tuneful Armstrong wake the plaintive strain.
Though from you long, long from the limpid wave,
In which he lov'd his infant limbs to lave;
Long from the pool, where oft with mimic fly
He patient angled for the silver fry;
Yet were his manners artless as your own,
As plain as he the world had never known.
The world he scorn'd, for well he knew to scan
The crooked views of narrow-minded man.
Ye sons of Galen, though he lack'd not skill
Like you, by slow and secret means to kill,
He sought to save, he sought to heal the frame,
And breath'd Nepenthe in poetic flame.
From breezy summit, or fair op'ning lawn,
He bade his patients hail the cheerful dawn;
Their villas build, wide from the marshy mead,
But chief where bees on fragrant wild thyme feed:
As death itself avoid the smoky town;
Resist the enfeebling luxury of down:
Far from the breast all rankling cares expel,
And there invite content and hope to dwell, &c.

No edition of his *Miscellanies* has been called for since his death; but his *Art of Preserving Health*, has been frequently reprinted, and with his other poetical pieces, except *The Economy of Love*, was received into the edition of "the English Poets," 1790.

The character of Armstrong seems to have been very amiable and respectable. It is to his honour that he was the intimate friend of Thomson, and his coadjutor in the composition of his admirable "Castle of Indolence." Stanza lxxviii. was written by Armstrong. "Though the Doctor," Thomson writes his friend Paterson, "increases in his business, he does not decrease in spleen;

but there is a certain kind of spleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jaques in the play." Thomson has described his absent moods in the "Castle of Indolence." Stanza x.

With him was sometimes join'd in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One slyer still, who quite detested talk,
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak,
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury woke;
He never'd utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—thank heav'n, the day is done.

He lived also in habits of intimacy with Grainger, Sir John Pringle, Mr. Fufeli, and other men of wit and learning.

"I was early acquainted with Dr. Armstrong," the late worthy Dr. Cuming of Dorchester writes Mr. Nichols, "have often visited him at his lodgings, knew many of his intimates, have met him in company, but from my having visited the Metropolis so seldom since my residence in Dorsetshire, I was not so well acquainted with him as I should otherwise have been, or wished to be. He always appeared to me (and I was confirmed in that opinion by that of his most intimate friends) a man of learning and genius, of considerable abilities in his profession, of great benevolence and goodness of heart, fond of associating with men of parts and genius, but indolent and inactive, and therefore totally unqualified to employ the means that usually lead to medical employment, or elbow his way through a crowd of competitors."

As a Poet, his compositions have great inequalities, some of them being possessed of every requisite to be sought after in the most perfect composition, while others can hardly be considered as superior to the productions of mediocrity. Much of the merit of his *Epistles to Eumenes*, to a Young Critic, and to John Wilkes, Esq. consists in a spirited conciseness, a lively representation of characters, and a certain sprightliness and turn of wit, which are always pleasing. But they seldom rise into a high strain of poetry, and are sometimes deficient in grace and ease. The *Epistle to Eumenes*, is rather too satirical for the subject. In the *Epistle to Taste*, he is severely satirical on all pretenders to wit; but he does not treat the subject in so masterly, nor in so poetical a manner as Pope had done before him. In his *Day*, he seems not to have intended rising much higher than prose put into numbers. His *Winter Piece*, in imitation of Shakspeare, has more elevation, but is a turgid and inflated performance.

His *Art of Preserving Health*, on account of the reputation it has so justly acquired, precludes all criticism. It is of the highest species of didactic poetry, and of a merit and character so great, as to rank with the compositions of Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Vida, Boileau, Akenfide, Dyer, and Grainger. Akenfide has attempted the most rich and poetical form of didactic writing in his "Pleasures of Imagination," and in several parts, succeeded happily, and displayed much genius. Armstrong has not aimed at so high a strain as Akenfide; but he is more equal, and maintains throughout a chaste and correct elegance.

"To describe so difficult a thing gracefully and poetically," says Dr. Warton, in his "Reflections on Didactic Poetry," as the effects of a distemper on the human body, was reserved for Dr. Armstrong, who accordingly hath nobly executed, at the end of his third book of his *Art of Preserving Health*, where he hath given us that pathetic account of the Sweating Sickness. There is a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem, that are truly admirable; and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images."

"Of all the poetical performances on this subject, says Dr. Mackenzie in his "History of Health," that have come to my hands, Dr. Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health* is by far the best. To quote every charming description and beautiful passage of this poem, one must transcribe the whole. We cannot, however, expect new rules where the principal design was to raise and warm the heart into a compliance with the solid precepts of the ancients, which he has enforced with great strength and elegance. And, upon the whole, he has convinced us by his own example, that we ought not to blame antiquity for acknowledging

"One power of physic, melody, and song."

THE WORKS OF ARMSTRONG.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH. 1774:

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
Hygeia * ; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth ; auspicious, O descend !
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When through the blue serenity of heaven
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the lothesome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm through the fludd'ring air : whatever
 plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rife from the putrid watry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field :
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south ;
Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce ;
They fly thy pure effulgence : they and all
The secret poisons of avenging heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of vice and heedless pleasure ; or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd
Portend disastrous to the vital world ;
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane : and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

* Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the beaten deities, the daughter of Æsculapius ; who, as well as Asclepi, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O goddess heavenly gay !
Begin the song ; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws :
" How best the fickle fabric to support
" Of mortal man ; in healthful body how
" A healthful mind the longest to maintain."
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to choose
The best, and those of most extensive use ;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
Through paths the muses never trod before :
Nor should I wander doubtful of my way ;
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing power ;
Indulge, O mead ! a well-design'd essay,
Howe'er imperfect ; and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind ;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead.
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine ;
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature ; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements :
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts ; but here a fordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can ;

Besides, immur'd in many a fullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze.
This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest : and (though the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine.
Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimneys, tame
The putrid steams that overwarm the sky ;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd ;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away ; the rural wilds
Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales ;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever undulating sky ;
A kindly sky ! whose soft'ning power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where nature
smiles

Benign, where all her honest children thrive,
To us there wants not many a happy feat !
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice,
See where enthron'd in adamantin state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits ;
There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames ; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay). O ! from the summer's rage
O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham :—But, if the busy town
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind ;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood ;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air ;
But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there prevails ; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful naiaid of the fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With feverish blasts subdues the sickning hand :
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints and every torpid limb ;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow : a short relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;
The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ;
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
And oft the forcecerefs, in her fated wrath,
Requies them to the furies of her train ;

The bloated hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow :
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marshy margin of the main,
For from the humid soil and wat'ry reign
Eternal vapours rise ; the spongy air
For ever weeps : or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a founding deluge down,
Skies such as these let every mortal shun
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh ;
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
Skin ill-perfpiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;
For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a stream,
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
Their flexible vibration ; or, inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A mass of lees remains, a droffy tide
That flows as Lethe wanders through the veins :
Inactive in the services of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
The secret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend (that worst despair
Of physic), hence the rust-complexion'd man
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
Too stretch'd a tone : and hence in climes adust
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air : the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the power of choosing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further task ensues ;
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
How breathe, unhurt, the withering element,
Or hazy atmosphere : though custom moulds
To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay ;
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
(So kind is native air), may in the fens
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive,
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
Of watery exhalation : wide and deep
Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog ;
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream ;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;
Or through the thickest fend the crackling flames.
Meantime, at home, with cheerful fires dispel
The humid air : and let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilful pleasures of the chase.

Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years;
 But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
 Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of watery heavens.
 But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,
 Disarm the dangers of the drooping sky,
 Unless with exercise and manly toil
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.
 The fatt'ning clime let all the sons of ease
 Avoid; if indolence would wish to live,
 Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
 In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood;
 Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
 And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
 Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
 The moist relaxing vegetable store,
 Prevail in each repast: your food supplied
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
 By soft decoction, and a mellowing heat,
 To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
 You choose, tormented in the boiling wave;
 That through the thirsty channels of the blood
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
 The fragrant dairy, from its cool recess,
 Its nectar acid, or benign will pour,
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen Sherbet the sickle taste relieve.
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou mayst indulge
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then, too, the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop; incumbent still
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.
 Lab'ring with storms, in heapy mountains rise
 Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
 Till black with thunder all the south descends.
 Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
 Our melting clime; except the baleful east
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
 Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
 This dismal change! The brooding elements
 Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
 Or is it fix'd in the decrees above,
 That lofty Albion melt into the main?
 Indulgent nature, O dissolve this gloom!
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds
 That drown or wither: give the genial west
 To breathe, and, in its turn, the sprightly north:
 And may once more the circling seasons rule
 The year; nor mix in every monstrous day.
 Meantime, the moist malignity to shun
 Of burden'd skies; mark where the dry champaign

Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
 And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
 And where the * cynorrhodon with the rose
 For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breath: the aromatic tribes.
 There bid thy roofs, high on the basking steep,
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
 And let them see the winter morn arise,
 The summer evening blushing in the west;
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
 O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
 O! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The foundering forest fluctuates in the storm;
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,
 Where health is studied; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
 And natural movements of the harmonious frame.
 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
 The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
 But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
 Involve my hill! And wherefoe'er you build;
 Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
 Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
 Or high Blackheath, with wint'ry winds assail'd;
 Dry be your house: but airy more than warm.
 Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
 Your tender body through with rapid pains;
 Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bin! your
 voice,

Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
 In cloister'd air, tainted with steaming life,
 Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
 And still at azure noontide may your dome
 At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
 And theatres open to the south commend?
 Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
 More than the torrid noon: how sickly grow,
 How pale the plants in those ill-fated vales,
 That, circled round with the gigantic heap
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
 To feel the genial vigour of the sun!
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
 The verdant spring: in virgin beauty blows
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The soft'ning sun : whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose gen'rous heat
Glow through the mafs of groffer elements,
And kindles into life the pond'rous fpheres.
Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day !
If not the foul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heav'n, and only less than God !

BOOK II.

DIET.

ENOUGH of air, A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the muse's brow ; not ev'n a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul :
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Through endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell, ethereal fields ! the humbler arts
Of life ; the table, and the homely gods,
Demand my song, Elysian gales adieu !

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives ;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refund'd ; scour'd for ever round and round ;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin
It grows ; and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls ; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force those plastic particles
Rebuild : so mutable the state of man.
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.

Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle ;
The chyle to blood ; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which through finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue ;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign, but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin ;
By violent powers too easily subdu'd,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mafs
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;
Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,

Infirm and delicate ! and ye, who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day !
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
The full repast ; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lession'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys th' assimilating pow'rs ;
And soon the tender vegetable mafs
Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread
The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyfs,
Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
In youth and sanguine vigour let him die ;
Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Absolve him ill requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
Indulge the veteran ox ; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refin'd, and scanty fare : for, old or young,
The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd.

Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholesome food the abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste
Rejects like bane such loathesome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil :
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph,
Fond to incorporate with all it meets,
Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows : what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes :
Choose sober meals ; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay ; nor on th' insecbling down,
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful ease and succulent repast,
Improve his habit if he can ; for each
Extreme departs from perfect sanity.

I could relate what table this demands,
Or that complexion ; what the various powers
Of various foods : but fifty years would roll,
And fifty more, before the tale were done.
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temp'rature affects. There are, whose blood
Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moist melon, or pale cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers
For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
Some even the generous nutriment detest,
Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
Of Pales ; soft, delicious, and benign :
The balmy quintessence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the springs ;

The soft'ning dew of tender sprouting life;
 The best refection of declining age;
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half dead and panting; from the doubtful strife
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food
 As suits with every stomach. But (except,
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all);
 Taught by experience, soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sickn'd appetite too long;
 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms, and parch the roughening tongue;
 Or much diminish, or too much increase
 Th' expence which nature's wise economy,
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
 Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
 And bid the curious palate roam at will;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
 The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
 Would at the manger starve: of milder seeds
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain
 Confines his wish: though fabling Greece resound
 The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
 Each creature knows its proper aliment;
 But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.
 Directed, bounded, by this power within,
 Their cravings are well-aim'd: voluptuous man
 Is by superior faculties misled;
 Misled from pleasure, even in quest of joy.
 Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
 And mad variety, to spur beyond
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
 Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
 And know that temperance is true luxury.
 Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim,
 Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
 Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,
 The sick, the needy shiver at your gates.
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
 Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
 Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
 But that which binds the mercenary vow?
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom,
 Unfoster'd, sickens in the barren shade?
 No worthy man by fortune's random blows,
 Or by a heart too generous and humane,
 Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
 There are, while human miseries abound,
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste.

Such various foods, though harmless each alone,
 Each other violate: and oft we see
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
 From combinations of innoxious things.
 Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
 To hermit's diet needlessly severe.
 But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
 Or husband pleasure, at one impious meal
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
 Of every realm. It matters not, meanwhile,
 How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
 So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
 To change obnoxious, be to change injur'd.
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste
 With caution fruits you never tried before.
 For want of use the kindest aliment
 Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
 Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heav'n has form'd us to the general taste
 Of all its gifts, so custom has improv'd
 This bent of nature; that few simple foods,
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
 Of light refection, at the genial board
 Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
 To dull satiety till soft and slow
 A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone;
 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdued
 The softest food: unfinished and deprav'd,
 The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
 Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
 So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain;
 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
 Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill,
 From the crude ore, can spin the ductile gold?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
 Of plagues: but more immedicable ills
 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
 How to disburden the too tumid veins,
 Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood;
 But to unlock the elemental tubes,
 Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
 And with balsamic nutriment repair
 The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
 Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
 Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
 When hunger calls, obey: nor often wait
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond
 What nature well can bear; and one extreme
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
 Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set sage
 And famine humbled, may this verse be borne;
 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
 Long toils'd and famish'd on the wintry main;
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore
 Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy;
 Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,

Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wandering spark
With what the soonest feeds its kindred touch:
Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give
At first; that kindled, add a little more;
Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But though the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice: it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: so nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
The latent seeds of woe, which, rooted once,
Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
Of festal luxury, the wife indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly, when the summer beams inflame
The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius sheds
A feverish taint through the still gulf of air.
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup,
From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand
Will save your head from harm, though round the
world

The dreaded *causos roll his wasteful fires.
Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer
His quaking heart. The season's which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold (by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both), a middle regimen
Impose. Through autumn's languishing domain
Descending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter, when th' invigorated year
Emerges; when Favonius fluff'd with love,
Toysful and young, in every breeze descends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
And learn, with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky:
Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation; yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was
young;

Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
The human breast.—Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole;
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless earth, their cruel stepmother
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,

* *The burning fever.*

Untam'd, untractable, no harvests wave;
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
Of ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know;
These, and their willing slave the deer that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the south
Her warthy sons in either Ind, maintains;
Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
Adult and dry, no sweet repast affords:
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain
Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course;
Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape:
Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
Through the green shade the golden orange glows;
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A generous pulp: the coco swells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny: in ruder air
Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire

To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns: Th' autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in else intolerable air:
While the cool palm, the plain-tain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else unfrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the foaming Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence descends
A mighty flood to water half the east;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades
Enrap these infant floods! Through every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And mere gigantic still th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world?

A land of genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health
Command) to praise your crystal element;
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
Whose flexible genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! With eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins,
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer fought the fires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and her without
disdain

The choice of water! Thus the * Coan sage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most insipid; the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome,
pure

And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Though thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid
The fordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals;
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters); till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach indolent and cold
Toys with its duty, animate with wine

Th' insipid stream: Though golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,
Embalmd in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine: The vile excess we blame;
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide;
And with more active poison, than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! fly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober vows!—But the Parnasian maids
* Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdued, expels
The loitering crudities that burden life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.

Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd:
Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won;
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your bane; and only with your friends.
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds,

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain!

What dextrous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,

* Hippocrates.

* See Book iv.

And that incurable disease old age,
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime:
 Except kind nature by some hasty blow
 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
 Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
 The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
 Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow.
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
 The heart's increasing force; and, day by day,
 The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
 Acquiring (from their elemental veins,
 Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
 Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
 Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
 Of viscid fluids and elastic tubes;
 Its various functions vigorously are plied
 By strong machinery; and in solid health
 The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
 But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downward tend.
 For still the beating tide consolidates
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
 To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.
 This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
 To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
 Through tedious channels the congealing flood
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
 It loiters still: And now it stirs no more.
 This is the period few attain; the death
 Of nature; thus (so heav'n ordain'd it) life
 Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd,
 Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;
 And Homer live immortal as his song. [flood
 What does not fade? The tower that long had
 The crash of thunder and the warring winds,
 Shook by the flow but sure destroyer time,
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
 And stinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
 Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
 The sun himself, shall die; and ancient night
 Again involve the desolate abyss:

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensible, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Till the great Father through the lifeless gloom
 Extend his arm to light another world,
 And bid new planets roll by other laws.
 For though the regions of unbounded space,
 Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
 Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
 Between creation and abhor'd decay:
 It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
 New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
 The old descending, in their turns to rise.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

THROUGH various toils th' adventurous muse has
 past;

But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
 Rule is her theme, and hardly fit for song;
 Plain, and of little ornament; and I
 But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
 Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
 If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
 To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
 I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
 And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.
 Not to debilitate with timorous rules
 A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave
 Inglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength;
 Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd
 Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
 The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
 Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies;
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
 He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Insect, nor those even m'd shafts that fly
 When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
 Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
 To every casualty of varied life;
 Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
 And uninfected breathes the mortal south.

Such the reward of rude and sober life;
 Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
 Is well repaid; if exercise were pain
 Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these
 Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons;
 And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
 Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
 The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
 Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
 Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
 Of nature and the year: come, let us stray
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
 Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
 The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
 And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
 Nor when bright winter sows with prickly frost

The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;
And through its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze, [bounds
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains;
Such [stream

The Esk, e'erhung with woods; and such the
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: Though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flowery or more romantic
groves, [flood!

Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton
swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce hu-
mane.

Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
A soft amusement, an humane delight.
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create; and gives a godlike joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain

To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
His life approv'd by all the wife and good,
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
Happiest of men! if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame;
A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The visio best, and best conducts the stream;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shows
The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms
Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champain.
Thrice happy days! in rural business past:
Blest winter nights! when as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile.
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
Or through the fairy land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
Till lo! in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and blest unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And, through the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind,
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.
Others more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble; where from field to field
The sounding coverts urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: And there are
Whom still the * meed of the green archer charms.
He chooses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest:

* This word is much used by some of the old Eng-
lish poets, and signifies Reward or Prize.

The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
Or the chest labours. These affiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and springy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At first but saunter; and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
On bended reins: as yet the skillful youth
Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins,
The purple mafs a sudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: oft the source
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Asthma and feller * peripneumony,
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
Of soul, is well compensated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity;
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursu'd prolixly, even the gentlest toil
Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
To be profus'd, too much the roseid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn; or try the dusty chafe,
Or the warm deeds of some important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. O! by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,
Forbear! No other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremediable deep.
Why this so fatal, the sagacious muse
Through nature's cunning labyrinth's could trace:
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of science; and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools
boil,

What signs portend the storm: To subtler mainds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause

* The inflammation of the lungs.

Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For polish'd luxury and useful arts,
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,
And warm Pelestra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to such arts as these.
'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the north;
'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
Too soft; or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd through such precarious ways,
For through the small arterial mouths, that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and, viewless, melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this most copious waste
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move: but this restrain'd
Or more or less, so more or less you feel
The functions labour: from this fatal source,
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers, were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;
Or waves that, when the blustering north embroils

The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To every caprice of the sky: nor thwart
The genius of your clime: for from the blood
Least sickle rise the recremental steams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air,
Which breathe through straiter and more callous
pores,
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heaven;

And hence our painted ancestors desired
The east; nor curs'd, like us, their sickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures
Th' equator heats, or hyperborean frost:
Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance: study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun;
Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n,
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart: a frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism;
The nerves so temper'd, never quit their tone:

No chronic languors haunt such bony breasts.
But all things have their bounds; and he who
makes

By daily use the kindest regimen
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures; ill fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things
Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come),
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too familiar: for, by frequent use,
The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
And even the furest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry west,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation through the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worst woe;
With this external virtue age maintains
A decent grace; without it youth and charms
Are loathsome. This the venal graces know;
So doubtless do your wives: For married fires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
From foreign themes recal my wandering song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'Tis wisely done: For while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasure'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now while the stomach from the full repast
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil:
And ye whom no luxury of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress,
But from the recent meal no labours please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event:
A work of time: and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: The lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard: By those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year;

VOL. X.

Endless to name; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure: Oh! from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids through the skin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
No needless sight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn a'one, and mellow eve,
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies; though 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,
While the soft evening saddens into night,
Though the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her fable wings. Great nature droops
Through all her works. Now happy he, whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude: he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose: on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion; or on fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full:
But be the first concoction half matur'd,
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He, from the toils
And troubles of the day, to heavier toil
Retires; whom trembling from the tower that
rocks

Amid the clouds; or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl; or in the main
O'erwhelm; or bury, struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury, the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain
Stung by the furies, works with poison'd thought:
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul,
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
What dreams preface, what dangers these or those
Portend to sanity? though prudent fears
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail

What season you to drowly Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps;
The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils
Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and through the sick'ning functions
steal.

As, when the chilling east invades the spring,
The delicate narcissus pines away
In hectic languor; and a slow disease
Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
O shame! O pity! nipt with pale quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdued, the warrior and the hind,
Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon
With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;
And soon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
The sons of indolence with long repose
Grow torpid; and, with slowest Lethé drunk,
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt every sense, and powerless every limb.
Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys),
On the hard mattress, or elastic couch,
Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;
Nor grudge the lean projector of dry brain
And springy nerves, the blandishments of down;
Nor envy while the buried Bacchana
Exhales his furthest in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands,
As custom forms her; and all sudden change
She hates of habit; even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change! Behold, by slow degrees,
Stern winter tam'd into a ruder spring!
The ripen'd spring a milder summer glows;
Departing summer sheds Pomona's store;
And aged autumn brews the winter storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
Funereal autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely spring.
He well advis'd, who taught our wiser fires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
And late resign them, though the wanton spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays
For while the effluence of the skin maintains

its native measure, the pleuritic spring
Glides harmless by; and autumn, sick to death,
With fallow quarrans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what seasons seem
With what diseases; what the humid south
Prepares, and what the demon of the east
But you, perhaps, refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you; or some trespass of your own
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:

Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celsus call'd: the fates come rushing on.
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun;
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak,
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardest frame! of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity:
The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, though the putrid south
Be shut; though no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
Th' imprison'd plagues; a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons, and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drank,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage, at Bolworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incessant murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonished isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a servid vapour sprung,
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores, the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,

Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear; they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent: Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings
 heavy'd.

At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
With-held their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remain'd);
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.

For, who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;
Of those infected, fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd, a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her feat around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
In vain: where'er they fled, the fates pursu'd.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies;
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their
 prayers;

Heaven heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
Fatigu'd with vain resources; and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow:
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard;
Nor aught was seen, but ghastly views of death:
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then,
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.

In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they lay,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal fires,
That lead through heaven the wandering year!
 ye powers,

That o'er th' encircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
While in the west, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
The death of cowards, and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping muses turn,
And other themes invite my wandering song.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things,
Already fung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds:
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mixes with strange decay
The passive body. Ye poetic shades,
Who know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander through mysterious ways.

Here is, they say (and I believe there is),
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And, when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
The solid fabric: for by subtle parts,
And viewless atoms, secret nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd through subtle tubes,
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not thought (for still the soul's employ'd),
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye, without fatigue,
Strays o'er the heaven and earth: but, long intent
On microscopic arts, its vigour fails,
Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious study, discontent, and care,
Love without hope, and hate without revenge,

And fear, and jealousy, fatigue the soul,
Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears;
'The lover's paleness, and the fallow hue
Of envy, jealousy; the meagre stare
Of sore revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind. [day.

The strong-built pedant; who, both night and
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm, lies in a dropsy drown'd,
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With useful studies you, and arts that please,
Employ your mind; amuse, but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!
And ever may all heavy systems rest!
Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their generous taste
Would else refuse. But may not thirst of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.
To your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from philosophy
To fable shift; from serious Antopine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd, improves its strength;
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits: To stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers:
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where solitude, sad nurse of care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.
There madness enters; and the dim-ey'd fiend,
Sons melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
A mournful visionary light o'er spreads
The cheerful face of nature: earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murderer feels
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms pride in solitary scenes,
Or fear, or delicate self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon.

It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous self-love, with sickning fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.

Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason: some for fear of want
Want all their lives: and others every day
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosom banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests: and first the demon fear;
That trembles at impossible events,
Left aged Atlas should resign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than fear itself?
And what avails it, that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares,
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's
womb,

Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come; and leave the rest to
Heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils spring the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy: and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infect the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversions, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wife;
In vain your friends would reason down your
pain.

O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely fall'n!
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the
wish

Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or more adventurous, rush into the field [sky,
Where war grows hot: and, raging through the
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul:
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer fate,
Try Circe's arts: and in the tempting bowl
Of pois'n'd nectar sweet oblivion swill.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dissolves

In empty air; Elysium opens round,
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul;
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring
stream,

Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, your languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For prodigal of life in one rash night
You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd; so may the throbbing head:
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish port; you curse the wretch.
The felon, with unnatural mixture first
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
Or on the fugitive champain you pour
A thousand curses; for to heav'n it rapt
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
And with that heaven from mortals had with-held
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or, in the rage of wine, your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts
decay;

Your friends avoid you; brutally transform'd
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
Despis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy preference check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd, for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,

And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
Seek this coy goddess: that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.

For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings,
To counterpoise itself, relentless fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds,
Should ever roam: and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale.
Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick.
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squalidly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain
Rather than tease her satiated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, when sober sense conducts,
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and sense are one: and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves sain would laugh at it; some great ones
dare;

But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of envy and all sapping time.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or cast by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care: (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supply'd.)
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To show the virtues in their fairest light;

To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and reach the breast
That generous luxur, the gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he
taught

Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he
preach'd.

Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as reason can controul
The lawless powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate

What passions hurt the body, what improve;
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movements mortals feel
Is hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is hope: the last of all our evils, fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to life: perhaps they please,
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul; [clown,
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn
The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale usurer,
(If love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)

May safely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault

Or pains or pleasures. But, ye finer souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,

Nor court too much the queen of charming cares.
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and powers of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach lothes
The genial board: Your cheerful days are gone;
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is
fled.

To sighs devoted and to tender pains,
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:

It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
And that fomented into serious love;

Which musing daily strengthens and improves
Through all the heights of fondness and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.

The body wastes away; th' infected mind,
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heaven from such intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk

In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to health; o'er every virtue sheds
A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace.
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
And some have died for love; and some run mad;
And some with desperate hands themselves have
flain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,

A mad devotion to one dangerous fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of love amongst an hundred brides.

Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.

'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls

The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,
The tender fancy smarts with every sting.

And what was love before is madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,

Be temperate still! When nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb;

But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose imagination, spurs you on

To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To nature: Nature all compulsion hates.

Ah! let not luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to seats you well might sleep without;

To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms

Of twining Lais melt your manhood down,
For from the colliquation of soft joys

How chang'd you rise: the ghost of what you
was.

Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.

Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
Grows rapid phlegm; along the tender nerves

(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues

Rapid and restless springs from part to part,
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;

Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
Diseases haunt you; and untimely age

Creeps on; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
Insatiate, impious, epicure! to waste

The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health!
Insatiate all who make delight their trade,

And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone.

He chooses to be wretched, to be mad;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.

But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,

And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
For pale and trembling anger rushes in,

With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare;
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,

Desperate, and arm'd with more than human
strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades:
But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell:
For, as the body through unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the soul,
As is the passion, such is still the pain:
The body feels: or chronic, or acute.

And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
The life, or gives your reason to the winds;
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boisterous
Is health, and only fills the sails of life:
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
A generous folly spurns the incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.

But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute; be cautious, if you joke;
Keep lent for ever; and forswear the bowl.
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.

Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good friend, you may be
Wrong;
Disfrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die,
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avalils too little; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
To tame the fiend that sleeps in gentle slumber,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reason well; see as you ought to see;
And wonder at the madness of mankind:
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
The speculations of your wiser hours,
Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,

Fierce and insidious, violent and slow:
With all that urge or lure us on to fate:
What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles,
To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new passions to your aid:
With indignation would extinguish fear,
With fear or generous pity vanquish rage,
And love with pride; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the
breast;

Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.
That power is music: far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but contempt:
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts;
Good Heaven! we praise them: we, with loudest

Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels;
And, with insipid show of rapture, die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire;
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling

breast,
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One power of physic, melody, and song.

P O E M S.

OF BENEVOLENCE.

AN EPISTLE TO EUMENES. 1751.

KIND to my frailties still, Eumenes, hear;
Once more I try the patience of your ear.

* This little piece was address'd to a worthy gentleman, as an expression of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the author a great piece of service.

Not oft I sing: the happier for the town,
So runn'd already, they're quite stupid grown.
With monthly, daily—charming things I own.
Happy for them I seldom court the nine;
Another art, a serious art, is mine.
Of nauseous verses offer'd once a week,
You cannot say I did it, if you're sick.
'Twas ne'er my pride to shine by flashy fits
Amongst the daily, weekly, monthly wits.

Content if some few friends indulge my name,
So slightly am I stung with love of fame,
I would not scrawl one hundred idle lines—
Not for the praise of all the magazines.

Yet once a moon, perhaps, I steal a night;
And, if our fire Apollo pleases, write.
You smile; but all the train the muse that follow,
Christians and dunces, still we quote Apollo.
Unhappy still our poets will rehearse
To Goths, that stare astonish'd at their verse;
To the rank tribes submit their virgin lays;
So gross, so bestial, is the lust of praise!

I to found judges from the mob appeal,
And write to those who most my subject feel.
Eumenes, these dry moral lines I trust
With you, whom nought that's moral can disgust.
With you I venture, in plain home-spun sense,
What I imagine of benevolence:

Of all the monsters of the human kind,
What strikes you most is the low selfish mind.
You wonder how, without one liberal joy,
The steady miser can his years employ.
Without one friend, how'er his fortunes thrive,
Despis'd and hated, how he bears to live:
With honest warmth of heart, with some degree
Of pity that such wretched things should be,
You scorn the fordid knave—He grins at you,
And deems himself the wiser of the two—
'Tis all but taste, how'er we sift the case;
He has his joy, as every creature has.
'Tis true, he cannot boast an angel's share,
Yet has what happiness his organs bear.
Thou likewise mad'st the high seraphic soul,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the owl,
Heav'n form'd him too, and doubtless for some
use:

But Crane-court knows not yet all nature's views.

'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,
Makes life insipid, bestial, or divine.
Better be born with taste to little rent
Than the dull monarch of a continent.
Without this bounty which the gods bestow,
Can fortune make one favourite happy?—No.
As well might fortune, in her frolic vein,
Proclaim an oyster sovereign of the main.
Without fine nerves, and bosom justly warm'd,
An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,
In vain majestic Wren expands the dome;
Blank as pale stucco Rubens lines the room:
Lost are the raptures of bold Handel's strain;
Great Tully storms, sweet Virgil sings, in vain.
The beauteous forms of nature are effac'd;
Tempe's soft charms, the raging wat'ry waste,
Each greatly-wild, each sweet romantic scene,
Unheeded rises, and almost unseen.

Yet these are joys, with some of better clay,
To sooth the toils of life's embarrass'd way.
These the fine frame which charming horrors chill,
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
But of all taste the noblest and the best,
The first enjoyment of the generous breast,
Is to behold in man's obnoxious state
Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate.
Fair views of nature, shining works of art,
Amuse the fancy, but *these* touch the heart.

Chiefly for this proud epic song delights,
For this some riot on th' Arabian Nights,
Each case is ours; and, for the human mind,
'Tis monstrous not to feel for all mankind.
Were all mankind unhappy, who could taste
Elysium, or be solitarily blest?
Shock'd with surrounding shapes of human woe,
All that or sense or fancy could bestow,
You would reject with sick and coy disdain,
And pant to see one cheerful face again.

But if life's better prospects to behold
So much delight the man of generous mould,
How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleasing view!
This is a joy possess'd by few indeed!
Dame fortune has so many fools to feed,
She cannot oft afford, with all her store,
To yield her smiles where nature smil'd before.
To sinking worth a cordial hand to lend;
With better fortune to surprise a friend;
To cheer the modest stranger's lonely state;
Or snatch an orphan family from fate;
To do, possess'd with virtue's noblest fire,
Such generous deeds as we with tears admire;
Deeds that, above ambition's vulgar aim,
Secure an amiable, a solid fame:
These are such joys as heaven's first favourites

seize;

These please you now, and will for ever please.

Too seldom we great moral deeds admire;
The will, the power, th' occasion, must conspire.
Yet few there are so impotent and low,
But can some small good offices bestow.
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add still something to the general sum:
And him who gives the little in his power,
The world acquits; and Heaven demands no more.

Unhappy he who feels each neighbour's woe,
Yet no relief, no comfort can bestow.
Unhappy too, who feels each kind essay,
And for great favours has but words to pay;
Who, scornful of the flatterer's fawning art,
Dreads even to pour his gratitude of heart;
And with a distant lover's silent pain
Must the best movements of his soul restrain.
But men, sagacious to explore mankind,
Trace even the coyest passions of the mind.

Not only to the good we owe good will;
In good and bad distress demands it still.
This with the generous lays distinction low,
Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.
Not that resentment never ought to rise;
For even excess of virtue ranks with vice:
And there are villanies no bench can awe,
That sport without the limits of the law.
No laws th' ungenerous crime would reprehend,
Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:
In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim
The wretch who blasts a helpless virgin's fame.
Where laws are dup'd, 'tis not unjust nor mean
To seize the proper time for honest spleen.
An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor even insult the base in humbled state;
But thriving malice tamely to forgive—
'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.

But I detain you with these tedious lays,
Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praise.
No matter: could I please the polish'd few
Who taste the serious or the gay like you,
The squeamish mob may find my verses bare
Of every grace—but curse me if I care.
Besides, I little court Parnassian fame;
There's yet a better than a poet's name.
I would more indulge my pride to hear it said,
That I with you the paths of honour tread,
Than that amongst the proud poetic train,
No modern boasted a more classic vein;
Or that in numbers I let loose my song,
Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn strong.

TASTE:

AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG CRITIC. 1753.

"Proferre quæ sentiat cur quisquam liber dubi-
"tet?—Malim, mehercule, solus insanire, quam
"sobrius aut plebis aut patrum delirationibus ig-
"naviter assentari."—*Autor Anonymi. Fragm.*

RANGE from Tower-hill all London to the Fleet,
Thence round the Temple, t' utmost Grosvenor-
street:
Take in your route both Gray's and Lincoln's
Mise not, be sure, my lords and gentlemen;
You'll hardly raise, as I with * *Pety* guess
Above twelve thousand men of taste, unless
In desperate times a *Connoisseur* may pass.
"A connoisseur! What's that?" 'Tis hard to
say:

But you must oft, amidst the fair and gay,
Have seen a would-be rake, a flustering fool,
Who swears he loves the sex with all his soul.
Alas, vain youth! dost thou admire sweet Jones?
Thou'lt be gallant without or blood or bones!
You'd split to hear th' inspid coxcomb cry
Ah, charming Nanny! 'tis too much! I die!
Die and be d—n'd, says one; but let me tell ye
I'll pay the loss if ever rapture kill ye.

'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote:
At Nando's 'twill but cost you half a groat;
The Bedford school at threepence is not dear, Sir;
At White's—the *flurs* instruct you for a tetter.
But he, whom nature never meant to share
One spark of taste, will never catch it there:—
Nor no where else; howe'er the booby beau
Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.

Good native taste, though rude, is seldom wrong,
Be it in music, painting, or in song.
But this, as well as other faculties,
Improves with age, and ripens by degrees.
I know, my dear, 'tis needless to deny 't,
You like Voiture, you think him wondrous bright:
But seven years hence, your relish more matur'd,
What new delights will hardly be endur'd.
The boy may live to taste Racine's fine charms,
Whom Lee's bald orb or Rowe's dry rapture
warms:

But he, enfranchis'd from his tutor's care,
Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair;

* Sir William Petty, author of the *Political Arith-
metic*.

Or with Erasmus can admit to vie
Brown of Squab-hall, of merry memory;
Will die a Goth; and nod at * *Woden's* feast,
Th' eternal winter long, on t' Gregory's breast.

Long may he swell, this patriarch of the dully
The drowsy mum—but touch not Maro's skull!
His holy barbarous dotage fought to doom,
Good heaven! th' immortal classics to the tomb!—
These sacred lights shall bid new genius rise,
When all Rome's saints have rotted from the skies.
Be these your guides, if at the ivy crown
You aim: each country's classics, and your own.
But chiefly with the ancients pass your prime,
And drink Castalia at the fountain's brim.
The map to genuine burgundy bred up,
Soon starts the dash of Methuen in his cup.

Those sovereign masters of the muses' skill
Are the true patterns of good writing still.
Their ore was rich, and seven times purg'd of
lead;

Their art seem'd nature, 'twas so finely hid.
Though born with all the powers of writing well,
What pains it cost they did not blush to tell.
Their ease (my lords)! ne'er lounge'd for want of
fire,

Nor did their rage through affectation tire,
Free from all tawdry and imposing glare.
They trusted to their native grace of air,
Rapt'rous and wild the trembling soul they seize;
Or fly coy beauties steal it by degrees;
The more you view them still the more they
please.

Yet there are thousands of scholastic merit
Who worm their sense out but ne'er taste their
spirit.

Witness each pedant under bently bred;
Each commentator that e'er commented.
(You scarce can seize a spot of classic ground,
With leagues of Dutch morals so floated round).
Witness—but Sir; I hold a cautious pen,
Lest I should wrong some *donaurable* man,
They grow enthusiasts too—'Tis true! 'Tis pity!
But 'tis not every lunatic that's witty.
Some have run Maro—and some Milton—mad;
Ashley once turn'd a solid barber's head:
Hear all that's said or printed if you can,
Ashley has turn'd more solid heads than one.

Let such admire each great or specious name;
For right or wrong the joy to them's the same.
"Right!" Yes a thousand times—Each fool has
heard

That Homer was a wonder of a bard.
Despise them civilly with all my heart—
But to convince them is a desperate part.
Why should you tease one for what secret cause
One doats on Horace, or on Hadibras?

* Alluding to the Gothic heroism, *Woden's* hall;
where the bappy are for ever employed in drinking
beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors, out of the
skulls of those whom they had slain in battle.

† Pope Gregory the VIIth, distinguished by the name
of St. Gregory; whose pious zeal, in the cause of bar-
barous ignorance and priestly tyranny, exerted itself in
demolishing, to the utmost of his power, all the remains
of beaten genius.

'Tis cruel, Sir, 'tis needless, to endeavour
To teach a sot of taste he knows no flavour,
To diffuse neither with nor hope
A stubborn blockhead from his favourite sop.
Yes—fop! I say; were Maro's self before 'em:
For Maro's self grows dull as they pore o'er him.

But hear their raptures o'er some specious rhyme
Dub'd by the musk'd and greasy mob sublime.
For spleen's dear sake hear how a coxcomb prates
As clam'rous o'er his joys as fifty cats:

"Music has charms to sooth the savage's breast,"

"To soften rocks, and oaks,"—and all the rest;

"I've heard"—Bless these long ears!—"Heavens

what a strain!"

"Good God! what thunders burst in this Cam-

pagne!"

"Hark Waller warbles! Ah! how sweetly killing!"

"Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling!"

"Rowe breathes all Shakspeare here!—that ode

of Prior

"Is Spenser quite! egad his very fire!—

"As like"—Yes faith! as gum-flowers to the rose,

Or as to claret that Minorca's dore;

As like as (if I am not grossly wrong)

Erle Robert's mice to aught e'er Chaucer sung.

Read boldly, and unprejudic'd peruse:

Each favourite modern, ev'n each ancient muse:

With all the comic salt and tragic rage

The great stupendous genius of our stage,

Boast of our island, pride of humankind,

Had faults to which the boxes are not blind.

His frailties are to every gossip known:

Yet Milton's pedantries nor shock the town:

Ne'er be the dupe of names, however high;

For some outlive good parts, some misapply.

Each elegant Spectator you admire;

But must you therefore swear by Cato's fire?

Masks for the court, and lost a clumsy jest,

Disgrac'd the muse that wrought the Alchemist,

"But to the ancients."—Faith! I am not clear,

For all the smooth round type of Elzevir,

That every work which lasts in prose or song,

Two thousand years, deserves to last so long.

For not to mention some eternal blades

Known only now in the academic shades,

(Those sacred groves where raptur'd spirits stray,

And in word-hunting waste the live-long day)

Ancients whom none but curious critics scan,

Do read? Messala's praises if you can:

Ah! who but feels the sweet contagious smart

While soft Tibullus pours his tender heart?

With him the loves and muses melt in tears;

But not a word of some hexameters.

"You grow so squeamish and so devilish dry,

"You'll call Eucrates vapid next."—Not I!

Some find him tedious; others think him lame:

But if he lags his subject is to blame.

Rough weary roads through barren wilds he tried,

Yet still he marches with true Roman pride:

Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,

He streams athwart the philosophic night.

* A poem of Tibullus's in hexameter verse; as yawning and insipid as his elegies are tender and natural.

Find you in Horace no insipid odes?—
He dar'd to tell us Homer sometimes nods;
And but for such a critic's hardy skill
Homer might slumber unsuspected still.

Tasteless, implicit, indolent, and tame,

At second-hand we chiefly praise or blame.

Hence 'tis, for else one knows not why nor how,

Some authors flourish for a year or two;

For many some, more wondrous still to tell;

Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of hell.

Of solid merit others pine unknown;

At first, though Carlos swimmingly went down,

Poor Belvidera fail'd to melt the town.

Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay,

'Till Sommer's hand produc'd him to the day.

But, thanks to heaven and Addison's good grace,

Now ev'ry fop is charm'd with Chevy Chase.

Specious and sage, the sovereign of the flock

Led to the downs, or from the wave-worn rock

Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train

Or crop the downs, or headlong seek the main.

As blindly we our solemn leaders follow,

And good, and bad, and execrable swallow.

Pray, on the first thro'g'd evening of a play

That wears the *facies Hippocraticæ*,

Strong lines of death, signs dire of reprobation;

Have you not seen the angel of salvation

Appear sublime; with wise and solemn rap

To teach the doubtful rabble where to clasp?—

The rabble knows not where our dramas shine;

But where the cane goes pat—*By G.—that's fine!*

Judge for yourself; nor wait with timid phlegm

Till some illustrious pedant hum or hem.

The lords who star'd old Ben were learn'dly fond

Of Chaucer, whom with bungling toil they con'd.

Their sons, whose ears bold Milton could not

seize, *seize*, would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and snuff and

And swear and seem as tickled as you please.

Their spawn, the pride of this sublimer age,

Feel to the toes and horns grave Milton's rage.

Though liv'd he now he might appeal with scorn,

To lords, knights, squires, and doctors, yet un-

born,

Or justly mad to Moloch's burning sanctity

Devote the choicest children of his brain.

Judge for yourself; and as you find report

Of wit as freely as of beef or port.

Zounds! shall a pert or bluff important wight,

Whose brain is fanciful, whose blood is white;

A mumbling ape of taste; prescribe us laws

To try the poets, for no better cause

Than that he boasts per ann. ten thousand clear,

Yelps in the House, or barely fits a peer?

For shame! for shame! the liberal British soul

To stoop to any stale dictator's rule!

* Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's now long and

justly forgotten, went off with great applause; while

his Orphan, a somewhat better performance, and which

is yet more strange, his Venice Preserved, according to

theatrical anecdotes of those times, met with a very cold

reception.

† The appearance of the face in the last stage of a

consumption, as it is described by Hippocrates.

I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,
But right or wrong with friends, with foes 'twill

Thus 'tis perhaps my fault if I complain
Of trite invention and a flimsy vein,
Tame characters, uninteresting, jejune,
And passions drily copied from Le Brun;
For I would rather never judge than wrong
That friend of all men, generous Fenelon;
But in the name of goodness, must I be
The dupe of charms I never yet could see?

And then to flatter where there's no reward—
Better be any patron-hunting bard,
Who half our lords with filthily praise besmears,
And sing an anthem to all ministers;
Taste th' Attic salt in ev'ry peer's poor rebus,
And crown each Gothic idol for a Phœbus.

Alas! so far from free, so far from brave,
We dare not show the little taste we have:
With us you'll see ev'n vanity controul
The most refin'd sensations of the soul.

Sad Otway's scenes, great Shakspeare's we defy:
"Lard, Madam! 'tis so unpolite to cry—"

"For shame, my dear! d'ye credit all this stuff?—"
"I vow—well, this is innocent enough?"

At Athens long ago, the ladies—(married)
Dreamt not they misbehav'd though they mis-

carried,
When a wild poet with licentious rage
Turn'd fifty furies loose upon the stage.

They were so tender and so easy mov'd,
Heavens! how the Grecian ladies must have lov'd!
For all the fine sensations still have dwelt,
Perhaps, where one was exquisitely felt.
Thus he who heavenly Maro truly feels
Stands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills,
The groffer senses too, the taste, the smell,
Are likely truest where the fine prevail:
Who doubts that Horace must have cater'd well?
Friend, I'm a shrewd observer, and will guess
What books you doat on from your fav'rite mews.
Brown and L'Estrange will surely charm whom-

er
The frothy pertness strikes of weak small beer.
Who sleeps the calf's fat loin in greasy sauce
Will hardly lothe the praise that baates an ass.

* First painter to Lewis XIV. who, to speak in fashionable English, called himself LEWISTHE GREAT. Our sovereign lords the passions, love, rage, despair, &c. were graciously pleas'd to sit to him in their turns for their portraits; which he was generous enough to communicate to the public, to the great improvement, no doubt, of history-painting. It was he who they say poisoned Le Sœur; who, without half his advantages, in many other respects, was so unreasonable and provoking as to display a genius with which his own could stand no comparison. It was he and his Gothic disciples, who, with fly scratches, defaced the most masterly of this Le Sœur's performances, as often as their barbarous envy could snugly reach them. Yet after all these achievements he died in his bed! A catastrophe which could not have happened to him in a country like this, where the fine arts are as zealously and judiciously patronised as they are well understood.

Who riots on Scotch collops scorns not any
Inspid, sulsome, trashy miscellany
And who devours whatever the cook can dish up,
Will for a classic consecrate each bishop's will.
But I am sick of pen and ink; and you
Will find this letter long enough, adieu!

IMITATION OF SHAKSPEARE AND SPENSER.

Advertisement from the Publisher.

The following imitation of Shakspeare was one of our author's first attempts in poetry, made when he was very young. It helped to amuse the solitude of a winter passed in a wild romantic country; and what is rather particular, was just finished when Mr. Thomson's celebrated poem upon the same subject appeared. Mr. Thomson, soon hearing of it, had the curiosity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He showed it to his poetical friends, Mr. Mallet, Mr. Aaron Hill, and Dr. Young, who, it seems, did great honour to it; and the first mentioned gentleman wrote to one of his friends at Edinburgh, desiring the author's leave to publish it; a request too flattering to youthful vanity to be resisted. But Mr. Mallet altered his mind; and this little piece has hitherto remained unpublished.

The other imitations of Shakspeare happen to have been saved out of the ruins of an unfinished tragedy on the story of Terent and Philonela; attempted upon an irregular and extravagant plan, at an age much too early for such achievements. However, they are here exhibited for the sake of such guests as may like a little repast of scraps.

Now summer with her wanton court is gone
To revel on the south side of the world,
And flaunt and frolic out the live-long day,
While winter rising pale from northern seas
Shakes from his heavy locks the drizzling rheim.
A blast so shrewd makes the tall bodied pines
Unfinewd bend, and heavy-paced bears
Sends growling to their savage tenements.

Now blows the furly north, and chills through-
out
The stiffening regions; while, by stronger charms
Than Circe e'er or fell Medea brew'd,
Each brook that wont to prattle to its banks
Lies all bestill'd and wedg'd betwixt its banks,
Nor moves the wither'd reeds, and the rash flood
That from the mountains held its headstrong
course,
Buried in livid sheets of vaulting ice,
Seen through the shameful breaches, idly creeps
To pay a scanty tribute to the ocean.
What wonder? when the floating wilderness
That scorns our miles, and calls geography
A shallow pryer; from whose unsteady mirror
The high-hung pole surveys his dancing locks;

* See Felton's Classics.

When this still-raving deep lies mute and dead,
Nor heaves its swelling bosom to the winds.
The surges, bated by the fierce north-east
Tossing with fretful spleen their angry heads
To roar and rush together,
Even in the foam of all their madness struck
To monumental ice, stand all astride
The rocks they wash'd so late. Such execution,
So stern, so sudden, wrought the grisly aspect
Of terrible Medusa; ere young Perseus
With his keen sabre cropt her horrid head,
And laid her serpents rowling on the dust;
When wandering through the woods she frown'd
to stone

Their savage tenants: just as the foaming lion
Sprung furious on his prey, her speedier power
Outrun his halbe; no time to languish in,
But fix'd in that fierce attitude he stands
Like Rage in marble.—Now portly Argosies
Lie wedg'd 'twixt Neptune's ribs. The bridg'd
abyss

Has chang'd our ships to horses; the swift bark
Yields to the heavy waggon and the cart;
That now from isle to isle maintain the trade;
And where the surface-haunting dolphin led
Her sportive young, is now an area fit
For the wild school-boy's pastime.

Meantime the evening skies, crust'd with ice,
Shifting from red to black their weighty skirts,
Hang mournful o'er the hills; and stealing night
Hides the bleak puffing winds, that seem to spit
Their foam sparle through the welkin, which is
nothing

If not beheld. Anon the burden'd heaven
Shakes from its ample sieve the boulded snow;
That fluttering down besprinkles the sad trees
In mockery of leaves; piles up the hills
To monstrous altitude, and chokes to the lips
The deep impervious vales that yawn as low
As to the centre, nature's vally breaches.
While all the pride of men and mortal things
Lies whelm'd in heaven's white ruins.—

The shivering clown digs his obstructed way
Through the snow-barricaded cottage door;
And muffled in his home-spun plaid encounters
With livid cheeks and rheum-distilling nose
The morning's sharp and scourging breath; to
count

His starving flock whose number's all too short
To make the goodly fum of yesternight:
Part deep ingurgitated, part yet struggling
With their last pantings melt themselves a grave
In winter's bosom; which yields not to the touch
Of the pale languid crescent of this world,
That now with lean and churlish husbandry
Yields heartlessly the remnants of his prime;
And like most spendthrifts starves his latter days
For former rankness. He with bleary eye
Blazons his own disgrace; the harness'd waste
Rebellious to his blunt defeated shafts;
And idly strikes the chalky mountains tops
That rise to kiss the welkin's ruddy lips;
Where all the rash young bullies of the air
Mount their quick slender penetrating wings,
Whipping the frost-burnt villagers to the bones;

And growing with their motion mad and furious,
Till swollen to tempests they out-rage the thunder;
Winnow the chaffy snow, and mock the skies
Even with their own artillery retorted;
Tear up and throw th' accumulated hills
Into the vallyes. And as rude hurricanes,
Discharg'd from the wind-swollen cheeks of heaven,
Buoy up the swilling skirts of Araby's
Inhospitable wilds,
And roll the dusty desert through the skies,
Choking the liberal air, and smothering
Whole caravans at once; such havoc spreads
This war of heaven and earth, such sudden ruin
Visits their houseless citizens, that shrink
In the false shelter of the hills together,
And hear the tempest howling o'er their heads
That by and by o'erwhelms them. The very birds,
Those few that troop'd not with the chiming tribe
Of amorous summer, quit their ruffian element;
And with domestic tameness hop and flutter
Within the roofs of persecuting man,
(Grown hospitable by like sense of sufferance);
Whither the hinds, the debt o' the day discharg'd,
From kiln or barn repairing, shut the door
On surly winter; crowd the clean-swept hearth
And cheerful shining fire; and daff the time,
The whilst the maids their twirling spindles ply,
With musky legends and ear-patching tales;
Of giants, and black necromantic bards,
Of air-built castles, seats of madcap knights,
And every hollow fiction of romance.
And, as their rambling humour leads them, talk
Of prodigies, and things of dreadful utterance;
That set them all agape, rouse up their hair,
And make the idiot drops start from their eyes;
Of church-yard belching flames at dead of night,
Of walking statues, ghosts unaffable,
Haunting the dark waste tower or airless dungeon;
Then of the elves that deftly trip the green,
Drinking the summer's moonlight from the flow-
ers;

And all the toys that phantasy pranks up
To amuse her fools withal.—Thus they lash on
The snail-pac'd hyperborean nights, till heaven
Hangs with a juster poize when the murky clouds
Roll'd up in heavy wreaths low-bellying, seem
To kiss the ground, and all the waste of snow
Looks blue beneath 'em: till plump'd with bloat-
ing drops,

Beyond the bounds and stretch of continence,
They burst at once; down pours the hearded rain,
Washing the slippery winter from the hills,
And floating all the vallyes: The fading scene
Melts like a lost enchantment; or vain phantasm
That can no more abuse. Nature resumes
Her old substantial shape; while from the waste
Of undistinguishing calamity,
Forest, and by their sides wide-skirted plains,
Houses and trees arise; and waters flow,
That from their dark confinements bursting, spurn
Their brittle chains; huge sheets of loosen'd ice
Float on their bosoms to the deep, and jarr
And clatter as they pass; th' o'erjutting banks,
As long unpractis'd to so steep a view,
Seem to look dizzy on the moving pomp.

Now ev'ry petty brook that crawl'd along,
 Railing its pebbles, mocks the river's rage,
 Like the proud frog i' the fable. The huge Danube,
 While melting mountains rush into its tide,
 Rolls with such headstrong and unreined course,
 As it would choke the *Euxine's* gulfy maw,
 Burling his crystal cerements. The breathing time
 Of peace expir'd, that hush'd the deaf'ning scenes
 Of clam'rous indignation, ruffian war
 Rebels, and nature stands at odds again:
 When the rous'd furies of the fighting winds
 Torment the main; that swells its angry sides,
 And churls the foam betwixt its flinty jaws:
 While through the savage dungeon of the night
 The horrid thunder growls. Th' ambitious waves
 Assault the skies, and from the burling clouds
 Drink the glib lightning; as if the seas
 Would quench the ever-burning fires of heaven.
 Straight from their slipp'ry pomp they madly
 plunge

And kiss the lowest pebbles. Wretched they
 That 'midst such rude vexation of the deep
 Guide a frail vessel! Better ice-bound still,
 Than mock'd with liberty thus be resign'd
 To the rough fortune of the froward time;
 When navigation all a tip-toe stands
 On such unsteady footing. Now they mount
 On the tall billow's top, and seem to jowl
 Against the stars; whence (dreadful eminence!)
 They see with swimming eyes (enough to hurry
 round

In endless vertigo the dizzy brain)
 A gulf that swallows vision, with wide mouth
 Steep-yawning to receive them; down they duck
 To the rugged bottom of the main, and view
 The adamantine gates of vaulted hell:
 Thence tofs'd to light again; till borne adrift
 Against some icy mountains bulging sides
 They reel, and are no more.—Nor less by land
 Ravage the winds, that in their wayward rage
 Howl through the wide inhospitable glens;
 That rock the stable-planted towers, and shake
 The hoary monuments of ancient time
 Down to their flinty bases; that engage
 As they would tear the mountains from their roots,
 And brush the high heavens with their woody
 heads;

Making the stout oak bow.—But I forget
 That sprightly Ver trips on old winter's heel:
 Cease we these notes too tragic for the time,
 Nor jar against great nature's symphony;
 When even the blust'rous elements grow tuneful,
 Or listen to the concert. Hark! how loud
 The cuckoo wakes the solitary wood!
 Soft sigh the winds as o'er the greens they stray,
 And murmuring brooks within their channels play.

PROGNE'S DREAM:

*Darkly expressive of some past events that were soon to
 be revealed to her.*

—LAST night I dreamt,
 Whate'er it may forebode it moves me strangely,
 That I was rapt into the raving deep;
 An old and reverend sire conducted me:

He plung'd into the bosom of the main,
 And bade me not to fear but follow him.
 I followed; with impetuous speed we dir'd,
 And heard the dashing thunder o'er our heads.
 Many a slippery fathom down we sink,
 Beneath all plummet's sound, and reach'd the bot-
 tom. When there, I ask'd my venerable guide
 If he could tell me where my sister was;
 He told me that she lay not far from thence
 Within the bosom of a flinty rock,
 Where Neptune kept her for his paramour
 Hid from the jealous Amphitrite's sight;
 And said he could conduct me to the place.
 I beg'd he would. Through dreadful ways we
 past,

'Twixt rocks that frightfully lower'd on either
 Whence here and there the branching coral sprung;
 O'er dead men's bones we walk'd, o'er heaps of
 gold and gems,

Into a hideous kind of wilderness,
 Where stood a stern and prison-looking rock,
 Daub'd with a mossy verdure all around,
 The mockery of paint. As we drew near
 Out sprung a hydra from a den below,
 A speckl'd fury; fearfully it hiss'd,
 And roll'd its sea-green eyes so angrily
 As it would kill with looking. My old guide
 Against its sharp head hurl'd a rugged stone—
 The curling monster rais'd a brazen shriek,
 Wallow'd and died in fitful agonies.
 We gain'd the cave. Through woven adamant
 I look'd, and saw my sister all alone.

Employ'd she seem'd in writing something sad,
 So sad the look'd: Her cheek was wond'rous wan,
 Her mournful looks like weary fedges hung,
 I call'd—she turning, started when she saw me,
 And threw her head aside as if asham'd;
 She wept, but would not speak—I call'd again;
 Still she was mute.—Then madly I address'd,
 With all the lion-sinews of despair,
 To break the flinty ribs that held me out;
 And with the struggling wak'd.—

A STORM;

Raised to account for the late return of a Messenger.

—THE sun went down in wrath;
 The skies foam'd brass, and soon th' unchained
 winds

Burst from the howling dungeon of the north:
 And rais'd such high delirium on the main,
 Such angry clamour; while such boiling waves
 Flash'd on the peevish eye of moody night,
 It look'd as if the seas would scald the heavens.
 Still louder chid the winds, th' enchain'd surge
 Still answer'd louder; and when the sickly morn
 Peep'd ruefully through the blotted thick brow'd
 east

To view the ruinous havoc of the dark,
 The stately towers of Athens seem'd to stand
 On hollow foam tide-whipt; the ships that lay
 Scorning the blast within the marble arms
 Of the sea-child Portunus, danc'd like corks
 Upon th' enraged deep, kicking each other;
 And some were dash'd to fragments in this fray

Against the harbour's rocky chest. The sea
So roar'd, so madly rag'd, so proudly swell'd,
As it would thunder full into the streets,
And sleep the tall Cætopian battlements
In foaming brine: The airy citadel,
Perch'd like an eagle on a high-brow'd rock,
Shook the salt water from its stubborn sides
With eager quaking; the Cyclades appear'd
Like ducking cormorants—Such a mutiny
Out-clamour'd all tradition, and gain'd belief:
To ranting prodigies of heretofore.
Seven days it storm'd, &c.

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

*Written at Mr. Thomson's desire, to be inserted into
the Castle of Indolence.*

FULL many a fiend did haunt this house of rest,
And made of passive wights an easy prey.
Here lethargy with deadly sleep oppress'd,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard lay,
Heaving his sides, and spored night and day.
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyene he shut straightway:
He led, I ween, the softest way to death,
And taught, withouten pain or strife, to yield the
breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft swoln and pale, here lay the hydropsy;
Unwieldy man, with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And here a moping mystery did sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye:
She call'd herself the hypocondriac fit,
And frantic seem'd to some, to others seem'd a wit.

A lady was she, whimsical and proud,
Yet of through fear her pride would crouchen
low.

She felt, or fancied, in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases that the 'spitals know,
And fought all physic that the shops bestow;
And still new leaches, and new drugs would try.
'Twas hard to hit her humour, high or low; [cry,
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes
Sometimes would waxen wroth; and all—she
knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless virgin pin'd, [ings;
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burn,
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
But lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shook his chilling wings;
And here the gout, half tiger half a snake,
Rag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred stings;
These, and a thousand furies more, did shake
Those weary realms, and kept ease-loving men
awake.

A DAY:

AN EPISTLE TO JOHN WILKES OF AYLES-
BURY, ESQ.

ESCAP'd from London now four moons, and more,
I greet gay Wilkes from Fulda's wasted shore,

Where, cloth'd with woods, a hundred hills ascend,
Where nature many a paradise has plant'd:

A land that, e'en amid contending arms,
Lave smil'd with culture, and luxuriant charms;
But now the hostile scythe has bar'd her soil,
And her sad peasants starve for all their toil.

What news to-day?—I ask you not what rogue,
What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue;
What forward blundering fool was last prefer'd,
By mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd;
With what new cheat the gaping town is smit;
What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit:
What stuff for winter the two booths have mix'd;
What bouncing mimic grows a Roscius next.
Wave all such news: I've seen too much, my
friend,

To stare at any wonders of that kind.

News, none have I: you know I never had;
I never long'd the day's dull lie to spread;
I left to gossips that sweet luxury,
More in the secrets of the great than I;
To nurses, midwives, all the slippery train,
That swallow all, and bring up all again:
Or did I e'er a brief event relate,
You found it soon at length in the Gazette.

Now for the weather—this is England still
For aught I find, as good, and quite as ill.
Even now the pond'rous rain perpetual falls,
Drowns every camp, and crowds our hospitals.

This soaking deluge all unstrings my frame,
Dilutes my sense, and suffocates my flame—

'Tis that which makes these present lines so tame.
The parching east wind still pursues me too—

Is there no climate where this fiend ne'er flew?
By heaven, it says Japan, perhaps Peru!

It blasts all earth with its envenom'd breath,
That scatters discord, rage, diseases, death.

'Twas the first plague that burst Pandora's chest,
And with a livid smile sow'd all around the rest.

Heaven guard my friend from every plague that
flies,

Still grant him health, whence all the pleasures
But oft diseases from slow causes creep,

And in this doctrine as (thank Heaven) I'm deep,

Meanwhile excuse me that I slyly snatch
The only theme in which I shine your match.

You study early: some indulge at night,
Their prudish muse steals in by candle-light;

Shy as th' Athenian bird, she shuns the day,
And finds December genial more than May.

But happier you who court the early sun,
For morning visits no debauch draw on;

Nor for the spirits, health, or sight impair,
As those that pass in the raw midnight air.

The task of breakfast o'er; that peevish, pale,
That lounging, yawning, most ungenial meal;

Rush out before those fools rush in to worry ye,
Whose business is to be idle in a hurry,

Who kill your time as frankly as their own,
And feel no civil hints e'er to be gone.

These flies all fairly slung, whene'er the house,
Your country's business, or your friend's, allows,

Rush out, enjoy the fields and the fresh air;
Ride, walk, or drive, the weather foul or fair.
Yet in the torrid months I would reverse
This method, leave behind both prose and verse;
With the grey dawn the hills and forest roam,
And wait the sultry noon embower'd at home,
While every rural sound improves the breeze,
The railing stream, the busy rooks, and murmur

Let! of the bees, and warbling air, and softer sound
You'll hardly choose these cheerful jaunts alone,
Except when some deep scheme is carrying on.
With you at *Chelsea* oft may I behold
The hopeful bud of sense her bloom unfold,
With you I'd walk to * * * *
To rich, insipid Hackney, if you will;
With you no matter where, while we're toge-
ther, at a *sway* *figure* *staid* *doubtful*
I scorn no spot on earth, and curse no weather:

When dinner comes, amid the various feast,
That crowns your genial board, where every guest,
Or grave, or gay, is happy, and at home,
And none e'er sigh'd for the mind's elbow-room;
I warn you still to make your chief repast
On one plain dish, and trifle with the rest.

Beef, in a fever, if your stomach crave it,
Ox-cheek, or mawkish cod, be sure you have it;
For still the constitution, even the case,
Directs the stomach; this informs the taste;
And what the taste in her capricious fits
Coily, or even indifferently admits,
The peevish stomach, or disdains to toil,
Or indolently works to vapid chyle.
This instinct of the taste so seldom errs,
That if you love, yet smart for cucumbers,
Or plumbs of bad repute, you'll likely find
'I was for you separated, what nature join'd,
The spicy kernel here, and there, the rind.

'Tis strange how blindly we from nature stray!
The only creatures we that miss their way!
To err is human, man's prerogative,
Who's too much sense by nature's laws to live:
Wiser than nature, he must thwart her plan,
And ever will be spoiling, where he can.
'Tis well he cannot ocean change to cream,
Nor earth to a gilded cake; not e'en could tame
Niagara's steep abyss to crawl down stairs *,
Or dress in roses the dire Cordeliers †:
But what he can he does: well can he trim
A charming spot into a childish whim;
Can every generous gift of nature spoil,
And rates their merits by his cost and toil.
Whate'er the land, whate'er the seas produce,
Of perfect texture, and exalted juice,
He pampers, or to fustome fat, or drains,
Refines and bleaches, till no taste remains.

* * * * *

* *Vide Chatworth*, 1753.

† *Les Cordalliers* of the *Andes* are a chain of hills,
which run through South America.

Enough to fatten fools, or drive the dray,
But plagues and death to those of finer clay.

No corner else, 'tis not to be denied,
Of all our ills so rankly is supplied
With gross productions, and adulterate fare,
As one renown'd abode, whose name I spare:
They cram all poultry, that the hungry fox
Would loathe to touch them; e'en their boasted
Sometimes is glutted so with unctuous spoil,
That what seems beef is rather rape-seed oil.
D'ye know what brawn is?—O the unhappy

beast! that lives on a seductive good blood,
He stands eternal, and is doom'd to feast,
Till—but the nauseous process I forbear—
Only, beware of brawn—be sure, beware!
Yet brawn has taste—it has: their veal has none,
Save what the butcher's breath inspires alone:
Just heaven one day may send them hail for

wheat, who spoil all veal because it should be white.
'Tis hard to say of what compounded paste
Their bread is wrought, for it betrays no taste,
Whether 'tis flour and chalk, or chalk and flour
Shell'd and refin'd, till it has taste no more;
But if the lump be white, and white enough,
No matter how insipid, dry, or tough,
In salt itself the rapid flavour fails,
Burnt alum for the love of white prevails:
While tasteless cole-seed we for mustard swallow,
'Tis void of zell indeed—but still 'tis yellow.
Parsnip, or parsley root, the rogues will soon
Scrape for horse radish, and 'twill pass unknown,
For by the colour, not the taste, we prove all
As hens will sit on chalk, if 'tis but oval.

I must with caution the cook's reign invade,
Hot as the fire, and hasty from his trade,

.. ..
.. ..
.. ..
.. ..

A cook of genius, bid him roast a hare,
By all that's hot and horrible would swear,
Parch native dryness! zounds, that's not the
thing—

But stew him, and he might half dine a king.
His gen'rous broth I should almost prefer
To Turtle Soup, though Turtle travels far.

You think me nice perhaps: yet I could dine
On roasted rabbit; or fat turkey and chine;
Or fustome hacket; or most drily cram
My throat with tasteless fillet and wet ham:
But, let me ne'er of mutton-saddle eat.
That solid phantom, that most specious cheat;
Yet loin is passable, he was no fool
Who said the half is better than the whole:

.. ..
.. ..
.. ..
.. ..
.. ..
.. ..

But I have cook'd and carv'd enough and more,
We come to drinking next. 'Till dinner's o'er,
I would all claret, even Champain forbear,
Give me fresh water—bless me with small-beer.

APPENDIX.

PIECES OMITTED IN THE WORKS OF THOMPSON.

GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

* IN IL SPENSEROSO.

ON SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEENE.

Lo! here the place for contemplation made,
For sacred musing and for solemn song!—
—Hence, ye profane! nor violate the shade:
—Come, Spenser's awful genius, come along,
Mix with the music of th' ærial throng! [breath,
Oh! breathe a penfive stillness through my
While balmy breezes pant the leaves among,
And sweetly sooth my passions into rest.
Hint purest thoughts, in purest colours drest,
Even such as angels prompt, in golden dreams,
To holy hermit, high in raptures blest,
His bosom burning with celestial beams:
No less the raptures of my summer day,
If Spenser deign with me to moralize the lay.

IN THE SAME.

ON SPENSER'S SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

At large beneath this floating foliage laid
Of circling green, the crystal running by,
(How soft the murmur, and how cool the shade):
While gentle whispering winds their breath
To 'suage the fever of the sultry sky; [apply
Smit with the sweet † Sicilian's simple strain,
I try the rural reed, but fondly try
To match his pastoral airs and happy vein:
Next I assay the quill of † Mantua's swain
Of bolder note, and of more courtly grace:
Ah, foolish emulation!—They disdain
My awkward skill, and push me from the place.
Yet boast not thou of Greece, nor thou of Rome,
My sweeter † Colin Clout outpipes you both at home.

IN SHAKSPEARE'S WALK.

By yon hills, with morning spread,
Lifting up the tosted head,
By those golden waves of corn,
Which the laughing fields adorn,
By the fragrant breath of flowers,
Stealing from the woodbine bowers,
By this thought-inspiring shade,
By the gleamings of the glade,
By the babbling of the brook,
Winding slow in many a crook,
By the rustling of the trees,
By the humming of the bees,
By the woodlark, by the thrush,
Wildly warbling from the bush,
By the fairy's shadowy tread
O'er the cowslip's dewy head,

* The two first inscriptions are in the measure of
Spenser's sonnets.

† Theocritus. † Virgil. † Spenser.

VOL. X.

Father, monarch of the stage,
Glory of Eliza's age,
Shakspeare! deign to lend thy face,
This romantic nook to grace,
Where untaught nature sports alone,
Since thou and nature are but one.

IN MILTON'S ALCOVE.

Here, mighty Milton! in the blaze of noon,
Amid the broad effulgence, here I fix
Thy radiant tabernacle. Nought is dark
In thee, thou bright companion of the sun!
Thus thy own Uriel in its centre stands
Illustrious, waving glory round him! he,
Fairest archangel of all spirits in heaven,
As of the sons of men the greatest thou.

IN THE SAME. A TRANSLATION.

Hic media te luce loco, mediisq. dici
Stas circumfusus flammis: tentoria figo
Hæc radiata tibi, Milton! quia nubila sacro
Carmine nulla tuo, comes illustrissime solis!
Sic medio stans sole tuus oiet Uriel, aureum
Diffunditq. jubar, splendens, et lucida tela:
Celestes inter cœtus pulcherrimus ille,
Mortales inter veluti tu maximus omnes.

ON LAUREL HILL,

AT THE END OF THE GARDEN.

TO MR. POPE.

O SKILL'D thy every reader's breast to warm,
To lull with harmony, with sense to charm,
To call the glowing soul into the ear,
(And now we live, and now we die to hear,
Born on the waves of melody along
Exulting shout, and triumph in thy song!)
O Pope! the sweetest of the tuneful race.
This votive tablet, grateful, here I place;
Here, where the Graces sport on Laurel Hill,
Fast by the music of the marmuring rill;
From hence the bluish Berkshire hills survey,
Which oft have echoed to thy Sylvan lay;
When young, in Windsor's blissful fields you stray'd,
Immortal by your deathless labours made!
There the first music trembled from thy tongue,
And * Binfield swains on every accent hung:
The larks the sweetness of thy notes confess,
And, dumb with envy, sunk into their nest;
While in soft silence † Loddon stole along,
And, listening, wonder'd at thy softer song.
Nor scorn the prospects which Oxonia yields,
Her hills as verdant, and as fair her fields,

* Mr. Pope lived at Binfield in Windsor Forest, Berkshire, where he wrote the most poetical of all his admirable works.

† A river, celebrated in Pope's Windsor Forest.

As rich her vallies, and her streams as clear,
And Phœbus haunts, and—thou hast charm'd us
For other barks a single wreath I wove, [* here.
But dedicate to thine my † Laurel Grove.

IN CHAUCER'S BOURE.

Who is this thilke old bard which wonneth here?
This thilke old bard, sire, is Dan Chaucer:
Full gentle knight was he, in very youth,
Albee a little japepish in his youth.
He karoll'd defely to his new pfastry,
And eke couth tellen tales of jollity,
And fangs of folace all the livelong day,
Soote as the ouzle or throstell in May.
Withouten words me, a merie maker he,
Ne hopen I his permagall to see.
Ne Johnny Gay, perdie, ne Matthew Prior,
In diting tales of pleasaunce couth go higher,
Here in this gardyn full of flowers gend,
Betwixt this elder-tree, and fresh woodbend,
He hearkeneth the foules' assemblie,
That fro' the twigs maken their melodie.
Ye pted daisies, spring neath his feet,
Who song so footly, "The daisy is so sweet:"
And whilist, "benedicite," he sings,
Ryn, little beck, in silver murmurings.
O pleasaunt poete, thyselfen folace here,
And merie be thy heart, old Dan Chaucer.

AT THE END OF THE CANAL IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN.

SALVE, mi hortule, gratiora Tempe,
O ridentis ocellæ late ruris,
Meæ deliciæ, mei recessus!
Hic gratas Charites agunt chereas;
Dum tangunt citharas novem Sorores;
Hic Pomona rubet Lyæus uvis
Cingit tempora pampinoq. honesta,
Gaudens versicolore Flora veste
Et lusus varium trahit per annum.
Vos mitis Zephyri leves susurri,
Et lenes strépitus loquacis undæ,
Vos suaves avium modi canentum,
Et florum assyrii recentum odores,
O vos purpurei mei sodales,
O vos dulciloqui mei sodales,
Vobis perpetuam damus salutem!
Salve, mi hortule, gratiora Tempe,
O ridentis ocellæ late ruris,
Meæ deliciæ, mei recessus!

IN THE SAME. A TRANSLATION.

HAIL, happy garden, happy groves,
Whom your happiest master loves!
Here the Graces weave the ring,
While the Muses touch the string,

* Mr. Pope used frequently to visit Oxford: he likewise translated part of Homer at Stanton Harcourt in this county, as appears from an inscription in one of the windows there.

† I would not have it imagined by these lines, that I equall'd Pope to the great triumvirate, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, who will reign a triumvirate for ever: it is honour enough to the greatest poets, even to Mr. Pope, to be placed next to them.

There Pomona blushes, there
Plump Lyæus braids his hair,
Braids with tendrils of the vine,
"Dropping odours, dropping wine,"
And gay Flora frolics, drest
In her many-colour'd vest.
O the waving of the trees!
And the fanning of the breeze!
O the prattling of the rill,
Still supplied, and prattling still!
O the zephyrs sweetly playing,
As when first they go a Maying
O the birds, for ever singing,
And the flowers, for ever springing!
Hail, happy garden, happy groves,
Whom your happiest master loves!

IN THE SAME.

FROM busy scenes, with peace alone retir'd,
And the warm ray of gratitude inspir'd,
For blessings past, and mercies yet to come,
Here let me praise my God, and fix my home!
With * Isaac, in the fields, for grace implore,
With Moses, in each beamy bush adore!
His providence for all my wants provides,
His arm upholds me, and his right hand guides:
His breezes fan me in the noontide hours,
Where coolness walks amid my shades and bowers:
His bounty in the silver current flows,
Smiles in the blossoms, in the fruitage glows:
Bright with † pomaceous stores, his gift, behold
Th' espaliers bend with balls of blooming gold!
His radiant finger gilds the vernal flowers,
Fed with his balm, and water'd with his showers:
He bids the rose its crimson folds unloose,
And blush refulgent in the purple dews:
The lily he arrays with spotless white,
Rich in its mantle of inwoven light:
(Go, Solomon, and cast thy gems aside,
Nor glory in thy poverty of pride!)
The painted tribes their sunny robes display,
And lend a lucid softness to the day.
Grateful each flower to heaven its incense pays,
And breathes its fragrant soul away in praise.
Oh, thither may they teach my soul to soar,
Confess our Maker, and his steps adore!
Contented let me live, submissive die,
And hope a fairer Paradise on high!

IN † GOLDEN GROVE.

WHAT pleasing form commands the lifted eye,
O say, what younger brother of the sky?
I know my Taylor's mild auspicious grace,
And § more than human sweetness in his face.

* Gen. eb. 24. v. 63. "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide."

† ——— While English plains

"Blush with pomaceous harvests." PHILLIPS.

‡ The arbour is called Golden Grove, because Bishop Taylor wrote several of his most excellent and pious works at Golden Grove in Wales, the seat of his great patron the earl of Carbery. He has, on that account, a book of devotions called Golden Grove.

§ Bishop Taylor was so extremely handsome and beau-

The light of faith around his eyeballs plays,
And hope and charity unite their rays.
What ^a Canaan honey trickles from his tongue,
And manna sweeter than the muses song!
Or, copious, through his shining pages roll'd,
The gushing torrent of celestial gold!
O (whether some refulgent throne be thine,
Or with the white-rob'd band of saints you join,
Or 'midst the flames of hailing seraphs glow)
Still may thy works enrich our world below!
Still may thy glorious works expanded lie,
And teach us how to live, and how to die,
Pour heavenly day on each benighted mind,
And, next the sacred scriptures, bless mankind.

IN COWLEY'S SHADE.

Ingeniosissimo Poetarum

Coulesjo!

Qui flores, qui plantas, qui arbores,

Tam felici cura coluit,

Et cultu cecinit,

Non umbram, non unum nemus,

Sed hortum

D. D.

SMALL poets dignify my walks and bowers,
Cowley forgot? forbid it, rural powers!
Ye rural powers your choicest treasures shed,
To form a garland for your Cowley's head:
Collect the radiance of the showery bow,
The rose's scarlet, and the lily's snow,
To emulate his works, confus'dly bright,
Where glories rise on glories, light on light,
The prism of wit: Apollo, once before,
So gilded Donne, but so could gild no more.
Our moderns flow, 'tis true, in easy rhymes;
But will our moderns flow through future times;
Warm distant ages with their glorious fire,
Inspir'd themselves, and potent to inspire?
Cowley, this praise is thine!—an age is past,
Yet still you charm the present as the last: [hold,
Your thoughts, your verse, their pristine lustre
Like rows of jewels rang'd on cloth of gold:
Æneas' passport thus, the golden bough,
Solid and bright at once, resembles you;
Like that, you lead us to Elysium too. }
No muddy streams of dull pollution run
In your chaste lines; each wanton hint you shun, }
Save when a transient Venus blots the sun.

tiful in his youth, that Archbishop Laud thought him almost an angel from heaven when he first saw and heard him in the pulpit. See Bishop Russell's sermon preached at Bishop Taylor's funeral.

* His excellent treatises are highly valued for the exactness of wit, profoundness of judgment, richness of fancy, copiousness of invention, and general usefulness to all the purposes of a Christian. After the Restoration, he was made bishop of Down and Connor; where he further displayed his mighty talents, and stored, with an unbounded imagination, all the eloquence of orators, all the flights of poetry, together with all the strictness and regularity of the deepest casuists. Echard's History of England.

† His works are sometimes printed in four, sometimes in six volumes, in folio, besides six or seven volumes of devotions, &c. in octavo and duodecimo.

You sung each flower that spreads the vivid hue,
Each healing plant that tips the silver dew;
Each tree that decks the garden or the grove;
You sung, but never felt, the fires of love:
For love too witty, and from passion free,
You had your mistress, but no lover she:
Goaded with points, love never wept so sore,
Though wounded by a muse's bee before.

O master of the many-chorded lyre,
Whom all the nine with all their gifts inspire!
Next Spenser's bower, accept this humble shed.
He charm'd you living, and you join him dead.
But far I place thee from coy Daphne's tree;
The tree that hates Apollo, loves not thee:
Yet had Apollo sung so well, the maid
Had yielded, nor been turn'd into a shade.

ON THE MOUNT UNDER MR. ADDISON'S PICTURE.

Just to thy genius, to thy virtues just,
Next Virgil's, Addison, I place thy bust;
Such finish'd graces shine in every page,
Correctly bold, and sober in your rage;
So elegant with ease, so justly warm,
Both raise with rapture, both with fancy charm.
Your muse (no sybil with distortion wild)
Serene in majesty, in glory mild;
Your manly thoughts, in manly robes array'd,
(No tinsel-glitter, and no painted shade)
Command our wonder, while you march along,
Consume masters of immortal song!
And hark! what notes are stealing on my ear,
Which dying saints might breathe, or angels hear;
As incense grateful to th' eternal King,
And such as Addison alone could sing!
Blush, vice, if vice can blush, and hide thy face;
A wicked wit is nature's last disgrace:
Let Virgil, Addison, your patterns shine,
Disdain pollution, and commence divine.
Hail, both! unenvied, and unequal'd pair!
Your happily divided honours share.
And thou, my mount, on Pindus' top look down,
Grac'd with a Virgil and an Addison.

ANOTHER UNDERNEATH.

THE blissful scenes which Virgil's pencil drew,
Unfolding all Elysium to the view;
The rural scenes which Addison display'd
In beauteous Rosamonda's mazy shade;
Here, realiz'd, in verdant charms appear,
And Woodstock and Elysium flourish here.

ON A MOUNT.

Virgil's Picture, above an Hive, in Miniature, in the middle of a Woodbine Bush.

Hic Apis Mantua

Mella legit.

Tu autem, lector, si sapias,

Hujus mella legas:

Musarum perpetua mella,

Et Charitum Halitus,

Celestis ingenii nectar, beatorum rores!

Illo nectare gratiora, suaviora,

Quo apes, Musarum volucres,

Jovem pavere olim

Diſco ſub antro :
 Et qualis ſummus Jupiter,
 Inter Gentiles Deos,
 Talis eminent inter cæteros Poetas
 Publius Virgilius Maro.

UNDER HIS ECLOGUES AND GEORGICS,

BY THE CASCADE.

HERE Maro reſts beneath the fragrant ſhade,
 Lull'd by the murmurs of the ſoft cascade :
 Ye ſhepherds, carol here your lays of love,
 While paſtoral muſic dies along the grove :
 Ye ſwains, inſtructed by his grateful theme,
 His praises whistle to the tinkling ſtream :
 Ye bees, around your tuneful maſter throng,
 And, humming in delight, his dreams prolong.
 But hence the trumpet's clang, the din of war ;
 The thunder of the battle hence be far : [yield,
 His bees, ſwains, ſhepherds more contentment
 Than heroes blazing in the tented field.
 " * Arms and the man I ſing" let others chooſe,
 Give me the products of his rural muſic.

BENEATH A VINE, UNDER A PICTURE OF HORACE.

BRING hither, friend, O hither bring
 The lyre, and let us ſit and ſing :
 Wake into life the dying flute,
 The Thracian harp, or Lydian lute :
 Horace commands ; O quickly bring the lyre
 For Horace, maſter of the Roman choir.

† With roſebuds grace the poet's brow,
 With odours bid his ringlets flow ;
 Theſe lilies crop and ſtrew the ground ;
 And let my temples too be crown'd.
 O fill the bowl beneath this mantling wine,
 For Horace, arbiter of verſe and wine !

With ſocial joys we raiſe the hour,
 But baniſh Cupid from the bower :
 ‡ Seven luſtres paſt, ah ! why ſhould I,
 And why ſhould Horace pine and ſigh ?
 No more he beckons Pyrrha to the grove,
 His Lydia, my lanthe, both forgot.

True ; Lydia revell'd in his veins,
 And ſweet lanthe warm'd my ſtrains :
 But age ſhould youthful follies ſhun,
 Nor back the flowery mazes run.
 Let wit to wiſdom, love to friendſhip riſe,
 And learn, at laſt, from Horace to grow wiſe.

OVER THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

Lo ! Thomſon deigns to grace the bower I made,
 And dwell a tuneful tenant of my ſhade !
 Hail, Nature's poet ! whom ſhe taught alone
 To ſing her works in number's like her own,

* Meaning the *Æneid*.

† Cum flore, Mæcenæ, roſarum
 Preſſa tuis balanis capillis.

Non deſint epulis roſæ

Neu breve liliun.

‡ Cejus octavum trepidavit ætas
 Claudere luſtrum.

Hor.

Hor.

Hor.

Sweet as the thruſh, that warbles in the vale,
 And ſoft as Philomela's tender tale ;
 She lent her pencil too, of wondrous power,
 To catch the rainbow, or to form the flower
 Of many mingling hues ; and ſmiling ſaid,
 (But firſt with laurel crown'd her favourite's
 head) [ſhine,

" Theſe beauteous children, though ſo fair they
 " Fade in my ſeaſons, let them live in thine :
 " And live they ſhall, the charm of every eye,
 " Till nature ſickens, and the ſeaſons die."

IN THE MIDST OF AN APPLE-TREE, OVER MR. PHILIPS'S CYDER.

Is he, who firſt the apple ſung, " the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe,"
 Unfading laurels won ; a branch awaits,
 Philips, thy youthful brow : who apples ſung
 Innocuous, and with freedom bade us quaff
 Their generous neſtar, 'neath their parent ſhade,
 Advent'rous ; nor in leſs inferior ſtrains.
 Like Milton too, you taught Britannia's ſong
 To ſhake the ſhackles off of tinkling rhyme,
 Emaculate, unnervous ; female verſe.
 Since modeſty (ſtill modeſty attends
 On worth like thine) forbids thee to accept
 The parted wreath, let Milton's be the firſt,
 Unrival'd ; be the ſecond honours thine.
 And now (for Leo, from his flaming mane,
 Shakes ſultry rays intense, provoking thirſt)
 O Philips, while my well-glaz'd tube exhales
 Nicotian fragrance, and my rummer ſhines
 With cyder ſparkling high, partake my ſhade,
 Pleas'd with Pomona's haunts and cool reſels,
 Her purple-breathing births ſweet-smiling round.

OVER YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BENEATH an awful gloom, a night of ſhade,
 By ſilent darkneſs more majeſtic made,
 I place thy volume, Young ! with reverence place ;
 Thy volume worthy of a ſaint's embrace !
 What goſpel truths thy heavenly lines convey,
 And ſteal us from mortality away !
 Full on the ſoul thy tides of rapture flow,
 Kindling we hear, and while we read we glow !
 Exalted by thy theme, we mount on high,
 We ſpurn at earth, we claim our native ſky.
 Now let th' unletter'd or the letter'd man,
 Deny the ſoul immortal, if he can ;
 A ſoul immortal in thy works we ſee ;
 Can duſt and aſhes think and write like thee ?
 Yes, fools ! the ſoul ſhall live, for God is juſt ;
 Ye atheiſts, ye old ſerpents, lick the duſt.
 Through depths of ether now his eagle flies,
 Gains on the ſun, and traverses the ſkies,
 Where ſtars on ſtars, on planets planets roll,
 Imbibes their ſplendours, and commands the pole.
 Onward he bears ; and, burning, ſoars away
 (Nor ſlag his pinions) to myſterious day :
 O Newton, far beyond thy higheſt ſphere ;
 Purſue my ſoul no further.—Heaven is here ;
 Oppreſs'd with glory, all my ſenſes fade,
 I faint—O ſoſly lay me in his ſhade.

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